

Arthur Miller

In the Depression, the playwright found work in an auto-parts warehouse in the slum where **LINCOLN CENTER** would later rise.

I worked from 1932 to 1934 at Chadick-Delamater, which is where Lincoln Center now stands. I was trying to save up some money and go to school and I made \$15 a week. I remember my first day and my last.

It was a gigantic warehouse for automobile parts. The area was kind of a slum, with a lot of saloons, working-class bars, and boarded-up houses.

Anyway, they had never hired a Jew before. I didn't know that, but they put an ad in the paper for a stock clerk and I went over there and I didn't get the job at first, but my old boss—who I used to pick up parts for—called them and said, "This guy worked for me, and he knows more about parts than most of you guys, so if you don't give him a job there ain't anything but one reason."

So they hired me. My boss at the warehouse, his name was Wesley Moulter—nobody could make up these names. He was very dour, pasty-faced, very neat. There was hardly any heat in there in the winter, and it was a hotbox in the summertime, so he was constantly washing his hands in the one toilet we had for about 30 people. He would go down the aisles with a fresh-pressed



MET LIFE Breaking ground for Lincoln Center, 1963.

"I was the only Jew. The guy who worked there after me was an Italian. **They hated him, too.**"

linen towel over one arm like a waiter, and wash up four or five times a day.

When I was hired, he just said, "Okay, you got the job." They didn't waste too many words back then. It was '32, so there were no jobs.

There were four stories of bins—thousands of bins going to the ceiling and falling ladders—and you had to fish out parts for cars that had been built as early as the turn of the century. So you got to learn a lot about engines

and parts. My last day, I worked through the whole day as usual. And at the end of the day, I said, "Well, I'm leaving." They just nodded and carried on, except for one of the women who worked out front. She wished me luck. That was it.

I remained the only Jew they ever hired. The guy they hired after was an Italian guy, and they hated him too.

I stopped by a few years later, after I'd started to publish, just out of curiosity, and nobody remembered me—but I remembered all of them.