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Helen Cecile Bessemer Stollnitz was born on January 15, 1907. She died on March 26, 1985. Among her belongings we were surprised to find an unfinished autobiography, handwritten on consecutively numbered sheets of wide-ruled notebook paper. The dated preface tells when she started writing it; its length and several small but abrupt changes in the shade of ink suggest that she wrote it in a number of different sittings, but I don't know whether these spanned days or years.

I have transcribed the manuscript without trying to eliminate inconsistencies in spelling of names; some variations probably reflect changes from Hungarian to American forms, as, indeed, does the change in her family's surname from Böszörmenyi to Bessemer. Some redundancies also remain as she wrote them; others she had deleted herself. Still other deletions in the manuscript were not redundancies but brief passages about people or things, philosophical speculations, a forecast, an explanation of stereoscopic depth.

What remains is an account as factual as she could make it and, I think, of potential interest beyond her family and friends.

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"It *is* sad," she agreed, "but how do you know? You don't understand German!"

"But it *sounds* sad," I insisted. Then she told me what the words meant, and there the matter rested.

My father's repertoire was devotedly Hungarian, and as a small child, I understood Hungarian and English equally well, replying in whichever language I was spoken to.

During the Chicago period, our family sometimes visited Hungarian friends, a Mr. and Mrs. Iles (pronounced "Eelaysh"), where I got an expanded view of the world through their stereoscope. While the adults talked, I was happily absorbed in 3-dimensional views produced by cards that showed the same scene twice, side by side. Looking through a special viewer with two magnifying lenses, which gave an illusion of depth and realism, I was kept quietly spellbound. The other unique feature of this household was the large wooden barrel in the kitchen. It held the family's soiled dishes. Not until the barrel was full did they wash its contents--a mode of life incomprehensible to my mother, who nonetheless enjoyed the couple's company.

The other Chicago family we visited was that of my mother's eldest brother, "Uncle Charlie." He lived with his wife and four children in a part of Chicago which we reached by elevated train. Getting to the trains by what seemed countless steps was in itself an adventure, as was the ever-changing view from the train window. Once there, our cousins, Ruth, Manny, Meg and Helen, who was younger than I, were the focus of my older brothers' attention, and intermittently of mine. But most vivid in my memory are the red roses in the carpet and the dancing flames seen at eye-level through the isinglass panes in the door of the pot-bellied stove. My maternal grandmother lived there--a rather stout woman who lacked the embracing warmth of my father's mother, and observed the Sabbath to the letter. White frilled cuffs and high white lace collars were features of her attire, even when, on occasion, she washed dishes. For years, I was sure I had saved her life when I jerked her off the trolley-track in front of a street-car whose loudly clanging bell startled me out of my wits. Only this memory persuades me that she sometimes visited us.

One totally isolated event of this period in Chicago persists in my memory. I was with my father on a broad expanse of grass, among many people in long white garments. What was going on I could not comprehend. But when the formalities were over, one of the white-robed men, with a flowing white beard, came to where my father and I were standing, and laid his hands on my head, saying words I did not understand. Later, my father explained that I had been blessed by a holy man, the leader of the Bahai, and that a big temple would by built for the Bahai people on that ground. Thinking back to the event at least

sixty years later, I looked up the Bahai in the Encyclopedia Brittanica and found mention of the 1912 groundbreaking ceremony for the Bahai temple in Chicago.

By the end of that year, we were preparing to leave Chicago, and earlyone evening, about the 10th of January, 1913, street lights shone on a small procession trudging through the snow to the railroad station. My mother was carrying enough food to see us through a two-day train trip to southwest Florida. Louis and Milton were carrying suitcases, Zolton was walking with my mother, carrying a smaller bag, while Uncle Charley had Aurel, my younger brother, on one arm, and held me by the hand. He helped us board the train and bade us goodbye, and my mother turned to deciding how to distribute her family in one upper and one lower berth.

Several events had led to this journey. I woke up one winter morning, delighted to find my mother at home. She and Louis, who helped in the store after school, usually slept in the back room. Awakened by the smell of smoke, my mother sent Louis to run out to the alarm box on the corner; but before the fire company came, much of the stock was ruined, and we ate scorched crackers for quite a while, and such other edibles as could be salvaged.

Another element in the decision was Grandma Goldhammer's longing to go back to Hungary to visit the family of my father's twin brother, Jenő, who had a wife and small daughter (another Helen).

But our destination was determined by one of those chance events that nobody could have foreseen. My peripatetic father had chanced to encounter a man who was an exponent of palmistry, and was earning some money by "reading palms." In addition, he was publicizing a group called "The Koreshan Unity," which had established a settlement in Lee County, Florida, at Estero, sixteen miles south of Fort Myers, the county seat. At my father's invitation, he came to our flat to tell us about it. Its year-round warm climate, its requirement that everyone work, insofar as able, for the community, after turning over to its treasury any money he had, and the assurance that the children would be educated in the community's own school all sounded alluring, if not providential, in our circumstances at that time.

As a bonus of sorts, our visitor, whose name was Henry Silverfriend, read my palm. I learned about my "head line," "heart line," and "life line." He also told me I would have three children, when he saw three lines at the edge of my right hand above the little finger.

Meanwhile, as we prepared for out journey, my older brothers frightened me into near-panic with their talk of snakes, and alligators with great jaws and teeth crawling about, ready to

eat little children. It took my mother's best efforts to stop their teasing and calm my fears.

My memories of the journey are a vague mixture of buildings, scenery, sudden darknesses, followed by smoke-filled cars as the train passed through tunnels (air-conditioning was far into the future)--and the occasional passengers whose curiosity impelled them to ask my mother our destination. I also remember the conductor's beaming gratitude as my mother made him a present of all our winter coats for his family as we neared our destination.

At last the conductor called out, "Fort Myers! Last stop!" and we stepped out into warm sunshine, streets lined with lush green bushes, some in flower, and palm trees.

We all stayed overnight at a large frame building which served as a hotel. It was my first exposure to a southern veranda, which ran all around the building. To pass the time, I ran around the veranda, and tried out the swinging, box-shaped seat at one end at the front.

Next morning, a member of the Koreshan Unity met us and conveyed us--by what means I cannot recall--to "The Curlew," a boat owned by the Koreshans, and used to transport food and other supplies to Estero. There were board seats around the inside of the boat, with room to spare for restless children to move about. After several hours, the bay was crossed, southward, to the mouth of the Estero River. The clumps of mangrove growing out of the water on small islets and the cries of large birds wheeling above were strange to us then, but soon to be as familiar as the pavements and store windows of Chicago had been.

At last we were entering the Estero River, fairly wide at its mouth and for the first few minutes. But it soon became a stream about 40 feet wide, with heavy tropical growth covering its shores on both sides. The day was waning by the time we docked at the "Bamboo Landing," and I had my first glimpse of the tall, shiny pole-like stems bearing slender green leaves, which were soon to become as familiar as the sidewalks of Chicago had been.

Our first stop was the "dining room," on the ground floor of a three-story frame building. Here all the members of the Koreshan Unity assembled three times a day for their meals. Each meal was preceded by a prayer, read by one of the "First Brothers," a group which sat at the right of a smaller table, centered at the head of a long, rough-walled room. This, I soon learned, was "The Master's Table," now vacant. A table seating the "First Sisters" was in a corresponding corner at the opposite side. There were six tables for "brothers," I soon learned, and seven for "sisters." But on this night, we ate as a family at our own table at the end of the room, behind the

seventh sisters' table.

When that first supper was over, we were all guided to a cottage named "The Amity." It was at a considerable distance from the dining-room, and our way was lit by a kerosene lantern, carried by the Brother who was guiding us. There were heavy planks laid over the soft Florida sand, but, half-asleep as I was, my feet kept slipping off the boards, so that my shoes were well filled with sand by the time we reached our destination.

The "first bell" for breakfast was rung at 6 o'clock each morning. This meant that my mother had to be up by five to dress herself, my younger brother, Aurel, and me; although I had learned, by then, to put on my own stockings and shoes, underwear, of woven cotton fabric, with a "panty-waist" to which the panties had to be buttoned required some help. Then came a full-length slip, and finally the dress, with buttons to fasten (zippers came many years later). Zolton, not yet eight, needed some prompting, still; but our eldest brother, Louis, nearly thirteen when we arrived, took considerable responsibility for the rest of us.

My sixth birthday came two days after our arrival in Estero. Consequently, I went with my older brothers to school. There was a public school somewhere in Estero, probably on the other side of the Estero River, where the "outsiders" lived. We children, who now "belonged" to the Koreshan Unity, were taught by one of its members, James Calderwood, in the Art Hall, for a brief period after our arrival. He was a conscientious teacher, giving us what had to be individual instruction, in view of the disparity in our ages. Only Dean Gilbert, the son of our postmistress, Sister Rose, was still in school with us. But I had not progressed very far in the arts of reading, writing and arithmetic when Brother James decided to go back "up north."

Qualified teachers in the Koreshan Unity were a rarity, and Brother James' successor was Henry Silverfriend, the lecturer responsible for bringing us into the community. From somewhere in one of the two small rooms behind the stage, he unearthed a stand supporting an all-purpose series of charts. From this, he taught us the elements of the "three r's." Unfortunately, lecturing was his first love, and he found it irresistable. His father had been a tailor, apparently, because he invariably used pants, coat, and vest as the articles for sale in teaching arithmetic to the older children: "If the coat cost twenty dollars, and the pants cost fifteen, and the whole suit cost forty, how much did the vest cost?" for example.

On very cold days (perhaps one or two in a winter), school was moved to the dining-room, which had a large pot-bellied stove in the center. Sitting near it, one was less chilly; and occasionally an older child was sent to fetch additional wood from the pieces neatly stacked on the rear porch.

Brother Henry's temper was a bit short, and his favorite punishment for unruly behavior was a crack of the ruler across the palm of a child's hand. I had a rather nasty temper, too, and on one occasion, when I was about eight or nine, I closed my hands on the ruler and broke it in two--a memorable triumph.

Fortunately, our formal schooling was only a small part of our education. When we were not in school, we little ones were free to go anywhere within the Unity's grounds, while the older ones were given work assignments. This, for me, meant watching "curls" fall from the pieces of metal that Brother John Irving fed skillfully into the power-operated lathe in the machine shop, or visiting the smaller "electric shop" just across the wide path between them. Later, when I was about 9 years old, Brother Alfred Christensen, the electrician, teasingly administered a mild electric shock with the end of a live wire, which ended the attraction of *that* shop for me.

The carpentry shop, under the supervision of Steve Chislett, had its attractions too: The smell of lumber, sawed from pine logs at the sawmill next to the carpenty shop; the hauling up of boats on the way for repair, and their re-launching when repairs were complete; and, from the first, the fascination of the various tools used by skilled hands. One day, as I walked past a workbench when nobody else was in its vicinity, I saw some small pieces of wood--obviously sawed-off "left-overs"--lying on top of the workbench, and, within reach, a nice, sharp chisel. One block was soon between my left thumb and forefinger, the chisel handle surrounded by my right hand. I brought the chisel straight down to divide the block, but intercepted it with the tip of my forefinger. My shrieks at the sight of my own blood brought several men running. One was quickly sent to get "the hot-drops," while another, seeing the finger-tip dangling by the outer skin, quickly held it in place; when the medication was poured into the cut, my screams were even louder, but I soon felt very important in my fresh white bandage, and a small sling to insure against hitting the cut finger-tip accidentally.

My brother Louis, with his background of helping in my mother's store, was assigned to assist Brother Franklin, a hunch-back, in the general store. This was next to the Estero River on the Koreshan Unity's side, with ample space for reserve stock and an office at the back end. There was a bridge across the river to connect the road that ran from Fort Myers, sixteen miles to the north, to Naples (22 miles south), passing through one other community, Bonita Springs (8 miles south) *en route*.

Above the store were several rooms which housed some of the brothers, and on the side next to the river, a long dock onto which supplies for the community and stock for the store were unloaded. This included bolts of fabric, shelved on the wall opposite the groceries. In the front corner of the store, adjoining the fabrics, was a square enclosure which served as Estero's postoffice, complete with grilled window and letter

drops as well as stamps. Sister Rose Gilbert, plain but pleasant, served as postmistress, selling stamps to the "outsiders" occasionally, and applying them to outgoing "K. U." mail.

My second brother, Milton, was assigned to help in the carpentry shop. He was naturally left-handed, but doggedly learned to use his right, even for writing, and before long was hammering and sawing very well. He got along nicely with Brother Steve, who was very deaf, but kind and friendly, nevertheless. It was under his supervision that, about three years after our arrival, a larger boat for fruit and freight hauling was started on the shop's ways. Watching it grow and take form was an instructive pastime for me--"constructive" training for Milton.

For me, however, the greatest magnet was the printing office. At first, it was probably Brother Jesse's cats that drew me thither. He was the pressman, and there were dishes of cat food inside and outside the pressroom--likewise cats. But it was the rhythmic movement of the hand presses, and the coordinated rhythm of Brother Jesse's hand, that cast a spell on me. Before long, I found my way upstairs to the printshop, where my longing to "help" was initially satisfied by being given a bellows, and taught to blow the dust from between the balusters of the staircase leading up to the printshop.

However, that did not keep me from returning to observe, with growing interest, what the "grown-ups" were doing. Before long, my busy-work was distributing "slugs" and "leads" to their proper places in wooden cases, and, by the time my hand was big enough to hold a type-stick, to redistribute each character of used type to its proper section in the cases. The various fonts were beyond my knowledge, so I had to be directed to the type-case involved, but I thoroughly enjoyed it--as play, and feeling useful, and being free to stop when I wished to.

Another place in which I enjoyed spending time was Sister Etta's room. Sister Etta was, biologically, the sister of Brother Henry Silverfriend. Her function was bookkeeper and treasurer for the Unity. But she somehow contrived to find little tasks to keep me busy. She also occasionally received, from her sister in Chicago, a kosher salami, and sandwiches of this, as between-meals treats, remain as gustatory highlights in my memory. When I was 9 or 10, their sister Edith came to visit her brother and sister. She was a teacher of elocution, and was soon busy instructing the Unity's children in the subtleties of correct pronunciation of many common words. Best of all, she entertained the entire community with her repertoire of monologues--an unfamiliar form of entertainment in Estero.

Other kinds of entertainment were very much a part of the community's activities. Shortly after our arrival, all the children (except my too-young brother Aurel) took part in a

marching drill, with the column making various patterns as it moved about the stage. At one point, I made an error and went in the wrong direction. My acute humiliation at that moment has remained a vivid memory. Being the shortest, I had been placed at the head of the line, and had to be bodily retrieved before I realized what had happened.

My first appearance as an amateur actress went smoothly. I was merely a child on a sofa, being read to, as Mildred Fischer played the role of mother. A couple of years later, a play featured the athletic Alfred Christensen (the electrician) as a man in peril on a narrow mountain ledge. When he "fell off," my part called for a terrified scream. Reportedly, its volume startled much of the audience. At ten, I was one of several flower girls in the most elaborately costumed play ever put on at the Unity. Most of the women's costumes were made by my mother, who had shipped from Chicago her Singer sewing machine--an early model, of course, operated by a rocking foot treadle. But the major role of my acting career was as the girl in Dunsany's "The Wonder Gate"--an allegorical fantasy in which Floyd Moreland played the boy. The role required the memorizing of several pages of typescript, and Floyd's was almost as long. By that time, I was twelve, and Floyd only two months older. Whether our acting was good or bad I shall never know, but the audience was generous in its applause, and our egos got a real boost.

Another form of public entertainment was orchestral concerts, usually featuring a soloist. The orchestra had both adults and children as musicians, and music lessons were as much a part of our lives as school and work. Milton learned to play the slide trombone, and before long took his place in the orchestra. But by all odds, it was the arrival of the Moreland family, from Colorado, that made a major difference in those concerts. Brother Henry Moreland and Sister Beatrice Moreland brought into the Unity their sons, Harold and Floyd, and Harold brought with him his violin. He was not only well-taught, but musically gifted, and at sixteen took over the concert-master's role. I did not quite realize, at first, that part of the beauty of tone he drew from his instrument was due to his use of *vibrato* in its production. This was a degree of sophistication beyond the others. At any rate, he was soon a much-featured soloist, with Celeste Rugg as his piano accompanist.

The Ruggs had also come from Colorado, a bit later than the Morelands. Their mother was quite deaf, and, possibly because of this handicap, "hipped" on religion, and inclined to be over-strict with Celeste and her younger daughter, Virginia. Predictably, as the girls were adolescent, sex became their strongest interest--and, inevitably, Celeste became mentor to the younger girls on "the facts of life."

By this time, I was living in the women's dormitory, under the care of another relatively new member, Sister Mabel. I had

the misfortune to share a "room" with Sister Mabel's daughter, Mary, who was, like me, aged 10. To my disgust and distress, Mary sometimes used my comb and brush, and chose to use the washbasin instead of our chamber pot or slop-bucket as a night-time urinal. My complaints got me nowhere with her mother. When my own mother, to whom I reported my plight, spoke to the Unity's matron, I was permitted to move back with her.

My three older brothers were put in charge of a boys' caretaker, after our first year, and my mother was given a room above the bakery; Auriel (still only five) was kept with her until he was seven. Then he, too, was placed with the caretaker. He was not nearly as rough and active in his play as boys usually are. His favorite activity was sitting on the river bank with a fishing pole, improvised from a supple branch, string and a real fish hook. With this, he was frequently successful in catching bream or, occasionally, a snapper, among the rocky ledges that edged into the river-bottom. It was a relatively narrow, quiet stream, but in the September hurricane season, rains sometimes brought the water almost to overflowing level. (I had listened with horrified fascination to tales of the great hurricane of 1910 and kept hoping for a real flood, but it never happened while I was in Estero. Still, there was one period when I saw the surrounding woods flooded in low-lying areas, so I had partial satisfaction of my curiosity. It was on one of these occasions, when I was about 9, that Anaridge Lucille Bell and I removed our clothes for a cooling dip in the shallow water, carefully "hiding" behind palmettos in the pine-woods to do so, since Floyd was one of the party. When I got home, my mother dutifully spanked me (lightly), since we had been seen, after all, and promptly reported.

Meanwhile, I continued to spend much of my free time at the printing office. The major attraction was the Intertype (similar to the Linotype), which was operated during the week by Mildred Fischer, daughter of Sister Ida, who was in charge of the Unity's laundry. I found its performance an endless, almost hypnotic, fascination. Mildred set up the weekly newspaper, edited by Allen Andrews, a prematurely white-haired man whose hobby was the exotic tropical plants of south Florida. Consequently, it featured reprints of articles on this subject, albeit at times he got someone to write an original article, or wrote reports on his trips to various nurseries in the region.

Nobody remained idle for long. As soon as my hand was big enough to hold a type-stick, I was allowed to distribute the type from some of the advertisements printed in the paper, and even, occasionally, to set up a small "ad" myself.

However, my ability to read well had me taking a turn as copy-holder for the proof-reader of *The American Eagle* with increasing frequency. That ability was most strongly challenged by the local news items sent in each week from Immokalee, a small Lee County community whose paucity of resources was

attested to by the pencil-written copy on a flattened brown paper bag. Nevertheless, I got real satisfaction from my printing-office activity from first to last.

When I was twelve, Brother David Richards was given permission to take a vacation and visit friends and relatives, and I was enlisted to carry out his assignment of reading the major articles on the front pages of *The Jacksonville Times-Union* and *The Tampa Morning Tribune*, and condensing them into brief summaries that would fit into a column on the last page of *The American Eagle*. Although it was confining, I enjoyed the challenge, and my copy was accepted without question. I typed it on an Oliver, an early machine which produced the letters on the page by striking the paper on the roller from underneath, making it necessary to lift the roller to inspect the copy, and adding to the difficulty of correcting errors, so it was pointless to try for speed. Another early typewriter I had occasion to use in Estero (I no longer remember in what connection) was a Blickensderfer, which had what was called a "scientific" keyboard, with the most frequently used letters placed where they were most convenient for the strongest fingers. Just why it lost out is not entirely clear, but I suspect it was because it was relatively unresponsive to the normal touch, hence less productive.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," and after a period in which I served as regular copy-holder for the proof-reader of *The Flaming Sword*, the monthly religious magazine put out by the Koreshan Unity, I had my chance to satisfy a great longing. For at least three years, I had watched in utter fascination the operation of the Intertype (similar to the Linotype) which had been purchased by the Koreshan Unity to facilitate the production of the "Sword" but primarily to get out *The American Eagle*. Mildred Fischer, then in her late teens, set up the latter, and Sister Florence Graham (probably in her late thirties or early forties) was the typesetter for the *Sword*. Illness incapacitated Sister Florence for several months, and there was no one to turn to for replacement except me.

I was sorry for Sister Florence, of course, but ecstatic over getting my long-held wish to touch those keys, push that lever to activate the pouring of molten lead into the line mold, and watch the shiny new lines accumulate--at last! The first galley proof was a thicket of corrections in both margins, and my heart sank. But I learned to watch the keyboard more attentively, and before long my galleys had much cleaner margins.

Eventually Sister Florence got well and was able to resume her work. This freed me to join the rest of my family, which I had not seen for a long while.

In 1914, when World War I erupted, my father was visiting

his mother and brother in Hungary. He wanted to get her out of danger, so, one day, he turned up with her at Estero. He requested that she be allowed to stay there, near her grandchildren, with my mother to look after her needs. This precipitated a crisis, since she knew nothing of the beliefs held by the group, and with no knowledge of English could not study "the Master's" writings, had she wished to. My mother and a handful of other members could speak German, as did Grandma, but adherence to the teachings was a basic requirement for residence. (This was overlooked for Miss Knight, but *she* was taking care of her aged, enfeebled mother, a believer.)

My father was both incredulous and furious at the "heartlessness" of the refusal to let a poor old lady spend her last years amid her grandchildren. So, reluctantly, he took up residence in Fort Myers, so that she might sometimes see her grandchildren. He did relatively menial chores to support them, and sometimes saw the older boys. But under no condition would the management permit me or Aurel, the youngest child, to go to Fort Myers.

Understandably, he brought a court action against the management, and within about a year was given custody of his three older sons. Meanwhile, his mother had passed away, and he requested the Unity's management to allow me to attend her funeral. Permission was flatly refused for me and my younger brother, Aurel--then 10 and 8 years of age.

As soon as my father could arrange to do so, he sent the three older boys to school. Louis went to Cleveland, where my father's relatives, the Goldhammers, had become established, and from there was accepted as a student at Western Reserve Academy in Akron. World War I was still being fought, and for a while Milton worked in a Jacksonville shipyard, where carpentry experience in the Unity proved very useful. As soon as possible, he enrolled at Stetson University's preparatory school in Deland, and proved to be an able student.

Zolton made his way to Texas, working as an oiler in the engine room of a freighter, "bluffing" his age when he was only thirteen. Never much of a student, he had a practical bent, reinforced by working under Alfred Christensen in the Koreshan Unity's machine shop. He continued for some time as an oiler, shuttling between Galveston and Tampa.

At about this time, some new members came into the Unity, another Hungarian family surnamed Wyka. In the usual fashion, the boys were placed in charge of a caretaker, and the youngest child, Noime, was put in my mother's care. My mother and I were living above the bakeshop at that time, and she did not welcome the added responsibility, although the child was not particularly troublesome. I had been allowed to stay with her much longer than usual, but when a family named Linton joined, I was sent to the women's dormitory to room with their daughter,

Mary, who was about my age, 10. We had little in common, as far as temperament and interests went. We shared a water-pitcher, basin, and slop-bucket. We also shared a chamber-pot, but, with a perversity incomprehensible to me, she substituted the basin for the chamber-pot. I complained bitterly to my mother about this, and she promptly reported it to Sister Emma, the matron. I was then allowed to have a small "room" of my own, with space for essentials and a corner in which to hang my few dresses, and I was quite content. The dormitory rooms were formed by sheet-like fabric hung from 2" x 4" pieces of wood, supported by upright pieces at intervals. There was an opening to the unoccupied space giving on the staircase which led up to the dormitory rooms, which occupied the two floors above the dining room. Over the kitchen, at the other side of the staircase, were rooms with their own real doors, each occupied by one of the sisters.

Meanwhile, whatever the Wyka family had hoped to find at the Koreshan Unity was apparently not there, and they moved on after a few months, relieving my mother of the care of young Noime.

The young population was augmented shortly thereafter by two families, one surnamed Rugg, the other, Moreland. Both came from Colorado, where they had not known one another. But, before long, the level of music at the Koreshan Unity was markedly raised. Celeste Rugg, at sixteen, was a pianist with good technical training and the ability to produce expressive phrasing. Her younger sister, Virginia, was less gifted, but played one of the "background" instruments in the orchestra. But it was Harold, the elder Moreland boy, who played the violin, at sixteen, with an expressiveness that produced enchantment, at least for me, and, judging by the applause that followed whenever he played a solo (accompanied by Celeste), for many others as well. Inevitably, the relationship of these two teen-agers took on romantic overtones. On young people's picnics, they managed to disappear, and on the home grounds took after-supper walks together.

For teasing purposes, my name was linked with that of Floyd, the younger Moreland boy, who played the flute quite well, in the orchestra, and, on the occasions when children were soloists, performed creditably. But, alas! my romantic reveries centered on Harold. Floyd was just a couple of months my senior, and a very good friend, but not mature enough to create any excitement in my emotions. As I began to show signs of maturing, Harold would sometimes turn up at the Art Hall during my practice hour, ostensibly to select something for a solo from the sizeable music library stored there, but taking advantage of the opportunity to invite me to sit on his lap, which further decreased my musical proficiency, but sent foolish waves of temporary joy through my adolescent heart.