

At that time the public schools of Los Angeles had school orchestras in the grade schools. The whole program was headed by Miss Jessie Jones, who had been one of my parents' friends in the Sunday School Class at the First Congregational Church where Mom and Dad first got acquainted.

Miss Jones would come maybe once a month, but usually we had Miss Soister. I think Miss Soister did a competent job, but the thing I remember about her was the quantity of batons she broke on her music stand. Two children played the piano duet fashion. I was one of them for a year or two and Evelyn played violin as soon as she was able. Occasionally when it was Miss Jones' day to be at our school, Mom would bring her violin along and play with us.

Once a year there was a combined grade school orchestra,<sup>from the Los Angeles schools</sup> and I had the opportunity to play one piece in the program. At the rehearsal downtown, there was someone there whom I knew but Mom didn't (a grownup, I think). Mom suggested that I introduce her, and I got in one of my stubborn streaks and refused, I have no idea why. Perhaps I didn't know just how to do it, but it surely spoiled the whole thing for Mom, and I am "heartily sorry for these my misdoings."

There was a favorite radio station, KHJ (Kindness, Happiness, and Joy), which had at least one children's program, led by Uncle John. Children had a chance to appear on the program, playing, singing, reciting, or whatever. I think it was necessary to try out, and I got to play on it.

I had a peach-colored organdie dress, and I played something reasonably hard from the Copellia Ballet by Chaminade. Evelyn was there, and Uncle John asked her if she wanted to do something, so she recited a poem.

Aunt Virginia, one of Mom's cousins, was visiting us at the time, and she listened in and enjoyed it.

In the upper grades, one teacher taught all the art, and another all the music. That was when I first learned to sing in parts, "The Lord is my Shepherd" with music by Koschat. (I had a hard time finding this tune; it finally turned up in *The New Church Hymnal*, 1926.)

Robert Ewing and Duane Wood must have been in my class. Around 6th (?) grade, they began

to ride their bikes over to my house and we would stand out by the street, talking. Robert had a siren on his bike, which you worked by pulling a string, and eventually he would ride me to school on his bike and let me work the siren as we entered the school yard. I thought that was simply wonderful.

Jean Clarkson and I were best friends always, and so were Coral Clarkson and Evelyn. Jean and I would have secrets together, while Coral and Evelyn would go simply wild wanting to find out what the secrets were.

One was *FOR* (Feast of Raisins). Evidently sometime when Jean and I were sleeping over at one of our houses, we got a handful of raisins and ate them in bed. Another was *FOC* (Feast of Chocolates). At Christmas, Dad would always bring home a 5 pound box of See's Chocolates. So Jean and I took a fistful of chocolates and ate them secretly.

Then we talked about *REDW* (Robert Ewing and Duane Wood). The upper half of *REDW* was Robert Ewing, of course. Hearing about this would put Coral and Evelyn into a frenzy.

We had a graduation at the end of sixth grade. One of the teachers wrote a really awful graduation song to the tune of "Three o'clock in the morning", which was quite popular at that time. The words went:

"One nine two three, best class that Western has seen.

One nine two three, is leaving you-oo today.

Go-ing to John Muir where there's more wor-ork than play.

Goodby dear old Wes-tern, song of our happy days"

I had a white dress for graduation, with a braid of little roses for trim around the neck and sleeves. We later carried this same braid at our Button Shop. On the way home, Robert Ewing pulled up weeds as we walked through the vacant lot and put dirt down my back. I don't remember much about him after grammar school.

corrected

corrected

## John Muir Junior High School

Going to John Muir was one of the high spots of my life. It was one of the first junior high schools in the Los Angeles school system. Miss Katherine Carey, an outstanding, lovely person, was chosen as its principal and she was given her pick of any teachers in the whole system. She did a good job of picking. That was one reason John Muir was such a fine school.

It was about a mile and a half from our house. Sometimes we walked, sometimes we used our book of student streetcar tickets and squeezed in with all the rest, mostly in the rear open section of the streetcar.

We had a bicycle, given us by Dad's boss, Arthur Kelley, when his children outgrew it. I rode it to John Muir some.

Homeroom was important. Ours met in a temporary bungalow, but it was here, under Mrs. Barrows, that I met people who were friends all through high school: Beatrice De Mayo, Elizabeth Detweiler, Dorothea Cox, Paula ? whom Mom wasn't quite sure about, and others whose names slip my mind right now.

The first semester we studied Greek myths in English. There was also a History Club, which met at intervals after school with programs of jokes, songs, thises and thats. It was fun.

Some time after the Greek myth time, I decided to dramatize one of the myths to put on for History Club. It was the story of Vulcan, who made a chair that would keep a person captive after sitting in it. I frankly don't remember the rest of the story. Anyhow, the play was written, we got a cast together, and started work on it. We needed one more male character, and someone brought along Jack Suppe. He became Vulcan and I was his mother. He told me later that that was very embarrassing to him, as he had to kneel down before me. So that is how I met my future husband. As far as I know, the play was put on without any disasters.

① "Foolish questions" was a song I sang once at the meeting.

! fixed

®

"You have heard of foolish questions, and sometimes I wonder why

The people who will ask them can expect a sane reply.

Did you ever take a girl a box of candy after tea

And hear her as she opens it exclaim, 'Is this for me?'

Foolish question, and you answer if you can,

'Oh, no, it's for your mother or for John the hired man.

I just wanted you to see it, now I'll take it all away.'

And that's a question you can hear most any day.

The History Club also went on some picnics. We took the streetcar to Eagle Rock, and clambered all around. Some girl got a cut or scrape or someone threw a small rock and hit someone on the head (I don't remember the details). There was a tall, gangly, quiet fellow in the Club named Alvin who always wore a large vest. When first aid was called for, he opened the vest and all the necessary things for first aid were pinned in place inside it.

I spent my time at the picnic trying to take a picture of Frank Kingaard. He was a popular fellow (later student body president?) whom I thought was wonderful. When the films came back I almost swooned with joy because his picture turned out well.

There was a dance club, for which I bought ballet slippers. We practiced in the auditorium, lined up in the aisles, and did warmups to the Liszt Hungarian Dance No. 5, played on the piano by a very good pianist, who probably went from school to school. I don't remember ever doing anything except the warmups, but we must have.

I fell in love with baseball, so Dad bought me a bat and a HARDBALL. No wonder when I hit it out in the backyard that it often went over the fence to the neighbor's yard. I practiced hard at it.

In another English class we memorized poems, a number of which I still remember. We had to recite them in front of the class. Kipling's "L'Envoi," John Masefield's "I must go down to the sea

again, to the lonely sea and the sky," "I meant to do my work today, but a brown bird sang in the apple tree ...," "Oh, the wild joy of living, the leaping from rock to rock, the strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock of the plunge in the pool's icy water, the hunt of the bear." I have remembered that last one when swimming in mountain lakes.

I loved algebra ... that was just a fun game. Miss Kleinknecht was the teacher. She was tall and not too good looking, and she often wore a dress with a little fur around the neck. It was suggested by some students that it probably grew there.

One day the class was not doing too well. Someone insisted that nine times zero was nine. Miss Kleinknecht asked for a show of hands of those for and against that answer. I was the only one against. She tried to shake me from my opinion, but I held to it; and the secret look that we exchanged was one of my special memories.

In ninth grade I took Journalism, in which we put out the school newspaper. That was one of the most important studies of my life. I learned how to write a news article, and I still put these skills to good use frequently.

Another tremendously valuable study was Spanish. Senorita Taylor started us out reading and writing little stories the first week or two. She began by dictating pronunciation rules, which we had to memorize: "Cuando una palabra termina en un vocal o 'n' o 's', el acento está sobre la penúltima sílaba." That was where I learned the English word "penultimate."

She also taught us proverbios, which we had to use when answering roll call. "No hay rosas sin espinas" was the first one we learned. She used the example of ants in the salad at a picnic. And during class we used our Spanish names.

I remember Harold being asked, "What is the first person singular of 'saber'?" (Saber = to know, the correct answer being 'sé'). He thought and thought and finally replied, "Yo no sé. (I don't know.)" That wasn't the answer she had expected, but it points out that very fast we were thinking in Spanish. That is one of the most important things she could have taught me. It is still helping

me.

There was an orchestra, led by Edgar J. Hansen, and Evelyn probably played in it. The school put on the operetta, "Pierette among the Shepherds." I fell in love with the operetta, and would have liked to be in it, but I didn't either sing nor dance well enough.

Several years later, in high school, the same operetta was given, and I played the piano for it, as I remember. At least I was in the orchestra, as I played clarinet by that time.

### **Exciting and Beautiful Things I Remember**

When we were children and were going to the mountains, we would often start before daybreak. I remember the dark mass in front of us, huge and mysterious, and how much I loved it.

In 1935 I was doing home-teaching of children in Claremont who could not attend school. I sang in the choir of the Claremont Church (there was probably only one in those days) and Prof. Lyman was the director. He was the one who taught me to be a good choir member in the Pomona College Choir.

Easter Sunday there was a Sunrise service on a hilltop somewhere north of Claremont, and I remember it as one of the most beautiful sunrises I have ever seen. There were masses of huge clouds scattered all over the sky, which turned all sorts of heavenly colors throughout the service. It was magnificent.

Then there were sunrises on the desert, after more early rising, on the way to the Sierras. Sunrise on the desert has a special quality to it, with the softer colors of the land. It comes slowly and the vast expanse makes it something different.

And don't forget the sunrises in the mountains. To lie in your sleeping bag, seeing things gradually becoming more visible, then on the far side of the valley seeing the first rays of the sun touch the high peaks, watching it slowly climb down the western walls, touch the tops of the high trees closer and closer, move down the trunks — and suddenly it hits the camp. During these last

minutes, on the eastern wall you can see the rays of the sun radiating from the place it will appear, there is a faint rim along the edge, and then the sun BURSTS forth.

Both in the mountains and on the desert, you can see stars. I remember the impact they had on a high school boy who went for a weekend church camp retreat. It was his first experience in the mountains, and the first time he had really ever seen the stars. A new world had opened.

I think we camped at Giant Forest soon after satellites appeared. One in particular came over the camp about nine o'clock every night. I remember seeing it in the sky from the benches at the campfire program, and also seeing one tumbling lazily across the sky from my sleeping bag.

My favorite stars are those which make up the constellation Scorpio, with its twin stars in its tail, standing out in the southern sky over Huntington Lake, year after year. Another remembrance from those days is the glassy lake before the wind comes up in the morning, and what fun it is to dive into the icy glassiness and send concentric circles out over the lake. Even in the South Gate indoor pool, I love diving into it when there are so few people that it is still glassy in spots.

Speaking of iciness, another thing I have loved is to go swimming in a High Sierra lake or even the river in Cedar Grove. The cold water hits you with a shock, but just keep under the water and keep moving. Suddenly you feel warm and tingly. People don't believe me when I tell them, but it is true. I have had it happen time and time again. Also, it is much better to get into a mountain lake as soon as possible, instead of standing in the water up to your ankles, shivering, which I have seen many strong young men do.

Other beautiful scenes which come to mind include the Eastern part of the United States - Fred's farm, for instance, with the wide expanse of meadows and fields and woods, with the little family of ducks swimming in the stream at the bottom of the woods.



## THE STORY OF MY LIFE

(Through Pomona College - maybe more next year)

My father was William Gray Cross and my mother was Florence Stratton Cross. My grandmother, who lived with us, was Susan Gregory McClain Stratton, and she lived with us. Nana had been a pianist, organist and music teacher for most of her life. She was assistant organist at the First Congregational Church in Los Angeles. Daddy and Mom had met in a young people's group there.

In 1914 my sister Evelyn was born, and our brother Walter was born in 1917. When he was born there was a birth injury, and he did not develop normally. Evelyn and I enjoyed playing with him, but he died in 1922.

About 1914 my folks bought a lot in a new development in the southern part of Los Angeles. There were long, narrow lots in a new development, and there were several vacant lots on our block, one right next to ours. Small palm trees had been planted near the street along the whole block. Now they are still there, but they are about 50 feet high. The lot was long and thin, so Daddy planted fruit trees, berries and vegetables. There was a big walnut tree at the back of the house, and a little "summerhouse".

<sup>Our</sup>  
~~This~~ house puzzled the neighbors as it was being built. There was a room at the back of the house, between the third bedroom (Nana's) and the kitchen. There were four posts sticking up through the floor in one corner, and the neighbors couldn't guess what these were for. The posts were the supports for Dad's workbench. There was also a small square hole in the opposite wall, where he installed a red glass with a light bulb behind it, to help in developing photographs. Dad not only made regular photographs, but also colored pictures on glass plates. They were lovely.

Evelyn and I have always been very close friends, and we are thankful that this has continued for over eighty years. We enjoyed our house, there were so many good places to play in it. We made friends in the neighborhood: Jean Clarkson was a little older than I was, and Coral Clarkson was a little older than Evelyn, and so we were best friends even after they moved away about ten years later. There were also Dorothy and Edwin Mohler. Poor Edwin was the only boy on the block for some time. Eleanor Hoarth lived across the street from us. Her mother had died, and Mrs. Davis and her daughter raised her. They loved her, I am sure, but they were stricter than our parents.

We girls liked to play jacks and hop scotch and jump rope. We also had our dolls and paper dolls and played house. Sometimes we played school and Jean was the teacher. Dad made a playhouse in the backyard, with gunny sacks for walls and palm leaves on the roof. And we always loved to read and be read to.

We played with blocks. One time we built a house with a flat roof and acted out <sup>the</sup> Bible story of the friends who were bringing a sick man to Jesus, but the crowd was so big that they couldn't get in the house. So they removed part of the roof and let the sick man down before Jesus, where he was healed. So we built the house out of blocks and played the parable. It was a little hard to keep the whole roof from falling in when we removed some of the roof blocks. We started going to the Library when we were very young and I have never stopped going. Also, we had dramatics. There were sliding doors between the living room and the dining room, which made fine theater curtains.

Our whole family loved the mountains. The first memory I have was lying in bed in a tent, looking out at the grownups around the campfire. Evelyn was taken with us to Forest Home in the San Bernardino mountains when she had just learned to walk. Forest Home was a resort where there were tent cabins and a Lodge, where we took our meals in the dining room. All my life we have taken mountain vacations, and I remember the excitement of driving toward the dark, mysterious mountains at night.

When I was five years old, Nana started giving me piano lessons. I don't remember how old Evelyn was when she started on the violin under Mom's direction. Both of us have been making music ever since.

Nana died when I was eight years old. when she was 73. One of Mom's greatest pleasures was playing her violin. Nana had been my Mother's accompanist every time she had played the violin, and so Mom was left with no one to play for her. Right away she started me out on pieces with very simple accompaniments, and I gradually learned to be an accompanist. Evelyn followed Mom in being a violinist. From that time on this has been one of the most pleasurable parts of my life, playing piano accompaniments for Mom and Evelyn and many other people in many other places. I kept up taking piano lessons all through high school, but I don't even remember my teachers' names.

I had a busy imagination, and when I wasn't reading books or playing with my friends, I wrote stories, as I had a vivid imagination. There was an old upright manual typewriter on the shelf above the drawers in my walk-in closet, so I used it, hunt and peck. I also wrote stories and plays in longhand. My reading included all sorts of subjects, which suggested some of the characters in some of my stories. I think "Ivanhoe" was one of these, as I wrote some stories and plays with nobility in them.

Automobiles were fairly common in the 1920's, and we had one. The first one I can remember was a Ford, then a Studebaker, followed by a Maxwell (on which I later learned to drive). It had "double-clutching" --- first you depressed the clutch, and put the long gear shift lever into neutral, and let the clutch in; then you pushed the clutch out and put the lever into low ----doing this for each change of gear. Finally, about 1928 we got a NEW Studebaker sedan. There had been considerable discussion over whether to get a closed or an open car.

But until the mid-twenties at least, usually we went places on the streetcar. Our street, 51st Street, was halfway between 48th Street on the north and 54th Street on the south. The streetcar route nearest to us ran from one end of the line on 48th Street to Broadway in downtown Los Angeles where Dad worked, then took another street at right angles, and came back down to our area on 54th Street. Dad always took the streetcar to work.

I wish my son Bob were here to tell you about the streetcars and buses in our lives. He knew a million details about them. After he died in 1996, I gave the materials he had collected about Transportation to the Travel Town Museum in Griffith Park in Los Angeles, where they are being used for research.

But in general, first the streetcars had an enclosed section with windows in the middle part of the car, with open window spaces for the back and front sections. Later on, they were all enclosed; and later still, all streetcars were retired in favor of buses.

One place we went on the streetcar was Exposition Park. At one corner across from the Park there was a power house, and when we went downtown, we could look into it from the streetcar and know that that was where the electricity came from to run our streetcars and the lights in our houses.

Exposition Park had a big Museum, with saber toothed tiger and elephant skeletons from the La Brea tar pit in Los Angeles. They were immense. The museum also had lots of other interesting things. There was a sunken Rose Garden, which was beautiful a good deal of the year.

Another feature in the early days was a playground and two outdoor swimming pools, one for boys and one for girls. There was a building in between the pools where they handed out the gray bathing suits and had the dressing rooms, one on each side. In those days we didn't have our own swimsuits. The attendants would look at a child, and select the size that should be appropriate. We liked to paddle around in the pool, sometimes with water wings, which we would blow up, but we didn't really swim.

Later on Mom took us to Bimini Baths (natural hot springs) at the northern end of Vermont Ave. We had to change streetcars to get there. We took private swimming lessons there. One day, after I had learned to swim on my back (I think), I went to the bigger pool outside and was looking at it from the edge. Suddenly my teacher appeared and said, "Swim across." I was afraid but I got in and did it, and we both were proud. I've enjoyed swimming all my life since then.

Once Mom and I went downtown on the street car to get one of my teeth pulled by the dentist. Some one had given me ten dollars for a birthday or (?). So, after we were finished with the dentist, we went into the Bank of Italy (the forerunner of Bank of America) and cashed the check(?) for a ten dollar gold piece (not more than a half inch in diameter). THEN we went to a jewelry store and I bought a gold ring .

Both Mom and Nana belonged to a music club, in which all the active members either played or sang at their meetings. On special occasions they took Evelyn and me. One promised day it was raining and Mom went, but we couldn't go. So Nana stayed home with us and we had our own music club, in which each of us played for the others. Evelyn probably had a pretty good start on violin by that time. We probably told our friends in the neighborhood about it. Jean and Eleanor were studying piano, and Coral was taking violin lessons from her aunt(?). So we started a neighborhood music club. We met at intervals and each one played. It was good practice for us children, and I never heard of any of us having stage fright. We elected a secretary who wrote up the minutes of each meeting, and each of us chose a grown up name to use, a music teacher or admired grownup.

Back to the neighborhood. All of us attended Western Avenue School. Miss Downing was the Principal. She was tall and thin and cross-eyed, and had an air of authority about her. Once, as our class was going down the stairs to recess, I was TALKING to a friend. That was not allowed, and she pulled me out of line. After she released me to go down to the playground, everyone gathered around me ---"What did she do? What did she do?"

There was no cafeteria, but next door to the school was a little place where we could buy mashed potatoes and gravy on a little cardboard boat. Usually I just brought my lunch from home, and we would eat on the playground.

For some reason Mom had become acquainted with Miss Downing (not because we habitually misbehaved --- perhaps they had met because of the time we missed school because of measles and chicken pox??) So one day, Miss Downing told Mom of her experience with her pet parrot. Daylight Savings Time was just beginning, so when Miss Downing started to put the cover over the parrot's cage AN HOUR EARLY, the parrot said, "I WON'T". When Mom told us this story we were HORRIFIED! We couldn't imagine anyone saying "I won't" to Miss Downing!

In one grade we had the addition combinations as a frieze around the room above the blackboards, and every day we recited them. I think that was a good idea. In fifth grade we studied the history of California. That included the period when the Franciscan missionaries came from Spain and started the chain of Missions in California, and our teacher taught us a few Spanish words. I started putting these words into the exciting stories I was writing. In one of them I made up Spanish-sounding words where they were needed. I think it was at that time that I started to love the Spanish language.

This teacher took the class on the streetcar to San Gabriel one Saturday to see "The Mission Play", a well-known California attraction. We brought our lunch and ate under the trees around the San Gabriel Mission. Jimmy Reese had us girls giggling when he pointed at us with two banana guns.

In fifth grade our teacher gave "Credits" for each thing we did, depending on quantity and/or quality. Each day the ones with the highest scores copied their scores on the boards, to make sure that the addition was right. Each Monday morning we were assigned new seats, according to our totals. Sometimes Miss Downing would need someone to do an errand, such as taking a note

to a teacher. In that case, she would push a buzzer which would sound in our classroom, and the person at the head of the list for that week would go down to the office and do the errand.

When I was in one of the upper grades - 5th or sixth- A professor in Stanford University started a study of children with relatively high IQ's. In those days many people thought that "gifted" children were one-sided and very different from their playmates. As schoolwork was easy for me, my teacher recommended me, and I took the streetcar to another school a block from the carline, where they gave me a number of written tests. I tested high enough to remain in the "Terman Study of the Gifted", in which the subjects have been tested at intervals all our lives. I remember hearing that my sister, Evelyn, just barely missed being in the group by a point or two.

In sixth grade Robert Ewing and Duane Wood became interested in me and would ride over on their bikes to stand around talking near the curb. Robert rode me to school and let me pull the string that worked the siren as we turned into the schoolyard. Evelyn and I drove our younger sisters crazy with secret talk about "upper half of Re-Dw".

Elementary School ended with the sixth grade. The thing I remember about our graduation is the horrible song some teacher composed for our class. The tune was the then popular song "Three o'clock in the morning" and the words, I am ashamed to say, were:

One, nine, two, three, best class that Wes-tern has seen.  
One, nine, two, three, is leaving you-ou today,  
Go-ing to John Muir where there's more work than play.  
Good-by, dear old Wes-tern,  
Song of our hap-py days."

My three years at John Muir Junior High School were one of the high points of my life. The Los Angeles School system was just starting junior high schools for grades 7, 8, and 9. I understand that John Muir was the first one in the system. An exceptional Principal was chosen, Miss Katherine Carey, and I understand that she was given her pick of all the teachers in the Los Angeles School System. It was very, very good and we were very fortunate to attend it.

John Muir (and also Manual Arts High School later) were about a mile and a half from home, but we usually walked or rode the streetcar with many other friends, transferring once at Vermont Ave.. Evelyn and I had been given a bicycle which Dad's boss's children had outgrown, and I rode it sometimes.

One interesting thing was the History Club. It met at regular intervals after school and the students put on all sorts of programs. The English Class I was in was studying Greek myths, so I wrote a play out of one of the stories, and the History Club put it on. We needed one more actor, and someone thought that Jack Suppe possibly would be willing to do it. He was, but found it a little embarrassing to have to kneel down before me (the Queen).

The History Club also had picnics occasionally. One was at Eagle Rock, at the north edge of Los Angeles. We all went on the streetcar, ate, climbed rocks, and had fun. At that time I thought that Frank Kingard was wonderful, and I was thrilled when the picture I took of him at the picnic turned out well. I also remember one boy, a quiet person who always wore a long vest. A girl scratched her hand, or something, so he opened his vest and brought out first aid materials.

One thing I loved was algebra. It was just like working puzzles. A few years later I earned my first fifty dollars tutoring my doctor's daughter (who was also a special friend) so that she could get a passing grade.

I also loved baseball and tennis, which I think I first started in Junior High. So Dad took out some of the fruit trees in the backyard, so that we would have more room for sports. He built a dirt tennis court (too narrow for alleys, but usable) and my friends would come over to play. As balls continued to go over the heightened fence of wide upright boards, we put leather hinges on one board and got the neighbors' permission to go directly through the fence into the neighbors' yard instead of going the long way around, knocking on his front door and asking permission.

One day I came home from school and asked my father, "I can take French, Latin, or Spanish. Which should I take?" He answered, "Take Spanish. You will use it." Dad had worked some time for the Twin Cities Gas Company in Beaumont and Banning, where they evidently had Mexican immigrants working. I am VERY happy that he gave me the advice which made me it possible to create my life's work.

Our Spanish teacher was good, and she expected a lot from us. The first week, we had to memorize the rule for pronunciation, which syllable to accent. "Cuando una palabra termina en un vocable o "ene" o "ese", el acento está sobre la penúltima sílaba."

Most of my best friends went to the same high school as I did: Manual Arts High School, but I made many other good friends. I liked Geometry, and won an engraved cup in a Geometry contest.

Partway through high school I decided that I wanted to learn to play the clarinet, and I got one for Christmas. Jack Suppe also played clarinet, and he came over in his BAND UNIFORM to give me my first lesson!! So I signed up for Orchestra at school. The semester started after I had had just six clarinet lessons, and my tone was terrible, but I could read the music fast and they let me play. I think it bothered Jack when they put me ahead of him.

I took Chemistry one year, and Physics the next. I will never forget learning about the Periodic Table of the Elements. Suddenly I realized, "Everything in the Universe fits together Exactly!" and I almost got down on my knees there in the classroom as I realized how wonderful God was.

I continued Spanish in High School. The teacher was Mrs. Adams-Fisher, a little hunched over old lady with gray hair pulled back into a bun, and a big hooked nose. The first day of class she would rant and rave, and the second day, half the class would have changed their programs to

have another teacher. Then Mrs. Adams-Fisher had exactly what she wanted, a relatively small class of students who were really interested in learning Spanish.

I had her for all three years and still have notebooks with the vocabularies she dictated to us. The last semester she invited the Advanced Class to her house one evening and showed us all the interesting things she had collected in Spain. Another time she had us come for a restaurant meal in Olvera Street in downtown Los Angeles, where Los Angeles had started, and I learned how to roll tortillas into a tube to eat them. Another time she invited anyone interested to go to a Sunday morning service at the Methodist Church, also in the same part of Los Angeles. This was my first church in Spanish, but I didn't know that there would be many, many others.

This school had a course in <sup>Manual Arts High School</sup> "Piano Accompanying". I had been accompanying <sup>Mom and Evelyn (violinists)</sup> for a number of years, but I took the course and learned a lot more. One important new thing I learned was to keep my eyes several measures ahead of what I was playing.

During my Senior year I played for the boys' glee club and a string ensemble. That same year I played for the Operetta the school put on, "Pierette Among the Shepherds." They had given this in Junior High and I loved the music in it. I also played for occasional soloists, such as Sidney Stein, who once was invited to play at a meeting of the Flute Club of Los Angeles. About this time, my parents thought I needed a little more social experience (I was sort of an introvert who always had my nose in a book) and encouraged me to join the Job's Daughters, a junior group associated with the Masonic order, to which Dad belonged. I also became the pianist for this group.

During 1920's Dad started going into the High Sierra mountains of California on his summer vacations. They went on horseback and mules carried their equipment. Several friends from the Edison Company and his brother Frank would go in with him. One of the places they started from, going into the mountains, was Huntington Lake, on the west side of the Sierras. Dad would take Mom and us girls to Cedar Crest Camp on the edge of the lake, and we made friends who came back year after year.

Jack Suppe had been a friend in Junior High and High School. He used to come to the house to play tennis. His father was in the Masons and Jack invited me to his Lodge's Masonic picnic, after that my family let Jack bring me home from school in his car and play tennis with him at various tennis courts. However regular dates were't allowed.

The Spring before high school graduation, without much fuss and fury, it was decided that I should go to Pomona College. Shortly before the end of the Spring semester, the school orchestra had a party at our house. One of the boys, whom I liked a lot, startled me that night by saying that HE was going to Pomona. I was excited. A few days later, he called up and asked me to go out to a movie. I accepted and announced it to the family. Dad asked "Without asking permission?" and I said, "Yes." There was no problem, so we dated through the summer. I was happy - we were going to go through college together, get married, and live forever after. Unfortunately for those dreams, the first week at Pomona, he fell in love with the girl he eventually married, and I got other boyfriends.

During my Senior year I played for the boys' glee club and a string ensemble. That same year I played for the Operetta the school put on, "Pierette Among the Shepherds." They had given this in Junior High and I loved the music in it. I also played for occasional soloists, such as Sidney Stein, who once was invited to play at a meeting of the Flute Club of Los Angeles. About this time, my parents thought I needed a little more social experience (I was sort of an introvert who always had my nose in a book) and encouraged me to join the Job's Daughters, a junior group associated with the Masonic order, to which Dad belonged. I also became the pianist for this group.

During 1920's Dad started going into the High Sierra mountains of California on his summer vacations. They went on horseback and mules carried their equipment. Several friends from the Edison Company and his brother Frank would go in with him. One of the places they started from, going into the mountains, was Huntington Lake, on the west side of the Sierras. Dad would take Mom and us girls to Cedar Crest Camp on the edge of the lake, and we made friends who came back year after year.

Jack Suppe had been a friend in Junior High and High School. He used to come to the house to play tennis. His father was in the Masons and Jack invited me to his Lodge's Masonic picnic, after that my family let Jack bring me home from school in his car and play tennis with him at various tennis courts. However regular dates were not allowed.

The Spring before high school graduation, without much fuss and fury, it was decided that I should go to Pomona College. Shortly before the end of the Spring semester, the school orchestra had a party at our house. One of the boys, whom I liked a lot, startled me that night by saying that HE was going to Pomona. I was excited. A few days later, he called up and asked me to go out to a movie. I accepted and announced it to the family. Dad asked "Without asking permission?" and I said, "Yes." There was no problem, so we dated through the summer. I was happy - we were going to go through college together, get married, and live forever after. Unfortunately for those dreams, the first week at Pomona, he fell in love with the girl he eventually married, and I got other boyfriends.

The great stock market crash came just about the time I started to college, and Dad (who had taken the advice of some friends), lost some of the money he had set aside for college. So I started waiting on tables at The Claremont Inn, which was the only hotel in town. The first year, I worked in the elegant dining room for the residents and visitors of the hotel. The students ate in another part of the building. Working in the dining room involved taking orders and carrying trays. But it was a good experience, as I had never worked before.

College was my first experience at handling the money for all my expenses, and Dad made me set up accounts, where I entered everything I spent and the account had to balance. That was good training, too.

It was fun, living in Harwood Court, the only women's dorm the college had at the time. Dorothy Estep and I were assigned to a room in a small tower. The view was fine, and I learned to get upstairs fast. Dorothy was a music major, and we remained friends all through college.

If I remember correctly, I took courses in English, Biology, and Chemistry and probably Harmony, also orchestra. I had discovered that orchestra was a good way to get boyfriends, as girls weren't in the wind sections then as much as they are now. There was Bob Lockhart and ? I forget whether he was the one with the Model T Ford with a full set of extra gears added. If it was put into double low, and you gave it full speed, it would go four miles an hour, and you could hear it coming for several blocks. One boy in the group I went around in had a 1912 Buick. It held quite a few people and the top was folded down. It was fun going to formals and also other dances.

One other course I do remember from my freshman year was "The Contribution of the Hebrews to Christian Civilization." I learned a lot about the Bible, and was introduced to modern English versions of the Bible, which were newly available. I also learned a lot of new things in the Biology class, but during the year I decided not to go further in Chemistry.

To further help the financial situation, I got a job playing for the dance classes, which met in the old gym building. It had a fine floor for dancing, and the teacher was very good. "Natural Dancing" was just becoming the newest dance form. It wasn't long before I decided to take a dance class the next semester. I found that it was all I had hoped for, and it was one of my main interests all through Pomona. In fact, because of it, I became a Physical Education major. I hadn't had much experience in team sports, but tried out all of them.

I took various team and individual sports, but was better at the individual sports. I played tennis for fun all the way through college, but did not do it for credit. Speedball was fun. It was a combination of basketball and soccer and I liked to dribble and pass the ball with my feet. Some other years I played hockey, and took archery. One time there was also cricket, where we learned how to catch the hard wooden ball without damaging <sup>our</sup> ~~my~~ hands.

I would come home every couple of months or so for a weekend, sometimes bringing friends. Mom loved this. Once I brought the dance teacher for the Thanksgiving weekend. In the Spring it was customary to have a dance drama, written by a student, and I always took part. Once I was the rabbit in Alice in Wonderland. Another time I had a solo dance. In my Junior year, a chapter of

Orchesis, a dance group in a group of colleges (we once went to Redlands University for a joint affair) was started at Pomona, and of course I was active in it. We danced at all sorts of programs. My senior year, I was the manager of the Orchesis Recital in Bridges hall, and the folks came out to Pomona to see it.

My first Christmas at Pomona, the college choir gave Handel's Messiah, and I was impressed enough to sign up for Choir the next semester. It was a wonderful experience singing under Ralph Lyman, who trained many of the best choir directors in Southern California. The first big work we sang was a mass. *(St. Cecilia)*  
I remember that ordinary choir rehearsals were right before lunch. After being dismissed, we headed for the dining room. Then the whole line of choir members would sing loudly at the tops of our voices, "Credo en unum Deum, Patre omnipotentem, qui factoret coeli et terrae". It was very impressive. I loved choir all the way through. I also loved the organ music in the chapel, and went to some of the Senior music majors' recitals.

There was not room for all the women to live in the dorm, so for their sophomore year, they boarded out in private homes. Dorothy Estep, Virginia Covey, Julie, Dorothy Langford and I lived at "Gow House", where Mrs. Gow gave us meals and we lived upstairs. I think that was the year that I took a Shakespeare course which was very enlightening, and I enjoyed it a lot.

I took various team and individual sports.. I was better at individual than team sports. I played tennis for fun all the way through college, but did not do it for credit. Speedball was fun. It was a combination of basketball and soccer and I liked to dribble and pass the ball with my feet. Some other years I played hockey, and took archery. One time there was also cricket, where we learned how to catch the hard wooden ball without damaging my hands

By Junior year my sister Evelyn was also at Pomona, and she was majoring in Music, taking lessons on her violin.. By that time we were back at the dorm, which had a fine new dining room for the women. I worked there and so did she.

This was during the depression, and we were paid thirty-five cents an hour for any college job. But during my four years I earned enough to pay for one whole semester. I started working at breakfast time, and I remember how hot the soft boiled eggs were which I had to serve..I also worked as waitress at dinner time until I graduated. So did Evelyn. We didn't have to carry trays, as we had bus boys. The students who worked together there got to be quite good friends. There was one terrible day when shelves in one of the walk-in refrigerators in the kitchen fell down. Unfortunately it was loaded with chocolate sauce and mayonnaise, and it was a real mess.

One great advantage of both Evelyn and me being together in college was that we could practice our music together. I spent many hours with her, and I was her

accompanist in any recital she played in. After one such occasion I heard (second or third hand) that the piano professor had told another professor that my accompanying (for something by Sinding?) was the best piece of student accompanying he had heard since coming to Pomona. Of course we were pleased by that, but we had had 12-15 years playing together by that time.

One wonderful thing (among many others at Pomona) was the fact that Scripps College, next door, was affiliated with Pomona, and I could take courses there as well as at Pomona. I took extra dance classes there with another teacher, and also a couple of Biology classes. One was Advanced Zoology (although I hadn't taken beginning Zoology), but I worked hard and made it. Then there was Comparative Vertebrate Anatomy, comparing structures in fish, reptiles, amphibians, and mammals. I was extremely interested and impressed, as it showed in detail how Evolution had taken place.

The teacher of both these last courses was Sally Atsatt, who had been one of the class in the First Congregational church of Los Angeles where Mom and Dad had met. She was fun and interesting and a very good teacher. Once she took the Comparative Anatomy class on a field trip, three days, desert, mountain, and beach. I learned a lot. Sally had gotten her doctor's degree for investigating color changes in lizards, and she showed how she had caught them with a noose made of a thin, flexible, plant stem.

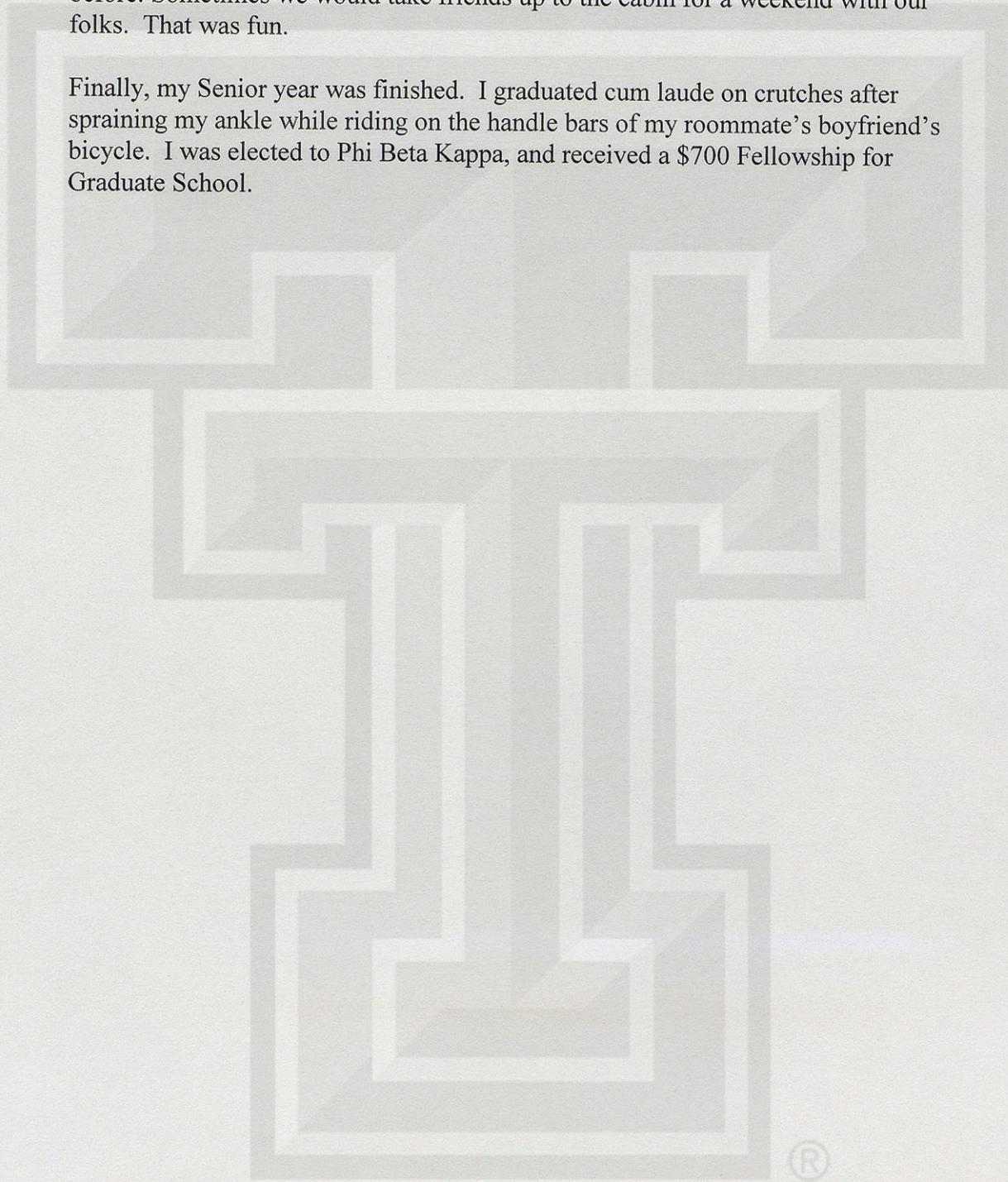
Sally also took us out birdwatching one morning, ending with breakfast in the Scripps dining room. It was a more formal type of breakfast than we had at Pomona. Scripps, while part of the Claremont group of colleges, was more expensive and exclusive, for women only. In my Senior year Scripps built a swimming pool, which we also could use. I made the most of it, and enjoyed swimming in it.

*Starting* — In my junior year, since I had decided to major in Physical Education, I did a little camp counselling each summer. The first year it was in the nearby mountains, for a week. I usually took charge of dramatics and music, sometimes Camp Craft. The second year it was a Girl Scout Camp in the hills between Los Angeles and Ventura, for ten days. While there I passed the Red Cross Lifesaving Test, and received a special applique to wear on my swimsuit. Also ~~a~~ became a member of the Girl Scouts.

The third summer vacation there was a call for camp counsellors at our old favorite, Huntington Lake. Virginia <sup>Covey</sup> and I both went there and enjoyed it. My family, however vetoed my staying for six weeks. They wanted to see me at least two weeks while they were up there.

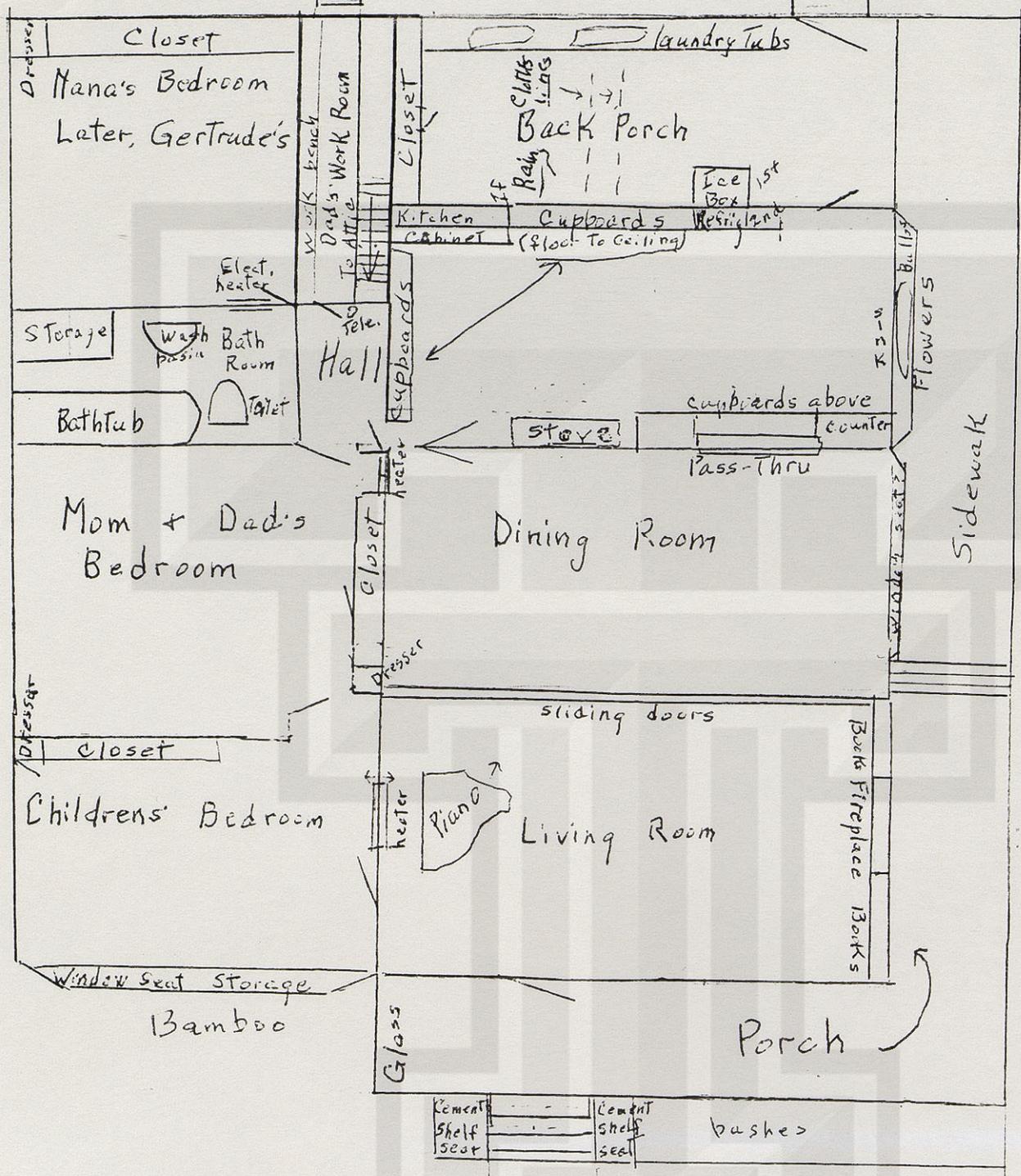
By my Senior year (or a little before) Dad had built a mountain cabin in the hills next to Mill Creek Canyon, where he had hiked, and had his first job many years before. Sometimes we would take friends up to the cabin for a weekend with our folks. That was fun.

Finally, my Senior year was finished. I graduated cum laude on crutches after spraining my ankle while riding on the handle bars of my roommate's boyfriend's bicycle. I was elected to Phi Beta Kappa, and received a \$700 Fellowship for Graduate School.



1553 W. 51<sup>st</sup> ST. Los Angeles, CA

Hedge at Property Line



This is where Evelyn's room was

Sidewalk 51<sup>st</sup> ST. (North Side)

Palm Tree

Lawn

Palm Tree

(Sizes Approx)