

World”)—a lilliputian version of the Netherlands. This miniature of a miniature was replete with evidence of its creators’ devotion to detail: I recall delightedly tracing its footpaths, noting with fascination the microscopic street number of each lovingly fashioned minuscule house, the minute revolving vanes on the pocket windmills, the scaled-down traffic crowding the scaled-down streets. I distinctly recall the swish of the realistic model trains as they moved smoothly along the rails, pantographs in tight contact with overhead wire, their passage causing the gates at the tiny level crossings to descend, and then rise, automatically.

On a still smaller scale, but in my eyes even more impressive, was the labyrinthine complex of Märklin HO-gauge trains presided over by the genial Mijnheer Bastet in a hall situated in the coastal “resort” of Scheveningen not far from the Hague. This resplendent layout was assembled on a table whose dimensions, while generous, seemed nevertheless insufficient to prevent overspill. The table’s edges were studded with pushbuttons allowing spectators to change the settings of the switches or “points” over which clicked the dozens of miniature trains threading their way through the system’s intricacies: it is a testament to its designers’ ingenuity that these random interventions never led to collisions! A further novelty had been introduced in the form of a maze of tracks over which ran a single train, with a small prize promised to anyone successful in setting the relevant switches in such a way as to coax it to enter a particular section of track: the cunning construction of this maze made the task very difficult.

My family’s first residence in The Hague was a suite in the *Hôtel des Indes*, a solid old-fashioned establishment in the centre of town. After spending some weeks there we were offered the chance of renting for a few months the house at 93 Benoordenhoutseweg of the Aquarone family—then on vacation—whose daughter Michèle I had recently met at school. Years later I was told by Madeleine Aquarone that, in a humorous effort to clinch the deal, my father had assured her that his offspring “were not the sort to write on walls.” Even given the benefit of the doubt, the remark could scarcely have inspired confidence in a European hesitating to entrust house and home to an American couple burdened with the customary squad of unruly children! And indeed her hesitation was justified, for when she got back she found to her dismay that we had penetrated into domains—locked closets and the like—which she had, with good reason, declared out of bounds. After the Aquarones’ return, and our move to 217 Wassenaarseweg, I visited Michele frequently to swap stamps (both of us being keen philatelists), or to go bike-riding in the woods across the street from their house. I

owing to the disappearance of tuberculosis among the Dutch population, the profits have been used to support social and cultural institutions for young people.

could not help noting the orderly, even formal arrangement prevailing in the house since the Aquarones' reinstallation there. This was exemplified by the restoration of the drawing room, with its isolating double doors, to exclusive grownup use. When we had occupied the place, no room was thus sacrosanct, and chaos reigned supreme.

On occasion my parents would entrust their brood to the care of a babysitter while they visited a mysterious institution known as a "nightclub". (The worry that an accident might prevent my parents from returning before I awoke—reminiscent of the beautiful, but logically redundant line "lest I die before I wake"—haunts me to this day in the form of a fear of potential loss.) Of the several persons left *in loco parentis* one stands out particularly in my recollection. This was Jan Grobben, a musically gifted medical student, who delighted us by playing his own compositions on my mother's piano. These were short pieces with descriptive titles, of which, sadly, only a few phrases remain in my musical memory—one, entitled "Raindrops", reminds me of the dance theme from the film *The Red Shoes*. I also recall Mrs. Quintus, a sturdy middle-aged woman whose spartan habit it was (so we were informed) to take midwinter dips in the North Sea. Not having yet learned to swim, and shivering at the thought of the cold, toughness of such an order seemed to me doubly impressive.

The English School for expatriates' children my sister and I attended in The Hague provided a foretaste of the British education to which I was later to be fully subjected. To get to class each morning I boarded, not a beloved tram, but one of the succession of lowly buses growling their way up van Alkemadelaan. The establishment shared a group of buildings in Scheveningen with a tiny American school and a larger Dutch one, and so it was all but inevitable that during each break the anglophone contingent would ally against the "Dutchies" and do battle with them in the common playground. This often took the form of "cockfights", in which pairs of allies, one perched on the other's back, attempted to pull their opponents down.

Of the venerable ladies teaching at the English School, the first who comes to mind is the acerb Mrs. Donaldson, known as "P.D." (the "P" standing for "Phyllis") who delighted in subjecting us to mind-bending exercises in mental arithmetic, which would frequently begin with the phrase "taking pi to be $\frac{22}{7}$, calculate..." Her exasperation with my constant chattering in class led her, with withering aptness, to dub me "the babbling brook". I also remember Miss MacDona, the headmistress, who conducted the choir into which the pupils had been dragooned, and whose superior piano playing contrasted strikingly with our ragged vocal efforts. I recall with pleasure her rendition of Bach's "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring," in the piano transcription I later learned

had achieved a measure of popularity during World War II through the recitals and broadcasts of Dame Myra Hess.

In accordance with the view, then widely held by educators, that amateur dramatics constituted an indispensable constituent of the curriculum, my classmates and I duly found ourselves treading the boards in the 1954 school Christmas play, “The Princess Does Not Dance.” While its plot is now beyond my recall, the spirited performance of the 10 year old Michèle Aquarone, who was to become my dearest friend, still stands out in my memory. I remember that she was required at one point to address an impassioned plea to the Almighty that began “Dear, good God...”. The remainder of her supplication escapes me, but, whatever it was, I was moved to take up prefacing my nightly prayers with the same phrase. My natural loquacity³ failing to offset a total lack of acting ability, I was assigned the negligible part of a minor courtier in the production. Despite the obscurity of the character I played, it marked a distinct advance over my “role” as a background detail in a previous school effort! That our parents attached some significance to our Thespian struggles may be gleaned from the details of a photograph taken at the time of the occasion. Bearing on its reverse a professional photographer’s imprint and, in Madeleine Aquarone’s handwriting, the date “Le 16 Décembre 1954”, it shows the 13 members of the youthful cast (8 girls, 5 boys), bedecked in eighteenth-century costume, perching on the steps of the elegant marmoreal staircase of the Pulchri Studio, the theatre in which the school Christmas concerts were held. Pictured in the photograph are: Vera Somebody, Terry Cloudman (whom I, displaying an early command of cliché, jealously nicknamed “Michèle’s heartthrob”), Peter Moogk, Tim Kessinger, Johannes Brand (later to be killed by falling between two railway carriages) Sue Whitty, Unidentified, Monica van Kramer, the twin sisters Elizabeth and Vanessa Hudson (known as “Cowface”), the pretty (but prissy) Carol Hoag, Michèle Aquarone, and myself. With the exception of Carol Hoag, who rejoiced in a mass of gleaming blond hair, we are all sporting wigs, mine (needless to say) absurdly askew. My hangdog expression would seem to indicate that I found the proceedings tiresome, no doubt because, not being able to dance, let alone act, I was far from being the centre of attention. In any

³ My garrulity had emerged at an early age. Years later my father told me that before the age of two I had coined a number of curious words as names for food and familiar objects, for example *noonite* “cottage cheese,” *cummick*, “ice cream,” *boney* “anything round,” *feck* “anything long and thin,” *boney feck* “flag pole,” *tooty feck* “searchlight,” *dandy feck* “handrail,” and the onomatopoeias *tuwituwa* “knife sharpener,” *vuvu* “eggbeater,” and *eeaw*, “saw.” According to my father I used the word *talking* for “overhead tram wires,” thus uniting two of my chief obsessions. I myself remember calling (in unconscious metonymy) my father’s business papers *customers*. It may be in dubious taste, but I cannot resist the temptation of mentioning that our family term for “faeces” was *OD* and “to defecate” was *to go OD*. I believe that the term originated as an abbreviation of my mother’s exclamation “Oh dear!” when my sister or I as small children expressed a need to perform that natural function.

event my doleful appearance contrasts markedly with that of Michèle, who, gripping her diminutive sword with determination, looks ready, and able, to act the rest of us off the stage. Many years later Stan, her father, would still sometimes jokingly call her “Mancini”, after the character (Marie de Mancini) she played in this production.

I have an isolated memory of being invited by Peter Moogk to visit him in his parents’ apartment in their absence. When I arrived, I was puzzled to see him march straight into the master bedroom and fish out from a closet a couple of curiously-shaped rubber bulbs which he proceeded to fill with water. Creeping to the open window (on the second floor overlooking the street), he thrust the nozzle of one of the bulbs into the aperture and proceeded to demonstrate his prowess at spraying unwary passers-by in the street below, after each successful shot cunningly ducking down to avoid being seen. Indicating that I should join him in this delicious pursuit, he handed me the second bulb, which I was only too happy to squeeze. We spent the remainder of the afternoon engaged in this droll sport. In retrospect it seems as if it had come straight out of a film by Jacques Tati. While the true purpose of the intriguing rubber devices might already have been grasped by the mischief’s instigator, thus giving his universe of fun a private additional dimension, a good number of years were to pass before that purpose finally dawned on me.

I recall that Lynette touched off an uproar by running away from school one day with a couple of her classmates. A strong-willed and independent child (her relationship with authority was never to be smooth), she was, rightly or wrongly, assigned most of the blame for the escapade. Two of her teachers, the sisters Dora and Erna Siegel, whom I was to meet again years afterwards, were fond of her and took her part in the affair. Lynette, who, as a young American girl with a sibling, was naturally known as “Sis,” not only disliked her given name, but was also vexed by the fact that she had been assigned just one, while both of her brothers—in her view, most unfairly—had two. (Later she would insist simply on being called “George.”) It must have been at that time that she expressed the belief—delightful in its symmetry—that as children grow older their parents grow younger, in the end exchanging roles. I also recall that—presumably in the interest of euphony—she insisted on pronouncing “bracelet” as “bracelent.”

My brother Pete was a delightful child and the darling of the family. We nicknamed him “Ernie Elfin”, probably after some character from the “Beano” (see below). When my mother bathed him, Lynette and I would sing nonsense songs which began with such lines as “Look at the elfin’s little toes, etc.” He displayed impressive physical coordination very early on, and would persistently climb out of his cot. In this connection I recall the following episode. My parents, seeing that the four-foot fence at the bottom of our back yard presented no serious

obstacle to their infant alpinist, had the fence's height doubled, figuring that this would dampen the boy's urge to ascend. In that belief they were mistaken. For not long after, my mother had left him to play in the yard unattended, but—so she thought—safely confined. Glancing outside, she was startled to see his diminutive figure poised atop the now eight foot high fence⁴. Rushing into the yard, she caught him just in time, so preserving this born “acrophile” for his future calling as a flyer.

My mother had been trained as a classical pianist before the War at the Royal College of Music in London. Above all else she treasured the Blüthner baby grand piano she had been given as a birthday present by her father. This noble instrument, which accompanied us throughout our wanderings (at least, before my mother's death), served as a nucleus around which the family would gather, and my mother made as much use of it as she could. In addition, of course, to Chopin, her musical preferences tended mainly toward the Latins: she was fond of Debussy and Ravel (I can recall her playing movements of what I was later to identify as Ravel's *Tombeau de Couperin*), the Spanish composer Albéniz (especially his *Iberia*), and the Brazilian composer Villa-Lobos (particularly his piano suite *Prôle do Bêbê*: these virtuoso pieces were, in all likelihood, beyond her technique, but I recall that she had a set of the 78 rpm recordings that Artur Rubinstein—their original dedicatee—had made of them). I have the impression that she did not care for Beethoven (although I cannot recall why), but she seems to have liked Bach. I still have the shellac-on-tin 78 rpm recording she made of the *Allemande* from the Fifth French Suite; this was probably recorded in the United States before our departure for Europe on the Hoffman radiophonograph whose image lingers nebulously in my memory. Through the scratchiness and general deterioration of this recording one can still discern both the fluency of my dear mother's performance and the rich sonority of her beloved Blüthner. While she loathed rock and roll, she was fond both of the popular songs and the jazz of her generation (that is, of the thirties and forties). She had a particular liking for Fats Waller and would (as I later realized) often play tunes such as *Ain't Misbehavin'* in his style. I recall her accompanying my father—who had a pleasant tenor voice—in Rodgers and Hart's immortal thirties song *Blue Moon*, whose lyrics “Blue Moon/you saw me standing alone/without a dream in my heart/without a love on my own” I still remember. She was very fond of Latin-American popular music, and loved dancing to calypso and rumba bands. On occasion she would shoulder and skilfully squeeze tunes from the bulky old accordion which I believe had been with her since her student days. I

⁴ Honesty compels me to admit that I am not sure of his exact position on the fence when my mother spotted him. He may even have already climbed over it and started to crawl rapidly away. But, wherever he was, I recall my mother's alarm at the fact.

was impressed by the number of operations that had to be performed simultaneously in order to coax sounds from this contraption. With a miniature keyboard on the right and an array of buttons for the production of chords on the left, not only did playing the thing engage all my mother's fingers, but at the same time it had to be squeezed and stretched in a manner resembling artificial respiration.

My mother also furnished the piano accompaniment to the family singsongs in which I would shrill out the lyrics of selected numbers from a large volume of (mainly folk) songs—the “Fireside Book,” I think it was called. Songs I recall trolling my way through—to my own enjoyment if surely to nobody else's—include *Green Grow the Rushes Ho!* and the Christmas carol *Adeste Fideles*⁵. What little ability at reading music I possess derives more from my participation in these sessions than from my unrewarding struggles with the violin.

At that time my parents had an amusing American friend, Walter Johnson. Known to us kids as “George P. McFoofnick,” on each visit he would bring us the latest British comic papers such as the “Beano,” and the “Dandy,” and entertain us with nonsense songs, one of which began: “Don't smother Mother on Mother's Day/Mother can smother herself!” Years later I was to meet him again in California. Other friends of my parents I recall from that time, and whom I was also to meet again, were Irving and Jane Riswold, for whose son Peter I developed a special attachment. Being, improbably, even smaller than I was, I affectionately nicknamed him “Shrimp.” The Riswolds lived in a detached house of singular thinness in Wassenaar, a fashionable residential district of the Hague. On the one occasion I recall staying overnight there, Shrimp and I shared a bedroom, and spent much of the night chortling our way through Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*. I remember that we found uproarious the White Queen's description of a thunderstorm: “And part of the roof came off, and ever so much thunder got in—and it went rolling round the room in great lumps... till I was so frightened, I couldn't remember my own name!” For some time afterwards the mere uttering of the word “thunder” would suffice to send us into fits of giggles.

My parents regarded The Hague as such a safe environment that they allowed me to go to the movies by myself. I loved Danny Kaye in *Knock on Wood*⁶, which I must have seen at least five times. I wept when James Stewart died tragically at the end of *The Glenn Miller Story*.

⁵ Other songs and carols that I recall: *Home on the Range*, *The Foggy Foggy Dew*, *A Frog He Went A'Courtin'*, *On Top of Old Smokey*, *Alive Alive Oh*, *Meadowlands*, *Funiculi Funicula*, *Lili Marlene*, *Loch Lomond*, *The Blue Bells of Scotland*, *Song of the Volga Boatmen*, *The Erie Canal*, *Jeannie with the Light Brown Hair*, *Joy to the World*, *O Little Town of Bethlehem*, *Silent Night*.

⁶ His best, of course, is *The Court Jester*, with its memorable “chalice with the palace” routine, and its expert supporting cast, which includes Cecil Parker, Angela Lansbury, and the inimitable Basil Rathbone. Since this film was made in 1955, I cannot have first seen it in the Hague.

The swordplay in *Scaramouche*, a jaunty swashbuckler set during the French revolutionary period, so impressed me that for a time shouting “On Guard!” and brandishing an imaginary épée became my normal form of salutation. I also recall visits to the “Nieuws” theatre in the centre of town, which ran a continuous program of news and cartoons. The Dutch news program carried an image of the map of Holland in relief which so resembled a piece of meat in shape that the theatre became metonymically known as the “Beefsteak.”

Attending an English school meant that I did not learn any Dutch in a formal way. Moreover, the fact that many Hollanders knew—and seemed to be happy to speak—English rendered superfluous the effort to enlarge one’s command of their language (at the same time—surely unintentionally—putting monoglots like myself to shame). Nevertheless, my slender abilities as a linguist did not prevent my acquiring enough of the language to enable me to carry out essential transactions such as the purchase of candy and tram tickets. As a close relative of English, the Dutch language (in its written form, at least) contains a number of words and phrases which strike the anglophone as being in a kind of burlesqued English: for instance, *slaap* “sleep,” *slaapkamer* “bedroom,” *appelmoes* “applesauce,” *witbrood* “white bread” (and the curious amalgam *casino witbrood* “white loaf”), *ijs* “ice,” *boter* “butter,” *kokosnoot* “coconut,” *stroopwafel* “syrup-waffle,” *suiker* “sugar,” *zout* “salt,” *politie* “police,” *nieuws* “news,” *U* “you,” *uur* “hour,” *uit* “out,” *let op* “pay heed.” My own amusement at this resemblance then readily expanded to embrace a number of Dutch words which came to seem intrinsically funny, for example *slagroom* “whipped cream,” *fiets* “bicycle,” *bromfiets* “motorized bicycle.” I was to later to learn from Stan Aquarone the delightful word *tegenliggers*, which means “those coming towards you,” the reverse, that is, of the (doubtful) English word “overtakers.” Since Dutch personal names such as *Jaap*, *Joke*, and *Wim* also tickled my puerile sense of humour, my delight at discovering the name *Dr Theophilus Dingboom* embossed on a brass doorplate can easily be imagined.

It was in The Hague that I had my first encounter with dentistry, that nemesis of even the strongest. With the emergence of my second teeth, my dental profile had begun to resemble that of Dracula, and to correct this my parents naturally engaged the services of a “reputable orthodontist.” This was a Dr Bertram, whose name came to be linked in my mind with that of Torquemada and De Sade. Every few weeks I would be dragged to his torture chamber to allow him to “adjust”—that is, tighten—the fiendish apparatus of wires with which my teeth had been festooned, and which caused them to ache unremittingly. While it is true that the good doctor’s efforts were, in the end, successful in imposing some sort of order on the random heap of dentition with

which nature had equipped me, it came as a shock to see the mass of cavities that the braces had left when they were finally removed.

There is one last incident I feel I should mention because of the physical immediacy it has retained after so many years. At that time, my mother often used a pressure cooker⁷ to prepare the family meal. It was hissing contentedly on the stove one evening when I sauntered into the kitchen in search of dinner. Taking the cooker to the sink, my mother sluiced it down with cold water in the customary way to reduce its internal pressure. The pressure cannot have fallen sufficiently, however, for when she returned the vessel to the stove and opened its lid, the scalding water inside—presumably accompanied by a major part of our dinner—burst forth and landed straight on the upper part of my leg, with excruciating results. A doctor was summoned and my jeans cut away to reveal that a sizable portion of epidermis had been peeled off. The doctor assured us that it was just a first degree burn and not really serious, but it looked, and felt, as if my leg might require amputation. As it happened, this minor drama took place on the very evening my father was due to return from a month in Saudi Arabia on Aramco business: he can scarcely have been pleased to be confronted with a domestic crisis immediately on arrival. The doctor was finally proved right, though: the burn healed up after a few weeks leaving no trace, and, while I can recall the pain, I am no longer even sure which leg was affected.

Holland is the first country I recall with clarity, and, also, as it happens, with genuine affection. The pleasantly well-ordered structure of The Hague and its inhabitants' tolerance for children made it an ideal environment in which to grow up. There I also had the good fortune to meet the Aquarones, whose friendship came to mean a great deal to me. I regret that my time there was so brief, and that I can recall so little of it.

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During our stay in Europe we journeyed several times to England to visit my maternal grandfather, Sydney (David) Lane, whom we knew as "Granddad England" (my paternal grandfather being known as "Granddad Oakland"). A tall, imposing man, an accomplished sportsman in his youth, Sydney had at one time been amateur boxing champion of Gloucestershire. After the First World War he had embarked on what was to blossom into a highly successful business career, winding up the owner of a number of paper mills: later he sold his interest in his businesses and retired to the country to lead the life

⁷ We used the term *newt* or *nute* for the detachable weight regulating the efflux of steam on the pressure cooker's top. I have no idea why.

of a gentleman farmer. My mother was the youngest child of his first marriage, to Elsie Norman, with whom he also had three sons, Peter, John⁸ and Tony. Elsie died in the 1930s and Sydney married Margie, my step-grandmother, with whom he had three children, Jenny, Sally and Roddy. The sons of his first marriage were all to die heroically as pilots during World War II—I believe that Peter and John were killed during the Battle of Britain. This tragedy had had a devastating effect on my mother, who idolized her older brothers. For Sydney the tragedy did not end with the deaths of his sons, because with Helen’s shocking death in 1960 he had to face the almost intolerable pain of having lost all the members of his first family.

Northmoor, “Granddad England”’s country seat, was an imposing mansion of Cotswold stone set in three hundred acres of woodland in the heart of Gloucestershire. Not far from the house there was a delightful flowered dell bright with butterflies bearing such pretty names as fritillaries, painted ladies, Camberwell beauties, ringlets. As a budding amateur lepidopterist, I spent many happy hours chasing them with billowing net. Those I succeeded in capturing I put in my recently acquired “resting box” so as to relax their wing muscles, thereby enabling them to be mounted on cork boards in preparation for eventual display, so I hoped, in glass cases similar to those housing my grandfather’s splendid collection of butterflies, which had strongly appealed to me. I was also deeply impressed by his stamp collection, which I recall contained several pages of rare Victorian penny blacks. One of my most vivid memories of him was the skill with which he would strum for our amusement the pretty banjo, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, that he had learned to play in his youth. Many years later I was told by Sally that on my first visit to Northmoor (at the age of six or seven) I was so taken with Northmoor and its contents that I startled my grandfather by asking him “Who will inherit all this when you die?”. (In the end the whole estate went—to the chagrin of his elder sisters—to Roddy, my grandfather’s youngest son.) With the tolerance of the elderly, my grandfather must have excused my embarrassing lack of inhibition—probably attributing it to an American upbringing—since he continued to seem genuinely fond of me, as I was of him.

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Early in 1955 we left The Hague and returned to San Francisco, crossing the Atlantic on the Holland-America liner *Nieuw Amsterdam*. I can recall just two incidents on the voyage. The first: one evening my mother, Lynette and I went to see the film being screened in the on-

⁸ Hanging on our living room wall are two charming watercolour portraits commissioned by Sydney from the artist C.M.Gere. One, dated 1918, is of John, the other, dated 1932, is of Helen. Here Helen is 12, John perhaps a little younger.

board theatre. This turned out to be *Night of the Hunter*⁹, a powerful and disturbing moral tale, set in the Deep South, in which a sister and brother (of about the same ages as Lynette and myself) flee their mother's murderer, chillingly played by Robert Mitchum. As we watched my mother became increasingly agitated and after a time got up and insisted that we leave, announcing that she thought it "unsuitable for children". (That is true; unfortunately I never found out what she thought of it from an *adult* perspective. It was to become one of my favourite movies.) The second incident: on the last night of the voyage a tremendous storm brewed up, producing a mountainous swell. Immediately after dinner, which had ended with some confection made from dates, I became violently seasick, instantly extinguishing any nautical ambitions I might foolishly have come to entertain after a week at sea, and, at the same time, inducing a permanent aversion to dates.

I can provide just a few details of our brief sojourn in San Francisco. I recall that we lived in a superannuated¹⁰ residential hotel, the "Hillcrest," at the intersection of California and Jones Streets. The place was notable for the fact that part of its ground floor was occupied by a nightclub, the "Alexis Tangier", whose presence on the very doorstep my nightowl parents must have found most welcome. Lynette and I attended a small private school, whose name may have been "Hillwood," somewhere in the Pacific Heights region of the city. I recall that at prescribed times we were required to form separate lines—boys and girls—and proceed in sequence to the respective "rest rooms," there to perform our natural functions. Many years later I learned that this school had been established for the education of "disturbed" children. I can only say that their method of reinforcing toilet training was quite consistent with this purpose! Of the teachers at this institution I can recall just a Miss or Mrs. Austin. One day she asked me if I knew "why time passed so quickly in Italy"—possibly because I had, with my usual artless loquacity, informed her that we had once lived there. Replying, presumably, that I did not know, she told me, "Because whenever you turn around you see a *dago*." This latter term was new to me, and so, ignorant of its derogatory nature, I was surprised at my mother's shock when I later asked her what it meant. Demanding to know where I had heard the offending word, she was doubly outraged to learn that I had learned it from one of my very

⁹ Made in 1955, and based on the fine novel by Davis Grubb, this is the only film directed by Charles Laughton. Acknowledged as a monochrome masterpiece, it was described by Pauline Kael as "one of the most frightening movies ever made." Certainly Robert Mitchum, as the sinister preacher, was never more menacing, outdoing even his later performance in *Cape Fear*.

¹⁰ On a visit to San Francisco some years later I noted that it had been demolished, and an apartment building erected in its place.

instructors! As a result she may well have then decided to remove us instantly from the school—I find the idea greatly appealing, and it is certainly consistent with my recollection of her passionate nature. But in any case we did not remain in San Francisco long, for we were soon winging our way to Bangkok, my father's next place of employment.