

## 1. Ancestry and childhood (1927 - 1935)

**Henry:** Well, this is going to end up, I hope, with a coherent account of how I got to be where I am today, a bundle of likes and dislikes, quirks and prejudices, and all kinds of eccentricities. In order to arrive at that end, I feel I have to say a few things about my family background. I don't want to be doctrinaire about it, because I'm not a Freudian. I don't believe that all of my faults at the present time are due to my parents. I'm a believer in some considerable amount of free will and personal responsibility. However, there can be no doubt that I've been influenced in some ways by my ancestors, so I'll say just a few words about them.

My paternal grandparents were both born in Sweden in the mid-1800s. They both immigrated to the United States in the 1880s. My grandfather Anderson was a tailor by trade, I think self-employed his entire life, and he was not terribly successful at it. My paternal grandmother was a homemaker. When she was a teenager she was in domestic service. After she got to the United States, I guess she was probably doing the same thing until she met my grandfather. She began having children right away, and I think from then on she was a homebody the whole time. But when times got tough, as they did, I imagine she made a pittance by taking in sewing at home, which is about all that women of good repute could do in those days.

Their first child was my father, and he was named Oscar after his own father. Oscar Alban Anderson was his full name, born in 1890.

**David:** Where did they live?

**Henry:** He was born in Champaign, Illinois, and rather soon after that they moved to Davenport, Iowa, which is where he grew up. And I venture to guess that at a tender age, probably by the age of 6 or 8, he tried to supplement the family income by selling newspapers or running errands for druggists, or whatever he could get. The more important point, I think, is that for the first six years of his life, they spoke nothing but Swedish in the family home, and when he was required to go to public school, at the age of 6, he was forced into what I guess they call Total Immersion. There were no classes in English as a 2<sup>nd</sup> language at that time. He had to pick up English as best he could, by listening to it being talked in the classroom. But he was apparently a smart little fellow, and he learned English. And then he began teaching English to his parents, so that within the space of a few years, by the time other children came along – he had three sisters and one younger brother – they were all speaking English, and by the time I eventually met my grandmother, she was speaking English better than most English speakers, uninflected; she spoke it very well.

Now, I know a good deal more about the background of my father's side of the family than I do my mother's, even though they were all old-stock American. But Sweden was more civilized than this country in the respect of public records, so I know a lot about how they got here, and the ship that they sailed on across the Atlantic, etc.

My mother came from Southern stock. She was born in 1896 in a little town in Texas – I believe it's on the Red River between Texas and Arkansas. The town was named Bonham. I've never

been there; I've been to Davenport, but not to my mother's birthplace. Her father was a stock man – he raised horses, thoroughbred horses specifically, which is significant in that it involves a totally different social milieu than being a plantation owner, where you have a lot of hands. That led to what I call a Plantation Mentality, which felt that the owner was naturally superior to the hands. It of course flowered during the period of slavery, but even after that in sharecropping and other devices which perpetuated the caste system.

I don't know that my grandfather even had any year-around hands; I don't know that much about him, actually.

**Eugene:** What was his name?

**Henry:** His name was Henry Pope, and I've tried to do a little research on the Pope line but haven't gotten very far. There was a general in the Civil War named Pope but I think he was on the Union side, wasn't he? Yeah, so that was a dead end (laugh).

In any case, my mother's mother died when she was two years old, from typhoid fever, because at that time they didn't have indoor plumbing, they didn't know or didn't believe in the germ theory of disease, and I'm sure the outhouse somehow leaked into the family well, and it killed her.

My grandfather remarried, but it was a marriage of convenience, just so that my mother would have somebody to take care of her. When she was about 5, they moved to a town called San Angelo, where she went to high school, and I assume – once again, the records are not at all clear – that she graduated at about the age of 18, which would have made it around the beginning of the first World War. She has talked to me about her life to some extent, but there's a period of several year, 4 or 5 years, that are very opaque, because she apparently was suffering from some kind of disease, perhaps respiratory in nature, so she didn't go to school and didn't have any employment as far as I can tell. But after 4 years or so, a doctor said that what she needed was a change of climate. The climate in San Angelo and Texas as a whole was not good. They figured that she needed a dry climate. So she decided that the University of Arizona filled the bill, and in 1918 she began at the University of Arizona in Tucson.

**David:** We're talking about your mother, Ethel Pope?

**Henry:** Ethel Pope, correct.

In order to keep the story of the two sides roughly contemporaneous, I need to go back and say a little more about my father. When he got out of high school, once again I'm assuming about the age of 18, which would have made it approximately 1908, he had to drop out and work to help the family, and as best I can figure it he did some kind of social work in the city of Chicago. Maybe he saved up enough that he was thinking seriously about college, and in 1914 he began going to a small liberal arts college in Iowa called Cornell – no connection with the university in Ithaca, NY. He was very successful in sports, in social affairs. He was very active in the temperance movement – these were the days in which there was a very powerful movement in

favor of passing and amendment to the Constitution, known as prohibition, which outlawed the sale of alcohol – and he believed very passionately in that movement.

The war in Europe had been going since 1914, and in 1917, in April of that year, this country entered the war. Apparently my father enlisted in the Army rather than waiting to be drafted, because that way he figured he'd be able to get his choice of branches of the service, which is in fact the way it worked out. During his years at Cornell College, he was taking courses that he thought were leading him to going into medicine. It's very interesting for me to think about how different my life would have been if my father had in fact become a physician. But of course if he had been a physician I would not have been born, so that's just fantasy.

He hadn't turned 18 until October of 1918, which was just a year before the war was over. If he hadn't enlisted, he probably wouldn't have had to go into the Army at all. But as it was, he was in fact assigned to the medical corps, which is what he wanted. But he hadn't reckoned on what that entailed, and he got into the war on the continent of Europe where poison gas was being used by the Germans. Even though he wasn't on the front lines, being exposed to it in that way, the men who were exposed brought it back to the hospitals. One of them where my father was stationed, and he inhaled enough of the residues of the poison gas that it affected his lungs, and apparently affected him in one way or another for the rest of his life. Among other things it made it impossible for him to take lab courses of the sort you would have to take in medical school, and he had to give up any idea of ever becoming a physician.

After he was discharged, in fact, he spent a year and a half or so recuperating. He went back to Cornell to get his BA, but he got it in English, and when he graduated in 1922, having taken out time for service in the army and then recuperation afterward, he was considerably older than his classmates. He began looking for a job immediately, as an English teacher, and found one in a little town in Arizona, called Globe. It was in the mining region.

Now just about this same time, Ethel Pope was graduating from the University of Arizona, and looking for a job as an English teacher. Lo and behold, she also got a job in the English department of the Globe, Arizona high school. She met this young – well, actually Oscar Anderson was not that young by this time – she was also older than her classmates at the U. of Arizona, so I think they were both close to 30. In any case, they found they had a good deal in common. They both believed in the temperance movement, which was still strong even though by this time Prohibition had been passed, because a lot of people weren't paying any attention to the Prohibition movement. But Ethel Pope and Oscar Alban Anderson were also interested in the outdoors, hiking, nature studies, astronomy, and so forth. One thing led to another, and in the year 1924 they were married.

Both of them had saved up enough money that they could begin talking seriously about his moving on to graduate studies, and it was assumed that she would start having children and would become a housewife.

Now at that time the best school of education west of the Mississippi was at Stanford U., and my father applied for admission there and was accepted, so that in 1925 he began his studies

there for a Master degree in education. In Jan of 1926, they had a child, a male child, as the 1<sup>st</sup>-borns in the Anderson clan were usually male, and they named him Oscar Alban Anderson also, so he was Junior and his father became Senior. He was due to graduate in the spring of that year, and was looking around for employment, and among other places applied for something in TX. I don't know how many places he might have applied, and I don't know exactly what terms they offered him, but apparently he had no trouble getting that job, because the reputation of Stanford was such that it gave them some bragging rights, in the little town of Mexia, TX. They pronounce it meh-HAY-ya, the way people in small towns frequently pronounce the name of their town the way they please, whether it has any relationship to the way it would be pronounced by anybody else. I think the correct Spanish pronunciation would be MEH-he-ya, but meh-HAY-ya is the way they pronounce it.

Anyway, in Sept of 1927,

**David:** was it a high school teaching job?

**Henry:** He was the principal of that high school. That's the reason he took that job, I'm sure it paid a good deal more than they had been making as teachers. So they moved, and my mother was pregnant again at that time. So in Dec of 1927, she was delivered of another male child, this time born at home. Her first pregnancy was in the hospital in Palo Alto, and it was a very difficult delivery. She was in labor for 48 hours, or something of the sort. Fortunately, the 2<sup>nd</sup> delivery is usually easier than the 1<sup>st</sup>, and that was the case with my birth. I think she had a midwife, that was it.

She had, I think, a live-in helper, a colored woman as they would put it in those days, to help her with these 2 small kids. My father had a 2-year contract with the Mexia HS, and it terminated in the spring of 1929. According to some rumors – I can't put my finger directly on any of them – the parting between my father and the Mexia school district was not altogether amicable.

So I have a standing joke that whenever someone raises their eyebrows when I say that I was born in TX, everybody assumes that since I was raised ever after in CA that I must be a native-born Californian – I always say that I left the state of TX when I reached the Age of Reason.

I was 1 ¾ years old when they moved back to CA, and back to the same house that they had bought when he was studying for his Masters, at 2741 Cowper St. in Palo Alto, right near the city limits, semi-rural really. They rented it out while he was on this 2-year contract with Mexia.

This time he re-enrolled in the doctoral program at Stanford, once again in the school of education. I think that he had a particular interest, in fact I think that the whole department had a particular interest, in starting education earlier than most people assumed. Some school districts had kindergartens in some of their schools – Palo Alto may have had in some of its schools – but nobody was talking about anything earlier than kindergarten, and I think that in the Stanford University school of education, they were already talking about nursery schools, or

what later became known as Hear Start programs. Nobody was actually doing it at that time, but they were talking about it.

So my father got interested in that; I think it was going to be the subject of his doctoral dissertation; I can't be sure about some of these things.

In Oct 1929, just a few months after they'd moved back to Palo Alto from TX, the Great Depression began. I think it hit my father, because I've heard from some of my mother's recollections, that he, like almost everybody else in the country, thought that the stock market was going to continue going forever upward. He bought stock on margin, as they call it, meaning that he went into debt to buy a stock called International Telephone and Telegraph, and was wiped out.

This, combined with the fact he had this intellectual interest in the concept of nursery schools, I can't be sure how large a role each factor played, in any case my father and mother began what they called the Anderson Nursery School in their own home in Palo Alto, probably in 1930. She would maintain it during the day. He helped by building a jungle gym, a swing set, a sandbox, a marimba – a big stand-up marimba, probably 3 octaves or so. He was very good at woodwork, he could work with metal; he had a lot of interests and a lot of skills.

And furthermore, there were faculty members at the university who had children of an appropriate age, and through his contacts there were able to start school children from the faculty at the Anderson nursery school, even though it began very small. I don't have any idea how much they charged, but it was enough to pay the expenses of the materials for the play equipment, and feeding them at noontime, and so forth. My mother had some help, for a time they had the colored woman, so to speak, from Mexia, who came with them to help with Oscar Jr. and myself. She had to go back to TX, but my mother was able hire a woman who lived in one of the houses closest to us to help with the scut work.

**David:** Do you remember that woman's name?

**Henry:** Sure, her name was Nelly Ellsworth. Her husband was Charlie Ellsworth, and he was a carpenter by trade, an excellent carpenter, but in the depression he couldn't get a job. He was grateful for whatever my mother was able to pay his wife to do the cooking and dishwashing and stuff like that.

**Eugene:** That was the local woman?

**Henry:** Yes.

**Eugene:** What about the woman from TX?

**Henry:** She went home.

**Eugene:** What was her name?

**Henry:** Oh, her name was Cornelius, and nobody ever called her by her last name, and I don't know what it was.

**David:** And you were 4 or 5 by this point?

**Henry:** Well, you can figure it out. In 1930, most of the year I was still only 2. In Dec of 1930 I would be become 3. So I was probably able to mingle with some of the children of the Stanford faculty. They were probably admitted to the Anderson nursery school at the age of 3, as long as they were housebroken.

Now, my mother was pretty much on her own as to how to run a nursery school, but she figured out that it wasn't just a matter of babysitting, it was a matter of stimulating them in various ways. So there always music as part of the day's activities, including playing the marimba with some nursery songs, and the children would sing along with that.

**Eugene:** I remember her talking about that marimba.

**Henry:** Oh sure, it was a big deal. It was a beautiful piece of work, as well as very useful in the curriculum of the Anderson nursery school. And then of course there was a lot of reading, always something of interest and probably not just pap, but reading with some merit to it. And then very valuable play time - it was more than just recreation, it was a matter of getting along with other people, a very important aspect, in ways that were not anticipated. It seems that many of the members of the Stanford faculty, particularly those in the psychology and education depts., had problem children, and it was thrown upon my mother to figure out how to cope with them, and get them working and playing together. She had some kind of intuition, that she was able to prevent a kid who was a bully from acting like a bully. He was allowed to do so in his own home, because this was in advance of the theory that being tough with your child is liable to damage his psyche.

So many of these faculty members let their kids do whatever they damn well pleased, and some of them were just spoiled rotten. But my mother had a technique, and all I can do is guess; I was a little young at that time to see it being put into practice, although she tried to put it into words later on. She said that she exercised what she called the "voice of authority". For example, if a child used a bad word, and incidentally one of the words I learned at an early age was a bad word was the word "nigger"; she would not allow us to use that word. So if a child became overbearing, or tried to push somebody out of the way, or tried to grab the last cookie, or whatever might be objectionable, she would say, in her own way, "we don't do that here". It worked. I don't recall that she ever used the clichéd methods of sending somebody to a room without any lunch, or anything of that sort. It just worked.

So the Anderson nursery school thrived, and I thrived. I got along well with others, and I was learning to appreciate music to the point that I would begin making up little nursery songs myself. It wasn't just a matter of listening to her read from the Mother Westwind stories to the group, but in the evenings, at bedtime, she would read to my brother and myself, as we looked

over her shoulder at what she was reading, and so we began to learn, which leads me to the subject of my entry into the outside school system.

As it happens, 2741 Cowper St. was one block away from the South Palo Alto grammar school, and I don't think that when they bought the place back in 1924, that they had in mind that that was a very convenient location. I think they bought it because it was very reasonable, being well out of the tony parts of PA. As I say this was semi-rural. We were surrounded on many sides by open fields. Directly across the street from us there was an entire city block absolutely vacant, except every year a crop of wild oats would spring up, and somebody who had permission to do so from owner would bring in a team of horses and a device which cut down the grain, and when it dried in the sun would bring in another team of horses and rake it up with a big rake.

So there was this elementary school that had the first 8 grades. It was a 2-room school – grades 1-4 in one room, 5-8 in the other. They had one teacher in each room. They were single women, as almost all grammar school teachers were in those days. Many school districts had regulations against teachers marrying, on the theory that they start having children and drop out, and they'd have to go out and recruit somebody else, and it was better to keep them single. It was a different age in many ways, believe me.

So that raised the question, as I figured out later, at what age to enter me in the 1<sup>st</sup> grade. Being born in Dec was an awkward time. People usually began in the 1st grade at the age of 6. Well, I turned 6 in Dec, when I would have been considerably older than another 6 year old who had turned in the middle of the year. On the other hand, if I entered at the age of 5, I would have been much younger than my classmates. So I was entered in 1<sup>st</sup> grade at the age of 6. I had turned 6 in 1933.

Of course, by this time I not only had an advantage over many of my classmates that I was a little older than many of them, but I had had the advantage of years of preschool education. All that they could think of to do with me was to skip grades. I suppose that the teacher – her name was Foggio – must have talked with my mother about what they were proposing to do, saying that I was just wasting my time with kids who didn't even know the alphabet, whatever they began teaching in the 1<sup>st</sup> grade. So my mother agreed that I would skip the 1<sup>st</sup> grade. That worked for a year or two, until I guess by the time I moved from one room to the next, beginning with grade 5, the teacher of that room, her name was Somerville, complained that I was so far ahead of the other kids in the 5<sup>th</sup> grade, that I was wasting my time with them, and she wanted to skip me another grade.

I'm assuming that once again she must have had the permission of my parents, and she talked them into it. So here I was, 2 years behind my classmates in terms of my age, and this has colored my whole life ever since. There's got to be a better way to deal with that problem.

**David:** You would have preferred that they not skip you?

**Henry:** Well, as I say, there must be a way to keep a person intellectually active even if he's ahead of his classmates.

**David:** It's a recurring problem.

**Henry:** So, on the plus side of the ledger, none of my classmates ever looked on me as being some kind of freak. None of them resented the fact that I was given certain privileges. For example, my mother wanted to visit her relatives in Texas during the school year of 1936, so I was given permission to go on a vacation of 2 weeks. Of course, nobody else was given that privilege, but nobody seemed to resent it, and when I got back I was called upon to give an account of the things I had done and experienced. I was greatly impressed by the fact that I was able to eat off a menu 3 times a day. We went back and forth by train, and it was a trip of at least 2 days each direction. So I got all these meals off a menu, which I considered to be a great treat. It was like going to a restaurant 3 times a day, and a restaurant in real life was a rare event in our household.

So I reported on all this. I was well-accepted by the class. I want to say another thing about the nature of the South Palo Alto grammar school: I would estimate that 50% of my classmates were of brown complexions. They were southern European in extraction, all of them being born in this country, as I later figured out. The nature of the agriculture in South Palo Alto was dairy farms primarily, rather than crops of the types that require seasonal labor. This was in the middle of the depression, when some parts of CA had terrific problems with dust-bowl refugees and literal wars between workers and employers in tree crops and row crops, but they didn't have that kind of problem in the dairy industry.

So we all got along beautifully together. One of my best friends was a Filipino. Another was a Portuguese in extraction. They were all native born. We didn't have any problem with newcomers, because they weren't allowed under the immigration policies of that time. But there was no magnet for people to come from Mexico into the US at that time, because there was a surplus of labor already here.

One other point worth mentioning is that perhaps my best friend in the whole group was a girl, but not because we were boyfriend and girlfriend in the usual sense. I had much in common with her because she was a tomboy who was interested in sports, and I was interested in sports because my father was interested in sports, and so we had much to talk about. She of course was 12 years old when I was 10 years old. I was pre-pubescent whereas she was fully pubescent, but I never thought of her as a girl in that sense.

**David:** What was her name?

**Henry:** Her name was Joan Putkamp, an unusual name. Another interesting aspect of that friendship was that we discovered, halfway through the school year, that she came from the neediest family in the entire school, which she managed to keep hidden. At Christmas time that year, 1937, somehow my mother learned their address, and got together a bunch of Christmas presents for my friend Joan and her sister Louise and brother Bill, and we drove by

this place to deliver them, and I don't know we found it, because if didn't have an address sign. It was a tar-paper shack. They were really destitute.

So, it didn't make the slightest bit of different to me. My mother took it upon herself to see that when I did activities which she thought might be pleasurable and educational to Joan, she invited her to go along. For example, I took horse-riding lessons, and she took part in those, and that was greatly appreciated. Somehow she was able to convey all this with no sense of *noblesse oblige*.

I remember also from those years that men would occasionally come to the back door of the nursery school, and would knock and ask if we could spare a sandwich or something. My mother always did, and would invite them in, invite them to sit down at the table, and talk while they were eating. I found that, well, I'm sure that was unusual.

**David:** Your mother would get them to talk about what got them where they were?

**Henry:** Yes, she would ask them to talk about whatever they wanted to talk about, which frequently was their life story. In ways such as that I developed what you could call a social conscience, without it ever having been flaunted.

My father was a conflicted man. He had great difficult at Stanford in his doctoral program because he developed a writer's block. I don't think he had to write a thesis to get an MA at that time. I got an MA in a professional school at UC; I didn't have to write a thesis in public health. But in the PhD program he had to write a dissertation, and he wasn't able to buckle down to it. Years went by. During a good chunk of those years, 2-3 years at least, he had a very good job in the PA unified school district, as the assistant superintendent, with the expectation that when he got his PhD the incumbent superintendent would retire, as he was getting long in the tooth, and my father would take over as superintendent. Well, it didn't work. As time went by it became clear that he wasn't going to be able to finish that. I think he ran out of time. They probably had a limit on how many years you could spend as a candidate. So there was a time when he was let go as assistant superintendent, and the only job he could get in the district was teaching wood shop in a night school class. Very humiliating. And at the same time my mother was making a fabulous success out of the Anderson nursery school, which was humiliating to him, I'm sure, as a matter of male pride. To make a long story short, things became tense at home. I wasn't able to do anything about it. It made me uncomfortable, of course, and unhappy.

Another complicating factor during that period of time, early 1930s, was that my mother wanted very badly to have a girl child, whom she would be able name after her mother, Mary Alice. Along about 1933 she did become pregnant for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time, and had a child who seemed at first to be healthy, and was in fact a girl, but there was some kind of congenital malformation, probably involving the heart, which required the ambulance to be called several times. There's a great deal I don't remember about those early years, but I do remember that. And then the child died.

My mother became pregnant once more, a 4<sup>th</sup> time, and this time it never came close to term. There was a miscarriage, and her gynecologist said that if she were to become pregnant again it might very well endanger her own life. So that was the end of the physical relationship with my father. That added to their estrangement. In looking back on it, it seems to me that it would have been very helpful and healthful to me if I had had a sister, because I would have learned on a day-to-day basis how to deal with a girl as a real human being, rather than what you see in the movies or fantasize about. So when the time came when I had to deal with a woman in real life, I didn't know how to do it.

**David:** But you had this friend. Maybe she was unusual.

**Henry:** No, I never got the knack. I always thought of women as being on some kind of pedestal, or else – what's the old dichotomy – Madonna and whore. Stereotypes of one kind or another.

**David:** That pretty much sums it up.

**Henry:** (laugh).

In 1935 or so my brother and I both had tonsillectomies. He needed one because he was frequently getting inflamed upper respiratory infections of ear, nose, and throat. I wasn't, but in those days they believed in yanking out tonsils as a preventive measure, which nowadays would be a no-no, because any operation has the possibility of something going wrong. Anyway, we both had our tonsils yanked out, at the Stanford hospital, and the doctor suggested that during the recuperation period we ought to look for a better climate in the summer than we'd get in Palo Alto. As you know from reading Mark Twain, the coldest winter he ever spent was summer in the SF bay area. Somehow or other, I think through a contact with a fellow named Fran Binkley, who had been at the school of education, my parents learned there was available a cabin they could rent for the summer. It was in Lake county, where the climate was high and dry, warm, ideal for what we boys needed. My parents got the idea of combining that with the nursery school, as the Anderson summer camp, and that will open up the next chapter of my story.

**David:** What sports had your father done at Cornell college, and what sports were you interested in during junior high school?

**Henry:** Interesting question! He was very active on the track team at Cornell, and was apparently pretty good at it, and in the year 1936 took me to a track meet at Edwards field here in Berkeley. I believe it was a lead-up to the Olympics that were being held that year in Germany, and if my memory serves I believe that Jesse Owens was involved in that track meet. In any event it really sold me on the whole subject, and in the last year that I was at the South Palo Alto grammar school I talked the teacher into letting me put on a track meet of our own, with improvised quarter-mile, which probably was closer to 220 yards around the schoolyard, and so forth. The other kids entered in good spirit, and of course in high school I went out for track, but that's getting ahead of the story.

**Eugene:** Other sports?

**Henry:** I never was good enough or big enough. I certainly wasn't tall or heavy, which ruled out a great many things. I was a shrimp!

**David:** So is Messi – same size as Henry.

**Eugene:** Messi's a little shorter.

**David:** You mentioned the plusses, what about the minuses of skipping 2 grades?

**Henry:** I'll give you another example of the way I was favored. I was given permission to go home for an hour every week to listen to a radio broadcast about music. That developed my appreciation of music other than nursery rhymes. I still don't quite understand why the others didn't look upon me as being the teacher's pet, which is not usually looked upon favorably, yet I don't recall there being any resentment.

**Eugene:** How many students in the school?

**Henry:** Maybe 60, divided 30 and 30, just a guess.

**Eugene:** Just 1 teacher per room?

**Henry:** Correct. Two other things I neglected to mention. You'd expect that my brother and I, being so close in age, would have gone to the same school. In fact, we never did. He was considered to be the brains of the family, and was sent to private schools, to develop his scientific bent. I was the aesthete; I was expected to be interested art and music, and he was into science and math, which required a better quality of education than I could get in the public schools.

**Eugene:** Was the nursery school a separate building?

**Henry:** No. I can't understand how we were allowed to get away with it. It was all done in a very modest bungalow – 2 BR, 1 bath, and the kids had to have some place to take naps, and I don't know exactly where that was. Nowadays it would have been shut down immediately, I'm sure.

**David:** What was the typical number of students in the nursery school?

**Henry:** Probably eight.

Oh, the other thing I almost forgot is that during the last year or so as my father's tenure as assistant superintendent, one of his duties was to personally visit every classroom in the district, just to sit in the back of the room and observe how the teacher was carrying out her duties. So in due course he'd come around to South Palo Alto grammar school and there I was,

trying to pretend that I didn't know him. But at the same time I was very proud, because that was a heck of a good position.

Another of my conjectures about how different things might have been, to wrap this whole thing up, and this is positively the last: if my mother's pregnancy with Mary Alice had gone as everybody hoped, it probably would have meant a hiatus in the Anderson nursery school of at least a year or so, and very possibly that would have made such a difference in my father's morale. He would have once again been in the position of being the bread-winner in the family. Everything might have been different.