

another man in Michigan City, were the two trustees of the school; Mrs. Spaulding at that time was spending most of her time in Chicago and New York. She let other people do local things for her. The School of Fine Arts came partially under my father's wing, and he and Mr. Moutz, the other trustee, had to sign checks and keep control of things. As close as my father was to Sarah, he and Mr. Moutz finally had to fire her because she was just too extravagant. But before she was fired she persuaded Catherine Spaulding to buy a nice old mansion a couple of doors from the Barker house in Michigan City, which they turned into the school. They moved out of the office building and that ended the theater part of the school. It was a wonderful experience for me as a youngster. There were no more marionettes, but I'd gone beyond that anyway. They brought in a painting teacher from LaPorte, Indiana, a Mrs. Winn. She was an accomplished painter herself, and taught painting and drawing. There were also piano teachers and violin teachers. The idea was that a very small amount of money from their fees would go into the upkeep of the school. There was a wonderful kind of ambience in this house. I'd go there for painting and hear off in the other part of the house perhaps a violin playing or somebody practicing on the piano or someone singing. It was a stimulating experience for me. I was in grade school at the time. My grandmother used to go there, too, for painting. She went in the evenings with this same Mrs. Winn. I went after school. My grandmother, at that point, had come back from California. My grandfather had had a stroke and was hospitalized and died not too many months later, and Grandmother came to live with us. I mentioned before she was a major influence on me. She's the one who said, "Day by day and in every way you're getting better and better." That was her philosophy—almost a religion with her—and she could do anything. She wanted something to do after my grandfather died, and her childhood friend, Mrs. Snyder—I don't know whether you remember Mrs. Snyder's Candies in Chicago—Mrs. Snyder said to my grandmother, "Why don't you start a candy business in Michigan City?" and my grandmother did. She called it Grandmother's Homemade Candy. She and Mrs. Snyder exchanged recipes