

"Mr. Rockwell" - - - - -

I tried again, "Mr. Rockwell"- - My mind was a complete blank. I looked at him, I looked at the book in my hand - shoved it out and said "Here's a book!" and ran ignominiously to my seat.

#### Henry Martin

The Martins were as colorful a family as any I knew in the village. Henry Martin was tall and spare, wore a bristly mustache and spoke in a quick gruff voice. His avocation was music. He probably knew more about the musical world than any one else in town. Remember that this was before the days of radios, movies, or even telephones. We rarely saw any but our small weekly newspaper. Yet Henry managed to keep informed on important musical events in such cities as Detroit and Chicago, and often traveled, by train, to one or the other for concerts. He gradually came to know many of the famous performers of that era and brought back interesting stories about them to our little community. For at least fifty years, Henry Martin directed the choir in the Congregational church. Ministers came and ministers went. The members of the congregation grew up, married, moved away or died and others took their places - - but Henry was still there. Mrs. Martin, his wife, and her sister Mrs. Curtis were, during most of those years, leading soprano and alto respectively. Both ladies were as plump as Henry was gaunt. Their white hair, parted in the middle, fell in little ringlets on either side of round cheeks. The ladies usually wore small bonnets, tied under the chin.