One could say quite truthfully that I was cradled in photography, for our home was not just a house with our family living in it; it was also a photographic studio. The house itself was a large, old-fashioned home on the village green in Massilon, Ohio. The green was the center of everything that happened in town, yet a world apart from the residential section.

My father was a special kind of photographer and person. He was a graduate of the Art Institute of Cincinnati and he was also a graduate chemist. My mother and father worked side by side in the studio, each doing their particular part of the work. It was in this happy world that I grew up. By the time I was ten years old, I, too, had my jobs. The first that I remember was the endless "washing of the prints." The water was icy cold and my fingers would turn blue and get numb, but I was proud to be one of the "team." My father's praise was my reward.

The best part of the day for me was in the evening after supper when Papa and I would go into the darkroom. We would close the door and enter into a magical world. The only light was a small red one, but one's eyes soon adjusted. Here, too, I had my jobs. I learned to weigh the chemicals according to my father's directions. My father mixed his own chemicals for the solutions and was most exacting in his work. I was a proud apprentice.

One happy coincidence was that the library was adjoining the darkroom. This meant that when we were working we could hear my brother, Charlie, at the piano and know that my mother was nearby.

My father made my first camera for me on my 7th birthday. It was a pinhole camera, which is a simple black box with a pinhole at the front and a place at the back for a paper negative. I developed an immediate rapport with