

***I Seem To Have Forgotten the Elephants* © Dorothy Freed, 1994**

PREFACE (for family consumption)

A few years ago I wrote my autobiography, because people said I should. It took ages, is horribly long, and from an anecdotal, adventure-story, social history or even family history point of view is like the proverbial curate's egg — good in parts. I don't expect anyone to want to read it right through for at least 100 years.

However, many events and experiences have given rise to interest at the dinner table or during long family car trips, and most of these concern me plus, i.e. interactions between me and somebody else. I decided to write a few stories about me and a number of "somebody elses", for the entertainment and interest of my family, at least. Arranged more or less chronologically, they also serve to document in part the different phases of my life.

There is a good deal of to-ing and fro-ing in time, because people tend to keep on living. But after all, life is past and future as well as present, isn't it. As Mr. Page said to me in my first disastrous Harmony class, way back in 1953, "Just hang in there, Mrs.Freed! Just hang in there!"

Dorothy Freed
October 1994

Note: If I ever change people's names and. publish any of these stories, the collection is to be called *I seem to have forgotten the elephants*. This cryptic remark is explained in a preface which refers to the surprising vagaries of memory after about twenty years or so.