

## Doretha Werner Frigon

Pauline was my first piano teacher, & my lesson time wasn't until 5:30 in the afternoon. More often than not, Pauline spent that time in the kitchen holding Diane on her hip with one arm & stirring hamburger in the skillet with the other.

Sometimes she was chasing the older kids down for supper. I was convinced that she couldn't hear whether I hit a wrong note or counted or not - so didn't worry too much about my playing.

Surprise. Before I left she would tell me everything that I had done wrong & what I needed to do for the next week.

Didn't take me long to realize she could hear Everything that I played no matter where she was or what she was doing. She was Good!!!! :-)

Dee

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