

The Jazz Singer - (part of a memoir being published by our neighbor)

Across the street, living in a lovely brick home, were a couple of newlyweds. The guy was a former student of ours and his wife was a buyer for Neiman-Marcus. Their house was perhaps the most beautiful in Munger Place with lots of wood paneling and beveled glass. It was



sturdily built by a contractor who even finished off the attic flooring so his girls could roller skate there. The couple tastefully and lovingly restored their home. She had a high-powered job that required world-wide travel, but as the years passed her real passion took hold. She always wanted to be a jazz singer. They hosted many a karaoke party but that didn't satisfy. She took voice lessons and learned to read music. This was a serious itch. She swore she would have her own band and perform on her 50th birthday and so she did - with a bash at a Deep Elm club. The couple sold their beloved home and moved to a smaller house, less expensive to maintain. **Now she is a professional jazz singer.**

