

One year Daddy decided church was so long we could stay at home with the cooks. Frances Hamilton was one of the cooks. I asked her to fix us children something to eat before the church folks came. She would not. Sam & Herbert were young so I went to the kitchen got four pieces of fried chicken, biscuits, cookies and cake for us. We went to the wash shelter to eat so we would not be in their way. Boy she told on me time Mama & Daddy got home. Mama didn't say anything. Daddy said, "I don't blame Christine; did Addie tell you to give them something to eat? I would have eaten if I have been [here]. So, from now on, always fix the children a plate before we get home."

I will never forget Frances moved to town over by the railroad. It had rained a lot. We all went to carry her home after dark. The water was so deep in the road, our old Model T drowned out. Daddy dried off the spark plugs & still couldn't get the car to crank. Finally after Daddy left for help, Mama got the car cranked & we caught up with Daddy. Don't know why, but we had an old kerosene lantern in the car and lite it. They were afraid to burn the lights they would run the battery down and the car would not crank.