

Years ago Lucinda, Grandma Betsey's sister, got sick. It was planting time. I had finished high school. Every morning (3), Daddy would carry me to cook dinner [the mid-day meal] and take care of Aunt Lucinda while the family was planting + setting out tobacco. Annie, their daughter, usually did the cooking so she gave me instruction as how to cook different things especially biscuits. Her daddy wanted his biscuits made with water + other members of the family wanted their biscuits made with milk. I would cook Uncle Luther's in a special pan + make them first. The first day, that was fine. So I decided he wouldn't know the difference so I made all the biscuits out of milk and made his out first so nobody would catch me. He couldn't stop talking about how good the biscuits were + wanted me to teach Annie how to make them. The third day, his biscuits were like everybody else's. He kept talking about how good they were. I never did tell them what I did. Also made blackberry pie the first day all with water. I had a time trying to get the crust to brown.

From then on every time they visited us or we visited them, Uncle Luther wanted me to make the biscuits.