

Loose Buttons



*Art
&
Writings
of
Dorothy Plake Case*

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To Alvin
the leader of our gang

To Kent and family
the first to come along

To Ross
the next in line

To Charlotte
and family

To Gaylon
and family

To Brenda
and family
the last in line

I WANT TO THANK EVERYONE
who has been responsible
for helping and encouraging me
with my endeavor.

You, whom was in the Writers Group
and also those not so close and
especially the ones who spent
so much of their time with me.

All your help and patience
has been appreciated.
THANK YOU

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Betsy's Struggle for Her Jacks

Six year old Betsy did not know if she would get her jacks or not, but she had made up her mind to try again that day. It seemed every member of the first grade at Satartia High School had their own jacks to play with except her, now she was compelled to have her own because she had waited long enough. For several days her mind had been on nothing but jacks. She knew money was scarce for her family during the depression of the thirties.

Betsy was a quiet child who inherited a set of dark brown eyes and her hair was very dark which was always styled with bangs and the back was short very much like a boy would have his hair styled at that time. Betsy always hated that style; she wanted her hair to be long. She could not wait for the time when the style of hair would be her choice.

She lived on a hill overlooking the Yazoo Delta with her mother, father, and baby sister Kitty. Her home was only a two room house with a porch across the front; but those were happy years for this young family. The two front windows were constructed of glass; and the two side windows were made of wood. They were called shutters. On cold and rainy days they remained closed, which prevented light from coming through and left the room darker than usual.

There wasn't much money in circulation during those times. What money there was had to be managed very carefully so there would be enough to

go around. Sometimes no matter how careful one was, there just wasn't enough to pay the bills, never enough to get what was needed.

As Betsy and her family were seated at the table eating breakfast that morning, oatmeal was always on the menu because that was one thing the Red Cross furnished the family during those bad times; Betsy explained to her father, "Daddy it seems all the kids in my class have jacks to play with except me. Now, don't you think it's about time I get some too?"

Her father sat and pondered the problem very carefully then said, "Go and find the nickel that Uncle gave you the other day and I'll give you a token to go with it. Then you'll be able to buy the jacks you have been wanting for such a long time."

Betsy's hopes dropped immediately; she had been searching for that nickel ever since it had been lost without her parents knowing what she had been doing. She had looked everywhere, it just could not be found. She feared the prospect for buying the jacks was over but she did not give up because she was desperate. She was ready for those jacks.

After finishing breakfast she went out with a heavy heart to look for the money knowing it could not be found. She explored the yard and was almost ready to give up when she approached a clean cow path which ran across the space out back. Her eyes caught sight of something shiny in the path. Would you believe her if she told you it was the nickel she had lost some time ago? Then Betsy's hopes rose very rapidly again. She ran with the money to show her daddy, "I found it, I found it" she was yelling.

Betsy wasn't the only thing running that morning; the excitement was running very high, also. Her father gave her the token as he had promised, the bargain was completed. Everything was set for her long awaited dream to come true. She left very happy for school that day; her goal was almost accomplished.

While at school Betsy bought the jacks she had waited so long to receive. Now she could play jacks anytime she wanted, and she did for a long time afterwards.

Later in life she wondered if that money was placed there by her father or maybe even her mother, they were always pulling stunts like that. Why didn't she see it before while looking for it? It was in such a clean spot. Betsy believed with all her heart that if the nickel had been there when she first looked for it, she would have discovered it.

Even though many years has passed; every once in a while Betsy will look both ways to see if anyone is watching and if not she will sneak in a game of jacks to keep up her practice. "I believe that lost nickel is still somewhere on that hill overlooking the Yazoo Valley." Betsy mumbles that regularly to herself.



Our First Vehicle

1934 must have been a pretty good year in the Yazoo Delta for sharecroppers like my daddy. When it comes to the sharecropper, the landowner would furnish everything for the farmer to use as he farmed. He furnished the animals to work the land: the seeds and fertilizer and even loaned the sharecropper a small amount of money to live on until the harvest was completed.

Cotton was usually the cash crop and corn was raised for the animals and human consumption as well. The family always depended on the garden for food. During that time we had several cows and calves, and raised hogs for our bacon and our lard. We had a yard full of chickens which furnished eggs and meat, nothing like fried chicken on a Sunday.

Everyone was in the business of raising guineas, but they were mostly used for watchdogs.

My dad did not have to share the garden with the landowner but everything else pertaining to farming had to be split down the middle; except for the money that had been advanced for the family to live on. That was paid in full.

We were living on a hill facing the Yazoo Valley in a small two room house; but this was not actually the top of the hill, it was only the first level place that could be found to build a house. The hill itself kept rising and rising some great distance up until it could go no more. We lived on that hill and farmed in the Yazoo Valley. Wood was our fuel;

used to cook and heat the house. A cistern caught and stored our water which had to be brought up to the surface in a bucket attached to a rope. What little light we used at night came from the coal oil lamp. My mother's washing machine was a rub board. The irons that were used to iron clothes were the sad irons that had to be heated on the stove or fireplace. Our screens were mosquito bars, which hung over the beds, keeping the mosquitoes and also, the fresh air away from our bodies while we slept. The misery that ventured into our home was mostly covered up by the happiness that surrounded us. Before we moved from this two room home there were six members of our family living in it. However, we were in good shape compared to some of our neighbors. One family with some kids, I can't remember how many, was living in the cotton house with a lean to for the kitchen, with only a roof on it.

In 1934, I know my dad had to have cleared twenty-five dollars from that year's endeavor. I believe he bought his first truck, before he even brought the money home. There was no cab on the truck and a flatbed body is all that accompanied that vehicle and the motor cover was rusted and almost ready fall down on the motor. It was in a bad shape. I would say it was on its last wheel. A quilt had to be placed on the seat before anyone could use it; a quilt that was badly needed in the house. My daddy was so proud of that truck; and if he was proud of that truck then I was too. It brought gladness to his heart; in the meantime my mother was just as mad and sad as he was proud and happy. He was like a

kid at Christmas time with his first toy, ever. Mama had depended on that money for clothes to protect the whole family for the winter that was to soon be upon us; anyway we made it through the winter.

I always followed in my daddy's shadow with every opportunity that was given me; and that particular day was used to climb upon a portion of a remaining net fence that once surrounded our home. While there I watched every move he made as he performed his antics with the truck he was so pleased to have. I can still hear and see the truck as it sputtered that day while Daddy made figure eights going around and around and over and over again in front our two room house overlooking the Yazoo Valley. The action and noise that was going on that day is still as vivid in my mind as it was seventy-five years ago.

When my Mother had regained her senses and the purchase of the truck had aged some; a trip was planned for us to travel to Vicksburg, Mississippi to visit Daddy's sister, Aunt Vivian, and her young family.

Aunt Vivian was always my mentor. She was an outgoing person caring for everyone's welfare. Anything I needed and asked for, she provided it for me. She always saw to my religious education. I wanted so much to grow up like my aunt but I never made the grade.

Mama and Daddy sat up front, which is the usual arrangement for any family, on the worn out seat with the quilt spread over it and John was held securely in my mother's lap for the least little bump could send him flying. The other two kids,

Dorothy, that's me, and Katherine my sister, along with a first cousin Marion Jr., who was called Jr., sat on the flat bed behind what should have been the cab of the truck. It was time to leave, Daddy took a tool and went to the front of the motor and made several tries turning that implement with great force and finally the motor started. So, at last, we were on our way. As the truck pulled out of the yard and past the deep washout where a lot of gumbo mud had collected; it wobbled its way very slowly down the cow path that led to the highway. The truck rolled to a stop. Marion Jr. got off and opened the gate that was blocking our way. He closed it after the truck had pulled through and the horse apple tree stood to the right of us watching ever move we made as we entered the road that led to our destination, we made a left turn and as we made our way to Vicksburg there was not a sputter heard from that motor. (As you can guess we were the forerunners of the hillbillies.)

Everyone was in high spirits for this was something none of us ever had the privilege of doing. The refreshing wind was making ringlets with our hair on our way down Highway Number 3. We arrived safely; no one fell from the truck and we all had a wonderful visit. As the stay was ending, someone announced that we would all come again soon since everything had gone well on this trip.

As we were traveling north on our way home, barely outside the city limits of Vicksburg, the motor sputtered once and died. It gave up the ghost beside a steep lonely hill leaving our family stranded. Nothing that was done would start the

engine again. It died right there. After working on the truck to no avail, a taxi was called and we all loaded into the cab, but not before we had unloaded that much needed quilt. As we pulled back onto the highway and was on our way back north, I watched the truck as we caused it to recede out of sight. It was a sad feeling to leave our transportation parked on the side of the road. It did not belong there; its place was on that hill overlooking the Yazoo Valley. My love had grown for the truck as much as it had grown for my daddy. As the taxi pulled through the gate the horse apple tree was waiting for us to return from our trip. Maybe it was wondering what had happened, why were we returning in a taxi? Perhaps the tree figured it all out since the truck never returned.

That was the last time for me to see our first vehicle. My mind has often traveled back to it, and every time I would wonder whatever happened to that used up truck. It's unbelievable that I never asked.



MY TRIP TO VICKSBURG

One summer day in nineteen hundred and thirty six when I was seven years of age, Daddy's sister Aunt Vivian, paid us a visit; her baby, John, accompanied her. This was the beginning of an adventure I would take later that year, a trip I would never forget as long as thoughts remain in my head.

Everyone was so happy to see her and she greeted every one with love. Aunt Vivian was so much fun to be around. She would lie on the floor and perform all kinds of tricks with her baby that day. She would put him on her feet and raise him high as she could and this would make him happy and everyone gathered around enjoying her performing movements with her son.

At that time we were living in the two room house; which was located on a hill overlooking the Yazoo Valley. My father was a sharecropper and not much money was to be gained from this kind of job. The cistern stored away our water which had to be brought up in a bucket. A coal oil lamp (later called a kerosene lamp) shed a weak light after dark and we had to cut the time it was used so we could save fuel. A number (3) washtub was our bathtub and a wood stove was where our meals were cooked. The clothes were washed by hand and ironed with a sadiron. Highway (3) ran very close to the bottom of the hills that stretched along the Yazoo Delta in our area.

After this action was over, she began giving each one of us kids a gift which she always brought

when she paid us a visit. She had bought Katherine, my sister, a gift and John, my brother one but she had failed to have one for me. Aunt Vivian left me fifty cents and told me to catch the bus to her house and spend some time with her. That pleased me very much since I liked being with my aunt.

Later that summer, about the middle of June, my mother packed my bag for me and I told everyone goodbye and my daddy and I walked down the long hill with the bitter weeds standing erect and in full bloom on each side of the path, to Highway (3) where I was to catch the bus. I was placed in the charge of the bus driver. I told my daddy goodbye and was on my way to Vicksburg, Mississippi to visit my aunt and her family, all by myself.

The bus driver had stopped the bus and was rearranging the luggage; perhaps it did not look safe and as he looked down at a passenger and said, "Hey you can't sit there," and he looked again and spoke, "Oh I see." The rest of the ride was uneventful we made the trip without any problems. As the bus arrived in Vicksburg the first person I saw was Aunt Vivian waiting for me with her baby positioned on her hip, the way it used to be done. I was so glad to see her. We got my bag and proceeded down Locust Street on the way to her house and she wanted me to point out her home but I had no idea which was the right house. The trip down Locust Street was soon over; as we passed by her home she pointed it out to me and she turned the corner and parked the car in the garage, which was located behind the house.

I was so happy to be at Aunt Vivian's and Uncle Johnny's home. It was an enjoyable time for me. John and his grandma were there to welcome me, also. My cousin's grandma became my grandma while I stayed there, that worked out well. I was so happy to see everyone.

The food was different to what I was accustomed too because the seasoning was unlike any I had ever tasted. Uncle Johnny and Grandma were Lebanese so the herbs from the old country were still being used since she was doing most of the cooking, using the only herbs and the only seasonings she ever used.

On my arrival at Aunt Vivian's, I could not eat the stuffed eggplant or the stuffed peppers, which ever it was, but before I left (the visit was three weeks long) I could not get enough of them. I have searched everywhere since I became an adult but never have located the seasoning that was used in those vegetables; however, I am still searching and will until I find it.

Aunt Vivian's home was fantastic. There was a porch across the front with a swing for anyone who cared to relax in it, and as you walked into the foyer you found it to be very wide and extended the length of the house. The two rooms on each side of the hall were very large with tall ceilings.

The house contained two bedrooms, a living room and dining room. The bed room set in my aunt's bed room included seven pieces. I have never seen a set since then, that contained that many pieces. The bath was on the left and the small

kitchen was on the right and these were the last rooms you entered. The house was provided with running water, gas, electric lights and a telephone. I was a pauper entering a mansion. Later on, a room was added upstairs, that is where my grandma stayed when she came to Aunt Vivian's for help with her health.

It seems I can still hear the horse's shoes going clip, clop, pulling the vegetable wagon down the street. They would wake me up sometime because they had to be very early to deliver the produce to different stores. See I had good hearing then.

Uncle Johnny owned a grocery store across the street in front of the house. I can still hear him say, "Dorothy have you had your ice cream today?" If the answer was no, he would bring me a small round box of ice cream with a thin wooden spoon to eat it with. He was so good to me and made sure I had ice cream every day I was there. What a treat for a anyone who lived in the country at that time.

Uncle Johnny would march around the large dining room table with an American Flag draped over his shoulder with John close behind him marching and doing his best to keep up with his daddy.

While visiting my aunt's, my cousin's doll somehow came up with a bruise on its leg. John started crying about the bad spot on the doll and he would not stop, so Uncle Johnny promised him if he would stop crying he would take the doll to the doctor. My uncle did just that. He drove around a block; placed a Band-Aid on the doll; came back

and all was well in the household again.

I locked the bathroom door while taking a bath and the door could not be opened no matter what was done and Aunt Vivian was out of the house for some reason, she was not there to help me. The thought never occurred for me to give up. The next thing that happened Uncle Johnny was there giving directions on how to open the door and it worked. It was told to me later, that my cousin's Grandma which was a kind and gentle person, went to the store across the street and sent my uncle to open the door.

I knew my time would soon be up and home I must go. Aunt Vivian wanted to have my picture taken before I left; so she dressed me in my Sears Roebuck Easter dress from that year. It was a pretty pink dress with a very small clump of flowers attached to the round yoke and a skirt was gathered around the waist to finish the dress.

We went uptown to the studio to have the pictures made, but there was no parking space to be found; around and around the block we were waiting for a space to open up. My aunt was determined she would not have to walk far. She said to me, "Don't you say a word to anyone at the house about the way this job is being handled."

It was never mentioned to the folks back home and this may be the first time it was ever repeated. The visit with my Aunt's family was a very happy time for me. The enjoyment was beyond description. I know my mother wanted me to see and know there was a finer side of life and I did from this wonderful visit; but I would take

nothing for the training I received from not having as much as some people. I do not envy these people at all, because I feel I received so much more in return.

My heart was sad that I had to leave this wonderful family, not that my family wasn't just as great because they were my own family and I loved them very much, as they loved me. I bid goodbye to everyone; Aunt Vivian drove me to the bus station and placed me in care of the bus driver and I was on my way back home.

Not much was remembered about this bus ride but I do know my daddy was there to meet me as I left the bus. We walked back up the long hill together not saying much, with the bitter weed still in full bloom, back to our humble abode and to my family. My mother was lying in bed and in her arms was a beautiful new born baby with plenty of black hair. While sitting on the edge of the bed, doing and saying nothing but staring at the new born, my mother asked, "Aren't you going to say something about the baby?" My only reply was, let me see her feet. Oh, they were so tiny. The baby was named Vivian after the aunt.

As I write this, it was as if I was living this moment over, I was that little girl again sitting by my loving mother looking at the life she had just brought forth into this world; and me not able to say a thing about the baby. It wasn't long before adjustments were made back to where I belonged; playing mama to my brother and sisters; helping my mother with her busy day and enjoying every minute of it.

JAKES FIRST CIGARETTE

Eleven year old Jake had no plan of rolling a cigarette when he got up that morning, but something started the wheels a turning and it just kept on a turning until it reached its journey's end. Everything just kept occurring until it came to a conclusion, with a sad ending. If the mouth of a certain person had been sealed; things would have worked much different. I am not saying it would have been better but it would have been different.

Grandma and Big daddy bought a place and moved to a community near Vicksburg, Ms., about 1937. The depression was in full force; everyone was trying to make do with what they had. The place that my grandparents had bought happened to be at a train stop. There was no building for the passengers to get in so they waited in the yard until the train arrived or if it was raining they were welcome to wait on the porch. The ride to Vicksburg was only ten cents which was a lot of money at that time. The grandparent's house was very close to the railroad track; with about thirty feet between the house and track. The train could, also, be boarded in Vicksburg and you were allowed to get off at the stop at Grandma's house if that was your stop.

The land they bought and farmed was the sight of a civil war battle. On the fresh plowed ground, we would find mini-balls that had been fired from the soldier's guns and buttons from their uniforms. The buttons always had 'gilt' imprinted

on them. In the winter we could see the Illinois Monument in the Vicksburg Military Park from my Grandmother's house. .

On this particular morning the front yard was crowded. There was Silas and Jake who were my young uncles, along with Mary a young aunt of mine and I am sure some of my brothers and sisters were there enjoying the morning except for the heat. We were commenting on the mustard greens Grandma was cooking for dinner, and how good they smelled; trying to escape the summer heat the only way we knew how. The shades of the old oak tree was doing a good job, especially when a cool puff of wind would come through and push the hot air on its way. We enjoyed the breath of the cool wind as it made its way around our frame, drying up the moisture that had collected on our body making it more comfortable as the day passed. A passenger came over that morning to catch the train to Vicksburg. He walked up, spoke and commented on the boiling heat, and then he joined the crowd that was already assembled in the front yard under the large oak tree, that was relieving some of the hot summer morning.

Everyone was standing or sitting around not saying much because there wasn't much to say. Everything had already been said. We were just looking at each other wishing the wind would blow through one more time before the morning passed into evening. We were bored as we could be. No one could think of anything to entertain the group.

Then all of a sudden we assumed the boredom was over for Jake had found something to

catch our attention. He had discovered the commuter had a bulging pocket full of home grown tobacco. It was even hanging down from the pocket. The tobacco had already been rolled and cut into very narrow strips, ready for smoking. Well, Jake could not stand the temptation and he always had to explore everything. He would go behind the passenger and pull out a little bit of the home grown tobacco at a time.

This small amount of tobacco would be stored in a very safe place for Jake's first cigarette, I learned later that day. He did this time and time again as we sat very interested and still observing every move he made. It was funny to us but we would not dare make a sound of any kind. Each time Jake would go behind the tobacco man, he would move to a new location, but not before Jake had a chance to get a small amount of tobacco. This went on for thirty minutes, of course, it did not seem that long because we were being entertained.

The activity that was taking place at that time came to a halt when we heard the train approaching the stop. It was time for the man to catch his train. I know he was not only pleased, but very happy to vacate the shade of that large oak tree, even though it had a very cooling effect to everyone. The rider had to be glad the ordeal had ended. With the antics Jake had performed that morning, it had made our day. I was very young; I could see no harm that was being done. Of course I would not have the nerve to do such a thing.

It was I who shared the wonderful time we all had that morning. I thought it was funny, but

Big daddy had a different opinion. He came and gave my loving uncle a very bad whipping. The thrashing hurt me more than it did Jake. I can imagine after the pain subsided from the whipping, Jake thought over what he had done and I can hear him laugh about the whole situation, not being disrespectful. That was my uncle's ways. As a matter of fact I never did get over that. It still hurts me today when I think of that whipping. With all the energy that Jake put forth that morning, in the end, not only did he get the awful whipping, but poor Jake, never got to smoke his first cigarette.



Job Seekers of the Thirties

It was always rumored, that if a hobo found a place where meals would be served to strangers, he would leave some kind of sign which would give a signal to the next person of the same caliber so he could eat there, also.

We kids always searched for that sign but never did find it. We talked about it and made a big to do about it and always wondered where its location was placed. It became part of our daily activity. It was a mystery to us. We were a curious group of children.

I guess it was a good thing we didn't find it, especially for the hoboes. We had no idea what the sign would look like. Even if we had found it we would not have bothered it; the hoboes were usually well-behaved people caught up in a problem that was no fault of their own. We were mostly looking for something to do so the day would not be so boring. It was just another game, the same as if we were playing pirates or cowboys and Indians. The entertainment was ours to manufacture or else there would be some whiney kids running loose in the yard not knowing what they were supposed to do.

The hoboes of the '30s were a large group of people, (20 to 40 million of them) who were mostly skilled and educated, not illiterate as some described them. Neither were these men lazy as some would have you believe; they were people searching for work, evidently not realizing that the

entire country was having the same problem. Perhaps, these men should have been called job seekers instead of hoboes. In some instances, they were ashamed of the situation they were in, so they kept on traveling instead of facing the people back home. Surely, they had had a job before the depression, which was swallowing everyone up into its huge expansion.

It was some time during the middle of the depression; my grandmother and my grandpa bought a small farm a short distance from Vicksburg, MS. The home was an ell-shaped house with very large rooms and high ceilings. It was a well-built house compared to what most everyone else lived in, but it was getting old when they obtained the farm. The yard which was our playground contained a very large, old oak tree, probably older than the house with its limbs sweeping the grounds, in the meantime leaving plenty of shade for us to enjoy. The house was built very close to the railroad, which was a good thoroughfare for the hoboes to travel. It was near enough that they could always smell the good food Grandma was preparing for dinner that day. What a terrible mistake it would have been to pass up those turnip greens, sweet potatoes, and sometime even fried chicken from the yard, and don't forget the feather light biscuits she always placed on the table!

The depression was no party for the majority of the people. The people in the country ("country people") were able to raise most of their food and I am sure some in the city tried the same thing. That was what my grandmother and grandfather did. So

did the other people I knew; they raised most of what they ate, and they were glad to have it. My grandma and my grandpa had cows for milk and butter and chickens for meat and eggs. It wasn't an easy job to perform all the work that was required to carry out these tasks but that was part of life.

That is the only reason my grandma was able to take it upon herself to feed these hungry and misfortunate people. It was very convenient for these starving people to stop by, knowing they would be fed. She never turned anyone away. Maybe, this was her calling. If it was, I think Grandma passed the grade with high marks.

We kids watched the trains as they passed by shaking the place beyond all means and making as much noise as possibly scattering the scent of the coal smoke where ever it could be blown. Sometimes it would come through blowing that sad lonesome whistle causing me to want to go home, since I was only a visitor there. This was also part of our entertainment for the day, because we never tired from watching the train as it rattled and wobbled its way on to its destination.

The hungry hoboes would eat whatever the family ate that day. They were always thankful for what they were given. The family was always good to these unfortunate people. Grandma even let one stay for several months helping around the place doing whatever was needed to be done.

The boarder and Jake, one of my uncles, did some necessary repairs to the house during his stay. This became the hobo's regular address. He corresponded with home, keeping in touch, letting

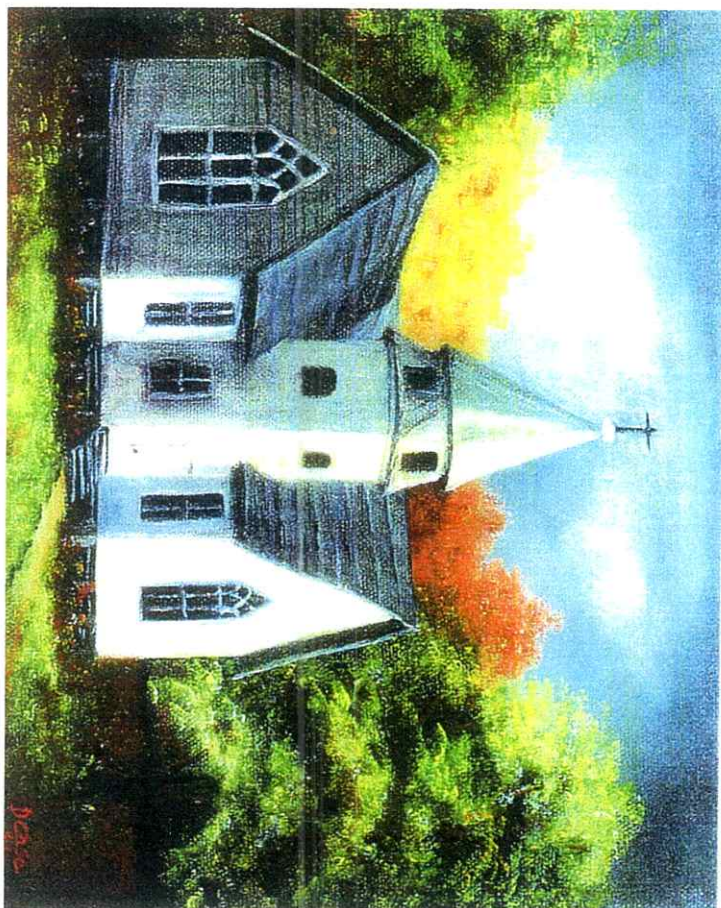
his family know where and how he was doing. After several months of receiving mail the hobo received a letter from home. He went into the woods to open and read it; he must have known it contained bad news. The recipient shredded the letter into small pieces and left them where he had read it. All could tell he was somewhat upset. He left without an explanation. Jake, being the curious kind, found the letter and pieced it together enough to know there was trouble at home with a member of the job seeker's family.

Time kept right on passing; it would not for one second slow down. Before we knew it, the war was raging in Europe, and the president had established the Civil Conservation Corps and Public Works Administration which was a relief program created to put men to work, and at the same time doing good things for the country. However, the hoboes kept coming, but not as many as it was at one time. Grandma went right on keeping up her practice of feeding those wandering men who did pass through on their way to the next stopping point.

After feeding those people all those years, I don't have any idea why my grandmother would bring up that subject that day. Maybe, she was tired or just making conversation, or perhaps she didn't realize how it was going to sound. That happens all the time. She said to the hobo, "It looks like you people are going to eat me out of house and home". He knew exactly where that sign was located, the sign we had been searching far and never locating it. We had searched high and low for it and come to

find out it was intended only for the job seekers to know where it stood, just waiting to give the next hobo a signal that a lunch was waiting for him. She had fed her last homeless person and we knew, without being told, there was no need for us to search for the hobo sign ever again.





THE SHIRTTWAIST DRESS

The famous shirtwaist dress has been around for many, many years and my projection is: it will be here for many more years. It's a plain simple way to make a very comfortable dress. It has its way of enhancing the female figure better than any style that I know of. It is a neat fitting dress; the most comfortable dress of all, except maybe for the Hawaiian muumuu which is loose and airy.

The dress worn by me when I graduated from high school was the famous shirtwaist dress, aqua in color and it opened down the entire front. Some dresses open to the waist and a belt usually goes with them. My dress was made from soft material which caused it to drape like no other dress I had worn before. It was well made and so comfortable I was married in the same dress a few months after graduation. When my mother knew a decision had been made about my marriage she asked if I wanted a new dress. I replied, "A new dress is in my room, it has only been worn once."

I was trying to save money, which was tight for us then. That was sixty-one years ago.

Several shirtwaist dresses were made by my hands for different women in my life as I worked trying to help with the finances of my family and raise our children at the same time. When my career started out, only a dollar was charged for making a shirtwaist dress.

My vacation was coming up and my plans were growing each day on how the time would be

spent. There was so much that needed to be done around the house. Not only that, I was looking forward for some time to carry out my plans. What a waste of time, my mother-in-law had already planned the vacation for me. Without a hint to me, she had purchased five pieces of material for me to make her some shirtwaist dresses the week of my vacation. Needless to say, that upset me tremendously; but there was no other choice but to make those dresses, because she was so good about helping me while I worked. Five shirtwaist dresses was made while my long awaited, disappointing vacation was taking place, not accomplishing anything around the house. This is the first time it has been mentioned that comes to my mind.

One day, while moving a shirtwaist pattern around on a piece of material, trying to save as much of the fabric as could possibly be done; I tried to make conversation since my husband was sitting there; and everything was so quiet.

“You have to place the pattern correctly on the material or you may not have enough to finish the project.” His reply was, “Ain’t such a thing to that, where did you hear such talk?” I knew better than to bring the subject up, but I did anyway.

“It is from experience,” I told him, “it’s from genuine experience.” That was added for an afterthought. The experiences did some of the teaching. I had sewn enough to know it was true. You place the pattern correctly or pay the consequences. “I still don’t believe you,” he said.

The first item I tried to sew, taught me the lesson of placing the pattern on the material

correctly. There had been no previous instructions of any kind given me and no one to help me. The procedure of pinning the pattern was started. Fear of making an error never entered my mind. The outcome was a disaster. The back of the pattern should have been placed on the fold. The project was ruined because there was no way of getting more material, however, because a lesson was learned, it was not a complete loss.

Not more than three days later, my husband's cousin came in, asking me to help her place a pattern on a piece of material. She was afraid of placing the pattern incorrectly." (It was a shirtwaist dress.)

My husband was there hearing everything that was being said. He never said a word about the conversation that had been spoken previously by his cousin. He never put up an argument with her, never once opened his mouth to her and I was never one to say I told you so.

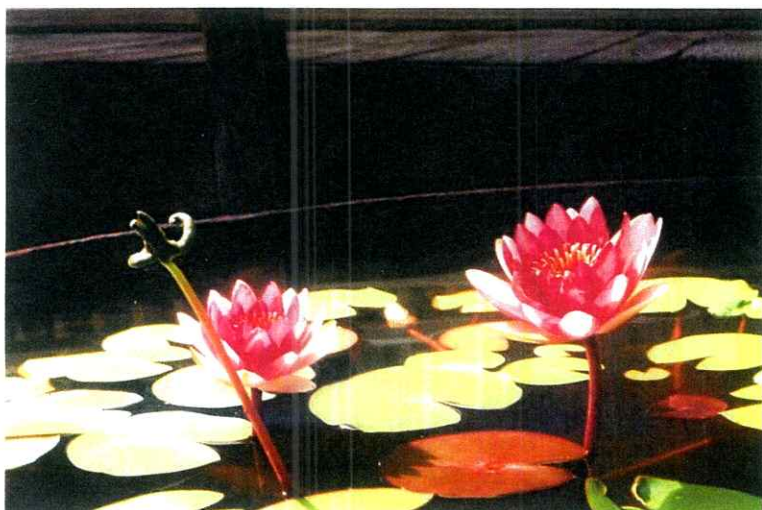
That brought the subject to a close without any closing arguments, but not a closing to my sewing. My job was still making shirtwaist dresses, trying to place the pattern correctly on each piece of material.

At one time in my sewing career, I went to work for a dry cleaning business: sewing and repairing clothing. The cleaners were only a block from where we lived. It was very convenient for me to have this job. The work was brought to my house so the sewing could be done at home and I was there for the children. This work was performed for the cleaner until we moved out of

town. By that time, enough money had been earned for a down payment on the same place where we still live. It took all the money my husband made to support our growing family; it was a hard struggle, but by making every penny count, everything worked out well in the end.

I don't sew much anymore, but I stay busy. My sewing time was turned into quilting, which is still sewing and each of my descendants, now has a quilt.

Even though they say time does change everything, the shirtwaist dress is still around, holding its own.



THE TERROR WAS TERRIBLE

Was it my daughter's reaction or was it by following my own intuition that saved me from harm that day? This happened almost forty years ago and not a moment of that event has slipped my mind. I do know my daughter's thoughts and actions did help me out tremendously. It freed me from the house that day. I know my mind was not working completely. If it had been we would have stopped and got the tag number, but I know it went the way God wanted it to go because the person was very close to the car. What would have happened if my daughter had not made that visit? The car was not there when they arrived or they would have told me about it.

Charlotte and her husband along with their first baby had been visiting with me for a short time that unfortunate day or did it turn out to be a fortunate one? They knew it would be a short visit because I had something to do shortly but we enjoyed our visit as the time flew.

I was busy after they left, putting everything together that was needed for the meeting. It never crossed my mind that I was in harm's way in any shape or form.

Everything was together and I was ready to leave. As I reached for the knob that was as far as I could go. I froze. There was no way I could turn that knob. I mean I was frozen. I did not know what would happen next, but one thing for certain I would not open that door. I had never experienced

a frightening feeling as strong as I did at that moment.

I began to reason on what action I should take, to overcome the situation I was experiencing. Nothing came to mind. So I just stood there hoping something would come to me that worked. Nothing ever did. I was scared out of my mind, waiting for some kind of relief and it needed to be soon.

The corner of the house where I believe the man was waiting was very dark. He was stalling and waiting for the right moment to carry out what his mind was telling him to do. But without him or me knowing about it, the story was about to change its course.

I saw a car coming up behind the back of my house and pulled into my driveway. I left the door closed and my daughter yelled there is car parked just below your house and they wanted me to be aware of it. They were not aware of the troubled time I had been going through at that moment.

I had a feeling my life had been given back to me. It was such a relief, I thought I would surely collapse, but I gained my composure and ask them to wait until I could get in my car and leave first. I locked the door, got into my car and left ahead of them and from that terrible situation. The car was still parked below the house as we all pulled away together. When my daughter and her husband left the first time, and saw the car parked so close to the house, they turn at the next corner, (which the man in the corner could watch what my family was doing) he had no idea I would be leaving home, so he stayed. When I returned home from the meeting,

the car was gone and so was the horror of that feeling that had attached itself to me earlier in the day. I was back to my normal self again.

I don't believe he would have stayed in the dark corner much longer; neither do I believe he would have left without accomplishing what he had come to do.

I have had that same warning since that time but not as strong as it was then. My guardian angel was on the job that day.



A PENNY SAVED

I had yearned for a home for such a long time, but the lack of money was the problem. Alvin, my husband, was just as anxious as I was so he searched the New Orleans area for us a place to call our own, but the thirty year loans pushed him further, and further away.

A co-worker spoke to Alvin about a subdivision opening up in the country near Picayune, Mississippi. We checked it out as soon as possible and found it was a good place to finish bringing up our children. We wanted our children to grow up as we had; with plenty of fresh air and room to move around and get all the exercises they needed.

I had a sewing job at that time working for a dry cleaning business and was able to accumulate a small amount of money. The laundry was located only a half block from where we lived. I walked with the children and picked up the work that had been collected for me to do that day. Therefore I worked and watched the children at the same time. I knew how to do some of the work already that he had for me to do. I could hem pants, replace zippers and other work, but I had never heard of a half pocket, so the owner showed me how to repair pockets in men's pants.

One lot would be enough, which was my reasoning, because we had the money to pay for it and would not have another debt to go with the pile we already had built up.

When Alvin returned home, he had agreed to buy two lots. What was done was done. Nothing could be changed. As it turned out everything worked out for us. A few years later, I was saying to myself, "I wish Alvin had bought three more lots," that would have been a good investment.

A house was built on the lots we bought. Only the outside of the house was finished, everything was left for us to do on the inside, except, the wiring was completely finished and the sheetrock was hung, the seams had to be taken care of and smoothed so the walls could be painted. However, we let that go and did the first things first.

Alvin and I, along with our four children, moved to the subdivision where our house had been built. It was a hot day in August. Matter of fact, it was the fourth. I can remember the date because it was my sister's birthday. Kent was the oldest and he would be in the tenth grade when school started. Charlotte came next, and she would soon have a birthday, which would make her ten. Gaylon was seven when we arrived here in the country. Brenda was four. We moved everything in one load and set up housekeeping as best we could. The children were happy and having a good time in our new house.

But, a huge job was still ahead for us and we began working and getting everything finished as soon as possible. First the electricity was hooked up, the water well was drilled, and the pipes were run for the water. We were lucky; it was completed in a week. That means another bill went on the stack that was already there. Then came the

propane tank with fuel and the pipes were installed for that. At last, we were able to cook and eat. There was one more thing; the sewage disposable system had to be installed.

Time was moving at a very fast pace. The children were enjoying the new neighborhood and making new friends. The fresh air and open space were the things they needed. The oldest child, Kent had left home and enlisted in the navy where he served for four years and was four years in the reserves.

Our goal had almost been achieved. It was all coming together. Six years of labor had gone into our home, the house that had made us proud. A back porch had been added, which included a utility room. We kept slowly moving along and finishing up things that needed to be done. A cool comfortable front porch added much to the house.

We only lacked putting the facings on two windows; and the house would be finished. The final material was purchased and time was needed before we could put the facings in. The house was never finished before the terrible storm, Camille, come roaring through like a swarm of hornets after the person who disturbed their nest and it seemed the hornets would not stop until they had stopped the intruder.

Camille would not cease until most of our house left with her. What didn't go was not repairable.

A new chapter took place in our life; which was altogether a different story, but along the same route.



HARDTIMES in the SIXTIES

Alvin, my husband, and I had been searching for a better place to finish raising our four children. The time had come for us to move on. Plenty of open spaces and fresh air was a necessity for their well-being as it was for both my husband and I when we grew up. We eventually found an affordable place.

We left the city and moved to the country, during the latter part of 1963. The preparations for winter were soon taking place. Money was scarce. Trying to keep expenses down, Alvin bought a trash burner, which is a very light heater made from tin. Plenty of pine knots were available for heat. Our aim was to see what the heater would do before installing it properly. The pipe was placed through an open window and that placed the heater too close to the bed, but we never expected the endeavor to turn out the way it did.

Alvin was down in his back, he could hardly walk. The trial run should have been postponed until he was well; however, we were in a rush to be prepared for winter. The heater had been filled with too many pine knots, only a few were needed. This is where the problem began. The family was present and anxiously waiting to see what would take place when the fire began. As the match was struck, and the pine knots caught fire in a few minute the heater was dancing, doing the cha-cha-cha before it turned into the Mexican hat dance. There was no dance anywhere compared to what

that heater was doing across the floor. The fire shooting from the heater with great force and I was expecting it to turn into a rocket any minute. That was some tense moments to deal with; no one knowing what to do. The children left the room in single file; avoiding the disaster that could occur any minute. Alvin was yelling, "Close the damper and move the bed." I said, "The bed couldn't be moved, it was too heavy." His answer was, "What do you mean it can't be moved." We were back and forth with each other, but by closing the damper, the fire quitted down; went out, as in a deep sleep.

My curiosity was aroused; I had to see what was taking place inside that heater; which was a terrible mistake. When I did the monster went BOOM, it sounded as if a bomb had exploded, frightening me and almost sending me over the boundaries of no return. It awakened to it full force, returning to its old habit of dancing. The damper was closed again, that calmed the heater once again. No one went near the heater until it was cold. The trash burner was removed, the screen replaced, the window closed and so was that project. The heater was hidden in an out of way place in the backyard and used as a trash burner until it once more disappeared back into the earth from which it had come.

CAMILLE

That Sunday morning arrived with the sun shining, the wind blowing slightly, which gave us a very pleasant feeling everything was going to be alright; how deceiving.

The family dressed and went to church which was our usual routine for that day. The sermon was very nicely presented with an uplifting encouraging feeling. Everyone was still calm, but a little anxious to get home and start preparations for the uninvited guest that was expected some time that night. Camille did come roaring through Mississippi causing much devastation and taking most of our home with it as it passed through.

We began preparing for the storm by storing loose objects so they could not be blown into something causing more damage. We taped the windows as was the directions then. This was our first time to come face to face with a live hurricane. We had seen the results of some but I suppose we needed the experience to really understand the forces that forms them.

My mother and father called us early that morning begging us to pack up and leave. (It brings tears to my eyes and it upsets me very much when I think of this. I am sorry, Mama and Daddy.) They knew what it was all about, for they had already been through several, themselves. The warning was ignored. All during the day my parents kept calling and begging us to leave. They called until it was too late for us to do anything about leaving.

As the storm approached; and the roof began to leak; Alvin, my husband, and I tried to keep the water mopped up, because it would ruin the oak flooring. We worked for some time, but the storm was over taking us fast. Alvin eventually gave up and walked out. I looked back and saw water pouring through the ceiling; it was streams of water. At that moment, I lost all hope and gave up, also.

I started for the bedroom, where our three kids were asleep and Alvin went to blow out a candle in the dining room and all havoc broke loose. The storm intensified. Most of the roof left the house, which left us in contact with the fury of the terrifying storm. It was total darkness; it left us without knowing what had happened. I thought a window had blown out.

Alvin came running into the bedroom thinking we had been blown to the outside; which caused much concernment to him.

We calmed down somewhat and then we could not find Gaylon, our youngest son, he would not answer our calls. I know he was scared beyond all means. Alvin felt around until he finally found him.

After gathering our wits together, we decided to leave the room without a roof or a ceiling. The door was jammed. It took some work, but the door was finally opened. We huddled in the hallway, since the ceiling was still attached to it. I remember it was so cold. We could feel the cold rain hitting our bodies. I took a long heavy terrycloth curtain from the bath room window and

covered the children.

As we sat in the hallway, Alvin would shine the light, he thought, into the living room ceiling, but he was shining it directly into the dark savage storm of Camille. He would say, "I want you to look at that tar paper." He would repeat himself over and over; me knowing it was no way it could be tar paper, only the raging storm itself. When his wits came to him, he knew it was no way that could be the ceiling and quieted down.

The bedroom to the right of the hall was completely in shambles. Everything was tossed and turned about. A two by eight by fourteen foot long rafter had gone up in the air and came back down with one end resting on the floor and the other end up in the air. It fell exactly where I had previously been working, trying to keep the floors dry. It was such an uncomfortable feeling. I had placed my children in a very bad and dangerous predicament. They were so frightened. Charlotte, our fifteen year old daughter prayed a serious well-meaning prayer out loud. We needed all the prayers we could get.

As we were gathered closely in the hallway, I kept thinking about all the phone calls my frighten parents had made trying to get us to leave and I kept seeing our dead bodies in the ditch in front of the house, but my thoughts never escaped my mouth. I couldn't imagine it being so threatening. How I wished we had heeded my parent's warnings.

The wind kept blowing, it would not stop. I kept hearing the sounds of trains going by. I mentioned to Alvin about the noise and he would say, "It's only the wind blowing against the heater

pipe.” I knew better. I mentioned it every time I heard it. The reply was always the same.

Alvin decided we could remain no longer in the hall. He said, “We would move to the car.” I asked him to make sure the car was still there because it was such a strong, terrible storm; it would not have surprised me if the car was gone, but it was still there. This was the minute the eye moved in. We were no sooner in the car when we heard glass crashing. I thought the windows of the car had blown out. We checked, but that was not so. We spent the rest of the night in the car.

When daylight came and everything was calm; we entered the house and found the front wall; which contained a large picture window had been blown in. The storm had blown glass against the inner wall cutting the couch very badly. The force of the wind turned the glass and it went into the hall where we had been gathered. Most of the roof had been blown off; only the roof on the dining room and kitchen was intact. I brought some clothes out of the bedroom trying to protect them and placed them on the dining table. In no time it started raining; the water was pouring down on the clothes that I had just placed on the table. We checked the roof, not a shingle remained on top.

Bad weather had never frightened me before this happened. After the storm, a very small cloud would form and I would lose control for some time. It took me several years before I overcame this fear. My family never talked about how scared they were, and it's a little late now, but I wondered what effects it had on them. I ask Brenda, which

was ten at the time, how she felt. She said, "I was very scared at the time but I think a lot was hallucination during the storm. After it was over, I know there was no way I could have seen what I thought I saw." Perhaps, it was her only way to handle the storm.

At that time, I felt God had forsaken us and completely deserted our family. As time moved forward, and I began to heal, it suddenly came to me that God had not forsaken anyone. Wasn't He there when He led us from that room, where the very long two by eight by fourteen foot board went up into the air and come back down and one end fell into the house, the end was up in the air? It fell exactly where I had been trying to keep the oak floors dry. We were led into the hall where we had a little protection, and who do you think did this? The car was still there waiting for us, as again, we were being led from the almost destroyed house and the place where the fast moving glass settled into the hall. Yes, God was there all the time. I should not have come up with the desertion thought, until I was healed from the fright that I had obtained from Camille.

We were left in a bad situation; it seemed the furniture melted and came apart before our eyes. All senses had been knocked beyond our reach. We did not know where or how to turn. The neighbors gave us a place to sleep for a few nights. There were no houses to rent. It seemed ever roof was damaged in this area.

My mother and father, after all they had been through because we did not heed their

warning, came and gathered up the wet clothing, I must add everything was wet, and they handled that problem for us which saved our clothes.

An acquaintance was almost finished with building a new home. They moved into their new structure, as was, so we would have a place to live. That was one thankful moment when we had a place to move into. We we're trying to adjust to the move when a rain came up one day and drenched everything again. So Alvin got busy and repaired the roof as best he could on the borrowed house.

Shortly afterward, the contractor started building our new home. Our time was busy after that and it passed quickly and it took our minds from all the trouble we had inherited. January 1970 a mobile home was delivered to our backyard. The Government allowed us one year from the date of the storm to be out of the mobile home. We moved into our new home a very short time before the deadline was over.

I still cry every time Camille is discussed. It took us a long time to get over this and to wipe the terrible incident from our minds, but we managed to come through it. I was so thankful no life was lost. There was a safe feeling among us at that time and we were ready to face the future, but never, never again.

A DREAM OF BIG MONEY

A short time after my husband died, the thought came to me that I should try earning some extra money at home. It would be nice not leaving home to work, as a regular job would require. Anyway, there were two teenagers that had to be looked after which used up a lot of my time, taking them wherever they needed to go since they were not driving yet.

Looking through several publications, which my sister had given me, I found the perfect job. The baby bibs were waiting to be made and the company would buy everyone I completed. My excitement was building up more and more, there would be no ending to me turning out the merchandise without any problems. Can you think of anything easier than that?

After receiving the instructions, I began the job of gathering the materials for making the product. The Kona material could not be found in the local town where most of my shopping was done.

The next town over was my second choice. It was a new fabric for me and it broadened my knowledge of materials. It was a beautiful, soft, absorbent cotton material. Linen like threads ran through the piece of textile making it have a rich appearance. I am already addicted to material so here I go again with a new piece of material to enhance my thoughts through the day.

The company was very particular about

what went into making this bib. Certain colors of embroidery thread with a certain brand name had to be bought. The snaps and bias tape were the last items to purchase and I was ready to start on my venture.

The month that it took to purchase everything and learn to make a perfect product, filling the order of 15 perfect bibs, was passing fast.

Naturally, the first thing to do was to cut the bib out, which was very easy. Then a motif was embroidered in the center of every bib; this was not an easy pattern to conquer. Flaws weren't allowed. This was a five-hour job by itself for one bib. It was no easy job sewing the bias tape around the curved bib and making it join correctly. It took practice, doing the job over and over and the same way with the embroidery. That job was more trying than I ever imaged. The snap was the last operation and the job was completed.

The time had moved faster than you can imagine. I was so busy trying to perfect the product and fill the order that when I placed the phone call, she would not accept the order because the time limit had expired. Between housework, teenagers and the project it was over before I realized it. There went all those stacks of money that I had placed so very carefully in my head.

I would not allow myself to be defeated; I raised my head, got up and designed a baby towel with the embroidered motif on the hood. Two yards of material went into this product, it was a warm, workable, absorbent, and a very expensive product and I put the same design on the burping pad. A

washcloth was included and that made it a complete set.

I did sell some of the sets I made, but the time that was consumed in it and the money it took for material, wasn't rolling the money in as I had anticipated therefore it brought an end to my money earnings at home.

It was an enjoyable project and one day, if time does not run out, I will pick it up again and start over, or maybe I will just continue to make baby gifts for the newcomers.





Chickens Galore

Hurricane Katrina brought about some changes, changes I would do nothing about, until I was fed up with the problem and took matters into my own hands.

The devastation that Katrina brought was horrible. The wind blew hour after hour rocking the trees back and forth until there was nothing left for the trees to do except fall. Roofs were damaged on almost every home. Trees fell, and crisscrossed one another destroying whatever they touched. The path this storm took was left in shambles. My neighbor's fence was mashed flat by the falling trees, giving his chickens the opportunity to scatter to all parts of our neighborhood, including my yard.

These beautiful game chickens were wild and multiplied like rabbits. They could fly straight into the air the same way a helicopter can when it takes off. They hide their nest where it can't be found even while they are setting. The rooster was so mean to the hens that had biddies, but he was very nice toward the other females. The mother hens and their babies were chased from their food, and life was made miserable for the baby chicks because of abuse by the father. He was always pecking on them.

A pair came into my yard and made themselves at home. I didn't know it at the time, but the hen laid a nest full of eggs. I called her Prudence, because she was a survivor. Prudence made a nest and hid it very well. I suppose her

mate was so bored that he left Prudence on the nest and went back home where there were more of his kind. Leaving her without another chicken near, she had to be lonely; perhaps the mother hen entertained her thoughts by looking forward to her new babies that would be coming along soon.

My grandson was doing some electrical work at my house and got too close to her nest. The hen was very upset. She left the nest, cackling and making an awful sound, and ran across the road, jumping up and down like she wanted every neighbor to know that she had been bothered. It was as if she wanted something to be done about the disturbance. Oh! She was so angry, the very idea of being disturbed while she was on the job. It took some time for her to calm down. Prudence recovered from that episode, and later she hatched nine beautiful chicks. She was so proud of her beautiful babies and it also brought me a thrill and lifted my spirits that day. I tried to rig something up for them to use during bad weather, but it didn't work. One day it started to rain and I could see the terror in the mother's eyes as she was running for cover, but the cover was not there. This upset me so much. The mother hen would never allow me to get close enough to help with her babies. I bought them food and fed them; but that was all I could do for those chickens.

I sent word to the owner about the chicks. There was no response. I felt so bad about the biddies. I had no facilities to help protect them from the weather or their enemies.

I knew the cats would be devastating to the

chicks; however, Prudence stayed and remained loyal to her baby chicks until the last one was sadly devoured. I watched her as she crossed the road and flew over the fence going back to her previous home. It was a sad day for me.

This did not stop the loose chickens from using my yard for their domain. I put mulch around the flowers and the chickens would remove every sprig of it before they stopped scratching.

The hens kept producing little chicks and I was getting a large sized flock, so I had to do something about the problem. I could never find their nest before they hatched, but they always surprised me by bringing their offspring to the house to show me what they had been doing. This had been going on for three years, finally, I started giving the babies away to people who had means of taking care of them. It was a complete fulfillment when we could catch the mother hen that went with her biddies and send them away to their new and safe home.

I needed all kinds of advice, for I knew nothing about how to catch the chickens. I was told first, the roosting place had to be located. That wasn't hard to do if I was watching, because they would lead me right to it. I needed the right kind of box, but it had to be altered by cutting holes in it so the birds could breathe. The holes were cut at the top of the box, but when the box was placed over the mother hen, the babies escaped through the holes. This mistake was due to my inexperience; and a heavy load also had to be placed on the box to keep the hen from getting out.

When I went out the next morning to check on the mother hen under the box, another hen and rooster were standing close by whispering something between themselves. I suppose they were discussing and making plans on how to free their comrade. I freed the captured chicken; and I vowed I would never do that again. That night a man came and carried the mother hen and biddies to his chicken yard. We had no problem catching the family because we knew where they were roosting. What a load off my mind!

Not long after this occurrence, while leaving the house on my way to bowling, I discovered some feathers in the yard. When I investigated, I heard baby chicks chirping. There was no time for me to handle the problem because that would make me late for bowling. When I arrived home, the chirping could still be heard, but no mother hen could be located. A basket lined with paper was used to hold the babies. I called someone; she came and relieved me of the eight biddies because she had means of raising them.

That was the last of my hens; however, I did have two roosters left. I thought I would make it just fine with them. I gave a sigh of relief; after all, I had been dealing with these chickens for three long years. I thought I had spent enough time on that project.

My daughter had been out to visit me and mentioned that someone had done an experiment with some chickens; they discovered that chickens have a language all their own. They can talk to one another. I didn't give it much thought at the time

and let it slip my mind.

A day or two later I was leaving for town. I spotted my rooster with a good looking hen on her side of the road. It looked as if they were discussing a matter confidently. I thought he was promising her the moon if she would only come and live with him in his domain. I said to myself, "Rooster, you had better not do that; if you do, I will stop feeding you."

Sure enough, sometime later that week, the same chicken was in my yard with my rooster and she is still there to this day. My words had to be eaten; I could not refuse them food.

My friend Sybil came for a visit. Her first words were, "I am late because your beautiful rooster with several hens was in the middle of the road. It was slow getting around them, but I finally made it."

I began to have serious thoughts about that rooster, what could he be up to now. I was so afraid that he was going to bring the whole flock of hens into my yard and start the process all over again. At that moment, the message my daughter had brought earlier, about the discovery of the chicken language emerged, I am beginning to believe, and there may be some truth to that chicken talk.

However, those intelligent hens did not listen to a word that the mischievous rooster had to say that day. I am very relieved with the decision they made. The hens decided to stay on their side of the street, since they knew all along, what side their corn was buttered on.

WHY DID THIS HAPPEN?

I don't know what caused things to turn out the way they did that day. I do know I suffered and sweated from an event that occurred then. My neighbor and I were working in the Tung Nut field but we decided to take the day off. If I had been working this never would have happened.

When we moved to Picayune, Mississippi, I had never heard of a Tung Nut but come to find out Picayune was noted for the title of, "Tung Nut Capital of the World." Only one other place could raise these nuts which are used in making paints and that is somewhere in China. The trees are so beautiful in the spring when they are in bloom. The limbs bend and twist in all directions with the pink blooms against the heart-shaped leaves. These nuts are very poisonous; they are not for food only for paint.

My neighbor introduced me to the Tung Nut fields. It was in the fall of the year and she knew my family was short on money so we both went with our two children to pick up the nuts. The children went to play. The trees were easy to climb and the children enjoyed the climbing activity.

A bushel basket would be filled and then emptied into a crocus sack. For each bushel we would get 10 cents. Brenda had two years left before entering school. I had made up my mind to stay home with her until she started school.

She enjoyed going to the field and playing with another little girl. I had never felt as good as I

did those two years. The fresh air and the exercise (getting up and down constantly) kept me in good shape. If we got cold we had a fire close by so we could warm our feet and hands.

The neighbor's brother went with us this particular day. While picking up the Tung Nuts he said, "Boy, I'm going to eat high off the hog today!" He had brought two steak sandwiches. We had to bring our lunch every day and when lunch time arrived the brother couldn't find his sandwiches. We searched everywhere for them! Finally, the two girls admitted they had eaten his lunch. After all they were only four years old! What a disappointment for the new man in the field. I suppose we gave the children's lunch to him, however, they were not beef sandwiches.

I was trying to add to our finances. It wasn't much but every bit helped. About that time our tires on the car were threadbare. I would have a flat every few days at least twice a week and it was I who changed those tires. I would take the tires to a certain service station to be repaired until the serviceman there finally said they weren't worth repairing. So we made an order from the Sears and Roebuck catalog on credit for four new tires and that made life better for me.

As we came out from the field one day, on our way home, we were told our president had been assassinated. That was one sad moment for me. I will always remember where I was at that time. On the day I first mentioned we all got ready and went to town instead of the field. We walked into TG&Y and the beautiful dishes were on display.

They caught my eye right away. I had never seen anything so pretty. My brain stopped working. My husband and I always talked over any purchases we were considering. That day I failed to do so. I started putting dishes on lay-a-way. I was so happy at the moment! I went home, and then my senses came back to me! I woke up. What had I done?! I knew we had no money to pay for that beautiful set of dishes so I moped around and did not know how to tell Alvin.

The dread was building up in me. I probably would collapse when I picked up enough nerve to tell Alvin. Time was running out. When I told him what I had done, the mess I had placed us in, he answered very softly, "Don't worry about it, we will find a way to pay for the dishes." I could not believe my ears! The sound waves must have been messing up, in transferring the words or else I caught him in a good mood. The difference in what I was expecting almost caused me to pass out. I had no idea what he had in mind on how to pay for the dishes.

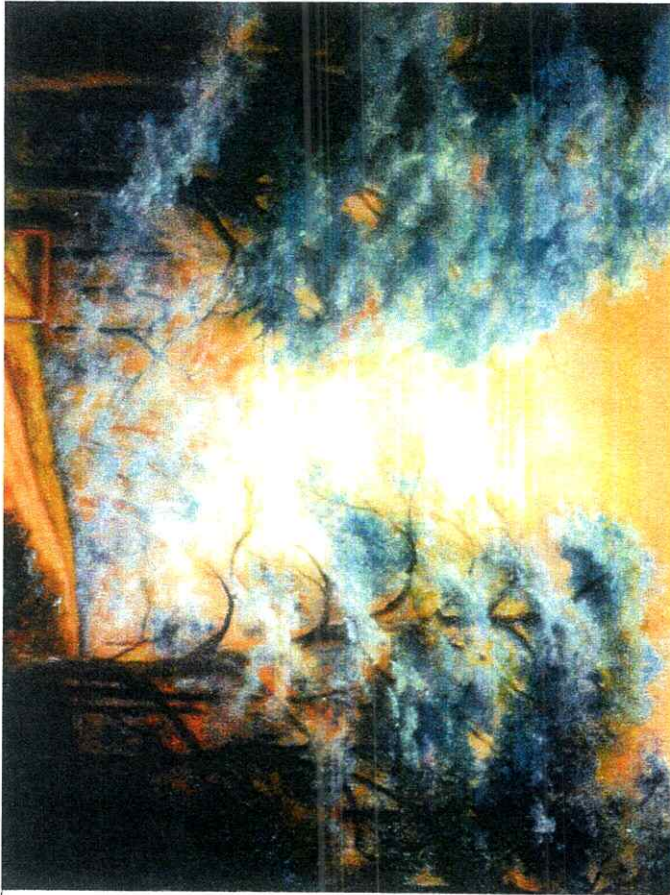
Well, on Saturday, his day off, we all went to the field. I did not ask him to take his day off. It was his decision. I kept up my daily routine through the week and the whole family kept going to the orchard on Saturday after Saturday, picking up Tung Nuts until we were able to take our dishes home. What a happy ending.

Alvin and the rest of the family continue to enjoy the dishes to the fullest.

Five years after buying the dishes hurricane Camille came blasting through and destroyed all the

Tung Nut fields. Someone tried to bring them back but I don't think it was successful. The project may still be going on as far as I know.

After my two years were up in the Tung Nut field I left the outdoor work and did obtain an inside job working at Sears; while Brenda went to school with her brothers and sister.



THE FUNERAL

It starts with the preacher saying a few words. Immediately afterwards, the mourners are singing, "Jesus Loves Me", so childlike, the singing is so beautiful there are no words to describe it. So angelic, it sounds as if the Heavenly Choir is present, singing with us. The gentle guitar adds to the different majestically sounds, all blending perfectly. Other songs follow as majestically and beautifully as the first. These are the songs she sang each day. Listen; the angels are still singing with us. I wish this could go on forever. Perhaps, I am seeing a glimpse of Heaven or is anyone else seeing and hearing the music as I am?

This is the childlike lyrics, she has been singing for the last eight years. She became younger in her mind, as it deteriorated some each day. She always begged to go home, her childhood home, the home where she grew up.

A short eulogy is being read, which is fitting. The preacher speaks again, "I do not dance, but once I walked into a room, where a group of women were gathered together for a meeting, she rose, came to me, took my hands and waltzed me across the room." That brings joy to me which is needed at this time. She loved to dance and she had always been full of life.

Her pale pink organdy dress is beautifully adorned with long sleeves and rhinestones sparkling down the front. She is wearing, also, a string of

pearls which is placed around her neck. Two combs, arranged with pearls to resemble flowers, are placed on each side of her head in her beautiful grey hair.

Yes, it is a spiritually inspiring, beautiful funeral. This is the way I see the action going on around me. It would not be surprising if others are not having the same thoughts. Everything is so soothing and comforting; however, the weather is overcast, though not raining, the wind is strong, cool, and needed.

I wasn't expecting to hear the same beautiful singing as we approached the burial area. A few more words were being spoken by the minister; more singing is taking place, as we lay Mother to rest by her husband of sixty-three years.

She is finally home, at rest and we know all is peaceful there.

EXTRA FLOWERS IN THE GARDEN

I enjoy rolling back my curtains each morning for I have the most spectacular sight waiting outside my kitchen window. The English Dogwood is in bloom. That white sensation against the green leaves is a welcomed enhancement after the cold bleak winter. I continue this enjoyment as I watch the birds work their way among the blooms of the dogwood and the beautiful new leaves as they searched for food.

One bird has a black head with a dark wine colored body. The other inherited a greenish yellow underbody with dark green on top. Perhaps it is a coincident, but they always show up at the same time. I can't believe they are mates.

The extra (wild) flowers I have each year adds to the attraction of the yard, however, some people have not stopped, to look at these plants long enough to appreciate them. That was true with my brother, Charles. A cedar weed [that's what we called it but I could not find the name] was growing in my yard and it was left there to grow and show its beauty to everyone who passed the plant. As Charles kept passing the weed, while cutting the grass; he had time to discover the beauty of the plant. As he entered the house; the first thing he said, "That cedar weed is a beautiful plant." He couldn't believe his eyes had never seen the beauty of the plant. I have been told a plant is a weed only when it is not wanted in your yard. Some weeds are

not welcomed in my garden either, but they force their way in no matter how hard I try to keep them out.

The cedar weeds (as I call it), can grow tall with several stems growing from the ground; and from the stems tendrils grow with short leaves.

However, I can't call them leaves either. When bruised, it has the odor of something like cedar. I would love to know the correct name of this plant.

I allowed some beautiful dark green thistle with prickly shinny leaves to grow in my yard. It made its appearance in the early spring. I must say it brightened up the landscape beautifully with its noticeable spiny heads. I do my best to capture the seeds of the thistle before they scatter.

Another early flower is the dandelion with its yellow blossoms and pretty green leaves. This is also a more useful plant. The leaves are edible.

The roots can be dug, washed, dried and stored for later use. A row of dandelions can be planted in the vegetable garden so there will be extra greens for the early spring. Like the thistle, the seeds need to be controlled.

When fall arrives, the grounds are dotted here and there with beautiful blue-violet flowers that come up any place they choose; this is the *Ageratum* wild flower. The seeds can be purchased, but mine volunteers and they have never let me down. They make the landscape keep its beautiful appearance for a long time, if the weather remains good. I don't think this should be called a weed any more. It's a true flower even if it does volunteer and places itself where it wants to. The

blooms can be used for cut flowers or dried for winter bouquets. The blossoms can be used in the wild flower arrangement that I gather each fall. This extra flower adds as much to the garden as any flower does that was planted and raised from seed.

There is no prettier bush than the elderberry when in full bloom. The clusters of small white flowers joined together to make a very large blossom. Each part of the bush can be used for something; like making dye, jelly or wine. The hollow stems can be used for making toys and crafts, such as whistles and popguns. Anyone with an imagination would be able to think of many more ways to make toys for kids to include in their play. It's unbelievable what can come from this beautiful-useful-wild shrub.

In folklore, if you sat under the elder bush on midsummer night, fairies and elves could be seen; however; the bush had potent ability to drive the witches away and that is most likely why the fairies and elves appeared.

This bush sprouts beautiful leaves, at intervals, on long stems in the spring, is the Beautyberry bush also known as *Kolkwitzia*. The beautiful white blooms, which has a good fragrance follows the leaves. The small purple berries finds themselves placed around the stems, at the junctions, up and down the long tendrils. The stems with the purple berries can be dried and used in a wild flower arrangement. It has been tested, if you mash the green leaves and rub it on any place on your body it keeps the biting insects away.

The fence has made a good support for the

honeysuckle vine which was covered in sweet smelling yellow blooms this year. The scent kept the air filled with the most pleasant fragrance yet to come from a wild flower. Birds love the fruit the vine produced. The only drawback, it will take over completely if not trimmed regularly.

A myrtle tree is a treasure to have in the landscape. It makes a good shade tree. It grows into crooked trunks with three or more trunks growing up together. This makes an interesting arrangement to set chairs around and it makes a very good shade tree. Certain times of the year I like to rub the leaves together on my myrtle trees, it gives off such a wonderful aroma.

The cypress vine with red blooming trumpet flowers is something I always wanted to grow in my garden. Out of the blue, it appeared one day and it has been around ever since. It keeps spreading, but it is so delicate and easy to get rid of, that I let it grow. The vine is so soft and easy to look at; it's left to grow and enhances everything it touches.

A new flower presented itself at the closing of the season. It's only a sprig, but I will care for it and hope it will multiply. This is known as the wild blue aster. The blooms are magnificent.

No flower would grow without the all-important sunshine and rain. The butterflies and bees are as necessary as the sunshine. The birds add color and sparkle to the garden, also.

This summer, nature took its course around my mailbox; a vine sprouted up and began to grow. The name of the vine was unknown to me.

When it bloomed, the white blossoms were about one and a half inches across. It was a beautiful sight. Next came the wild morning glories, which took a path around the mailbox several times. The bluish purple blooms were so pretty against the box. Some ageratums joined the vines. The Goldenrod would not be outdone, so a bush of that entered the bouquet around the mailbox. The yellow against the blue-violet with the other colors did much for that area.

It has been a wonderful experience this year. I will close the curtains, waiting for the long dreary winter to pass through and hope the next seasons will be just as exciting as they have been this year.



A Story

I had been looking to buy a couch and chair for my den for some time. Last night I finally purchased both of them at Goodwill. The couch looked as if it had just been reupholstered. It was a green plastic like material, with a raised pattern which covered the whole couch; leaving it with a fresh clean appearance. The chair was covered in two different pieces of fabric; one piece was covered in pale pink roses with light green leaves en-twining through the flowers. The material, on the arms of the chair, was of another shade but matched perfectly. The set was placed around in the den, improving that particular dull area. A good bargain had been made, according to something that had been whispered in my ears. The telephone rang while I was admiring the furniture that had just been delivered.

It wasn't good news; my mother was to have an operation while in Florida. I have no idea what was s wrong with her; or why she was even in Florida. I will take a leave of absence from my work on Feb. 1st, or Feb. 2nd so I can care for her. We had made several trips to Florida to keep a check on Mama. On one of these occasions my son's car broke down. He left it parked very close to a home and got permission to leave it there.

These people seemed nice, so he thought it was in a safe place. He reasoned that someone would be slow to bother the car. He wasn't worried about the car. Finally one day, on our way to

Florida, he decided to stop and check out the disabled vehicle.

When we stopped; got out of our car and walked toward my son's car; a car full of strange acting people pulled in behind us and they joined our group and were discussing the car with my son. These people were in a weird looking car; something right out of "The Munster Show", and it looked as if they were wearing some of Ben Franklin's clothing. My thoughts were, what silly things people will do to be individuals. Their actions made me wonder why the sprinkle of night closed in around this space.

However, my mind soon left these people and I went toward the house next to the parked car. When the lady of the house answered my knock, I asked (this was what I called bold action) if I could see inside of her home. I explained to her that I had read about a house built like hers and I was interested in the design. She invited my small children and me in to look around. The rooms were large and airy with plenty of windows, which also meant plenty of light. She was, also, anxious for us to see the view of the house from the top of the hill.

As we walked up the hill behind the house, my children discussed something they had heard about two families of monkeys in this area. They are loose, and roaming about, and everyone was afraid if they met, there would be some terrible fighting to take place. As we kept up our pace and the refreshing wind blew in our faces, there was the most unusually gem-like material on the road, put there by nature. It was so smooth, like marble; some

of it was an amethyst color; as I thought about it, I believe it was amethyst. Some of it was a green-like color; it was as slick as the amethyst; I supposed that was jade; but in other places there was only simple everyday gravel scattered everywhere. This gem-like material was so hard, that it hurt my feet badly as I kept climbing. I was glad when we reached the top of the hill; it was only then that I got relief for my throbbing feet.

On arriving at our destination there was the most spectacular sight awaiting us. There were multi-colored flowers in bloom surrounding the house we had just visited. We did not want to take our eyes from the scene, but we eventually did, for below us were the two families of monkeys that we had just been discussing. They were coming together and began greeting each other. There was no fighting, as had been discussed; I believe they knew each other, perhaps they were friends. It appeared they were even glad to see each other, and they began sniffing one another as they moved on in opposite directions. It was a moment of a lifetime. We knew that picture would never be put before our eyes again.

We joined the folks back at the car and was on our way again. As we were traveling around a very large refreshing lake we came to a place in the road that was blocked by fallen rocks; so we decided to get out of the car and look around for a while, knowing we would not come this way again.

It was such a large, inviting lake, Alvin, my husband decided to take a swim. Kent, the oldest child, followed him into the lake. However,

Gaylon, the youngest son, chose to stay near the shore. He jumped into the water; went straight down and he was awful slow about coming back up. I caught myself holding my breath. What an ordeal! Gaylon was finally back with Brenda, our youngest daughter, and me on shore making everything safe and well where we were. We watched the two swimmers in the lake as they tried to outdo each other.

I became very frightened Alvin and Kent kept swimming further and further out. All that could be seen was two small dots on the horizon, they would not stop, to turn and make their way back to shore. An alligator kept creeping closer and licking his lips, in my mind, over and over again. There could be several different enemies in that lake. These enemies kept overcrowding my mind until there was no room left. At that time and I think it was a very, very good time; I crossed over into a more pleasant situation with all problems dissolved.

ODE TO THE FALLEN TREE

'This beautiful tree stood spreading its branches, sharing its shade with all creatures, making space for birds, animals and other living things so they would have a home. The human travelers could stop, enjoy its comfort for a while and then continue on their way. It was exchanging oxygen for carbon dioxide; still helping the living population of this planet to survive.' These thoughts were traveling through my mind as I watch the slowly decaying tree turn back to earth which will be its last commitment.

This tree lived once; brightening its corner and doing all it could for the earth. It continued, I would guess for fifty years, not long for a tree, before tragedy struck. The tree swallowed its dignity and went tumbling down losing its life. If trees have spirits and I like to think they do this tree lost its spirit.

I had looked upon this tree trunk many times and had never really seen it. My mind was somewhere else, however, this particular day it was there and it touched my heart; silly, huh?

The ferns grew around the body of the fallen tree adding beauty to that area. The tree has completely disappeared without a trace. This is a reminder that it once stood like millions and millions of others, replenishing the earth as they were programmed to do. This is my contribution to all the fallen trees.



WHY I LIKE TO WRITE

It's not so much why I like to write, but my strong inclination causes me to want to write. It is nice to have a record of each day and create a story from the actions that took place. I do enjoy going back to the time that has passed and read what I have written. It would have been nice if someone had encouraged me to write in my growing years, or maybe it wouldn't have been so good because discouragement could have entered the scene and other thoughts may have taken hold and steered me in another direction. I have wanted to write for a long time. My thoughts turned to writing in 1954 when I was expecting my third child. Each night as sleep escaped me I would lay there and think how nice it would be to write. My mind would start rambling on the subject of writing; wondering how to get started. I even tried writing but it never worked out. My ideas of writing went on for several months until I was able to sleep again.

I never had the skill to write a good letter so why would these thoughts come to me?

I do remember one assignment in school and the only one that was ever given to me on writing, other than the book reports that we had to turn in after reading a book.

When I was twelve, my assignment was to write a fictional story. I struggled, erased, rearranged, rewrote and almost screamed before I came up with something worthwhile to hand in for that class. The teacher never asked for any of the

writings to be turned in. It was never read nor corrected; I accomplished nothing from that writing. However, I like to think that a thought was put in reserve for a later time as was the okra seed that laid dormant for several years in a plot of land we had used for a garden. The dirt was stirred a little in the same garden spot, and up came the seed after all those years and made a beautiful and producing plant.

I started writing when my children were small; not regularly, but now and then, same as I do now. I would try writing things down that happened during the day but, when the children became older, they would find what I had written and read, without my knowledge. This was revealed to me, several years later, when the children learned to read. They loved to keep up with what I was writing and their searching was constantly. I never tried to hide it from them.

This, jotted down almost fifty years ago, I would like to share with you: It was December 14, 1961. This morning Gaylon, our youngest son, awoken early, ate his breakfast and said he was sleepy. I had put his bed away, which was a fold-away. I told him to get on my bed and take a nap, so he did. A few minutes later I checked to see how he was doing. He was asleep with his head covered. I uncovered his head and when I did, his teddy bear, which I had bought my five year son, two years ago was enclosed in his arms and he was resting peacefully, letting the world go by. This beautiful sight touched my heart completely. I most likely would have lost the memory if I had not

written it down. Incidentally, my son still has that teddy bear packed away in a safe place.

If I had been writing when I was in the eighth grade I would have remembered the nice girl's name that sat in front of me in that class. The name has escaped me completely, but I do remember that particular day, so vividly. The classroom became our lunchroom for that day only; most likely bad weather was the cause. It wasn't so bad when you can go out and eat your lunch by yourself, but eating next to your classmates that was terrible for me.

I was so ashamed of the fried Irish potato biscuits I had for lunch that day. They were good eating, even today, and the smell is very appetizing. There was nothing wrong with the food in my lunch bag, the problem was me. I eventually, pulled the biscuit out, the girl with the forgotten name, the one I thought so much of, spoke out and said, "You know what I want, is a fried Irish potato biscuit." She was so serious about her statement. I wish I had offered her one.

The class would stand and sing, 'Tramp, Tramp, Tramp the boys are marching', the girl with the forgotten name, had a beautiful voice. She and I would look at each other and laugh as we were stomping, like we were marching. Evidently, the teacher was not in that day. He was nice but would not have allowed this foolishness in his class room. He was the first male teacher for me and it took some time for me to get used to him.

In that room, an adult lady spoke to the class and because I did not write her name down it has

been forgotten, also. I suppose she was filling in for the regular teacher. Maybe that was the same day the teacher was absent. Who knows? If history is not written quickly, you may lose some of it. She wanted us to look at a certain grove of trees next to the cemetery. The Methodist church and cemetery joined the schoolyard at that time. No way to miss the trees and she went on to say, "Several Union soldiers were buried there on the right side of the trees." That was sad because they were so far from home even though they were the enemy, only doing what they had been assigned to do.

My grandfather sixth generations ago, had a son killed and buried up north. It would have been nice if his tomb could have been in the local cemetery with the other confederate soldiers from this area.

A terrible battle was fought in that town. Every home was burned, except the one used as a Union hospital.

As the year 1943 moved forward; I finally learned to like the male teacher, he was also the principle. The depression was still showing its ugly fangs, depriving people of money and everyone was trying to help with the war effort. The teacher and his wonderful wife planted sweet peas without me knowing it. Others may have known because this was my first year there and my last. They invited us for a wonderful lunch.

Then we proceeded to make corsages for our eighth grade graduation which was that night. It was raining that day, more like a sprinkle. The teacher remarked, "More rain more rest." I was

speaking mostly to someone close by and I said, "Therefore, more rain more grass and more grass more work." The principle heard, and wanted to know what I'd said. I wasn't disagreeing with him, only quoting my theory. Since, I never wrote it down at that moment, I can't remember the teacher's remark. He never showed any irritation, that he was upset with me.

Grandma had bought me a complete outfit for graduation. It was made from thin white material with a circular skirt and had double ruffles running around the skirt from top to bottom. A bolero trimmed in the double ruffles accompanied the dress, also.

The eighth grade class graduated that night, and it was a happy moment for everyone. The corsages, with the pale sweet pea colors, were pinned onto our clothing, making every-thing seem brighter.

It was sad, also, this was our last time in this educational facility; where learning was concerned. We were passing on to a higher grade. We were growing up, beginning to make a place in the world for ourselves or that's the way I looked at it.



THE FIRST ADVENTURE

My brother Charles came and spent a couple of nights with me some time ago. My two brothers are always an enjoyment. The other one is named John. Never a dull moment takes place when either one is close. Charles usually comes on Sunday afternoon and goes back on Tuesday morning. You never know what will take place before the day is finished.

We arose early that Monday and after breakfast, Charles said! "Why don't we go and look at some antiques." I liked the suggestion very much, so we left going on our mission.

As we approached the main road Charles said, "Let's turn right," which is directly opposite of town. Nothing was said, he already knew the way to go. A mile, into our adventure was a crossroad. He decided to go straight. Of all the years I have lived here; that road was not traveled very far by me. We kept moving down the road he had chosen, the trip was preceding well, it was a beautiful, sunny day, a good day for riding and going sightseeing.

Suddenly, everything began to deteriorate; the banks of the road began to close in but, perhaps it was because it was all new to us. I suggested we try to find the highway, but Charles kept straight ahead. We traveled a few miles onward and then he said; "I supposed we should turn around and go back."

My reply was, "Let's go a short ways yet, because it seems to me as if things are looking better. He took my advice and as we moved on, the road did look more promising. As things became more comfortable, Charles began to talk about this house he was interested in. I think it was a hurricane proof house, which was made with a half circle for the roof and it had windows in the front and back.

As we were moving on and making good time, we had to stop for a train. I suggested he make a left turn and so Charles did. Not knowing where we were, the traveling and talking continued about the house. My eyes were straight ahead and the first thing I knew we were turning around. I said, "What now?" "I am going back to look at that house they are building, the one I like so much, the one I have been speaking of." he remarked. I was going to remain in the car, but the owner invited us in, and gave us a good tour of the house being built.

We bid the good people goodbye and complimented the owners of the house for doing such a good job, and thanked them for allowing us to stop in. We were on our way again, to where I didn't know. Several miles down the road Charles turned right onto the interstate, and traveled on to see my son and his family for a while. They were glad to see us; we had slipped in on them. Our visit was very enjoyable. It was our time to return home leaving a wonderful day behind us.

One thing never took place that day; we never visited the first antique shop.

My Search for Wilford

I refuse to believe that my grandfather, Wilford, just walked away leaving his wife and baby behind without a reason. He did want to take his family with him but Grandma refused to go. I know he loved them. It was reported that Wilford was caught gambling near the Yazoo River. Wilford's father-in-law was a law officer at that time. I was told; that he was not a tolerant man. Perhaps, he had something to do with my grandfather's quick departure. It seems he left in such a hurry, that he left his steamer trunk behind. It would not surprise me if he left without extra clothing. I suppose everyone had their own idea what happened to him. It was rumored that he may even be on the bottom of the Yazoo River.

The steamer trunk was passed down to me. I searched it good hoping to find a secret compartment, (I am always searching for hidden things), with something about Wilford in it. One little picture would have been a great blessing for the family. There was nothing. I ask my dad about a picture his reply was, "I was so angry because he left me. Yes, there was a picture." That was all he said and that was all I ask. Did he destroy it, it sounds as if he did?

My grandfather was following the lumber business when he came to Mississippi in the early twentieth century, we are not sure, but he may have come with a party of lumbermen from a town in Indiana. This group settled in what is now Marion

County, Mississippi and named the settlement after the town they had left behind which was Kokomo, Indiana. If Wilford did come with these men, he just kept on walking until he arrived in Yazoo County, Mississippi, where he met my grandmother.

Wilford and Mozelle were married May 19, 1907. They settled in a community called Phoenix, Mississippi. My father entered this world two years later in the same place. One year had passed after the birth of my dad, I believe my grandmother was very surprised and disappointed when Wilford decided it was time to move on or maybe he had no choice. I want to believe he had an ultimatum. That was the last time he spoke to his wife and son. They never heard from him again as far as I know. This separation left Grandma with an unfounded fear that her son would be kidnapped by his father, or a member of Granddad's family. However, that sounded as if they separated on unfriendly terms and perhaps they did.

Now, my grandmother had to make different living arrangements, she had a young son to support at a time when jobs were few for women outside the home. I can see this young girl with a heavy heart, packing the few belongings, taking her young son and moving back to the home she had just left three years ago. The home was probably somewhat crowded, but they made do the best they could.

Granma's mind was on making a living for her son; which was a troubling experience she had to encounter. She finally found a job down on the Yazoo River. She was a cook at a plantation, called

Harworth. She worked there for a few years and finally became the daughter-in-law of the man who owned the plantation.

My father had a very difficult childhood, without a father to guide him. I know this, not from my Dad, but from remarks others made throughout my life. I am sure mistreatment was the cause of his anger.

Ever since I was very young I always wondered what happened to my grandfather; it was on my mind constantly to find Wilford. Did he go to war when World War 1 came along? Perhaps, he married again, as my grandmother did after several years. If he had another family, then I could have aunts and uncles I never knew about. Did he ever think of the child he left behind and wonder about his welfare? I like to think he was happy in his new life; and I do hope he was, but how could he be without forgetting the past.

Many years passed by, without learning anything about Wilford. It was like he had vanished from this earth. Disappointment was mounting. My journey was passing quickly, also, however, when exchanging conversation with an acquaintance, one I had known for several years, she mentioned going on vacation to Tipton, Indiana. Being curious, I ask how far it was to Kokomo, Indiana. Fran, the friend I was talking to, "Said it was very close."

I related to Fran all I knew of Wilford. Fran wanted me to write her aunt and include all I knew about my grandfather, which were only the names of some of Wilford's brothers and sisters. That was

all that had been handed down to me by my father.

I wrote immediately, because this made me so excited and I had waited so long to hear something about Grandpa. I thought I was on the trail of my grandfather, Fran's aunt lost no time in sending a reply. She knew a man by that name, but did not believe it was my grandfather. I was so disappointed in her reply; however, the aunt had included another name and address for me to contact.

This contact was Nettie, the wife of my grandfather's brother. After all these years I had finally found Wilford Harrison Plake, so to speak.

In our correspondence Nettie wrote, that Wilford died out West somewhere in the early twenties, she did not know the location and I have not been able to find out where he was buried. It was sad and a disappointment to learn he was already dead. I never knew my grandfather, but I did get to know a little about my great aunt. She wrote that she, too, never got to know him well. Why? The reason is he liked to travel.

A Wonderful Christmas

We all sat around, thrilled with the clean warming heat coming from the open fireplace waiting for Santa Clause's visit in our two room house on a hill facing the Yazoo Delta. The year was 1934 and the terrible depression was in full control keeping everyone within its cold clutch. If it wasn't for Santa, we would not have had Christmas at all.

My mother was rocking baby John {we called him Franklin then} in front of the pleasant fire. She looked so tired. She had been working so hard that week preparing food for the event that would soon be upon us, the magical kingdom it was, she wanted us to spend a day or two with fresh thoughts on our minds and carry them over for a while. Katherine was sitting on Daddy's knee and looked at him and said; "Does Santa really come tonight?" It was unbelievable to her. "Yes he does," my fathered answered, "But not until everyone is in bed and fast asleep and the fire is out so Santa can come down the chimney." "I wonder why he waits for everyone to be asleep? Is he shy?" Daddy kept answering her as she kept asking questions. "No, that's not it at all. The children would get in his way and he would have to wait until they moved, and he doesn't have much time to spend at each house." My father kept giving her answers until she began to close her eyes and she was finally dreaming of Santa.

Everything was ready for Santa. We had all

worked placing decorations on the mantle, which was sprigs of holly on each end, and the holly tree was decorated waiting for Santa. The wreaths were as pretty as the tree and hung in their places. Now, we were ready except, all were not asleep. Sleep overtook me also; I could take no more. The bed was beckoning and awaiting me. Sleep grabbed me and carried me into another dimension. The night was peaceful and pleasant; it seemed to have passed so quickly. As sleep left and went on its way there was a familiar odor in the house. It smelled of apples and oranges and all the good things that go along with Santa's visit.

The magical kingdom arrived as we slept, and it would stay with us for some time. The new toys were everywhere. Fruit, nuts, and the raisin which had dried on the cluster and a few firecrackers were part of our Christmas. A doll was given to me and a long stocking completely filled to the top. Each little item was examined until there was no more to pull from the stocking. The memory of what Katherine and John received left my mind a long time ago. Most likely Katherine became the owner of a doll as I did.

John was a baby so his toys were probably soft to his touch. There was joy and happiness in every corner of the house; however, it usually was even without Santa's visit.

Mama led me into the kitchen to show me where Santa had eaten some cake and drunk some milk. Wasn't that something? He had also left a couple of crumbs on his plate.

There was our Christmas dinner and all

those cakes and pies that we ate for several days. We all had waited for the angelic moment to come and make its rounds. When it did we had thoughts of moments of this event. It stayed with some of us several weeks; for some not as long and others for years. What a trip it had been!



WINTER

Ole Man Winter comes howling through bringing his depressing winds affecting people and animals alike. The people stay inside not wanting to leave the warmth of the house, and the animals hide away in protective places trying to survive through Mr. Winter's stay. He destroys all that is possible. Sometimes he arrives bringing with him a tree storm. The rain will freeze to the trees and each minute the ice makes the limbs heavier and they break; they fall and destroy what's under them. He has a very important job to manhandle and he does his job well; so I am not complaining and what he does he is assigned to do it.

When Mr. Winter does decide to leave the snow behind, he makes the most beautiful landscapes for everyone to appreciate. Most are never ready to turn their backs on the scenes; so that brings the camera into action, snapping images so the scenes can be enjoyed indefinite.

At one time, Ole Man Winter would scope down smiling because he knew he was leaving clean snow for everyone's fun. Sugar was added to the large pan of good snow, with the condensed milk and flavoring combined making a wonderful treat and that's all that's needed for a feast. The snowman was waiting to be constructed from the clean white snow with using a carrot for the nose, placing a wrap around the shoulders, thin dark rocks for buttons and eyes and all of this combined together completes the snowman. Something else awaits the group; the snowball fight that is lots of fun it can

last a while. The children rides down the hills on the home made sleds. This is a big change from the hot summer months.

This time of the year can bring relaxation and a time for planning for the following year putting you ahead of most everything. Decomposition takes place during this time of the year. It is time to repair and put tools in order.

After the storm has finished its journey: and the ground has healed some; and the fun time is over; watch out! Your car can sink to the axle without any effort. In a month or two after the ground has healed some and things began to clear away. The doves will soon be making their circuit once more getting the house ready for raising their babies, preparing them for the world they will soon encounter. Other birds will be stirring and gathering material for their home so they can go through the same process as the doves.

The hum of the bumble bees will be loud and clear while searching for pollen to feed the queens buried beneath the ground.

The new birth was worth waiting for, after all the cold, ice , snow and rain, therefore, you see the value of Spring is so much more, because of the discomforts of winter, anyway the whole thing comes to what you make of it.

Oh No You Don't

Take notice of what is taking place around you or before you know it you can be in an awful situation and have no idea how to free yourself. It came on me so slowly; it was happening to me and I couldn't see the errors. The longer it went the stronger the hold it had on me. It made sure to remain quietly as possible holding me down so I wouldn't comprehend my problem.

Well, the situation kept building and building, I began slowly to realize that something wasn't right. I had to solve my problem soon. I set my mind to working because it hadn't been operating as it should have. This monster took hold of my self-respect and did as he pleased with it. I believed I was still strong enough to shed the monster that had taken hold of my body.

One day while going into a department store I was on my way again; going straight to the trouble spot that has caused all my problems. I stop abruptly and said almost out loud, OH NO YOU DON'T and turn right here and take your business to some other place. So I listened to that voice and it healed my addiction then; well, I don't say right then but all that I needed was to avoid the material department and that I did.

The material department could never be passed without me picking out the most beautiful piece of material that was on sale. That was a strict regulation it had to be on sale. This went on

forever. There was no way the sewing machine could work that fast. So the material piled up. I had run out of space an eon ago; however, material is my weakness. It must be the colors and the way they blend. Sometimes material is ordered; not too often, just see what it looks and feels like.

That habit or addiction was hung to dry and so it did. The trip to the material department was always cancelled, just that simple. I could never leave well enough alone; much later my name was found on the quilting club membership list. The visits to the material department became just a little more frequently; however my mind stayed alert on what was taking place. Everything went well and a lot was learned; and there is still a lot more yet to learn; but every once in a while stop and say, OH NO YOU DON'T and always turn right.

IT IS TIME

It is time for me to share with you a very small area that claimed its spot in our yard some time ago. It all started when my oldest grandchildren were small and playing where an old chicken pen once covered the site. The shade there was good, but the briars had lost no time in devouring it for themselves. It was decided that would be a good place for the children to play; there would be trees to climb, and the coolness of the shade would complete the necessary elements required for them to play outside.

I assigned myself the job of cleaning up the chicken yard; but I already had a full time job and the house work could not go undone; with not much time to spare it would take some time before the job was completed. I planted the English Dogwood against the deteriorating rusty chicken wire so the children wouldn't injure themselves. It made the area more pleasant to visit the space. It brought more beauty to the play pen while protecting everyone. I kept working trying to create a more pleasant place; the time was passing rapidly and the grandchildren's moods were changing. Would you believe; they were too old to play in that area when the site was ready and waiting for them? I continued working on the spot placing benches under good shade trees and improving it continuously. Finally a concrete table and benches found their way into the setting. Flowers were being planted; bringing more color and enjoyment

for everyone who visited that section. Yaupon came up naturally adding much to the scenery with the red berries decorating the bush and some were trimmed into hedges. Paths were constructed through the space making it more pleasant for all to see and use. There were two large flower pots arranged for the entrance into the Outback; that's the name I gave it after the Outback of Australia since my son has made that his home. As you walked between those two pots the air changed immediately. It was cool and moist producing a more inviting place for everyone. Many people did not mention the change but John; my brother did as soon as he entered the place.

One year the mosquitoes took over the Outback. There was no way anyone one could enjoy it. Spraying couldn't persuade the mosquitoes to move an inch.

On the 4th of July of that year, everyone met in there and shot fireworks leaving a thick cloud of smoke. That caused the pest to leave the area for the rest of the year.

There were several beautiful, healthy trees in that space and had been growing there for several years making gorgeous, useful shade to keep it cooled. Two large long leaf pines were growing several feet into the open space above. Several large water oaks had placed themselves in the void spots and a bench was placed beneath one of them.

The huge privet tree was located close to the middle of the play area. Bricks had been placed around it and azaleas were located inside the bricks. I had made a flower pot from an old purse. The

idea came from a garden magazine and it had flowers planted in it.

Someone shared a snapshot of the old purse with me and I had to go immediately and check on the pot. Cats had scratched the flowers out so they were replaced, immediately.

The grandchildren began to appreciate it as they grew older and would bring their friends to entertain them with a picnic lunch on the concrete table and benches.

A swing was placed beneath a red oak tree. A pretty plastic table with chairs was moved under an oak tree; giving more places to sit and relish the site while drinking some refreshing drink.

The spot turned into a restful and enjoyable place. There was a shady spot for everything to be placed under and arranged into the best design possible. It was an enjoyably place for several years and then tragedy struck. All the work was ruined.

Katrina came through showing no mercy on anything and visited a long, long time even though she was not welcome. She would not move on. She kept pushing against the trees and then would slack up waiting for them to go back into place. Wham!

She would strike again this went on until the tree could stand no longer. Some trees were twisted so badly before they fell. A huge pine was twisted badly in the Outback before it decided to fall. The big privet hedge tree hit the ground; but no oak trees fell.

When the storm decided to clear out, the

recreation area was nothing but downed trees and smashed bushes.

We began on the edge and sawed our way through, cleaning up as we could. The concrete table and benches were not damaged however the shade that covered them had disappeared. We had extra help to come in and helped us with the cleaning and relatives were a great help, also.

After several years have passed, my mind is telling me it is time to start repairing the Outback. It will take some time and will never be the same again.

However, the benches, swings and other articles can be replaced. That project has been selected for this summer. It is time.

DE JA VU

The ad caught my attention; it announced an “open house” for the Antiquated Home and proclaimed its annual opening. It is located in the middle of Georgia near the Ocmulgee River which is known for its slow moving current and a relaxation that can send a person to a magical land. The advertisement was in one of the free papers that I picked up at the Welcome Center.

The announcement went on to say that the house was built before the civil war. It was my understanding they enjoyed it several years before the war materialized. The antebellum home has remained in the same family ever since it was built. It is a museum now and has been for a long time. The family has been able to keep it repaired from a small fee the visitors pay as they enter the house.

I showed the ad to my husband, Louis. It contained a picture of the house; and it was a beautiful house. I told him I had to go visit that place because, sometime in the past, I believed that was my home. It escapes me what era I lived there but I know it was twice and perhaps it was three time. I have already seen the first and second floor but there has never been a chance to see the top floor that I can remember. It has always been my desire to go back and see the third floor. I was so excited, my behavior could hardly be restrained; but somehow I managed to keep control of myself. However, I can't believe the way everything turned out.

The plans for the trip were started very soon after the discovery of the announcement at the Welcome Center. Our close neighbors were asked if they would like to go with us. They quickly accepted and even said they would take their SUV and drive. The driver came up with the idea that maybe their close friends would like the ride over with us. They were asked and hesitated somewhat, but they thought it out thoroughly; and decided they would go. They reasoned it may be a long time before an opportunity that good passed their way again. After all plans had been agreed upon the group gathered and loaded into the SUV.

Everyone was feeling their best even though it was early in the morning. It had to be planned this way because it would be a rushed trip, and also, it was a wonderful day for traveling. The weather was perfect. We would stop to walk and exercise our limbs, buy snacks, fill up with gas if needed and then be on our way with everyone still having a great time. Our group was going to see the house for the first time. It was again- -for me, except for the top story of the old antebellum home. I felt it was yippee for me because I had waited a long time to enter the third floor of that house. We left early so we would have time to go through it thoroughly and not miss anything.

The house was so beautiful and everything was trim and in place; waiting for the visitors to arrive and view the huge splendid showcase.

Our group stayed together, took in the first floor, and discussed the furniture, the time period and the style of each piece. That is, what little we

knew about it. The halls were long and wide. The rooms were large with high ceilings and large windows allowing plenty of sunshine to explore every room. We traveled from one end of the first floor to the other exploring every room, not missing anything.

As we climbed the wide stairs to the second floor my thoughts were on the past; thinking of the young girls wearing antebellum dresses that flowed around them as they ascended and descended the stairs, and how long the stairs had supported these people as they traveled up and down them. We remained together as we traveled to the second story hallway; examining each piece of the beautiful old furniture, only looking never touching. The old faucets yielded water for the visitors that passed. I wouldn't have known about that, but I saw the running water as I passed a door. "Well! That means there has been more improvements since the last time I was here." I said.

The morning had passed quickly. The first and second floor had been covered. The owners had come to put things back in order that had been moved around. We had an en-lightening conversation as we traveled back down to the first floor. It was time for them to leave so the owner started the car. A cranky old statue threw a handful of beautiful, very fine red dust against the car and covered it completely, which irritated the owners much and made them angry. The driver put the car in reverse and pushed the statue down and that is where it remained. I found later that this statue had been tormenting the mistress for ages so maybe that

will stop this bewitched piece of work forever.

They invited me to go along with them and see some of the property they owned, but a decision was made for us to walk, and I do like to walk. It was still early yet and plenty of time for me to see the third floor. On the left side of the gravel road was a long stretch of unpainted board fence with vacant land behind the fence. It looked as if the vacant land was in between crops. I could not understand why the fence was not painted or why the road was still graveled.

As we walked we talked and somehow I knew the host's name was Mr. Anderson. "Is that your name?" I asked and he said, "It is." Talking to myself mostly, "How did I know that?" He did a body sign by shrugging his shoulders letting me know he had no idea. That subject stayed on my mind for a while and then changed to the third story of the old, old house. My thoughts kept traveling on about the third floor.

I remember hearing someone say, "The jewels are on the third floor." I couldn't imagine what would be waiting for me to see on the top floor.

The Anderson's were still with us most likely thinking on the same problem I had a few minutes ago. We were on our way back and I looked down on the river. I was standing on an incline watching some kind of animal attacking something that looked like human. I assumed something must be wrong with my eyes. The walk led us by the river, and I had already seen the action taking place and it frightened me very much.

As we crossed that stream of water on a shaky boardwalk, three girls were ahead of me and they stopped. They were facing a closed brown window not trying to open it. The window was trimmed in white paint and it was more like a shutter. It had panels to close the window in.

Everyone was anxious to move on through that window and vacate the shaky walkway. Finally a man worked his way passed us four girls. The walkway was still shaking, and I was shaking, and everyone else may have been doing the same thing. The window was finally opened and all went through safely without a casualty. We were told this was a shorter way back to the old house. We walked on through a beautiful pathway with flowers on both sides. It was more like a garden. The appreciation of the flowers made the route seem shorter. As we approached the house; a sturdy iron walkway placed us on the right side of the river. I saw Louis, my husband, coming to meet me. He was looking very unhappy and he said, "You have waited too long to see the third floor. They are ready to leave now." I suppose an unhappy look showed on my face. I was so disappointed. He kept talking, "It's alright, and we will come again, just you and I."

I changed my disappointment to a talking spree saying, "I had a wonderful time with the Andersons, it seemed as if I have known them a lifetime. "Time does fly when you're having a good time," Louis said, "You are right, time does slip from your grasp quicker than you realize, and I have found it never stays in one place very long, either."

If it had been meant for me to see the third floor at that time I would have seen it. Time was not ready for me to see the third floor. I still have something to look forward to.



SECOND CHAPTER DE JA VU

I have spent this past year wondering why I had not been allowed to see the third floor of the Antiquated House in Georgia. I believe when the time is ripe I will enter the third floor of that old house without any problem at all. The year has passed somewhat quickly but it could have gone a little faster. What could be the holdup that was keeping me out? I hope things work out when Louis and I visit the museum again this year. We will be on our way soon because it is almost time for the old house to be opened again for sightseers.

Louis and I awoke very early that beautiful Saturday morning, and drank a little coffee to wake us up. We were on our way to visit the third floor of the mansion that I had waited so long to see, hoping that nothing would detain me from visiting the third floor this time. It may be boring for him since he saw it last year.

We finally arrived at the mansion without any trouble and found it as neat as it was last year. The statue was still on the ground where we left it the previous year. It was still out of commission. Our minds were already made up; we decided to go straight to the third floor and after that with what time was left we would use it on other things.

I was so elated and told Louis so, my enthusiasm could not be contained; everyone could see the happiness springing from my body as we passed them on the stairwell.

Everything was going well until we started climbing the stairs to the third floor, something came over me; a powerful force that had to be reckoned with, perhaps it was dizziness. Each step we took the force was more powerful than the previous step and making it more uncomfortably to keep my composer. It was strange. An antebellum dress was flowing around my feet; but as I looked down there was only pant legs to be seen.

This action was mentioned to Louis but he sensed I was slowing down with each step. There we stood on the third landing and neither one enjoying it.

The first door we came to on the third floor had several people standing around listening to a guide speak. We stepped into the room and the orator said, "The story has just begun so we will start again for you two." It was a beautiful sunny room; I noticed that immediately even though I was feeling terrible after the walk up the stairs and the strange feeling that still had its hold on me. A strong looking chair was close and I eased into it very carefully hoping nothing would fall apart. When the long breath exercises started, things began to look up for me. The room had the look of a young person's room to me.

"This was Virginia's room years and years ago." The guide began to speak again, "She loved the way it was decorated; and she wanted it no other way. She also loved her father much, more than her room and when she was young she would stretch her arms out as far as she could trying to measure her love for her father and she would always shake

her head back and forth letting them know it was not enough; and everyone would laugh.

She was a beautiful child and every one she met would become her friend; and her goal was to make everyone laugh. Not that she didn't love her mother because she did. Well, as a matter of fact the whole family was close. Virginia was a happy go lucky girl wanting everyone to be happy the same as she. When she was about sixteen, her father had a necklace made for her. It was a very fine necklace with a gold chain and a bird attached to the chain. The bird was completely covered in diamonds and it hung so gracefully around her neck."

The description of the necklace sound very expensive to me; as the thought ran through my mind. Things weren't getting any better for me. Things began to sound too familiar. Dizziness was taking hold of me but I was trying to hold my own.

The narrator continued, "Virginia loved her piece of jewelry; she knew it could never be replaced. She took such good care of it. It wasn't long until her father died from a peculiar disease that sent him to his Heavenly Father leaving his family in total shock; Virginia was hit the hardest. It took her forever to recovery the least bit."

The guide stopped and took some deep breaths and a swallow of water and took another breath and picked up where he had left off. "The family suffered terribly for the next year; as time passed, things began to ease up for them. A gentleman that had lost his wife several months ago began to visit quite regularly. Virginia's mother

had known this man in her younger years so it wasn't like a stranger visiting them. He would always bring his teenage daughter, and she and Virginia became friends right away. After all, they were about the same age; and their interests were about the same which was crocheting and writing poetry."

"Things continued to go well with the two families, and it wasn't long into the future that Virginia's mother and her acquaintance decided to combine the two families. It seemed the right thing to do. Everyone approved of this agreement; besides, the mother needed someone to manage the place. Who would be better than her husband? The wedding date was set, and later a beautiful ceremony was performed in this house where you are sightseeing. There were many guest representing each family of the bride and groom and some traveled for miles away. All the neighbors were present to show their support. It was almost like a neighbor and family reunion if there is such an arrangement. They were hugging, laughing and crying as they greeted each other and wanting to know the current news from everyone; the marriages that had been performed and to whom.

There was inquires of who had brought babies into this world and to whom were they born. The feelings of everyone attending were very high and it lasted for some time."

I kept trying to control myself and not arouse any disturbance among the people listening to the orator. He started speaking again; "The bride's dress was so beautiful and it fit her so well.

The groom was dressed in the latest of that time. Virginia's dress was so beautiful also. It caught everyone's eye immediately. Not only that, she decided to wear the gorgeous necklace her father had given her just before he died. That should never have taken place; but no one suspected such an outcome as what took place, Virginia's stepsister saw the necklace but kept her feelings to herself at that time."

"The wedding went so well without an evil thought circulating among the guest or so they thought. Several weeks later Virginia heard her stepsister begging her father for a necklace like Virginia's. The father said he would try to have one made like hers when things were a little more settled. Nora, the stepsister said, She wanted Virginia's and only hers. From that day forward, nothing was ever the same again. Virginia's necklace was never seen again, either. After Virginia had made twenty years of age, she left this world and traveled back from where she came before she was born and was never revealed where the necklace was hidden."

"Her room was searched thoroughly but no jewelry was found, not that piece anyway. Virginia's father had given that to her and it would always remain hers."

The orator continued, "That is all for today, tomorrow will be another story from another room. I hope this story was enjoyable."

We all agreed it was very interesting; however my dizziness kept getting worse. Later, I was told I had lost consciousness for some time.

Louis was standing close by with a scared look on his face not knowing what to do; but he had been assured that everything was going to be alright. Someone was washing my face with something that was refreshing me. After I was feeling better I asked to see Mr. Anderson and I requested he bring a small sharp instrument something small and thin. On his arrival, I was still shaking, but I managed to walk across the room and with the sharp tool, I lifted a thin piece of board about two inches square from behind a beautiful strip of molding and reached into the space and pulled out the diamond bird attached to the golden necklace and replaced the thin board and all was in order again.

Most everyone had left except Mr. Anderson and those still present were standing around with their mouths gaped open not knowing what to say or think about the action that had taken place; no one was saying a word, not even me! I wasn't able to speak. My mind had to review what had taken place before I could say anything. I sat back down in the chair and let my mind settle a bit before I begun to talk. Louis was there and he was trembling as much as I was. He didn't know what we should do. If we should leave right away and go by a doctor's office, but the longer I sat still, the better the situation became.

Mr. Anderson began to talk; he wanted to know if I saw Virginia while I was unconscious, and she perhaps told me where the necklace was and I said no I didn't see her because I am Virginia, that is I was Virginia back then.

I was asked if I wanted the necklace. The reply

was no; it belongs in this room; displayed and well protected. A short sentence should be added to the story that I heard today. ‘The necklace has been found.’ Louis and I left the mansion shortly afterwards on our way home. That was all we could handle in a day; however, my curiosity had been satisfied and that left no reason for us to return, ever.



These are the Loose Buttons
I placed together.
Only two Loose Buttons are fakes.
Which ones would they be?



Dorothy Plake Case was born and grew up in Yazoo and Warren County, Mississippi. When the family moved to Brookhaven, Dorothy met this guy next door named, Alvin Case. They were married and later five children entered this union making it complete. Alvin died in 1995 after two of the five children Ross and Charlotte.

Dorothy had wanted to write for some time. She had been keeping a diary now and then; but her writing didn't start until three years ago when she went in for a free writing course. She took incidents from her life and created a story around them. Two of these stories are fictions. She also wants you to enjoy the readings.

If you want
another copy of

Loose Buttons

Send \$15.00
and address to

Dorothy Case
53 Cypress Dr.
Picayune MS 39466

Please let me know what you think
about the book.

e-mail me at

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