

8. I don't remember either one of my Grandmothers. My mother was a lady. She didn't have much, but was neat and tidy all the time. She kept the house clean all the time, and the kids, too. She didn't have much to cook with, but could make the best biscuits you ever tasted, and they were never good enough to her. She loved Daddy and her children. She looked in the store windows, and went home and made her own pattern, and made our clothes. Some were out of flour sacks, but they were beautiful. There is never enough I could say about her.
9. My mother always looked the best she could. She kept herself herself made up and dressed, in the latter years, especially. When she was in Mahan in the Nursing Home, she had a room near the front door, I think, because they liked to show her off.
10. She was between 85 and 100.
11. We called her Mudder, I think we tried to say Mother, and missed