

All of the girls tried to follow in Mama's footsteps, but the boys had their own thing going. Luther liked to read and explain the government. Everett liked to mechanic and fix things. Back then, every community had a black smith shop and so did we. Tom liked to work in the black smith shop and fix tools and things. Harvey was the country barber and liked to invent new gadgets. Otis liked to cheer people up. When you got down and out, he would tell something funny and make you laugh. Edward liked to try out his brothers' inventions, which sometimes ended in disaster. Despite everything, everybody grew up and nobody got hurt.

As the children grew up, some becoming teenagers, I got my first public job. There was a one-room school on the Horsepasture Price Road which would be at the back of White's Chapel Baptist Church now. In those days, you didn't have to have a B.A. or B.S. degree. As long as you had been a good student and made good grades in graded school, you could be a teacher. The school was only four miles from home, but I had to board. I stayed in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Clifton who were both fine people. They treated me like one of their own children. My salary was \$40.00 per month, \$10.00 of which went for my board. I thought I was making big money. Papa or Everett would carry me down in the buggy on Monday morning and come for me on Friday afternoon.

In a few years, all the older children were getting public jobs and making homes for themselves. I went to work as a seamstress for Pannill Knitting Company making only ten cents per hour for a long time. When President Roosevelt went into office, the pay went to forty cents per hour. Now I really was making big money and things seemed good. Things kept improving and, in a few years, we were able to build a new home. Our parents had the pleasure of spending their last days there.

I feel like I've seen more changes in my life than any generation. I've lived through five wars (World Wars I and II, the Korean War, Vietnam and Desert Storm). I had one uncle in World War I and three brothers in World War II. Luckily, all returned home. I've also seen transportation from horse and buggy days to putting a man on the moon.

In 1948, I was married to Jesse B. Baker and lived in the Pleasant Grove Community. I have one stepson, Curtis L. Baker, who is real good to me and visits often. After my husband died in 1953, I moved back to the old home place. I worked until my retirement in 1958.

On October 1, 1994, I fell and broke my pelvis. Although I can use a walker to get around, my failing eyesight has limited my activities to sitting around and reminiscing about the good old days. My family is real good to help me and I feel I've been blessed to reach the age of 91 and still be able to think straight.