



# E's STORY

could never bring myself to mention that candy around my mother-- another bad word.

Mrs. Johnson was also the one that tried to teach me to tell time. They had a great-uncle clock on the wall, and she would have me go look at the clock and come back and tell her where the big hand and where the little hand were, and then she'd tell me the time. I'm not sure that her effort took paid off then or not, but I don't remember anyone else teaching me to tell time, so maybe that is where I learned how.

When Vernon and Wayne came home from school I was allowed to go home with them, so when the time came I would sit at the front

