

iron a man's shirt 1st/ the collar, then the sleeves, the yoke and rest. and probably a lot of other things also. I did iron a lot at home, but never cooked as we couldn't afford 'failures' - I could make judg. So when Wayne left, I had his '49 Ford Coupe and had 2 lessons on Gerrish Island. The 1st/ backing up (and into a large ornate gate, thankfully the 'Islanders' had gone - and the 2nd/ parallel parking alongside the road and went into the ditch. (1st/ I laughed - 2nd/ I cried) end of lessons. But some how Deanie rode w/ me and we would go careening around that beach rd. There was a small service station, evidently Charlie used, so I gassed up there. and the hood of that car was tricky & he couldn't get it to close, so I got out and said like this, slam it and slide it over a bit and it caught his little finger and I know if Deanie

was alive today we would crack up laughing again - we did all the way to town! and long after. It was in pain. The second time something needed help underneath, so he told me to drive it in the bay - on 2nd/ thought, I will. So, when he finished he asked if I thought I could back out - well of course! So Deanie & I got in, and all of a sudden a terrible clanking noise - well he was so nervous he had left the dolly under there! So once again we are on our way. I'm thinking by now she worked at a factory? in Manchester. No one ever told me you could go slow, so we were always top speed. and came sailing in one day for gas. He knew your Mom & Dad (and was also a constable) put the gas in & the oil and stuck his head in the window and asked if I had a license! I said yes! so as we left Deanie