

## *Part 1 - Times and Places*

### **Chapter 4 - Favorite Place** (circa 1947-48 in Roswell NM)

I am living in my favorite place with my favorite person, always loving, my paternal grandmother. I could not say, Grandmother. I named her MomMom. Father moved us here for several reasons which I did not realize at the time.

The house seems big to me. Front porch, dining room, living room with a large upright (old player type) piano, kitchen, side bedroom off the kitchen, big bedroom with a restroom at the back portion of the house. It has a basement accessible from the outside which has been built to be a storm shelter. I want to explore.

The yard seems huge to me. The sides or the lot are lined with mile-high Chinese elms. I am so impressed. I can see and smell the linseed oil plant one block away along the railroad track. I hear the trains once or twice a day. There are huge storage bins near the railroad track

I am still on a rather short leash, warned not to go over the alley south to the busy 2<sup>nd</sup> Street. I manage to go over two lots near the house and find the most inviting huge Cottonwood tree. I know that I belong here.

