

I had a wonderful mother and grandmother. They brought much happiness into my life. I felt so loved and protected. My mother was my friend, confidante, sister. We had our spats now and then but usually got over them soon. The most wonderful feeling was to know their love was enduring. Mother's sensitivity, brought out her love, thoughtfulness, kindness and fairness. My mother had many talents, sewing, painting, she made all sorts of clothes, dresses, suits, hats and purses. She made pillows and sewed coverings on chairs. She painted my dad's car, painted shoes, she used a hammer and nails around the house (I forgot) she painted our bathtub. She also painted our living room, dining room walls & ceilings. She got up on a table, & the ceiling, she got a long handled mop. She pushed the end of the mop across the ceiling. A ~~man~~ came in & told mom, it looked like a professional job to him. Mom said, no that was me.

My grandmother was like a second mother to me. She ~~let~~ we read the Kitchen Kletter to her. I loved to read and she ~~would~~ forever listen. She had a beautiful flower garden how many times. I would see her down on her knees, giving it loving care.

I lived with my grandma six winters, as they thought it best for someone to live in with her. <sup>one</sup> time I got the mumps on both sides, mother said, I don't think you should take ~~care~~ of Judy, you've never had the mumps. Grandma said, oh no, I can take care of her. I have eight children and I never got the mumps, well to behold, grandma got the mumps, just on one side, I had them on two. Guess who had the last laugh?

One time in Jr. High I was getting ready for a school dance, I said to grandma "do I look pretty?" Grandma replied, pretty is as pretty does, I said grandma, do I look pretty & she said, pretty is as pretty does. With that I walked away, <sup>not</sup> disappointed in the answer she gave me.

I feel so thankful I was given this mother and grandmother. These beloved memories are forever cherished.

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I WAS in grade school. I was playing on the monkey-bars. A classmate came out and said my teacher wanted to talk to me. I went into my school-room, my teacher asked if I would LIKE to be in a movie? The name of the movie was "A Day In The Life of A Teacher. I know you would like to be in a movie so I chose you and another classmate. She told us we would skip outside, up to the two teachers walk along beside them, talking to them a little bit, I remember I wore a red checked dress and I was in a classroom scene. What a happy experience for me!

Some months later, I received a letter in the mail. I and my parents were invited to a private showing of the movie, "A Day In The Life of a Teacher and also dinner at Stewart School. The movie was in technicolor. The movie showed the teachers, the inside and outside of Stewart School, the teachers dining at Wing's Cafe and Central Park.

The movie was to promote women entering the teacher's field. The movie was produced by Iowa State Teacher's College Cedar Falls, Iowa. The college is called, the University of Northern Iowa, now.

Before I ended my legacy paper, I decided I would see if I couldn't find a little more information about the film. I called the University of Iowa and they were able to find this information for me. This reel of film is 16 millimeter, is in color and no sound. It is a written script, a print narration. Last but not least, it is in the archive, at the University of Northern Iowa. My mystery has been solved, I'm still alive.

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When I was in grade school (3rd & 4th grade) my girl friend and I had special boyfriends. We decided to write them a love note on spelling paper. I wrote on my note, I wanted to go to New York City and wear high-heels. My girl friend's note read, she wanted to be swimming in a lake, she would be about to drown and her boyfriend would save her, plus giving her a kiss. The teacher asked one of the boys, "what's the paper you are putting in your pocket?" He ended up, giving the paper to the teacher to read. Part of the end results was a written note on the back of my report card. "Judy should develop more activities and widen her circle of friends; she easily could, ~~as she is well known~~ liked by all.

The principal contacted my mother and my girl friend's mother. She wanted them to go to Wings Cafe and have a meeting. It was voluntary. My girl friend's mom, called my mom and said, are you going to the meeting, she said I plan to go and mom said I'm not going.

Just slight love note, perhaps we had too grown up thoughts. Was the meeting up, at Wings Cafe really necessary?  
In retrospect, it seems pretty harmless, but then I'm not a teacher, maybe it was necessary.

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I WAS in Junior High, I was chattering away and the teacher came up to me and slapped me hard. The teacher said this is the second time I told you to quit talking. ~~when~~ I want home, I told my mother, "Are you going to do anything about it mom?" Mother answered I might call the principal or the Superintendent. I'll have to think it over. Meanwhile, mom and I went to the Beauty Salon. I had an appointment to get my hair cut. After we got to the salon and started to go in, I jerked on mom's arm and said there goes my teacher out the other door. When it was time for me to get my hair cut, the owner of the salon was ready to cut. My mom said, ~~the~~ "Oh I know who you mean, a teacher at the Siskiyew School the Beauty owner replied. THE Beauty owner said she's having a heart hard time going through the change, she can't sleep, she has Hot Flashes + so very nervous. She said <sup>mom</sup> it's wearing her down trying to teach school. As we were going home from the salon, <sup>mom</sup> I have decided I am not going to do anything against her. I've had the symptoms of Hot Flashes and hard to sleep. I can't strilte a person when they're down. Not even when an art teacher hits your fingers with a ~~school~~ <sup>ruler</sup> ~~asked~~ Judy.?

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When I was in highschool, I participated in Acting, Drama events. A play, seetches and now my vocal teacher asked me to try out for an announcing job on W.M.T. T.V. I was to try out against two boys. I won. I announced the Xmas mixed chorus and Solists musical numbers. I was very happy to be doing the announcing. I shook hands + met Bill Dutcher, a well known T.V. personality at W.M.T.

Then I was asked to be in a contest play by my English teacher. It was to be at the University of Iowa. Jean Seberg from Marshalltown, IA, was participating at the contest. I had hoped to meet her, but didn't get a chance to. Strange Rock, was the name of our play, three other classmates participated with me. When we were through acting in the play, the judge, a professor from Ames, she called out to me, my role name (Annie) do you want to become an actress? I said to myself, she knows my secret, I felt the thrill of a life-time. In addition to the judge critiquing me and the play, I was given a certificate of outstanding performance.

They put it up on the wall in the high school hall and later was given to me. After the critiquing of the play and my other classmates roles, she came backstage to talk to me, she said I would be given a critique of my acting and would send it to me and she did.

My English teacher called my Mom and said I feel like I'm Judy's sponsor. I hope you can send her to Pasadena Playhouse in California. My mother said, I appreciate you calling very much, but we cannot afford to send Judy.

I ~~became~~ received the judge's critique in it she told me, as in person, she told me with the talent I had, I could go on and become a professional actress. Do it if it is the one thing in life you want to do, as its a tough and overcrowded field.

Before my mother passed away, I said to mom, you were always very proud of me, but why didn't you give me more encouragement + support? Mom said I never thought it would make you a living. Mother was a 'realist', I was a girl with stars in her eyes.

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