

**From:** "Sue Minter" <suewminter@webtv.net>  
**Subject:** **childhood of Mary Sue Wootton**  
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Not so strange I guess (as she is our rememberer) that Diane remembers a tale I told them from my past. It was Christmas ; the tree all decorated, presents still under the tree. Family friends came over to wish us well on the holiday: the Ruleys who worked with Dad in the business college I believe. Their boy Henry shot his cap pistol into the tree and it burst into flames. Everything began happening at once. The nurse mother had for Norma Louise was just diapering her and had to run across the street to finish pinning it.

A niece one of the many that Mother gave bed and board to while they went to Lockyears Business college was upstairs and came down on a ladder the fireman put up to her bedroom. Another fire story is when the fire was sweeping through the

trees at the bottom of the hill our house sat upon and we had to stand guard to keep it from spreading . But that is for another time. (I must've been about 4 at the time.)