

Cousin Margaret Ann Hensley Batson

Some of my earliest memories revolve around Steve. I remember sleep-overs when Steve read to me from Hans Christian Anderson's *Fifty Famous Fairy Tales*. He would substitute the word "applebutter" for any word that he didn't know and we would giggle for awhile and then he would continue.

One summer Steve showed me how to pick the worms from the tobacco. I'm sure we quite young, because the tobacco plants seemed like trees when we made a game of crawling along rows of the tall, sticky, green plants.

I don't remember ever seeing Steve study, but I remember asking for his help once. We worked together to write a poem about spiders for my English class. I was so excited about handing in our poem. Mrs. Huffman, my teacher, said it was so obvious that some students had copied poems directly from books, therefore no grades would be given. I was convinced that our poem was so good it was suspect.

I was a teenager when Steve took me for my first plane ride. He was flying something small at the airport in Greeneville. When we were in the air, I motioned to him to do a roll and after that a loop-de-loop. I remember watching the mountain range flip-flopping. On the ground, I was so exhilarated. I asked Steve when to he had learned to do those maneuvers and he replied "just now".