

she was around grown ups most of the time. And at the time, I lived at home with my parents, with my little sister, my brothers and I got her interested in art. She liked to paint. I let her paint anything she want to and anytime she wanted to. She'd tell stories, and I write them down. She told a little story about a Cut Worm, it really didn't, it was her imagination, I guess, of what she thought a Cut Worm was, but it was a story that made sense so I wrote it down for her. She painted the pictures and we got them put together in a nice little book. Later, my sister was going to the Institute of American Indian Art at Santa Fe, and she took the book to one of her teachers and he thought it was very nice, and he took it to New York to a publisher. They thought they would publish it, but they said it would be a few years before they could get around to publishing the book and everything so it never has been published yet. But when she started to, she went to Head Start, and she had some very good teachers and she was very anxious to go to school to learn and the next year, she planned to go to kindergarten. I think the way teachers' attitudes and the way they dress and everything have a lot of influence upon children when they're in grade school. I guess anytime, she didn't feel that she was motivated. She didn't like kindergarten because every day she'd say, "Can I quit school tomorrow? I just hate to go to kindergarten. If I miss one day, I have to stay in and color the rest of the day." So she felt, finally, during the second semester, they let her drop out of kindergarten. I used to call her Kindergarten Drop-Out but she didn't like her teacher, I guess because she'd come home everyday and she'd say, "Oh, teacher wore the same old dress to school today. She looked like she didn't even comb her hair or she hadn't combed her hair since Monday," and just things like that. I noticed that the things that you wear to school, the kids really notice, and I think it helps their learning. Well, they associate a lot of things with it too. When I, in my first year that I taught school, the school where there were mostly Indian Kids, the first day of school they were also bashful, and they'd smile at me, but they wouldn't say a word. But the next day after I came back to school, I think, all 60 of the Indian kids