

there's some people that kinda I used to own some cafes down here at town. When the Navy came here in Norman, they came and asked me what I would do if Negro sailors came in. I said, "Well, I'd serve 'em just the same as I did cause Uncle Sam put a little thing upon my wall." Said, "He'd fine me \$100.00 if I discriminate against, and of course I wouldn't do it anyhow. I wouldn't discriminate against anybody for your religion, your nationality, not for what God gave you. It's not for me to say that you're good or bad. It's what you do that says you are good or bad, or not. So I don't discriminate people, you know, what nationality they are, their religion or anything. But anyway, I liked to get my ears pinned back down here by some of the Norman people cause I let Negro sailors come in. And in fact is a man walked in and a big blond headed man and he walked in and said, "Helen, are you gonna let those, you know what kind of people they are--eat in here?" I said, "I certainly am, as long as they behave themselves I am going to treat 'em just like anybody else." Well, he ran out. This little fellow came in, I would never have known he was Negro. He was real light. He didn't look like a Negro. Later I said before it didn't make a bit of difference to me. Anyway, he came in and he was very nice. He gave his order and we waited on him. This big blond man came in and honey, he just knocked that poor little man off that stool and I've got a meat cleaver. It's hanging in there on the wall. I used to have it hanging behind the cabinet. I just picked up that meat cleaver and I told 'em, I said, "I'll knock your head off." He said, "You'd take that against me and take his side?" And he called him a dirty name. I said, "I certainly would." I said, "He acted like a man and you acted like an