

always think that way. But I always try to do it the best, you know. I always try. When I do, I try to do the best. Just like, for instance, they brought me here for a teacher. I'm there on the dot. Maybe ten minutes before--like that see. And this man--why he did it--it sure made me made, but I couldn't tell him. He put that head in there! That hog head! And that nose was sticking out, you know! I wanted to laugh. I was just a young girl then. They all look at me like this, too. And I knew that this looked like someone was looking at me, and I was so ashamed! I was the only youngest one, maybe, there. And they gave me that old hog head! I just thought, "My, why did he do that to me for?" But anyway, I sat there. I was taught not to say anything--to be thankful--and not say anything--critize or say anything. So it's all right I guess. But I sure didn't like it--if I could just take and hit him with it! My uncle just take it out and hit him with it! I was going to say, "My don't put it here!" But I couldn't say anything--they don't say anything, you know. You just got to take it. Why, I don't know. That's what I told Frank. Why did Bill put that in my plate for. He knew that I--he ought to give it to some old man! He had to come and give me that old head! Old eyes looking at me! I went ahead and ate some. Oh, it was nice though. I ate the meat on the cheek, and on the jaws, you know. That was good meat, all that I ate. I couldn't do it. Maybe it was for me to take a practice--like the bread and coffee, pies--or something. Anyway I got up. I never will forget that. And I told somebody right here, I said, "Why I can't eat this. I can't eat this, no--it's going to make me sick." This man, on this side, he leaned over. He said, "You ought to give it to somebody." I said, "I will." I knew Frank was hungry--he said, "You must bring me