

hat, or you fix your hair good, that's all people look at." That's what he used to tell us. Oh, he used to make us sit by him and he'd lecture to us. "And when you eat in somebody else's home, don't try to clean up the dish like it's already clean. Leave the food in there. You're going to eat again. Just show your politeness," he used to tell us. "And help around where you go. And old folks, help them out. And see if anything's out of place and put them in place." All those things he used to tell us. "And get up early in the morning."

(Any reason for that--for getting up early?)

He said, "For your health. Go down to the river--no matter how cold it is. Take a swim. Be clean. And try to take care of your hair." I got a little hair on my head yet and I'm eighty-six years old. Boy, he was a lecturer--he was a lecturer! "And always take care of your fingernails. Don't let your fingernails look like they got eagle feathers on the tip of your hands," he'd say. That used to give him a kick, you know (?).

(How did they used to fix their fingernails?)

They'd take the sandstone (abrader). Of course they'd use a knife, you know, and they'd take a sandstone and file them, you know. "And if you got grandchildren or little brother or little child, don't take them--first wash your hands before you take a child. You might rub in their face--their eye--always keep your hands clean." And I do that today, yet. I never touch my grandkids or any friend's before I go and rinse my hands. That's my father's teaching.

JESS'S CLASSIFICATORY SISTER

(Did you have any sisters that lived with you?)

My sisters all died off. Two of them died--that were older than I was--older than my brother and I--and my younger sister died when she was about nine. Of course we always thought that one woman, my cousin--we always thought it was her older sister--she treat us like our own sister. My mother used to call her "daughter." And she used to call us brothers. And we thought it was our