

around with any of the Indians. We were part German, see, but we weren't allowed to run around with the Germans. All foreigners were thieves, and so on and so forth. And then we we were poor white trash. Anybody that was poor and mixed people like we were, were known as poor white trash.

(Is that what people called you?)

Oh, sure. They didn't call it to us behind our backs, they called it to us to our face.

(They did?)

Sure they did. You know, people were a lot moer plain spoken then than they are now. And I like people better that way. I can respect a person, sayin' it right out. And gettin' through with with it, and not beatin' 'around the bush about it. That's the one thing I could always respect my grandmother for - - I used to always get so mad at her, I could just cut her head off. But she never beat around the bush about any of it. She thought you was ugly, she'd tell you right out. One time she hurt me so bad - - I mean she hurt my feelings and I never had any one tell me I was cute or pretty. Of course I was a pitifully skinny little kid. And I had deep set eyes - my eyes were so dark they were, they were almost black, you know. (Irrevelant conversation with children.) And my nose used to be real pug. I had a real pug nose, but I broke my nose three times. So the pug got out of it. But anyway, I don't have full lips like some of the kids in the family, and they used to tell me my eyes looked like two dark charcoal holes, and my nose was ri ht up between my eyes, and my mouth was just a straight slit. Well, I believed them. I didn't like it. But most of the kids were bigger than me, so I couldn't fight back. So, I didn't argue with 'em. I just accepted it, and went on. I mean, so one time my grandmother - - my sister and I was talking, she was cute as a bug in a rug, she was a real little cutie. We were at my grandmother's house. My sister had brown curly hair, and I had blond stringy hair. My hair was white like Donna's but