

Mabel Kirk

3-1-67

Our big, older folks, you know, they don't even know--they don't know how to write their names. Have to make cross marks on their checks. They were trying to learn 'em how to write their names. Some of 'em done pretty good. They can really learn.

(What were the teachers like?)

They were really nice, but when I first went to school my teacher was mean, her name was Miss McMann. Oh, she was mean. I guess I just felt like that 'cause I didn't know nothing. I couldn't tell her whatever she asked me. See, she whipped my hands if I don't answer her. Tapped 'em with the ruler. Finally I passed up to another room and I had Indian woman teacher. Her name was--I forgot her name.

(What tribe was she?)

I don't even know what tribe she was. Miss Peters, that was her name. Yeah, she's mean, too, but she's better than that other kindergarten teacher. She was really nice, this one, in a way. There were lots of children there going to school.

(Did you have school in the summer?)

No, we didn't have no school. Our school always be out in June--middle of June or 25th of June. We get out late. So we all glad to get to come home that time of the year. See, that time we have to eat our garden up, what they raised.

(Did you ever plant corn in your garden?)

No, we never had no corn. Oh they have parties. One time they was going to have party one night. One morning before that Friday night I took some laundry to the laundry. I met a little bitty boy there. They was a puddle of water there. So he kinda told me something and made face at me and I grabbed him and pushed him in that water. He said, "I'm going to tell on you!" I said, "Go ahead, I don't care." He had no business making faces at me, I told him.