

CHILDHOOD REMINISCENCES AND LIFE HISTORY MATERIAL

It'll be three years and a half and see that way--and my mother was, she was--I remember when my mother was carrying my little brother. And I remember the time--the days would come as I grew up as things would come inside as my mind, become reality and then forget as I lived along like. I was such a cry bag one time. I remember so well my father would say, "You're such a cry bag," in Indian, "You're such a cry bag." Mother was just as sweet as she could be. And she didn't say much, as much as she could, but my dad was the one to correct the whole house. Just like he'd say, "Mary, you cry so much. If you don't quit crying I'll throw you out where the owls can get you." That's just a saying to us. They wouldn't do that. It was just a saying, so I would shut up. Just like you folks must say, "If you don't hush, I'll have the boogers after you." Like that see, but he'd say the owls because I used to hear them and they say "Oo, oo, oo!" Like that, you know. That scare me. Is that tape on now?

(Yes.)

Oh, my--it's taping me, and so that was--and then I keep on there and I remember when my mother and my people use to pick the strawberries, wild strawberries. And they were--I remember that just off and on--come to, like, say, you open your eyes--they must be my mind opened up. And see and forget, see and forget, like that. And the strawberries something like that, them days, just grow wild, and we used to pick them. My mother and my father picked them and they use to pick buckets full--like that--big pails like that big pails--tin pails. Tin pails about 4 or 5 of them, maybe more, and we'd take them. We'd take them and next morning in the cool there would be so many there that it don't take no time. Sometimes we'd have a dishpan full. And take 'em there. And we--my dad--would--