

**JEANETTE:**

You won't believe how I got this hat. Ten years ago, when I worked in the cosmetics department at Thalhimers, a white girl that worked with me came up to me one day. Pam was her name. Pam came to me and said, "My great aunt gave me a hat, and you know I don't wear hats, but I think you might like it." So, I'm thinking, "A little ol' white lady from West Virginia is not gonna have the kind I'd wear." But I said, "Well, just bring, it. If I can't use it, I'll find someone who can." The hat was in one of those old-fashioned hatboxes. The box had strawberry-red and white stripes with a beige, velvet-rope handle across the lid. I took the lid off and saw nothing but tissue paper. I pulled the paper away and I saw what looked like feathers. A couple of ladies in church have even asked to wear it, but I'd lend my children before I'd lend my hats. I know my children know their way home, but my hats might not.