

**MOTHER SHAW:**

Back when I got my first hat, blacks could only shop at certain stores. Those were some different times. Every Saturday we would do downtown. We'd go to Mother and Daughter, Anchor, and Davis, and all the other stores blacks could go to. Back then, you could get a nice hat for ten dollars, and you got a really good hat. One of the stores black people couldn't shop in was Montaldo's. It was "Whites Only." I'd walk by with my head in the air like, "I'd like to shop in here. But it doesn't bother me that I can't." I stuck with that attitude. "My money's green, too. If you don't want it, so be it." In the sixties, we were finally allowed to go in Montaldo's. The first time I went in, it made me feel good to show them that I could shop there. I got all dressed up. I said, "If I don't have but just enough to buy one hat, they'll never know it." I strutted in, playing the part just like that I had money. I was going to get the prettiest hat I could afford. I'd pick one up, turn it around, take a look at the tag quickly, and put it back if it was too much.

"May I help you?"

But she was looking down her nose like she was thinking, I know she's not going to buy that hat. That made me even more determined. If it took all the money I had at that time, I was going to purchase that hat. As I opened my purse, she said,

"Will that be a layaway?"

I pulled out all these crisp bills and smiled. The lady looked shocked. I bought that hat, took my bag, and strutted out just like I strutted in.