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4-9-2014

### Statement by Regina Petit collected by Charlotte Bacon on April 9, 2014

Regina Petit

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### General Information

**Private or Public Statement?** - Public Statement, Non Anonymous

**Statement Provider:** Regina Petit

**Date:** April 9, 2014

**Location:** Motankomikuk, ME

**Previous Statement?** No

**Statement Gatherer:** Charlotte Bacon

**Support Person:** Stephanie Bailey

**Additional Individuals Present:** Carol Wishcamper, Commissioner

**Recording Format:** Video

**Recording Length:** 01:58:28

### Recording

**CB:** Let's make sure it's going. When it's a pulsing red sound - pulsing red light, it's going. So, we're at 4 seconds, 5 seconds, that's great.

**RP:** Mmm-Okay.

**CB:** So Regina, thank you so much for being here.

**RP:** She looks so sad.

**CB:** (*Laughing*) I'm not sad, I'm not sad- 'm sad to put you through all these , these, these uh-preceding moments. You know (*laughing*) there's all this building up and you poor woman, you just want to say what you want to say.

**RP:** I don't know.

**CB:** Um. I, I just need to say for TRC records that this is April 9th. Um, I'm Charlotte Bacon here as statement gatherer.

**RP:** Okay. Oh—Regina Petit.

**SB:** Stephanie Bailey. I'm Regina's support person.

**CW:** Carol Wishcamper, TRC commissioner.

**CB:** And—

**RP:** Commissioner?

**CB:** Yes, exactly—

**RP:** Whoa, girl (*laughter*).

**CB:** Exactly. Um.

**RP:** Whoa.

**CB:** And I just need to hear that you have given your informed consent.

**RP:** Yes, I did.

**CB:** Fantastic. The, the one other piece that has to get stated so that it's held in the record is that if anything comes to light during the course of this statement that you're providing that, uh, involves, uh, harm to anybody, whether it's an elder, a minor, or if their harm has been done to somebody and it comes to light, or if we feel that you are, uh, at risk of harming yourself- we have to take that information and bring it out to the world at large. We can't hold on to that information and keep it confidential. Does that make sense to you?

**RP:** Not really (*laughing*).

**CB:** Okay. So that, if, if, say somebody's telling a story to us and it turns out that part of that story involves, involves a child who's living in a home where that person feels the kid is in—

**RP:** That's outside of me? Oh, okay, Yup. Yup.

**CB:** Or—

**CW:** Or it could be abuse—

**CB:** It could be abuse or harmed—

**CW:** Or, or is in jeopardy right now.

**CB:** Right.

**CW:** If you tell us that, we can't in good conscience not do something.



**RP:** Okay.

**CB:** So we'd have, have to take that information and if we felt that you were in, in, at risk of hurting yourself, we would have to tell somebody else as well.

**RT:** Okay.

**CB:** Just so that that is said. And, that is that, and then I have to state the file number very clearly. So that it's there—

**RP:** Okay precious, okay (*laughing*).

**CB:** Um. This is file number M201404 00036 003.

**RP:** That's my number.

**CB:** It's your number.

**SB:** That's your number (*laughter*).

**RP:** That's my number.

**CW:** Yeah, right (*laughing*). Tattoo it.

**RP:** Yeah, You make me... okay, okay.

**CB:** The other thing we need to tell you is that this is a, a patch of tobacco for you to hold and use and handle if you want to - if it provides comfort or support while you're telling your story. And that if there are tears that come, we save the – the tissues that the tears are held on and that at the appropriate moment at toward the end of this process all of these are saved and they're, they're burned in sacred fire to release the sadness that's held inside them.

**RT:** I have a black pouch.

**CB:** If you'd like to use that –

**RP:** Maybe I should. I was wondering about that. Because it's got little people in it.

**CB:** If, if—would you like that?

**RP:** So, then, no, what I like to do is to donate that.

**CB:** Ohh...lovely.

**RP:** --into a basket.

**CB:** Lovely.

**RP:** But I can't move because of this. Right? I mean, this.

**SB:** Oh, you can do whatever you want.

**CB:** You can do whatever you want.

**SB:** Because once you stand up, nothing will see you.

**CB:** No, it's not going to see you.

**RP:** No, no, no. I mean, I'm just saying, the sound of the recording.

**CB:** No. Don't worry. We can pause.

**RP:** I'm thinking. I think I know where it's at.

**CB:** Great.

**RP:** Yeah, yeah. Yeah, 'cause I used to play with that. I love that I used to play with that.  
[00:03:41.08]

**RP:** Yeah. Here it is. It's old. It's very old. See? Yeah. These are, let's see, the little people. So, let me see. I hope they're still in there. Come on out.

**CB:** Oh.

**CW:** Oh, how wonderful.

**RP:** Wait a second. There's more.

**CW:** Do you know the story behind this?

**RP:** Um, I did but—what's this? What is this? Oh, nothing prob—oh, yeah, yeah, yeah. There it is.

**CB:** Oh, love it- trouble dolls or worry dolls. Yeah.

**CW:** I remember those. I remember those.

**CB:** I have a friend who brought me some once from Guatemala. I think that's. Is that where they're fro- yeah, that's where they're from, it says.



**RP:** Yeah, there they are.

**CB:** Oh, beautiful.

**RP:** Yeah, yeah. You see?

**SB:** Those are so cute.

**RP:** Yeah, yeah. And there just... oh there's another one in there, but anyway. One, two, three, four, five, there's six of 'em. So I thought well, you know well maybe, I don't know, maybe somebody would appreciate or something.

**CB:** Oh that is beautiful.

**RP:** Yeah, so I just. You know, just put that as a gift. This bag is old. Okay. There. I don't know what they're gonna do.

**SB:** And the other little pouch is yours.

**CW:** Yeah, the tobacco is yours too.

**RP:** Yeah but why would I want that? Oh, no.

**SB:** You can offer it back if you like and it can be burned in the sacred fire as well. Some people do offer 'em back.

**RP:** Yeah, I, yeah, I would, I I'd like to leave that. But um no but I don't know if that would help anybody (*laughter*).

**CB:** Beautiful.

**RP:** Or would it?

**SB:** It might. Yeah.

**CB:** Yes, of course. You don't know.

**CW:** You never know (*laughter*).

**RP:** I like the expression on her face.

**CW:** It's the spirit of the world and you never know where it goes.

**RP:**--I know, isn't that strange? I had that for years and, and it was given to me. And I can't remember, it probably was in my last lifetime or something but no. I mean, I was gonna, uh, throw it into the yard sale or something. And I said "no, I keep it". Why? I know why.

**CW:** This is why. This why.

**CB:** Now you know why.

**CW:** This is why.

**RP:** Yup.

**CB:** It's found its place. Yup.

**CW:** Exactly.

**SB:** I know. She is (*laughing*). She likes you.

**CW:** You're already being called precious. Did you hear?

**RP:** Oh no, but you're precious presh.

**CW:** I told you (*laughing continues*).

**RP:** Precious presh.

**CW:** Precious presh.

**CB:** That's big.

**SB:** Yeah, alright.

**CB:** and we're here really just to listen to your story and to sit and be incredibly grateful that you're brave enough to share your story and it goes into this group of stories that we are- have the privilege to listen to and to hold, so that we hope that from this experience, the TRC can help affect changes and help create healing for Wabanaki people and help protect children.

**RP:** Wow. Yeah.

**CB:** And that's a big hope but every story that is shared, it's my belief, that story goes into a process of healing that is beneficial not only to you- we hope it's beneficial to you- but for your community. And even more largely, for the Indian children who are here in, in this part of the world who may have been harmed by this, by these experiences.

**RP:** Right.



**CB:** So there's a big benefit.

**RP:** For them.

**CB:** For them.

**RP:** Yup.

**CB:** For them. And we have the chance, potentially, to make recommendations that could affect, we hope, some change in a positive direction.

**RP:** Right. Yeah... I wish my mother could talk or remember hers. Yeah.

**CB:** So it's up to you to start wherever you want. It goes as long as you want. You can stop, You can—

**RP:** Yeah but do you ask a questions. I mean...

**CB:** Why don't you tell me, why don't you tell us, why don't you--

**RP:** What- uh. How far, I mean. Where do you want me to start?

**CW:** Someone will locate you.

**CB:** I'll locate you at you.

**RP:** Oh, okay.

**CB:** Where, what, what you mentioned to us in this, right down here, is that you've had experience with Child Welfare from a long time back.

**RP:** Oh, yes.

**CB:** Why don't you tell us some stories that are deepest in your heart about ...uh.

**RP:** The goodness and the badness...or?

**CW:** Exactly.

**RP:** Yeah, well the goodness--



**CB:** And about what happened with the other kids leaving their families or being taken from their families. [00:07:42.02]

**RP:** They, uh—nobody was uh—taken and the family was only me, I'm the oldest but growing up at Sipayik... at Sipayik. I was at Pleasant Point as a child. My grandmother brought me up as an infant. My mother was an alcoholic...uh, partied around. Um. I..um...my siblings, well my two sisters and I, we were kind of bounced around on the, on the reservation. I stayed with nuns on the convent at Pleasant Point. They dressed me up as a nun (*laughing*). As a little nun.

Yeah and then um, my aunt Francis in Motahkomikuk, she took—she took care of me. My grandmother, Maggie Paul, I got a picture of her up there. She took care of me and that was a good life. Um, we used to walk from the, uh, from the um from the point... we used to go food shopping at that store, a grocery store, and we used to walk and she used to hold my hand and we used to carry food and ...that was a good life. And, uh, my uncles, they all made baskets: Uncle Horris, Uncle Buggy, my—uh Daddy Louis. Shit. Shit (*pause*). I don't think I could do it.

I used to hang around with the drunks (*laughs*). Uncle Horris was a bootlegger. And, and um they had music on and they made basket and, uh, they'd tell their stories to uh, to each other and who they had an affair with. And I was the only kid. My nickname was Scoodie—piss bag. All through my life... um...my grandmother called me Scoodie and uh, it, it was a good life.

My cousin Esther, she used to get me in trouble, Esther. God! "Scoodie, come on, let's go!" And she takes me into this barn or something. And she'd always wear the dresses because um, she went to a school. Uhhh—John Baps. As a child. Um, I guess her mother was in a mental hospital and she died and so it was only Uncle Al—Uncle Al! Oh I loved my Uncle Al. Aww—we used to get into trouble. "Scoodie, come on let's go!" So, Esther would steal, um, cigarettes—these skinny cigars um, for my grandmother and uh—"Come on Scoodie, let's go!" She steals matches and the—so we go into this barn. It was a sap hill barn down—down the road there. And uh. She would light it up and "Here Scoodie—smoke." So, I started smoking and all of a sudden my grandmother, she (*laughter*), she would come with these whips. Um, she ties them up hollering "Esther! Scoodie! Where are you?" And I start to run out and, Esther would grab me. And uhh, "Don't say nothing! Don't say nothing!" Su-and sure enough she'd grab me and we run out. "You get" -But my grandmother spoke Indian a bunch: "You get home right now! You get home!" She's swinging these whips and Esther would—she take me "Go underneath the bed". So we run up, we go underneath the bed and uh...and my grandmother would come in and she always puts me as far as in the front row and she be bending down, slappin'gus. "You stole my cigarettes, Scoodie and Esther!"

Oh God, that was, oh jeez. And she always wore an apron, and she'd always wear a bandana. And she always had a broom. She always had a broom, my gram. And then, when Uncle Buggy used to go down and get these buckets of uh, clams. Aww, these... aww, my grandmother. "Scoodie! Come on! On my jeep, eat!" I come in-this big bowl of clams and I was brought up with clams and lobsters—but we wouldn't have the lobster, but we'd have the clams. And so, and so, for, so anyways, I'd be sitting there and she'd be sitting there. We both be eating but I would eat the whole friggin' bowl. And uh, And so anyway. And she always



dragged me, my cousin Esther. I uh, she always came home as far as on holidays and, and , and Uncle Al—I guess he substituted um, me for Esther, her father. And—uh—he used to buy us Easter clothes as a kids. I mean with the bonnets, the hats.

Yeah, yeah. Oh God. [00:12:47.01] I used to be pretty in those days and then after Church, I go in the mud, I piss my...my pants, I take the shoes off and I'm just all mud. And, but my grandmother. Ah! She used to take me, um, by the hand and say "Come on, let's go to Church. Let's go to Church." And uh, that Bailey woman. Oh, oh, I loved her. She um...I can't remember where... let me see. Uncle Horris's house was here and there's a road. The Bailey, the Bailey woman that lives here in the—used to be a green house. The Bailey. I can't think of, I can't think of her name. But she plays the organ—she used to play the organ at the Catholic Church. So, anyway, uh. As she comes down and they be speaking in Indian, my grandmother, "Oh, I want to take Scoodie. I want to teach her how to sing." At the age of five. Yeah, "Okay. Scoodie! Go-" Well, I'm just speaking in English instead of Indian. So anyway, so I say, "Here I go again." And so I go with her at the Church. And we go upstairs and there's this huge organ. A huge organ. She puts me right there, stands there and then she pumps (*laughs*).

**SB:** Yeah, yeah.

**RP:** Remember that organ? She used to pump that organ. Aww, that woman—Margaret Bailey. Or.

**SB:** Yeah- I think you're right.

**RP:** Oh yeah, she was short. I remember her. And she always, uh, kiss me on the forehead, "Okay, Scoodie. You're gonna." Well, uh, uh, she spoke, she spoke in Indian to me. "I'm going to teach you the song. I want you to sing this hymn song." Or something, so I uh, so, she's the one that taught me how to sing. Um, and so all through my life, I mean, I sang, and I loved, uh, music. I still do but I'm kind of out of it.

**CB:** Mmm.

**RP:** But anyway, but she was the one that started me singing at the age of five.

**CB:** Wow.

**RP:** Yeah, yeah. And then something happened to her. I never saw her after that. I think she died or... I don't know, I don't know what happened to her. But, I, oh I loved her. So anyway, [00:15:06.18] Umm and my mother was still ramming around. Um, but she was young too, she was abused by her father, daddy Louis and she was always rejected. By her sisters. She always told me that, she was the black sheep or...or the type of person that any man would um,

beat up. I mean, she's a giver, my mom. I love my mom. So anyway, I used to play with John Bill, Vivian, Dale Mitchell, we used to uh... steal matches, I remember. And uh. Hehe. We we'd all go down at the shore and find these periwinkles. Yeah, so somebody, John Bill or Dale or somebody, they had the matches for us to cook 'em and eat 'em. And, I think Vivian would steal uh, a bobby pin or something—from Auntie. But anyway, we played down there, crushing bottles and as matter of fact, I bought this..oops, I bought this 'cause it reminded me of the crushing bottles.

**SB:** Mmm... sea glass.

**RP:** Um, Yah, yah, five bucks, hospital. Yah, yah, the sea glass. We used to play down in the ocean and we used to laugh and—but I never knew, I never knew their story. I never, I never knew they had umm, a hard life too. I always looked at Uncle Horris's house as so big. And, and, Uncles, oh, I can't think of her. I mean, Auntie It's Auntie—Martha, I think. Oh, I can't think of her name. Oh, she was shorter than me, I mean. Uncle Horris's wife- she's at the tip of my tongue. But she used to have milk and cookies for, I mean for us.

**SB:** Oh, yeah, yeah.

**RP:** She's at the tip of my tongue. "I'm the girl with the golden curl!" She used to say that.

**SB:** She used to love to give kids cookies.

**RP:** Yup, yeah. She drank, a, wha—except for Uncle Horris. Uncle Horris didn't drink, he was just a bootlegger: "Scoodie! Go in there and go get me a bottle!" Hee! And this white guy would come in, you know with, I don't know how much money. I run out there, I open it up, I get the bottle of whiskey that he used to make. Oh—I can't think of my Aunt—oh. My mom would know. And she always sings: "I'm the girl with the golden curl!"

**SB:** I might think of her name.

**RP:** Yup, Yeah.

**SB:** I know who you're talking about.

**RP:** Yeah, So anyways, I used to hang around my uncles and aunts. Well not my aunts but my uncles that drank a lot. See, 'cause I was surrounded by alcohol growing up. But I was happy. I was happy. Uncle (laughs) Uncle, uh, my Uncle Al: "Come on Scoodie, let's go!" He's half shot, he would be driving his car. "So what do you want?" I said, "I don't know." Something like that. So what he did was, I don't know—I think it's still there, that Margazin store- across from Friendly's?

**SB:** Yeah, the Wig Wam.

**RP:** Yeah, yeah they had that bear standing up like this... (*laughing*). My uncle says, "Scoodie, you want that bear?" "Yeah." "Alright then." So he gets out of the car, he gets the bear and this bear is taller than I am and he would shov—shoved it into the backseat, window



down, and then, and then, and then my ma—I don't know where in the hell she was. So, uncle, so my uncle would take this bear and he brings it into the shack or into the house and stands it up. "There you are Scoodie. That's yours!" And I was so happy about it. And he used to steal puppies for me. We'd be riding somewhere, he'd be drinking: "Scoodie, do you want a puppy?" "Yeah." He took a full breed dog and then my mother and my grandmother they were trying to find me. And they called the police, I guess they had police at that time. "I can't find Scoodie! Oh, she's with, I mean my uncle, my Uncle Al. Can you find her for us?"

We drive in, there's the cops or somebody. Anyway, so here I am coming out with a puppy. "So where'd you get that?" And I said: Uncle. "So where'd you get the money?" "Well, I had the money". 'Cause I was standing there while they were debating. So the next thing I know, three hours afterwards or something like that, the damn cops come and says "Blanch, that dog is stolen. I think, I think your Uncle stoled it." And I was crying like a—aw man. It was, it was taken illegally. But anyway. I used to have fun with that. [00:20:07.11]

And then I had another dog, with my grandmother, and her name was Prince and, oh I loved that dog. That dog was tied up, but I played with it. It'd be like I didn't have a doll or something and so I played with my dog. And my grandmother's house is right next to the convent. So anyway—so one day my, um, my grandfather, my mother's father, Daddy Louie came and he had a shotgun. And he says, Scoodie I want you in the house. See, but I knew the gun. But in my head and I went in the house. I sat down in the shed and I was peeking out to see what my grandfather was going to do. Well, he untied my dog, Prince, Princess, and he started walking behind the house. And I followed him, I followed him. And I guess the nuns were complaining about my dog barked and stuff. And so I followed him. And he went across the railroad track and down at the shore. And so I crossed, and I stood there. The tide was out. He took the rope and put a rock or something for my dog to stay there. And he turned around and he saw me. He started swearing at me. "Go home! Go home! I don't want you to see this." And all of a sudden I was crying, "No, Grampy! No! No!" He turned around and shot her. Shot her. And all of a sudden I looked at my dog and I was crying, I mean hard time. And so anyway, and so anyway, that killed me inside. But I knew that the nuns were complaining about the dog barking, but nobody came to me and explained to me that this has to be done. [00:22:24.06]

**CB:** How old were you?

**RP:** Oh, (*unintelligible*). Oh, see and that's the thing (*exasperated*) I miss the years, and the thing . . . Five, five.

**CB:** Little.

**RP:** I remember because during that year my dog died, and then, and then I was missing Margaret Bailey or the woman . . .

**SB:** Christine. Her name was Christine, Christina Neptune.

**RP:** Yeah

**SB:** Christina Neptune.

**RP:** Neptune? I thought it was Bailey.

**SB:** Oh, no. The other woman who was married to Benny

**RP:** Yeah. Yeah. I remember. But she was older. Yeah. Yeah. She played the organ.

**SB:** Oh, I don't know. That's the Bailey woman. I think it's Margaret.

**RP:** Yeah. yeah. I think so. I never saw her again. I never asked where she was, but I think she passed on. But nobody told me that. And then my dog, and then all of a sudden, my grandmother, Maggie Paul. And nobody explained to me what death was. I just thought that my grandmother was in this box. At that time, they didn't have a casket. It was a box and (*coughs*) and standing up... I don't know what they had the box standing up on. And then everybody was in there. And I'd been walking around. I'm thinking, "I wish she would hurry up and wake up." It was because the people were in there. I'm thinking, "Jeesh, come on." So anyway, people went in and out of the house and everything else. So I walked up to her casket. And nobody was watching me anyway or whatever, so I pulled up a chair or something. I stood up and said, "Gram, wake up!" And I went to shake her. "Gram, wake up!" No. So I climbed into her casket. I was thinking, I know that she pushes me a little, um, um, when I sleep with her. So, anyways when I said "Gram, wake up!" so I climbed in. And when I climbed in I almost un-tilted the casket, or that box. Umm. It was Raymond Moore or somebody that caught the box and said, "Blanche, Blanche (*unintelligible*). She's climbing into the casket." Or whatever. And so she scolded me and I asked her, "Gram? She doesn't wake up", or something. [00:24:57.20]

"Oh, go play outside!" or something. "Go play outside." So that's what I did. And so the day came and they took her. And, um, (*pause, long sigh*). They took her up the hill where the cemetery is (*tearful*) and people were surrounded. People were surrounded and I was there, amongst the people. And the priest was there and everything else. And, my grandmother started going down in the hole and I couldn't understand. She's gotta wake up. But she never did. I jumped into the hole and they screamed because I jumped in. And I was crying. I didn't understand what death was.

So, that was the good days of my life. And then my mother took over. Oh! That's another life! Ha! A second life! We used to slide down that hill (*upbeat*). God, John Bell. Oh, it was nice. It was nice in those days. So my mother took over and that's when we were bouncing around. So that's where I started to see darkness, negative. All the good things were gone.



The laughter. My uncles were dying. [00:26:36.23] Uncle Horace died. His wife died (*pause*).

And we just bounced around. Just bounced around at Pleasant Point. Yeah. So, I remember my mother, my grandfather, my mom. She used to come home all beaten up. I couldn't understand. Crying. Yeah. She cried. She was all black and blue. A busted mouth, lip, bleeding (*murmurs from others in room*). You name it. And my Aunt Pat—she didn't even help my mother out or nothing. She didn't even help her at all. My mother knew in her hearts of hearts that she wasn't accepted in the circle. Yeah.

So, anyways, finally my mother got married. Just for the sake of being married, because she told me, “Scoodie, I just want a house for you. I just want a house for you and your sisters.” I remember as a kid, um, my Aunt Frances and old (?). Chuckles. They were good people. I used to sit and fantasize, as a kid, 6 years old, um. I used to find four-leaf clovers. And I was told, I think by my Uncle Al, “If you wish on a four leaf clover—those are hard to find, Scoodie, but if you find one, you make a wish.” And I finally found a four-leaf clover and I wished that my mom and my sister, Pammie, and Laura would have a brand new home. [00:28:36.09]

But, again, see, as a kid, federal housing, see I didn't know any of that stuff. All of a sudden she got married, and to Pursey Moore. And, um, we got that house. A brand new house. I thought, “A four-leaf clover, oh my God, a four-leaf clover! I've gotta keep them in my life!” So, the thing is my mother was really, um, drinking and, I think, Fred Moore, Raymond Moore, Pursey Moore, um, used to come at the house drinking with my Auntie Pat and my mom, and, and I just—I've just been surrounded by drunks. And that's probably why today that I have somewhat—passion for people like my brother. I tried to turn him away, but I find myself helping him. Um. But, anyway, um, so anyway, she married Pursey Moore. They had the wedding, the reception at Eastport, Maine. And so that night I waited for her. I always waited for her at night and I made sure that my sister Laura and Pammie were sleeping. And I'd stay up and look out the window just to see if my mom is coming. Well, finally she came. She was all torn up. Beaten up by Pursey Moore. At the Red Ranch. The Red Ranch, in—

**CB:** Eastport

**RP:** Yep. And I waited for her. And she comes through the door, all bleeding and I go in the bathroom. I used to get her a cloth or a face cloth and, she says, “I'm okay, Scoodie, I'm okay.” But I know she wasn't okay. [00:30:34.08] In my own head, I knew my mom wasn't okay. So things went on and on. And Pursey Moore beat my mother up very badly. Danny Bassett and Annabelle Bassett, they used to come over and comfort my mother. And Danny Bassett used to say, “I'm going to kill him, Blanche, I'm going to kill him.” And my mother said, “No. No. Don't. Don't.”

So anyway, one night (*pause*) one night Pursey Moore came, came—came home I guess. And, uh, and my mom was getting ready to go out. (*Pause*) Whew. And in the back of my head as a kid I didn't want her to leave the house. I didn't want her to leave the house. Why? I don't know why. Um. Something within me, something bad, or something. But she did. And I heard the door. So Pursey Moore used to line us up. There's a bench against a wall and he wanted to play games. So the first person that he would take is my sister, my sister Laura. And swirl her around. I mean his hand—fixture is (?) underneath. I mean, like that. And so I'd be sitting there. And I'm the oldest. I'd be looking and I could see the expression on my sister's face that she didn't want to be swung around to play. So I'd get up. And I'd just tell him, "No! She doesn't want to. No! No!" And I pulled my sister down. Now the next person that he would take is my sister Pam. She was only a little kid. He did the same thing. I got up. I pulled her down. And so the guy got mad and he told us all to go to bed. He told us to go to bed (*ironic chuckle*). [00:32:39.19]

It's still early when he told us all to go to bed. So, anyways we went in this hallway. Mom had a 1, 2, 3—4 bedroom house at the corner. And I always made sure—I don't know why—but I always made sure that Pammy and Laura were against the wall and I was at the edge. So I think my cousin Esther in those days (*laughing*), she always puts me at the edge is because of the negative that was coming with my grandmother. But she wouldn't hurt us that bad! So anyways, so I stayed at the edge. And then when this door opened up about this much and I'm kinda looking, my mother would walk in. She would walk in on him and the door would slam. And I could hear her say, "So why are the kids in bed so early?" "Oh, Oh. Oh. I mean—they were bad. So I just sent them to bed." He sent us to bed all right. So anyway. Things went on. Bad. Negative. Whatever. And he used to make us stand—let's see. Well I'm the oldest. Laura, then Pammy. And the guy would take our report cards, like, and of course, he would look at me and says, "Oh so you did bad," or, "You're stupid anyway, so step aside." And I couldn't—oh. Then my sister Laura would step up and give him her report card. "Oh, you're smart. Oh, I'm so proud of you. Oh, good girl. Good girl." And I always got knocked down and sister Laura, with him, was praised. Yeah I wonder why (*sarcastic*). I wonder why. [00:34:30.02]

And so anyways, when they used to take off, um, Mary Moore, Mary Moore, Pursey's mother, um, um, she used to babysit us. Babysit us. And she used to abuse us. She would hit me in the head. Um. She would, I mean, uh, uh, she would (*voice starts to break*). She would throw—uh—my sister, Pammy, against the wall. And there was nothing I could do for her at all (*murmurs of sympathy in room*). And then, um then we'd always have the scraps to eat. We were never allowed to sit at her table. Never. Never (*teary*). And then one day she, it was in the summer time, she tied us up in the back of that house of hers in ropes. And stayed like that all day without any water or food. And there was no possible way that I could reach Laura and Pammy. They were facing me, or we were facing each other, to a degree. And my sister Pammy used to cry. And she used to holler for my mother, but I don't know where my mother was—with Pursey.

So . . . (*teary*) but I've always protected my two sisters. Then she would bring us in and we would sit and watch everybody sit at her table and eat. After everybody left she'd put us at the table, and she didn't give us a fork, a spoon, a dish. She just put it on the table. I reflect back,



like being a dog or something. But my sisters were hungry. I used to feed them too with the federal government food. (*Teary, tired sounding*) But anyway. And then, I guess, it just continued on and on. [00:37:14.01]

But I remember this man at night. See because, we used to live behind a railroad. See Mary Moore's house was on the corner and that yellow house here—it was a yellow house. And there was a man as far as almost every other night. I think it's every other night. I can't recall, but every time I'd wake up there was always a twenty dollar bill under my pillow. And then this person would sit beside my bed just to rub my hair and just whisper. Saying . . . this person whispered, "I love you. I love you. You're mine." And I always thought that I was dreaming about this person, but I called it an angel, but it was my father. Well, my non-tribal father that worked on the railroad in Georgetown. He was the one that stops with the train, went to mom's, or, I don't know how big the train was, but he stops there and used to come into the house. And walk up these stairs and just sit on my bed and—just to rub my hair.

Um, I used to stand there and watch my mother beaten up by her husband, Purcey Moore. He almost killed her by pushing her as far as in the shed and there was a spike about that long. And there was nothing I could have done. Auntie Pat just stood there. Didn't even say nothing. Didn't even help my mom. She never even helped my mom. And Auntie Mona was up here in Indian Township and knew and didn't even help her (*sighs*). This went on. Oh, my grandmother. I wanted her back so bad. So bad! (*Teary*) It's because she kept us going, like? She was the strength. But. [00:39:27.09]

And the one time I went into the house. And I know my mother was there. And she locked herself in the bathroom. And I kept pounding. "Mom! Mom! Open the door! Mom!" "No." And so I knew something was wrong. So I went after my grandfather. I ran out. My grandfather came and busted the door down. My mother was on the floor I—I—She cut her wrists. She was all blood. I stood and looked and I just . . . I don't know . . . I just stood there. I can't remember. My grandfather, he ran out and got help. And she left again. Purcey Moore was there, but I didn't know that Purcey Moore was a sexual molester. My sisters. I thought I had them. I thought I took care of them. But I didn't. (*Teary*) They were so hungry one time. I stood up on a chair and fixed that, oh, what d'ya call it, that powdered milk and bread. I stuffed it on there and I fed them that.

There was another incident when our mother came home and we was already in bed. And Purcey Moore pushed her. I could hear the banging and stuff. And my mother speaking in Indian, "Stop it! Stop it!" He was telling her, "Take your clothes off. Take your clothes off. Everything off." And she says, "No I won't." But they were arguing and so stupid me, as a kid, I opened the bedroom door in the hallway. Sure enough, my mother was on the floor, the blood, and he saw me and he grabbed me by the hair and dragged me and threw me on my mom. And my mother was crying, saying, "Let Scoodie go to bed," but he didn't say nothing.



And he circled us. He circled us. And at the woodstove—they had that old-fashioned coffee pot (*sniffs*). He took that and he poured it on my mom's skin (*murmurs from the room*). [00:41:46.07] Right today I can hear the screams that came out of her. And all of a sudden, I would assume that she passed out, because I didn't hear anything. Oh, but I put her head—but he was circling—he kept circling us. And I can't remember what he was saying, but I had my mom's head on my lap and I tried to wake her up (*teary*) And when I turned around to see where he was he kicked me right in the ribs. My mom and I, we ended up in the hospital.

Anyway, but. My mom, I guess she had enough of the stuff that was taking place, and she decided to move here. So—and so, we came. But she abandoned us again. Pammy was already abused by Purcey Moore or Laura, same thing. And with me, she always sends me away. I always thought that she didn't love me or something. And I really missed my gram. I really did. And I miss the people who were nice and positive people (*murmurs from room*). Yeah. (*Sniffs*) So I come here. She met Edward and they hung around. But anyway, to make the story short, she lived here. And as far as Edward was concerned, he was good to my sister Pammy and to my sister Laura. But I couldn't—I couldn't handle men, I guess. For today. I'm standoffish. [00:43:36.06] Yeah, yeah, I never connected. And then, Christ I was 7, 8, or something like that—this was when that Virgie Johnson, Hiram Hall come around. And uh, uh, (*laughs*), I don't know what, what happened but, the only thing I could remember is my mother sitting me on the table is farsasin (?) this shack and uh, a paper bag of clothes, huh! And Virgie Johnson and an Hiram Hall, they were outside waiting and my mother, I remember her saying to me, and she kissed me on the forehead and she says, “I want you to have a better life, tha, than, than what I had,” But I couldn't understand it. But anyway, but they took me in this black car, that's all I knew. I cried, I didn't know where in the hell I wasn't going or, or what I was doing. Huh. So anyway the, they ah, they put me in ah, St. Elizabeth's home. In Portland, Maine. It was all girls' school and I was the only Native child there, with long hair. It didn't take that long for them to cut it off. And uh.

**CB:** Were you about 8 or 9 at this point?

**RP:** So- something like that, yeah, 8, yeah.

**CB:** Around in there?

**RP:** Yeah, 7, 8. Yeah, and uh, I thought my mother didn't want me either. It's 'cause I thought my father was white (*chuckle*). And uh, I just I don't know. So I stayed there, huh! Yeah, I didn't even know of course, how to make a bed or uh, I, I'd never seen a sheet. I never even seen a fork or a—the a the a the way the tables were set. I, I never saw that, I never, I mean, to me it, it was like a, a cathedral. I mean these schools, St Lou—St. Elizabeth's home in Portland, it was huge. Tile floors uh, a, I mean uh—it, it was like a foreign place ta, uh, ta me. I, I never seen and these two huge Italian women, Theresa, the ah the head cook, her name is uh Theresa, man she really looked like one of those uh, big uh—men that su—uh, uh wrestle?

**SB:** Hmm

**CB:** Sumo wrestler?



**RP:** Yah, those things (*murmurs in the room, people talking at once*).

**CB:** Those Japanese guys.

**RP:** Yah, yah, yah, but she was big, ah, yeah. Italian. And her sister, uh, Gertrude? Yeah, yeah, Gertrude. Well they were starting right there at the door and I looked and I looked at them an, holy god!!! And—and so anyway, they taught me the etiquecy. Um, ah, I remember one time, t-huh! I sat there and they have these girls, non tribal girls, we had the uniforms on the ties, the, the emblem (*laughter, agreement*). The hair's gonna be above this here and there. So and, and, and so anyway I sat down and of course, I'm looking around thinking, “Okay, then, so what do I do,” or whatever. So I was watching, so uh, so they picked up a silver, well a fork or something. Well with me, I—I always eat with my hands. Well sure enough, and oh, and the nuns, I—they sit up there, real long table they had the superior nun is in the middle and everybody's over there. So I'm thinking, “Well, okay,” so I looked over by and I had my hands down and so, so I just touched something and all of a sudden it, it, it just triggered it off, I, I just—I just picked up something, a piece of meat or something off my plate [00:47:15.24] and I was going like this, but I didn't know that Sister Fabrina, she sat at the other end over here, she came down and this ruler is about this big (*gasps in the room*). And so, and so I was a, I'm a new kid on the block I guess, uh, but I couldn't, I couldn't—I couldn't handle the forks or something, the way that they would kinda like this and I was saying, “What the,” I picked up, I was eating and then just like that and all of a sudden, WHUFF! Right there! I mean it wasn't a tap, it was a hit! Where that meat or something just fell off and, and it was somewhere's else and she grabbed me by the, uh, by the back of my uh, my neck. And then I remember her telling that nun, she's uh, she was taking me in this room or somewhere, “We have to train this wild native.”

**CW.** Mmm (*gasps, long sighs in the room*).

**RP:** And, and, and, they—and they dragged me in there [00:48:10.07] and they put me in a—stood me in a corner, I don't for how many hours, I, I couldn't eat. Uh, they wouldn't feed me. So after a while, I started to get smart and I started, to learn how to, how to uh manipulate the tuh, uh the tinsils or whatever they are. And, so, how to make my bed and when I um, when I made my bed, is I never made my bed, I'd just flop (*laugh*). Yeah, my grandmother and I we just flop o on the flop. Ah, they used to tear my bed apart and says, “I want you to learn this. You learn to make your bed!” And I'm just standing there just looking at ‘em. “Do you understand?” “Yes, Yes.” So I—I make the bed. The thing is I have to make that bed four or five times uh, before I could have my, my breakfast or whatever.

Yeah, yeah. And—and so I learned that awful fast. And then I learned a lot of other things awful fast and uh, jeesh! And then the cooks got involved. I don't like macaroni and cheese. I mean I like cheese and I like my macaroni, but I don't like it yeah—yeah that's not me. So

anyway, so, Sister Fabrina—no Sister Francis said the Superior was leaving but that was before or after. Well, but anyway macaroni and cheese, that uh, came along and so, I tasted it, I didn't like it and everybody was eating and so I just sat there. [00:49:44.24] I—I didn't like it, I drank my milk or whatever. And all of a sudden this (*laughs*) this Italian women Theresa comes along (*laughing*). “Regina, I want you to eat that.” “I, I don't like it.” “You eat it, whatever is on your plate, you eat it.” “I don't like that.” So she took the plate—she, instead of saying follow her, she grabbed me on the side and she put me in a corner with my plate.

And everybody there. Ah, they left. I, I mean, I stayed. So anyway uh, I stood there and so all of a sudden I got tired or something, I just dropped the plate on the floor. I just went fuff! Next thing I know, Theresa grabbed me by the hair, and instead of walking down to the cellar, I was dragged down the cellar, thrown in the—it's, it's called the potato bed? It's a box in the cellar where they keep all their potatoes.

**CW:** Their oh, their potatoes (*simultaneously*).

**SB:** Right.

**RP:** She threw me in there. Locked the door. I, I don't know how long I was uh there. And then she came, again with a bowl of macaroni and cheese. Then she opened the potato thing and she says, "I want you out." I came out. And she says, "I want you to eat this and if you don't eat it, I'm gonna feed it to ya." So, I says, "I don't like that." So anyway, so she put the bowl down, she grabbed me by hair, she and she had the spoon, dip it and then she was sho, I, I, trying to shove into my mouth. And I kept spitting out and spitting out so the next thing I knew, she took her hand uh, just like this and slapped me. And, and uh busted my lip. [00:51:26.02]

**CW:** Oh!!

**RP:** "Get back in that potato bin!" And she locks it up and I'm in there. And she, I mean, it, it was one thing after another. And Sister Fabrina? [00:51:38.03] Well one time, Francis, the Superior nun wasn't there. So we all, in the evening we wear our pajamas and house coats and to watch TV or something like that and my hair is down and everybody, the girls, they always had their short hair. So anyway, uh, “Regina,” Sister Fabrina's favorite, Margaret, and I'd never forget her, “Sister Fabrina wants you upstairs.” “Oh, okay,” So I go upstairs, I went in to the bathroom, I looked around and I says, “Sister Fabrina.” She was behind the door, uh, they used to cut their hair. It's a blade. A blade like where they shave, umm.

**CB:** Yeah. Like a razor.

**RP:** Yah, yah, yah, she took my hair and sliced it.

**CW:** Oh.

**RP:** Yeah. Yeah, up to here, my—I uh—then my long hair and all of a sudden I turned, I looked, I realized what was taking place and then she cut it, “ tchu, tchu, tchu, tchu, tchu” (*chopping noises*). Just like that? And I got sick. And, uh, but Sister Fabrina was uh,



transferred somewhere else. [00:52:43.12] But no, I mean the girls, um they used to kick me there. "Oh look at the little Indian girl! Look at the little Indian girl!" Yeah. Huh! And they always uh got me in trouble. They always did. Yeah. "Oh don't talk to her, she's wild, she's Indian." Yeah. And I used to complain or go to Sr. Regina. And she said, "Don't listen to them."

But she always, I mean at night, she'd—she would hear me crying. Huh! And she bought me a doll. Uh, Sister Regina bought me a doll (*voice breaking*). And she used to—have to, have to sneak me in my room. Well no, in her room. And she used to have a can of beer. It'd a—I guess, a can of beer was supposed to help her out or something. Is, is because later on in years she died of cancer. But, uh, uh but her name was Sister Regina and she favored me. And she bought me a doll. And they only way I could play with it, uh, I'd dress it or whatever, is when she's, as far as in the evening when everybody's going to sleep. Yeah, yeah. And what they used to do, these girls, [00:54:00.11] Ah, they used to put toothpaste, toothpaste as far as on my sheets. Yeah, and you know, and then I'd go to bed (*chuckling*) and then I'd go in (*talking, murmuring in the room*).

Yeah, and all a sudden, I get up an, and, one nun would get up, "Who's up in here? Who's up in here?" And I say, "Sister, I, uh, think I have toothpaste or something." And she'd just rip the bed up. "Did you do that, Regina?" I said, "No, I didn't Sister." "Well, you are going to be punished. You make your bed. I get the sheets and you make your bed. And I think of something tomorrow." Oh jeesh, [00:54:41.05] I always got blamed for everything. But deep down in my heart, it's like (*deep sigh*) I held (*crying*) the good things, the memories of the Reservation. I wanted to come, come home. And I couldn't. (*Long pause*) I couldn't come home. But I've never forgotten the idiot and what my, my grandmother did, did for me. The old people. My mother, I—I worry about my Mom, I couldn't come home. I couldn't come home. But, I held—I held the language, I held (*crying*) I, I held (*pause, crying*) the Reservation, the freedom, the running around. I didn't have to—but this was shoved down on me. Um, stockings, knee-high stockings, black shoes, white shirts, tie, green a green with St. Dominick's. I went to St. Dominick's. I always walked alone and uh nobody wanted to associate with me because I was a dirty Indian. (*Laughing, crying*) I didn't know anything.

And that's where I got lost in music. I remember uh a, at that woman, Bailey—so I signed up for music. I got lost in, in the music. I, um, that comforted me. I going to the movies with the nuns we always had the, it was so—it was so weird. We, we always had to stand in line it'd, just to go up the street, uh, Congress St. or somewhere where the theater was. And uh, and I—when I escaped, from what was happening to me, and what Theresa, and her sister did to me, there. Uh, she took, [00:57:08.03] she took one time an ice cream and, and she called me in the kitchen and I went there and she smudged ah co, the ice cream cone, the ice cream and, and smudged it on my face.

“There, now you're a dirty Indian. Now get outta here, go wash your face!” (*Bitter laugh*) You know? I never told anybody, I never spoke to the nuns, I, I and so I just started to, I'd get into my own mind, my own world and, (*crying*) and I kept hanging on to the old, I mean to where I grew up, the clans, the, my, just if I let go I think I would have uh, uh, I would have killed myself or, I don't know what I would have done. But I wanted to survive. I guess I survived, uh, I don't know. Yeah? So anyway, when I was being abused in the ah, the home there, Virgin Johnson, Hiram, all would come up, "Oh Regina, how ya doing?" I said, "I don't like it here, I want to go home. I want to go home to my Mom." "No, no, no dear, no, you have to stay here." And, and, and, and so I would express to them what was happening to me and it was as if I was talking to a freaking wall!! I mean like uh, hey do you, I mean, to me, I kinda felt, “Jeezum um, did they sell me or something?” I mean, I would or trade me off or something? It was like when I was expressing my feelings, on what they were doing to me what the, uh, the, um a couple of nuns, what the girls were doin to me, what the cooks were doing to me, it was as if I was talking to a wall. "Oh, I'm so happy that you're doing so well. Sister Francis said all your grades are good and all the”—I say, “Whoa!” Yeah, yeah, I couldn't reach out to anybody, and I felt alone. And I was alone! So the only way to escape from the non world of what was shoved down my friggin throat is to get an education and come back here and give it to the people, our people. [00:59:17.06] I think uh, the federal government did wrong! (*Crying*) BIA did wrong! To—well, they did wrong to me!

**CB:** Umhm. Umhm.

**RP:** Nobody explained shit to me (*crying*). What I had to go through all those years and then they shipped me uh to Maria St. Joseph's Academy in Biddeford! Before I entered there, in my High School, the, the uh superior nun the French, the, ah, they wore blue or something, I don't know what but my uniform turned from green to blue (*laughing*) and the first thing, the first thing—I couldn't even step in. And Virgil Johnson and Hiram Hall, uh they walked me up there, and uh, and uh, they introduced me to the Superior nun. I can't even remember these French nuns, I don't know what they were. But anyway, umm. So Virgie spoke and says, "This is Regina, Regina Nicholas, she's graduated from St. Dominick's, blah, blah, blah." And so anyway, that—it change at all, it didn't change at all, except for the different environment, the different the uniforms, blah.

So when Virgie Johnson, Hiram Hall left me alone again, the superior uh, uh nun says uh, "Well, do you talk?" I says, "Yes I do sister." "Good! No English." So. I don't know how she worded it but I guess Virgie and uh, Virgie Johnson must have told her I was a Native, uh, I mean I'm an Indian child, uh, uh or whatever is 'cause I remember her saying, "Oh, do you speak Indian?" I say, "Yes." "Do not speak Indian." Ugh looked (*laughs*), I, I didn't know what to say! I can't speak English and I can't speak Indian. And so finally she said, "Once you step foot ah, through the threshold, Regina, you start speaking French."

And so I looked at her, I said, "Sister, before I go through the threshold, I don't know French." "I will allow that." (*Snorts*) So I step through the threshold, they started talkin French to me, I'm the only Indian in the French convent or whatever, girls school, and I'm thinking “Oh my god!” inside my head, I'm thinking, “holy Christmas, I better learn this awful fast!” So I learned a few words to pass, but. I never was exposed to French nuns or these french girls, they

were, I mean, to me, uh, as I reflect back, I feel they came uh—they came from a well-to-do family or something

**CB:** Umhm.

**RP:** I don't know but they were snotty at me of all people. Again, “There's the Indian girl, poor girl, she lives on the Reservation. Oh, don't associate with her.” [01:02:23.20] See, I'm, I'm alone again, so anyway, so I sit in the classroom and there was this French nun, but I was thinking in English, Oh, and then I started thinking and remembering my grandmother, my uncles, and how they spoke Indian to me and all that. It's because I told myself that (*voice breaking*) I went through St. Dominick's, I went through St. Elizabeth's home, I survived that, now I've got to survive a French, a French school? Okay, let's do it or something, I don't know. So I just sat there, dreaming—I mean, I create my own world and just like with uh, uh, St. Elizabeth's, ah, they take us out to these movies. So, I grasp and, and, I was brought up with the Sound of Music. I was brought up with the Fiddler on the Roof. Uh, those were good and, uh I mean bad but I, I uh, what I did was I created my own fantasy world where I could escape. And so I carried that until, well, a long, long, time. And that's why, I love The Fiddler on the Roof, I love the Sound of Mu-, I mean I love, yeah.

[01:03:33.00] So anyway, so that day I was sitting at that, the French school uh, thi- ah this nun was teaching us a vowel, a, a vowel? Yeah. AY, EE, OO, AH. So I thought, “Well gee, (*laughs*) that sounds like Indian to me,” so I stood up and, and I burst into laughing, and everybody looked at me. And that, uh that French nun looked at me and she spoke in her French, and I, I just, I, I, I just kinda looked at her, she walked over, again, she got that stick, that long stick, so anyways, so I had to have my hands like that, an my hands were bleeding. And so there was a couple of girls there, were tee-heeing and all that. [01:04:16.21] And then, what she did was, she told me to pull my, uh, my uniform up (*murmurs from room*).

Well, a they were girls and they—they were all girls and lean over at the desk and take my underwear down, raw, and my ass was bleeding also. And she must've said to me, “Do not laugh,” or something, I don't know, but in my mind, I shut down, and I told myself, “I will never, ever want to learn French. Ever!” Uh but I, oh but I survived. I survived that. I really did. And they did a lot of things to me there. Um, but they didn't have a potato bin, but they had a closet (*laughing*). They had a closet.

**CB:** How long, how long were you there so you think?

**RP:** I was there for 3 years.

**CB:** 3 years,

**RP:** Yeah.

**CB:** and you were about 13 at this point?

**RP:** 13, 14, somewhere in there,

**CB:** So through high school times.

**RP:** Yes, yeah, yeah.

**CB:** [01:05:12.26] Were your sisters anywhere near you? Had you been separated then?

**RP:** Naw. [Simultaneously]

**CB:** You never saw them. [Simultaneously]

**RP:** God I was, I was separated from (*crying*) my Mom, Lauren, Patty, I was separated from the age of what? 7—

**CB:** 7 or 8 years old.

**RP:** 9? Something like that.

**CB:** (*Whispering*) Yeah.

**RP:** I never saw them.

**CB:** Yeah.

**RP:** I could never go home.

**CB:** Right.

**RP:** I could never go home. (*Emphasizing words*) Never go home! So I survived that. [01:05:34.18] Yeah, I stayed in a closet locked up. For how long? I don't know for how long. But I rebelled. And all the girls, at S-St. Elizabeth's home, Maria St. Joseph Academy home, they all went home for holidays. Except for who? The little Indian girl, me. And I was stuck with the nuns at this St. Elizabeth's. They took me with them as far as on an Island, outside of Portland. I, I can't—I can't remember the Island, I know that it was an Island surrounded by ocean. And u, um, ah, ah, they were wearing shorts, no—they stripped themselves down. And I was the only child there under a big friggin tree all by myself again. (*Crying*) And uh I learned, I learned how to whistle. I mean, instead of uh, I mean the uh (*whistles*) like that, and the—and that's what kept me going. I mean, I determined, is to do something. Uh, something, something. But I never went home.

I mean, but I kept hanging on. Hanging on in my Spirit, in my heart and in my mind, of my mother, what happened to my sisters, Patty and Laura. I could never, I could never go back.

But I did. After what? Uh, 15? I rebelled. I rebelled and I came home. I, I rebelled. Sixteen, I rebelled. And I come on the Reservation and, I mean. Oh, my sisters were there already together with uh with other Indians. Uh, they grew up. I, I never did. And they used to call me a white wo—girl.

**CB:** Hmmm. Hmmm.

**RP:** Yeah. “Oh there goes Mrs. Tutty ah shu ah shu ah shu ah chu” whatever they called me. Um, I mean, I was outta place. I was a still alone. And so, and so I learned how to play the guitar, when I saw a guitar, in the chapel at St. Elizabeth's. I remember I learned it by myself and so I have an ear for music. Thanks again, it stems back to uh, uh, to uh,

**CB:** Mrs. Bailey. [Simultaneously]

**RP:** Mrs. Bailey! [Simultaneously] Uh, yeah (*laughs*). Or Neptune. They used to think I'm crazy, my sisters. Ah, the-, ah they'd bring all of their friends over there, the Indian children over at that shack, and say, (*whispering*) “Look at her, she's crazy! She's sitting there just singing and talking to herself!” Well the thing I learned to survive, out there, was ah, was, uh, um, I mean I could do it but I haven't done it in years, where I sit there an-and I, I wanted a friend or something. What I do is, um, I bring my Spirit out. And my Spirit is sitting there, talking to me.

**CB:** Hmm.

**RP:** And, am I making sense? (*Simultaneous response 'yes' from the room*) Yeah! Yeah! And that was my friend, is cause I didn't really have anyone I could really talk to and Lauren and Patty, I don't know where they were. But anyway, but I always had my friend, I always had, um, my friend there, yeah. So anyway uh, and the upward bound, Christmas (*sigh*). I don't know. I don't know. It did change. It did change my life a lot here. [01:09:00.08] I'm not accepted here, because I still feel like I'm an outsider.

**CB:** Hmm.

**RP:** Well I am an outsider. Um, I never, uh, I never connected with anyone. I never did. And I'm back here. I'm trying to connect with people, but I, I can sense and feel. I, I can sense and feel that I don't belong. I don't know where I belong (*crying*). You know? I really don't. Then, I'm growing up, um, uh, my sister Pam, Laura she—they blamed me for, for what has happened in their lives, because I wasn't there. I wasn't there to protect them. I was always there to protect them. But I wasn't. I wasn't. I wasn't there. I wasn't there. I wasn't there. (*Crying*) Yep I was, I was somewhere's else. [01:09:53.24] Being educated to bring it back.



Huh! Bring it back! Holy God! I mean, don't they realize, uh the federal government (*crying*) don't they realize? What, I mean, what it does to a person?

**CB:** Hmmm!

**RP:** Or a j- I mean,

**CB:** (*Whispering*) judge

**RP:** I mean, I mean don't they? My Mother didn't know the difference. She just wanted something, I mean, (*crying*) better for me that she never had. She never had. And so I rebelled. I really rebelled. [01:10:22.03] As far as the drawers today, the closets, beds, I rebel against that right today. I mean, I mean the drawers—they, uh they taught me: stockings are in one drawer, underwear is one drawer, the bras are in—I mean, like, that, uh, tuck the sheet, I mean, I mean like this and all that. And so when I got my first a uh place, I just said, I started to do that.

**CW:** Hmm. [Simultaneously]

**CB:** Right. [Simultaneously]

**RP:** As I was trained to do that. And everything is in its, in its place. Well, I'm finding that some of the things are in its place, but I look over and I get a flashback, and—and I go over and I say, “Well I'm going in the room, uh I'm gonna throw a shirt there,” uh, or just throw things. Ah, my closets, I rebelled against that. I mixed everything all the—I mean my closet right today is like everything is, is mixed up and all that. [01:11:19.14] But, um, I just, I just rebelled, I really rebelled against, against what they taught me. And uh, uh, I'm—coming back here, uh, um, I feel that, um, my thinking patterns are different—

**SB:** Yeah

**RP:** compared to my sister Pammy's, and Laura's. It's, it's like I'm on a different planet.

**CB:** Umhm.

**SB:** Hmmm.

**RP:** And if I explain myself, ah they kinda look at me say, 'what the hell you saying?' "So where you coming from, ah Regina? So why do you think like that? I don't think like that." I mean—but I was never accepted. And I still feel that. I am not accepted, no matter how much I try. So I rebelled. I really rebelled. And then I got into trouble, and uh, and right then and there, I mean, a priest? (*Laughs*) Ah, you talk about Catholic Church, a priest? Oh my God! Ah rest your soul, David. Yeah. Huh. A priest. Yeah, Christ, Tjeesuh! Had an affair with a priest? Oh my God! Jesus! (*Laughing*) That is so stupid. He was my father image. Yeah, [01:12:40.26] that's another story there with the Catholic, the Catholic Church, the nuns, God, the priests! What are they? What the hell are they? False, I think they're, they're, uh they're not right. They're not—



**SB:** You were just a teenager

**RP:** Ach, I know.

**CB:** You were young.

**RP:** So stupid! The stuff that, that goes on. Yah. So, I went away, went uh, Hudson for a year. I dropped out of that, I met um—I'm just a floater. Um, I'm in and out. It's, its the story of my life, I'm in and out. I'm in and out. My uh, uh, b- I mean, [01:13:23.07] Patty was mad at me, my sister is mad at mw because of the life that she went through. Oh, my sister Laura, "I don't want to talk about it." "We gotta talk about it." "No, no. I don't want to talk about it. It's over, it's the past." I says, "Yes but I want to talk about it." I- says, "I just want to say, I'm sorry, I wasn't there to help you."

"I don't want to talk about it!" And—so she goes away. My sister Pammie over here looks at me and says, "Oh yeah, you had everything." "You had everything!" "You went away to school! You, your clothes . . ." Ah, and all that. "And look what happened to me." I say, "Well, you want to talk about it?" "Yah! I'm talking about it, Sis!" I says, "Yeah, Pam, but you don't know what happened to me." "Oh yes I do, there you are in a white school, uh, you have food, nobody is uh molesterin you and," I looked at her n said, "Molestering me?" I said, "What, Pam?" "Yeah, it's your fault. It's your fault, Sis, it's your fault, Regina for what happened to me in my life, as a child."

**CW:** Hmm!

**RP:** And I looked at her, I said, "What happened?" "Oh, you really don't care." I said, "Of course I care, Sis." I says, "Tell me." And she told me the horror stories of what Percy Moore has done to her. And I sobbed so hard, I said, "I'm sorry Sis." "This would not have happened, Regina, if you were there with us." [01:14:53.14] How could I be there with them?

**SB:** You was taken. You were taken.

**RP:** When Virgie Johnson, Hiram Hall spoke to Mom, how can I be there? How can I be there to help my Mother? How can I be—nobody explains shit to me (*voice breaking*)! No—nobody! The stuttering, the nuns that took me to stuttering, they put me in a damn room, speed reading, whatever, I couldn't even read! I stuttered! The doctors told the nuns, "There's nothing wrong with her, Ah her vocal cords, she wasn't born . . ." I mean they did a lot of things—the nuns put rocks in my mouth! And they—they used to make me sit and read a book with a rock underneath my tongue! Right! And then another nun would make me get up, in front of the class and read. At that time I could not read cause I couldn't get a word out and then and that nun allowed those girls to laugh at me! To laugh at me! "Oh, she needs a rock in

her mouth, girls." And she comes over and she puts a rock under my tongue, an- and those girls were laughing. "Now read, Regina. Read a story to us."

*(Crying)* And if I didn't, bang! I'm hit again. It's just one thing after another. Ya know. So. Uh, ah the stuttering as I grow, a grew older and older, I never stuttered. The reason why I stuttered is because I wasn't getting attention. I was always pushed aside, pushed away. 'I don't have time for you, Regina.' Or, or whatever. I was always pushed and that's how I developed the stuttering thing. And uh, but I didn't know the horror stories about my sister, Pammie and a little bit of my sister Laura. And uh—but for today, I know I have a connection with my sister Pam. And I know that she doesn't blame me for, for not being there to protect her.

**CW:** Is she the one who was sexually abused?

**RP:** Yeah, that's my sister. Uh, my younger sister. But I never saw my Mother until—until after Maria St. Joseph Academy after I left and then I rebelled. And uh, um again, Mom's— Mom wanted to save her marriage and uh, an-and they always said, the family always said, even Philomena David said it, and Albert Dana said it, they all, the elderly said it that, uh that uh, I mean Maggie, my oldest daughter that's 42, 43, is the priest's, Father Davis' child. Um, but I will never admit that. Well, he's probably dead anyway, I don't know.

**CW:** Was he here, stationed on the reservation?

**RP:** Well, it, it, it, it was called the Upward Bound in, in those days?

**CW:** Good memory.

**SB:** Yeah, I remember. I remember. [Simultaneously]

**RP:** Yeah, well, yeah. Yah. So anyway, so. So I guess I was pregnant after I came back *(chuckles)* and uh, and so anyway so during that time, it is to make the story short, well my Mother's always, uh, kicked me out, and, and Auntie Pat always brought me in. But anyway, um, at that time when I was in the hospital and I was gonna have the baby, um, Tom Tareen, Tom Tareen and Ed Wood and my Mother were there at the hospital. Tom Tareen had the adoption papers already filled out and everything else. And uh, and my Mother, my Mother asked me, [01:18:40.09] well she didn't ask me, she told me uh, that she's taking the baby. And I said, "No Mom, that's mine. It's my baby." And, and she walked out then Ed Wood and Tom Tareen came in an-and Ed Wood looked at me and says, "If you don't turn that baby over, you're outta here."

**CB:** Hmmm.

**RP:** And Ed, that was in the 70's!

**CB:** Oh my gosh!

**RP:** My God! I mean, shacks! We were living in shacks! And *(chuckles)* so anyway, and so, and he said, if you don't sign those papers, um, uh, you can't live at the house. At the age of



what? 17, 16, 17, or something? No, 17, well yeah. Yah, yah, so anyway, I signed the papers. Tom Tareen came and I signed them and the bottom line as, as the years went by, I found out, my Mother admitted to me, uh the reason why that she took, I mean my child, is to save her marriage. Yeah! Is, isn't that weird?

**CB:** To Percy Moore still?

**RP:** No, no, no. [01:19:41.27] Percy Moore, Percy Moore were shot dead by uh, by, Basset. Um, I forgot his name. Um, it's Annabelle Basset. Danny Basset shot him. Um and, (*chuckles*) she shot him yeah, yeah.

**CB:** And then she was with Edward after that?

**RP:** And then she moved here, but throughout the years, when my cousin Vivien, Vivien Moore, died, which I was shocked. My Mom said, "Scoodie, let's go down." Um, I said, "I can't Mom." "I wa- I want you to go down." So I went down and there was uh, Danny Basset coming from the hallway. I said, "Mom," I, I said, "what is he doing here?" 'Cause I remember Danny Basset and Annabelle they were in the 60's and the 70's, I mean, the hip, oh yeah. Um, and she looked at me and says, "Scoodie, that's ah, that's Vivien's father." I says, "My cousin, Vivien, her Father?" And she said, "Yeah." I said, "Oh my God!" [01:20:45.27] So anyway, so I went in and got Mom some coffee and so Danny Basset comes in and he looks at me and he whispers and he says, "Gee, oh you're very prosperous." I looked up at him, I remember him, I was scared of him. I said, "Oh, thank you." He said, "Regina, ah, your Mother never thanked me for killing Percy Moore."

**CB:** Oh, God!

**RP:** Yeah. Yeah. And I looked at him. I says, "I don't know." He says, "Well tell your Mother, I'm still waiting." Sooo! I went to Mom, sat down, I said, "Mom, you wouldn't believe what Danny Basset said. 'You never thanked him for killing Percy Moore.'" And she jumped up. She said, "Oh my God! I never, ever asked him to do that." See, because Danny Basset protected my Mother, when my stepfather was beating my Mother up. Yeah, yeah. See because my Mom, she used to run out of the house in the middle of the night and she used to take us, uh girls, Laura, Pammie and I and we used to hide up a hill uh where uh Mitchell, Dale Mitchell's father's house was as far as in that uh, back road was and we used to hide, as far as almost every night, uh, uh, uh from Percy Moore, because Percy Moore was gonna kill my Mother and all that. So anyway, so all this is happening. [01:24:27.22] And all that. But anyway, so, so, all that stuff uh that's happened, I mean, it happened. It's just, see the thing is, I reflect as of today, I me—I, I'm like, I mean I hated my Mother for a while I hated her, is because what my Mother did was uh, she took, uh she took my life. I mean like a grandmother. I'm not even a grandmother, I got 9 grandchildren and 5 of them don't consider

me as their Grandmother. See and that to me, ah, destroys a person. I mean I again, I find myself alone. Um, I'm not connected. But I forgave my Mother, a long time ago, I forgave her. Then I got married to a captain in the Air Force, that lasted 6 years. I had my son, Brad is 40 and he was taken from me at the age of two. Huh! From Seattle, Washington, courts, ah, the court systems. So I find myself alone. Henh! And then I had ah Amanda, but nobody took her. So, it's like, I'm a—I feel—I feel that I am a survivor. I really am. Of what I've gone through. I've gone through in my life. And uh, but it's very hard, to be accepted, here or, on the other Reservation because they look like you like, "Oh, she's a white woman."

**CB:** Right (*simultaneous agreement in the room*).

**RP:** And, and the thing is, the—they have called me that. But they don't understand, what I went through! What I went through, the abuse that the nuns and the cooks, I mean, what they put me through, the French nuns, whatever, I mean, every time anybody speaks French, I—I just kinda, yeah, whoa whoa! Yeah, yeah. And I just, I just don't understand sometimes how—how do children survive this?

**CB:** I know.

**RP:** How do they survive?

**CB:** I know. [Simultaneously.]

**RP:** How do they survive,

**CB:** I know.

**CW:** I know.

**RP:** Through all this? Henh! I think—I think the way I am today, is what, what I've seen in my life: being hard, being alone, a loner. Um, of creating my own world of positiveness around me, no matter where I'm at. Um, ah but I, but I shove things down. See, 'cause I have no feelings, I have no emotions. Um, what happened to me as a child—I, my siblings, shut down. [01:25:02.01] My children were taken and—they always made the decisions for me! So today, it's like sometimes I feel, 'Well somebody's gotta make that decision!' Well shit, I don't have a partner here. After 30 years! I, I mean, henh! who makes the decision for me?

My mother made the decision! Tom Toren made the decision! Edward made the decision of taking my kid! And that, and the child is an adult, she had children! That was taken away from me. I mean, what?! Uh - My Mother, I was taken away from my Mother from, from Virgie Johnson, Hiram Hall! So it's like, [01:25:41.13] my children are taken away, so I shut, shut, shut shut down! So I don't have feelings. I just shove everything down. Down! Down! I don't have feelings! Um, the word love—what is love?! I say it! Oh, I love you! Yeah! I have no feelings. See because I've been shut down for so long that I don't know how to get back up! Growing up, seeing—I mean, a child gets uh—or they see something, say 'Oh, I want to be like that when I, uh, when I grow up.' As far as all through my life, with the, with Connie Soccabasin, uh, ah, uh the first white woman I ever saw on the Reservation with furs,



diamonds and all that. A white woman. I look at her and she's smiling with white teeth, and I says, 'Oh, I want to be like her.' Well come to find out I'm 61 years old, I thought well, maybe that'd see a shrink, just to talk about or to find myself again—is 'cause what with Harry, yeah, I dated Harry, I didn't marry Harry, he was a millionaire, blah, blah, blah, just money. But the thing is, all my life, is all fake. Henh! It's all fake. So what does, so what does happiness . . . No. So what is happiness within, within you?

Is what my shrink told me, "Regina, well, what is happiness within you?" I just looked at him and I says, "I don't know." "Oh think about it." I thought about it, came home, two days afterwards. Happiness? [01:27:13.07] What's happiness? I wrote down 30, 35 things. I didn't read it. Next morning, having my coffee, I sat down and I read it. And I cried! Do you know why I cried? Is because the fact that happiness that comes within, children, grandchildren, Mom, people, all my things, all my things that I was connected to as an adult after going through all that uh—money in the bank, a brand new car um, go shopping, have a party, and I'm thinking, 'What the—where's my children? Where's my grandchildren? Where's everybody? Where's everybody? There's nobody (*voice breaking*)! And I couldn't believe what I wrote! I couldn't believe it, but that, that's my life! That's my life! So where are they? Where are they?

There's nobody. Am I a survivor? Yes, I am a survivor. [01:28:14.22] I got raped by John Stevens at the age of 24, 25. Do you know why? Because of this! Because (*crying*) he comes one night with some documents, I don't know, paperwork and all that. And what—and he had to talk to me. Well, we were talking and so I sensed that he was gonna come on and so I backed off. No, I, I didn't. The thing is I allowed him to rape me, because, because, I wouldn't have a job! I didn't (*hits table*) have a job! That's why [01:28:58.15] I took a gun uh, to my head one night. At the foot of my bed, that's how bad I felt. That's how bad I felt! But something happened. I got knocked out, probably with a few drinks or whatever. Next morning I found myself at the foot of my bed, the gun was underneath. Underneath the bed.

So I got up, I got on my knees and I asked the lord, the universe, higher power, Jesus Christ, I said, 'Remove me from this place. Remove me. I want to go to school. I want to do something whether where John or the Tribe can't take it away from me. I need something.' (*Tapping the table*) Everything in my life has been taken. Has been taken from me! And I did. I did. I went to school. I went to ah, ah this Real Estate thing. [01:30:00.17] But John found me. He found me. And uh—and the Tribe was paying for my rent, my school. My whatever, whatever that they were paying on, or John was paying. (*Pause, deep exhalation*) It happened again (*murmurs in room*) and again and again, saying, "This is the way life is. If you want to get on top, this is the way." BIA! The Government! Agents! He calls me up. Uh, "There's a couple of, uh, agents, other people from the BIA are coming down. Um, I want you to go and entertain them." And I said, "Well, John, I'm doing this . . ." and "I don't care, you do it or I'm shutting you off!" Or, "cutting you off" is what he says. I remember that. Yeah. So in other

words, the bottom line was, I was a prostitute. I might as well just say it, but in a different way?

**CW:** Umhmm.

**CB:** Umhmm. Umhmm.

**CW:** [inaudible] So Horrible!

**RP:** But my feelings were shut down.

**CW:** Sure.

**RP:** This is the way to go. This is the way to go. And way John Dawson. Um, he trained me and uh, and Nancy Dawson, Nancy says, "I want to take you to this woman, the white women, the high society or whatever's called. I don't know what the hell it was called. I say, "Why?" "Oh, I want you to meet them." "Yeah." I met 'em. So I didn't know, I was supposed to talk. So this one woman said, "Regina, how did you make it this far?" You know, in far, in business. I says, "You," I said, "You really don't want to know."

**CB:** Oh my God!

**RP:** "You really don't want to know. You really don't want to know." Yeah. Yeah, So anyway, I looked at it. Um, I cry, I think. But there's nobody there. It's always an empty space for me. Even my children, my grandchildren. Where are they? My Mother, I love my Mother, my Mom is going, ah mentally (*crying*).

**CW:** Is she still alive?

**RP:** Yeah. Um. So anyways, so I went through that. The FBI found me one time in Fort Lauderdale. At, over at a, over at our condo there. I opened the door, I looked at them, I says, "I'm not buying any Bible books." (*Laughing*) And they said, "No. Are you Regina uh, Nicholas Petit?" And I said, "Yeah, I am why?" Well, and this one guy took the FBI badge and out an he said, "Well, we—we're from the Federal Government." I said, "Listen, I am over 18 you can't take me back to school." I says, "I'm not going!" And they kind of looked at me...

**CB:** He didn't know.

**RP:** And this one guy says, "I hope it's a joke." Well, I says, "Well, I hope it's a joke!" I said, "Because," I says, "I'm not going anywhere! Uh—so what did I do?" He says, "uh We- we want to talk to you." And I said, "How did you find me?" "It's very easy." So I said, "Come on in." So an- and so he sat down and I had to give a testimony against John Stevens. Ah, ah, they were doing, um, um an investigation on him ah, with the women um. And so I gave, I signed, I signed my papers, I signed everything. And, and that's how they found me? And uh, have I forgiven John? I forgave him. I forgave him. Um, a long time ago. But that was the way of life. That's how you survived. If you don't do it, you won't, you're not going to have a job, you're not going to have a paycheck

**CB:** Right.

**RP:** To pay for your lights and all that. And that's why that I look around and I'm saying, "Stop abusing our people!" And that's what it is. I mean people see the other inside a family where a child is being abused and all that, but nobody says anything. Nobody says anything. Nobody says anything. But do I want the Indian children to be sent to Federal—I mean, with the Feds? Hell no! No! Hell no. They do—I don't even think that they could survive it. I don't think so. But I knew that I had the Spirit of my Grandmother and the Old Timers because I never lost, I never lost the understanding of the Passamaquoddy language because I held that uh - uh close. The convent, or the schools, uh, could have taken everything else, but they could never take me, I mean, my...yeah, the Indian.

**CB:** Who you were.

**RP:** Yeah! I mean what I went through, I mean I went through hell! I mean, just hell. [01:34:45.19] Yeah, one nun wanted to wash my hair and she, and she held me down in the sink is because she didn't like me. (*Laughing*) Ayah. Yeah. I had that done! Yeah. There was a lot of other things that were done, to me.

**CB:** Regina, was John Stevens the Tribal person?

**RP:** Well that's her Uncle [pointing to SB].

**SB:** He was the Trib-uh the Tribal Chief. At

**CB:** He was the Chief at the time.

**SB:** He was the Chief during the 19

**RP:** 64.

**SB:** Yeah.

**RP:** 64.

**SB:** He's well known for the 1980 Land Act, bringing that in.

**CB:** Yup.

**SB:** Yup.



**CB:** Thank you for clarifying that.

**RP:** But the funny part is [Simultaneously]

**CB:** Thank you.

**RP:** Oh, sorry.

**CB:** No. It's not your fault.

**RP:** And to top it all off,

**CB:** It's my ignorance.

**RP:** He did that to my oldest daughter. (*Collective gasps*) When she was young. When my Mother and Edward were drinking. So it's, it's passing down. I didn't know this. He said, "This is the way I'm going to teach you, I'm going to be your mentor," ah, when I started to work for uh, Tribal government. Yeah, I guess so. I guess so. Yah. I mean, I did things, that I'm not proud of. It's just survival.

**CB:** Of course.

**RP:** That's what it is. It's, it's survival.

**CB:** Of course.

**RP:** Yah. And the money that was uh given, extra money that was a uh given to me. And it was a given to me. I bought my Mother a \$5,000.00 fur coat. It's—I saw a white woman on the Reservation ah that was wearing a fur coat. And then, I asked my Mom, "As a child growin up, Mom." I says, "Uh, what is it that you always wanted?" And she says, "I always wanted a fur coat."

**CW:** a fur coat. [Simultaneously]

**CB:** Right. [Simultaneously]

**CB:** Beautiful mink, of course.

**RP:** Ye- yeah, N- no.

**CB:** What was it?

**RP:** It was a brown, um. Oh, or somethin. Well, it cost me \$5000.00. A friend of mine just picked it up from Boston, I think it is, and then shipped it to me. And um, and uh, so, so, that's the type of money that I was making. Yeah. Underneath the table and everything else, cash wise. So, so, so, so anyways so, when a guy, when a guy comes on full force, I mean, I just saw my Mother. That's all I saw.

**CW:** Umhmm, umhmm.

**CB:** Of course.

**RP:** Ah, I used to—I used to carry a small gun in my purse, um, um because I had a lot of the anger. Yeah, I always felt rejected. Why me? Why me? Why did they pick me? But I didn't know that they were picking the older children! Uh, the Federal Government, I don't know that! But they picked me. Virgie Johnson, Hiram Hall, picked me.

**CW:** They were Indian agents right?

**RP:** Oh yes!

**CB:** Yeah.

**RP:** Oh yeah in those days.

**CW:** And were they, were they—the Indian Agents stationed here or were they, they came from time to time?

**RP:** Well, um, ah, Virgie Johnson, she had a house.

**CB:** It's a woman.

**RP:** Um, going to Perry, it's right near the ocean. It's on the right hand side. Yeah, down, down there, yah. Oh, oh she was beautiful. She was all dressed up I mean, jewelry, uh shiny things. That's what I like, cause I see that as a child, 'shiny things'! Yeah! And, and Hiram Hall, I don't know where Hiram Hall came from. I know Vergie Johnson had a house

**CW:** Yes, here.

**RP:** Huh?

**CW:** She was here, located here?

**RP:** Oh yeah! As far as outside of uh, Robbinston? Robbinston area. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

**CW:** Was she an agent for Pleasant Point too? Did they do both do you know?

**RP:** I don't know that. I know that Vergie Johnson and Hiram Hall were here. Yeah, ah they placed him here. So. Huh! Here I am (*laughing*).

**CW:** You are a survivor.

**CB:** You are.

**RP:** Yeah, I'm bucking the system. Uh, dictation. I mean, Steph and I, no. I mean, you don't do that. Uh, the Native or the Indian men or—or are they called—

[?] jerks

**RP:** [01:38:53.06] Ah, the Native Men do not respect Native Women. Uh, ah, they're more respectful to a, to a non-Tribal person—no a woman. They treat that person more. Uh, to me, the thing is our people, or the Natives, d' we are killing each other. Is because eh, uh, they stomp on us or stomp on the people. Or, “They don't know, so let's make the decision,” and everything else. But that's not right. Dictation is not right. Disrespecting a Native woman or a child or abusing a child, that's not right. (*Laughing*) I mean, there's a lot of things, nobody knows it, nobody knows what goes on in this Indian Reservation and yes we could all say, it happens all over the world, alright, but it's here. It's here.

**CW:** You can only take care of here.

**RP:** Exactly. Exactly.

**SB:** Yup.

**CB:** Yeah.

**RP:** And there's sometimes I wonder, as far as on certain homes and I see the little girls with certain families, I'm wondering, I'm wondering, if that child is being abused. Sexually, mentally, verbally or whatever. Or thrown in a closet. Or thrown in the potato bin or something. Yeah, see, so, so I don't know. I don't know I, I mean I look at myself in that child Yeah, is cause I always felt that I was a reject. I felt that I wasn't wanted. Yeah. [01:40:24.26] And then, and then, now my children we-well one of my children thinks that I didn't want her because I gave her away. I had no choice.

**CB:** Right.

**RP:** Everybody made decisions for me. [01:40:35.17] I tried to kill myself one time, as a teenager, well not a teenager ah but somewhere, but what? 19 or something or something like that? Is cause I had enough. So I thought I'd try that. I, I wasn't successful at it. I wasn't successful, I ended up in the hospital. I mean, there's, uh there's a lot of things, being alone. It's nice to be alone, but to be lone, lone, alone! I don't know if anybody has ever hit that bottom of being alone, lone. Yeah! An, and the people don't understand—they think I'm crazy. Let 'em think I am—I don't care because I know I'm not. I know I'm not crazy, but sometimes I think I am, but I'm not.

Um, but, I'm a survivor and they don't understand, people. Ah, ah, see the thing is I took a Dale Carnegie course and—years ago so, and I'm very sensitive. Very sensitive to people. I can walk in that room and not look at anybody but I already know the vibes.

**CW:** Umhm, umhm.

**CB:** Right.

**RP:** And if I look at a person, or look at a woman or look at a man, especially a woman, vooom! It's like, where's my man? Or where's my husband? Uh that was uh through my life. Yeah, yeah. So I know, even right today, I know, I know. I know. But they don't know that I know, but I'm not going out there to tell 'em I know. Ah, [01:42:04.08] the way that you're treated. Ah, ah I mean treating me like, 'Oh there's Regina, avoid her. Oh she, oh she thinks white.' And that's what they say! And one Native guy came up to me and said, "I'm gonna tell you something." He says, "uh you're an Indian woman, but uh you have more than what an Indian man has on this Indian Reservation." That's what he said to me. I said, "Yes, because I work. I struggle, but I work." So for today, my whole life is, it's the way that I created it. It'd be like a shield.

**CB:** Helps keep you safe. [Simultaneously.]

**RP:** [01:42:45.14] And my family, yeah, and then, and then (*laughs*). My family say, "Oh come on, let's have Thanksgiving at my," "Oh no! We don't want to go to your house." I says, "Well, why not?" "Well, we got kids and they might break something." I say, "Come on over."

**CW:** So you don't care?

**RP:** I don't, but they do. Which I have to respect that. See, so family, I always, Spirit, I mean Spirit, in my Spirit, I always reach out to family. I want a family. Holidays are coming, let's get my family together. Let's get my children together. Let's have all that. Never works out. Nah! No. Uhhh (*anguished*). Holidays a-are I always want family. Uh, connection with family. But I don't have that. And yeah, I stand alone. I've always stand alone in my life! Ah—there was nobody there to catch me. Henh! Except myself.

**CB:** Yeah, yeah.

**CW:** Right.

**RP:** Yeah, yeah, and uh, [01:43:41.20] but I just wish that the old ways was back here. We have lost our tradition. Our culture. I believe that. Uncle Cozys, all the, all the good people

have died. That's why, I, I don't go to funerals. I don't go to those. Or wakes. Because, I guess, it just reminds me of my Grandmother. And nobody explained it to me or anything. Even right today at the age of 61. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. I cry alone. Even growing up. Yeah, but it's okay. I think it's okay. I always strive. I get knocked down but I stand up and I brush (*big breath, crying*). I just don't know.

**CW:** There's um

**CB:** You're so brave.

**RP:** Brave? (*Crying*)

**CW:** You are.

**CB:** You are.

**RP:** [01:44:48.06] And then I hear about that, ah, the children, well they're adults, uh, about the ah, ah, about them being abused. Um, the Canadian, uh people Yes! Yeah! And I thought, Gee I thought I had a hard time! They really had a hard time! I think. I mean, I think they did. I mean,

**CW:** Yeah, but you did too.

**CB:** You did too.

**RP:** Yeah, but not as much as they did. I'm just like,

**CB:** You can't compare.

**CW:** You can't compare.

**SB:** There's no comparison.

**CB:** You can't compare.

**SB:** No, you can't.

**RP:** Yeah, but I cry even to listening to their testimony I'm crying, saying, Oh my God! Yeah, yeah! I mean, the Catholic Church—and I respected the Catholic Church, I respected the nuns and the priests were like, God! But as I got older and older, uh, people, ah you know, I say, 'my God, you're saying that blasphemy!' "Blasphemy! What the hell are you talking about Regina, they're gay priests!" I say, 'don't even go there! I don't even want to hear it!' (*Laughing*) I remember—but now, it's easy now is because I'm looking at the nuns, they're human beings! I think. Yeah they are, right? And the priest—they're not God or whatever but all through my life, I was brought up, [01:46:09.09] brought up, well the nuns brought me up and there's some—I mean my, my Aunts and Uncles, who, some of them are not even my



Aunts and Uncles I mean, but I consider them as my family. Yeah, yeah. So. I think everybody has a story, a story of their lives and you know.

**CW:** The way you told your story, starting with who you were before you were five when you lived with your Grandmother? Used to be a Grandmother and the Uncles and those friends? To me, that's still you—

**SB:** Umhm.

**CB:** Yes!

**CW:** --and that's what carried you through all that time.

**CB:** Yes!

**SB:** Yes!

**CW:** That little girl who was so brave and—

**CB:** Yeah.

**RP:** Hm! Really?

**CW:** And still had that loving and saw the best in life and that even the way you talked about yourself, calling your name, "Scoodie."

**CB:** Scoodie! [Simultaneously.]

**CW:** Scoodie

**CB:** Scoodie!

**CW:** Scoodie is here! Scoodie is here!

**RP:** Yeah (*laughing*).

**CW:** Healing things, go out on the beach

**CB:** Eating clams!

**CW:** Sliding down the hill! You know, just finding the—

**CB** Crunching bottles!

**CW:** the Spirit of life, you know?

**CB:** Sliding down the hill! Hanging out with your uncles who—

**RP:** Who, yeah (*crying*).

**CW:** So you, you know, many people have childhoods that last a normal childhood period. You packed a lot into your childhood that ended when you were five. [01:47:27.16] But you're still in touch with it.

**RP:** Yeah, I am.

**CW:** And it's saved you.

**RP:** Yeah.

**CB:** And with the language.

**SB:** Yeah.

**RP:** Oh yeah, oh the nuns,

**CB:** and the music.

**RP:** they couldn't take that away from me.

**CB:** and Mrs. Bailey. And your Grandmother.

**RP:** Yeah. Auntie Frances. Tomah.

**CB:** Uncle Horace.

**RP:** Ahh (*affectionately*) Uncle Horace, Uncle Buggy, I know.

**SB:** So good to hear all those names again. When you were saying.

**RP:** Yeah! Yeah! (*Laughing*)

**SB:** I was real little and they were old men, when I was a little girl, but I remember them. Yup. You know?

**RP:** Oh, I remember her Father, Peter? I remember he always had a smile on his face and—I mean talking and so I used to look up, yeah, Shirley the same thing. He was uh, good. Yeah, yeah. But, you just—you can't stop, you can't stop, you have to keep goinv, no matter—whatever life dishes out to a person, it's either you take it or you don't, right? Yeah, yeah. I

always made sure that I don't ah, blame somebody else. Or, or say 'it's their fault for, that I'm an alcoholic.' 'It's their fault because I, ah, I'm a prostitute because of what happened in my childhood life. It's how a person takes it and—and what you take from who ever.

You could take whatever that person is offering, like positive or negative and just put it on you. We all wear patches, well my patches I wore I thought that I've okay, St. Elizabeths? Forget it!! Shoot! Throw that out! Yeah right! Oh, yeah. Father Davis! Forget it! Gee! (*Laughing*) Yeah, so I don't, I mean, yeah I have a past life. I mean yeah it was hard. But I chose to live. I chose to live and if I can help someone along the way, along my pathway, hey that's person I'm gonna reach down and help that person if I can, if that person will reach out to my hand and, and just pick him up or pick her up. Yeah. Yeah. Yeah. So-o. That's life. Yeah. My.

**CW:** There's studies these days that people in the same family and growing up in similar conditions and why some of the children have resilience and make it through and why some children don't. And, you somehow have resilience.

**SB:** Yeah, you do.

**CW:** It carried you through.

**RP:** [01:50:19.18] Oh, well I was raped more than once, but yeah, but, that's my fault. I think. Well, yeah.

**CB:** It's not your fault. It's not your fault. [Simultaneously.]

**SB:** No.

**RP:** I continued on with him because I, it was survival. I mean I had to pay lights, I had to pay things.

**CB:** That's right.

**RP:** A car, a payment. [01:50:42.02] Yeah sure, and then on top of that I'd, what he did with Bernard? Is it uh—the one that lives out there, uh, Eugene Stevenson's brother. Bernard?

**SB:** Jean Stevenson's brother? My uncle Gene?

**RP:** His brother, right? Is?

**SB:** Jean Stevenson's, John.



**RP:** Jean Stevenson, but I'm speaking of, uh, a Denise Poutrice's Mother's boyfriend. At the trailer out there, way out.

**SB:** Vernal?

**RP:** Vernal. I remember Vernal. He used to be a uh a watchyacallit? Excuse me, an alcoholic counselor. Yeah, and I remember him one day, uh a coming out the house and he had these papers and stuff. I says, "Oh hi, Bernard! Come on in!!" I says, "What's up?" "Well John Stevenson, [I mean], send me over." I said, "He did? Well, how come?" "Well he wants h-he you to sign these papers." I said, "What are the papers?" "Admitting that you're an alcoholic." I sat down, I said, "Are you kidding? Are you shitting me?" He said, "No, I'm not Regina, he sent me over. Sign the papers." I looked at him, I said, "Sign them papers? I ain't signing shit!" I says, "I am not an alcoholic." "Well, okay, then I'll." And he came back, the third time. [01:52:10.11] The second time he came back, and he says, "If you don't sign this, then you don't have a job."

"You don't have nothing." And I said, "Oh really? Why do I have to sign this?" He said, "He just wants you to sign it." So I called him and, I said, "John, why do you want me to sign those papers, those alcoholic papers, stating that I'm an alcoholic? I am not an alcoholic." He says, "I want you to sign those and if you don't sign them, I'm cutting you off on your job, I'm cutting you off on everything! [01:52:43.19] You have to sign those papers! You have to be like us!" I said, 'Like what?' "Sonya," he named Sonya and—he named them. "You are an alcoholic. Sign the papers." So, I signed them. I signed them saying, 'I am an alcoholic person.' And I got shipped out.

**CW:** They sent you to a treatment center?

**RP** Yeah!! Yeah, in Rhode Island.

**CW:** Oh, Jesus!

**RP:** Uh, it's to have it on record, record. Have it on record that I was an alcoholic.

**CW:** And then you could get signed out.

**RP:** I went there. Those two Doctors, I, I mean I got sick of pneumonia there. And, and a day before I left, uh, ah, ah, um the two Doctors that came and sat down and one of the doctors looked at me and says, "Regina, I don't ever want to see you in here again." I said, "It's not my choice." It was the Governor's choice. Mr. Stevenson's choice. I said, "Well, I got detoxed." The other Dr. I- smiled, he said, "Yeah Regina, you got detoxed from caffeine!" It is cause, in those times I used to have 5, 6—

**CB:** Cups of coffee.

**RP:** Right, right, I did. Even some times at night. So I got a detoxed from caffeine. But it's on record, I'm an alcoholic. I'm an alcoholic. If I'm an alcoholic, then I wouldn't a gotten this

far in life. 'Cause I would have, I would have killed myself or do something. Which I did once in my life, after he raped me. Yah. After he raped me. And I did what he told me to do.

**CW:** Is he still alive?

**SB:** Yeah.

**RP:** Oh, yeah! Yeah.

**CB:** Does he live here? Does he still

**SB:** Yeah, yeah.

**RP:** [01:54:28.13] Yeah. And then, once my Mother approached him on my uh, daughter, he admitted it. And um, and he had to got counseling. But Tom Tareen stepped in, "John, if you sign those papers, uh your life is going to be ruined." So, he never signed 'em, admitting it. Yeah, yeah. And there was a couple of other guys also, that did the same thing but, but, in a different scenario. (*Laughing*) Yeah, so.

**CW:** Well that's a big story you've got.

**RP:** Well, I didn't, its only what came out. I've just been pushing, pushing, but.

**CB:** And you know too, that you can change it anytime.

**RP:** No, I'm not changing anything. I don't need to add to it.

**CB:** You can add to it, continue, but my point is, it's yours.

**RP:** Oh, pfff, I lived it, I'm carrying it, so on tape, it doesn't—

**CB:** It doesn't matter.

**RP:** As long as if it helps anybody and even the children on the Reservation and to verbalize and to vocal—what the Catholic Church has done, what the nuns have done, what the priests have done, what the Chiefs have done, the Indian agents has done. That has to be vocal. Even names or whatever. It's the first time I ever admitted in my hearts of hearts what John has done to me and has done to my daughter.

But, the other, raping part, I call it rape. Because I did what he told me to do and I shoved that. I'm surprised it came up. Holy God! I don't verbalize that. And then after that, it was just

automatic, shut down feelings. And I have shut down on feelings. That's why I'm seeing uh, that doctor up there, but uh (*laughing*). It's like, "So why are you here?" I said, "I'm not here for drugs, I'm not here for medication. I just gotta figure out where my life is going, who I am and where I fit.

**CW:** Good for you!

**RP:** And, and and he looked at me, he says, "I think I'm gonna like you." (*Everyone laughing*)

**RP:** Oh yeah because they're there for something! I said, "I'm not here for any of that!" And I named 'em. Yeah, so anyway—and that's, that's the time that he gave me um, the happiness within. And I looked at him and I said, I said, "Where's your couch? Aren't I supposed to sit there? (*Everyone laughing*) Lie there and tell you my story? What's bothering me?" He says, "No." He's on this computer, so I'm thinking um—and he says, "Well um, continue Regina, continue." "Why?" I'm waiting for you to get off the computer?" He says uh, "Oh no, every time you talk, I type it."

**CB:** Oh, he's taking notes on the computer?

**RP:** Yeah, yeah. He doesn't look at you!

**CW:** Hmmm!

**SB:** Yeah.

**RP:** So I said,

**SB:** We were just talking about it.

**RP:** Yeah. So I said, "Boo." (*Tapping on table*) And went like that, eh? (*Laughter*) Yeah, yeah.

**CB:** So you want me to stop recording. Do you want to talk some more?

**RP:** Girl! I'm 61 years old, I have lived it, I have experienced it, I have felt it, I've done everything. Ah, there's some stick there, but no, God no. I don't need to talk to anybody. No—here I go again! No. I don't need after care or whatever it is called. So here I am. What you see is what you get, this is me. Yeah.

**CB:** It's beautiful.

**SB:** I agree.

**CB:** It's beautiful.

**SB:** I do, I love you.

**RP:** I know it.

**SB:** I think you're special.

**RP:** Oh, well you are too!

**SB:** You right I am!

**RP:** Voice of the people! The voice of the people. Oh and turn that thing off my god I'm surprised it didn't . . .

**[END OF RECORDING]**