

(Did you have to do any work before high school?)

No. We just played around like children do--until the sixth grade.

We worked from about the eighth grade on. One thing I will say, we barely ate there. The government allots a lot of money, but we ate spairingly.

(This word was emphasized several times.) I only ate two whole eggs since I went to school. We had our own bakery, but only two slices of bread for dinner. A little bit of meat, green beans, potatoes, and two slices of bread--and that was all. And you know, kids need more than that. Now they eat like kings. I can't put my children there. (at Ft. Sill) Of course, I wouldn't but other families who don't have enough money do need their children placed there--providing they have well-meaning house mothers. That's one thing I'd like to see changed. Paul worked in the bakery, but they really put the pinch on us. That's the Bureau of Indian Affairs. I don't know what their policy is, but I would change it.

(Do you have any idea where the extra food went?)

Oh, the money might have gone to employees salaries. Towels and bedding went to the steam laundry--manned by our own students. And they (the laundry) had a mean supervisor. Caddo, she slapped the boys around--and she was partial to her own tribe. Her name was Purdy.

(When did the day start?)

At 6:00 or 7:00. We had breakfast and then we got to work before classes. Classes started at 8:30 and we got out at 3:00.

(What kinds of things did they teach you?)

English, history, geography, current events, math, biology--oh, science, I guess.