

old.

(What about your other kids--how long?)

Nine months.

(Did they wean themselves or did you just try to wean them when they were that old?)

Well, I tell you. You know after they were three months old their grandmother started feeding them gravy and oatmeal. You know that way. Well, the older they got, they just forgot about it. They just didn't bother for it any more. But this Cordelia--I don't know--let's see--she was two years old when her grandmother died. And it seemed like I just couldn't wean her. Her father used to whip her for it, but it didn't do no good. She used to cry and cry and cry. She wanted to nurse. Oh, she used to cry so pitiful I used to just have to nurse her. And my uncle, he used to say, "Let's see! Let's see! Put her down! Let me lay down there and nurse," he used to tell us. (Myrtle laughs. In Arapaho culture uncles could tease their nieces--jj) "You could see her feet way out there!" he used to tell her. They'd all get after me. Yeah, I nursed her till she was seven years old. Well, her father took her to school when she was six years old. I guess she cried all night and cried all night. She made Imogene sick. She felt so sorry for her crying all the time that Imogene got sick. They notify us that we had a sick girl and we went (probably to Concho Boarding School). And she said, "Mama, you must take Cordelia home. She always makes me sick. She cries all the time. She always want to nurse," she said. Just think, we got there and in the playroom she wanted to nurse! So we asked that principal that we was going to take her home and keep her another year. She can't go to school. "Oh," he said, "That's all right. You could bring her at Christmas," he said. So we brought her home and she never went back to school until she was seven.

(Was that at Boarding School?)

Yeah, at Concho. And that old thing, she'd cut up. She finished. Imogene