

think they needed anything else. That was life for them. But I went to school rather late. I must have been, and as I said, I left school in 1900 and I was 13½ years old when I left here. And I went to school. I must have been about 7 or 8. I don't remember. And I came here this was a Kiowa school. It was mission run by the Southern Methodist Church, ---missionaries. And this J.J. Methvine and this church down there is named after him. And we went to school me and another friend of mine. And we went but they was all different but they was Kiowa. And just us two Comanches. We didn't know nothing---we didn't know "a" from "b": when they say "yes" or "no" we didn't know what that was. There we were---knewed up suckers, but it was our last year for our bigger brothers. Their last year so the parents seen it to let us go and let them kind help us along that first year of our school life. They'd come over and clothe us. We didn't know how to put dresses on, or shoes. Course we had shoes at home, but it was different from what they had here. We had to go by regulations. So they'd help us along quite a bit. (Well, what did these things (clothes) look like that your wore?) Oh, just little slips just like butter-lies you know. And mother she never went to school in her life, but I always wore dresses. It's just a plain long waisted dress and gathered, you know, and that was all. They had aprons and pinafores and things like that. Well, we didn't know nothing about them. So we came there to that school. Oh, that was sad old day we came there. Oh I don't want go. I just cried and hollered, "I want go home to my parents." And they say I'll have to stay. Say, "Your brothers is here and he'll look after you." They called us in there, and that lady took us into that building: she took us into a room and there's a lot of clothes, shells around there, you know. And she was trying to fit us up you know. She put us on smock dresses like this you know,-- laced. Got dressed and cleaned. Then she took us across campus. Quite a ways from our building to the laundry and she put us in a tub of water. Cleaned both of us you know. Bathed us and put clothes on us. She showed us how to put our shoes and stockings on. What! Why in those days we nursed when we was 5 or 6 years old. And therefore we just babies and our mothers, we don't know nothing about lacing our shoes up, putting on our own stock-