

And the matron would tell their names. If I remember correctly, there was thirteen of us in that little room. And she came to me and said, "This is Jenny Black." I guessed that was my name, I didn't know. Well, school started. If we got too noisy, she had a little bell and she'd tap that little bell. And we'd all keep quiet. She'd call all the names to be quiet and she'd go like this (puts finger in front of mouth). Well, we kept quiet a while. She kept saying Jenny, well, I didn't know she meant me. She came over and said, "Your name is Jenny. Come here." I thought she was going to whip me. Oh, I cried. I didn't want to go. They had to go in the other room and get a Cheyenne girl to come in there. She talked Indian to me and she said, "You're going to go up there to her desk." I saw a yardstick, I thought she was going to whip me, and here she was going to measure how tall we were. She told me to stand close to the wall there with my chin up, and then she got that yardstick and I thought oh, she was going to...and I cried and wanted to run out and this girl grabbed my arm and she said, "No, you're going to just measure how tall you are." Like I said, I guess I was small for my age. Well, she measured all of us. She put it down, she'd write, and say, "Go sit down." I told this girl, she was still standing there was two of them there, Arapaho and Cheyenne, I said, "No, I don't want to sit down, I'm going out to get a drink." So she talked to that lady, and that lady said, I guess she said, "In a little while we was going to have recess, we was going to go out play, or go to the rest-room, go use the toilet, or go get drink, and we was going to come back to school again." And I said, "Well when I come back in here I want her to take that yardstick out. I don't want it in here." I don't know