

going to call (you)-- When I say, "Eugenia," come on. Mean's come on, this way. And she said, "Listen to him--she's going call you." My sister.

"Eugenia." I look at her. Now. She know her name. Your name's Eugenia. Now, my name Eugenia Hummingbird. Now, what they call me, I don't understand them. I just couldn't talk nothing. And the school room, poor thing, I don't know what it is. There's big letters standing there--got a "cat, cat, table chair, table--" And the teacher pointed. "This is 'chair.' You say 'chair.' I call it. "This is 'cat.' And this is 'dog.' And this is little--" In a few days I understand.

(How old were you?)

I was about eight years old. Or thirteen. I big girl, and I learn it quick.

(Did you live at the school?)

All the Kiowas and Comanches and Apaches. And at the Riverside School (were) the Wichitas and Caddoes and Delawares school. When I first talked English-- I try to talk English, all the Kiowas, they drawing rations. They give us ration--flour and sugar and bacon--everything. They issue them. And they always kill a beef, too, at Friday. And Reverend Methvin say, "You may all go home. Go to the camp. Everybody go." And me and another girl, we was sitting, and I said, "Hey we all going home." "Let's go see matron--" We talking Kiowa. Let's go and tell her if she let us go home. "Yeah." We knocked at her door. "Come in, girls." She just look at us. She laugh. She know that we want go. We don't know what to talk to her! I don't know what to say! "What you want, girls?" We try to talk, but we can't talk. After a while I said--her name's Miss Bradford--I said, "Miss Bradford, give me home!" I said.

(Give me home!)