

begging and whimpering, followed by gagging, choking, retching, tears and crying, mostly because they were glad it's over. They used to even warm the castor oil. It was not the good, sweet-tasting, minted, scented, flowery oil you take nowadays. It was that terrible, galling, maddening, putrescent, vomit-inducing, old fashioned, pure-dee castor oil. I can still hear my mother saying, "If you throw this up, I'll just have to give you some more!" Oh, the thought of taking that, and throwing up, only to take some more started me gagging. By the time my turn came I was all ready to throw it back up, what with my stomach churning and growling. And I did--every time--throw up that is. My hand over my mouth never could stop it. It came through my fingers, went down my elbows, snorted out through my nose, down into the front of my shirt between my legs, down into my shoes. Blinded, walking spraddle-legged, strong hands would drag me back for my second dose, amidst yelling and shouts of, "You better hold it down this time." I used to wish for sugar or orange juice, and there was none and there was no one to help you. Just a mob of gleeful, sadistic jeering, point people that I couldn't even recognize as my own kinfolk.

Well, I imagine they thought that would take care of us for the year, clean us out, you know. Stupid, short-sighted people. That was our send-off. I never really did appreciate it, either. Don't ask me why. In my case, I would be sick for a week--mentally, physically and maybe morally. I used to smell like and taste like castor oil for a week later.

The bus used to come and we used to bawl our heads off, but it didn't do any good. Looking back and thinking on all that's transpired since then made me wonder what I was bawling about. I guess, at that time, to me home and security were one and the same.

The most profound aspect of my sojourn at the Pawnee Indian School is the spectre of discipline. Discipline in its most rigid, non-yielding, almost brutal, shocking and galling state. Non-Indian was the order of the day. Most of us did not know a word of English. All the songs we sung or knew were Indian songs. Being only 6 years old, I didn't know anything else. I was a lamb ready for the slaughter. We were like dumb driven