

were always dirty, poor, slovenly and this made us a sour, bitter, belligerent lot and we'd pick on those neat, well-mannered Pawnees. I recall the word, "annuity." Somebody said the Pawnees were getting an "annuity." I used to wonder why we weren't getting an "annuity." "Where's my annuity," I used to howl. I tried to be real friendly with the Pawnees because of this. My own form of brown-nozing, I guess.

Fights were infrequent. Maybe we were all too young to really hate, but I think that most of us were afraid to fight each other because of the dire things that would befall us if we did. Some fights took place early in the year and I could still hear the wolf-like howls of the participants as they were being beaten with leather straps up on the second floor barber shop. That barber shop held terror for me, too, because so many went in there with a full head of hair and came out bald. I was determined not to be bald headed, so I stayed nice. I guess you might say I learned quick. It was a disgrace to be bald and because of it, to be shunned like a leper.

I remember one Saturday when a bunch of us Poncas and Otoes got together (we always did on Saturday) rabbit hunting, fighting bees in the forest, taunting and throwing mud at the colored kids across the creek from the school, we used sunflower sticks for spears, bean-shooters--a real battle, we used to swear they were from Africa. We found ourselves down among the hog pens. Next thing we were all trying to ride the hogs. No real harm done except that we made the hogs tired. Well, some Pawnees saw us and told on us to the Disciplinarian. That night after supper and all the others were dismissed from assembly, they named several of us to stay. There were about 14 of us. I tried to get at the tail-end of the line because I could see we were going to get it. The Disciplinarian took a great leather belt and boomed that we had been caught riding pigs--unluckily, he started at my end. I was number three. I noticed the two in front of me tried to tough it out as the beating began which served only to prolong their agony. That is more lashes fell until they began howling. When my turn came and they bent me over a chair and pulled my pants down--as the first lash fell on my rear, I let out a blood-curdling yell and the Disciplinarian was so startled