

my grandfather died at the age of 84, never learning to read or write his name. He moved to Oklahoma in around 1870's and 80's, somewhere in there, and married a lady who attended the Seminary here, in fact I had a very rare privilege the other day. I went over the the registry, and looked up my grandmother's grades and she's still living. She's eighty-six years old, and I got to look up her grades, her Seminary grades, and she graduated, I, I shouldn't say graduated, she finished, she said in 1899, and I verified that through the records. My grandmother didn't file for allotment of land in Grove, and she is still living, and my father who lives there now lives on the allotted land that she received. My grandfather did not join them or did not sign up on the Dawes record so therefore, by blood I'm a quarter and by record, I'm an eighth. So that's a little bit about me.

We are a small family. I have now only a dad, a mother, my grandmother's still living, I have one brother who lives in El Paso who's a career man in the service, and he has two sons and I was two sons and a daughter, and that's all of the Underwood clan. Well, I think that's enough about me, at least you can see that this is my history.

BACKGROUND OF DESERTATION

For this reason, when I went to the University of Oklahoma, I was asked to write a dissertation to fulfill the requirements for the doctorate degree. One of the things I felt was that I had a commitment to my own people to do something. So I mentioned to my own major professor that I'd like to write something in the area of Indian education. This man said, "No, I don't think you should. I believe this is a waste of time." So I let him stay that way for five or six months. I finished my course work, my class work, when actually it came time to write my paper and I knew that it would take