

Now everyone with one-fourth Indian blood can go to a hospital. Income doesn't matter. Some people refer to us as wards of the state--we don't have to pay--but we're referred to as beneficiaries.

I don't know why the government wants to do so much for us. You know, they say they took our land away from us, but we younger ones didn't own any land. My husband's mother owned this land. My mother had property out at Saddlemountain, but due to a family squabble we just sold it.

(In response to a question about events after her husband became ill, Juanita said that they moved to Altus, Oklahoma, then to Cincinnati, from there, across the river to Kentucky because rent was too high.)

We were paying \$75 in Kentucky and for \$65 we'd have been living on skid row. So I said to my husband, before we do that, we'd better move

back home. (to Hobart) I worked for two strict (meaning prejudiced)

people in Hobart. At the credit bureau, there was an older man, and he

just discriminated against all darker races, I guess. But when I left

there, he gave me a letter of recommendation to an aristocratic lady.

(This woman, I later discovered in casual conversation, was Mrs. Marilyn

Oglevie's sister. Mr. Oglevie is director of the Oklahoma City Zoo.

Juanita was obviously proud of the fact that white employees respected

her and trusted her with responsibility. This particular job was with

an Insurance Company, and she made \$55 a week. When she left, her employer

held the position open for several weeks in the hope that she would return

(What language did you speak at Riverside?)

I guess they wanted to make us learn English.

(How many were there?)

About 300--both boys and girls. I went there from 1937 to 1949. Then