

put the Pear of God in us. Speaking of God, we were exposed to the church very young. Every Wednesday night, every Friday night and all day Sunday, we were marched off to church. They dressed us good, too. We each were given 2 suits. Yes, I said suits--even had vests with them. I got a gray suit and a brown suit. Some got green and blue suits. We had white, red, purple, green and blue shirts and neckties. I went to the Pawnee Indian Baptist Church. Later on, some of the boys who went to the Methodist Church in town began coming back to school with red plumes. I guess they got one everytime they attended Sunday School. So, all of us Baptists quit our church and turned Methodist just so we could get a red feather every Sunday. And another thing, it was a longer walk to and from town with your girl, if you had any.

Well, for all of this, we survived. For all the severity of our sojourn in Pawnee Indian School, we all flourished for the better. Not because of all that transpired but in spite of all that happened to us. It is easy to be bad or good, whichever it is, it is of your own choosing. We made our own beds and we wallowed in them.