

wish it was just as dark as it could be, because I'm proud of the Indian blood I have in me. I wish I had more than half." I went to the tenth grade and I got pregnant by a white boy. I didn't get married, 'cause he wouldn't marry me. When I was in the hospital, there was only one person there I could talk to, and that was Mr. Sager, a social worker. And seems like he was the only person that could understand me and my problem. And we talked and he asked me if I was going to go back to school. And I hold him that I was thinking about it but I was also afraid of what would be said. But he told me, he said, "if you are gonna keep the child, then the best thing to do is for you to go back to school." So I did go back when my little boy was two weeks old. My grandmother took care of him and I went ahead and finished out the eleventh grade. And then that following fall I supposed to went back, but instead I got married. Married a white boy, moved off to Tulsa. Things didn't work out 'cause he mistreated my little boy - then I left him and went back to my grandparents. Then I worked at the restaurant of the Cherokees for about four months. Then everybody got laid off, so I got back on welfare

PLANS TO FINISH HIGH SCHOOL AND TAKE NURSES TRAINING.

And then after I had been on welfare for a couple - two or three months, they started this program, which they called Title Five, so I started working as a nurse's aide at the Indian hospital, and I'm still taking training. I've got three more months to go and then it will be a year - whether I get hired or not, I don't know. That's just a chance that I'm taking right now. And I'm taking this training and I only get \$162.00 every month and that is all. There's not too many people that would work for that and not get tired of it. And I'm supposed to take my G.E.D. testing for my high school diploma and later on take nurse's training so I can provide better for my child.