

P R E F A C E

To my understanding, a PREFACE is a brief explanation to the Reader at the beginning of a Publication.

Thats it!

To look into this Latin system the White Man uses, PRAE FACERE, means to SPEAK BEFORE!

I'm using this PREFACE, to explain the reason for the subject of this book, because the subject of the book is a conclusion after a beginning a life as a Blanket-Indian and becoming- civilized, which was alleged to be superior to being a reservation Indian.

I was born on the Sisseton-Wahpeton Sioux Indian Researvation, in the year 1926 and spoke no English or any other civilized language till I was taken from my parents and placed in a Government Home or School.

Since that time the years have been long and lonely and the distances hard to place, as many contacted associations concluded to be closely related or their personal separations are all patterned from the same mold.

Going from E.86th.St., New York City; to old Summit Ave. St.Paul, Minn.; or Grammercy in Los Angeles, Calif.- attitudes and personal presentations cannot be separated to a marked identity.

WHO IS WHO or WHAT IS WHAT!, is lost to any type of known educational promises to what this civilized world can give to personal identity, if one is faithful to all indoctrines that the Intellectual system has to give.

These are conclusions of a Dakota Indian who learned his English and how to speak it in a Government Indian School.

Starting as a reservation Blanket-Indian, to a factory worker, to a Bum and Drunk, a Corporate Officer for one of the largest Corporations in the world, holding a title of-VICE-PRESIDENT OF FINANCE for the diversifieds; a Lovier, a Husband more than once and a Father more than once, a Hospital Administer.
I've broken bread with Hippees, Uppies, Gruru's, Occult Scholars, Scientist and professional criminals.

On the field of battle, I've met Police Forces, members of the Armed Forces, and Assassins- and walked away the Victor.

In my travels, I've slept in comfort where one could see the outside through the cracks in the walls and feel the chilly cold wind blow through the house, all the way to excusing oneself from a Bedroom which was one of ten, where Satin Sheets, were the same color as the Red, Walls, and Carpets of a Mansion- to sleep on the bare ground because of "Bed Bugs."

I've discussed topics of the day, with people who wore no clothes

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