

All these stories, bedtime stories, they'd call'em. They called 'em "He-ko" in Osage language. And I always remembered that because they used to always be going after (words not clear). He-ko, He-ko. That's all we would say and he knew what we meant. And he told us that you don't tell these bedtime stories in the summertime, only in the wintertime. Because when you tell these stories in the summertime why they would bring birds and little things like that around. They didn't tell us these stories in the summertime. That was the reason they told us. When wintertime came that was just when we knew we were going to hear all these stories. And I kinda don't remember when he quit telling these stories to us. I guess we must grow to be maybe ten or eleven years old when he stopped telling these stories. We tell these same stories to our children today, so they'll know. Maybe they will tell it to their children. And they tell it in a little more modern way today, but of course, it's in English and part Indian. So, they'll know the names of these animals we talk about. They enjoy them as much as we did. We tell it just like they told it to us back there. And when we tell the story the way it was told to us, well maybe years from now our children, our children's children will tell the same stories. But there little Osage stories. The way they told'em they were very funny and they're entertaining. Just like I say, we would always fall asleep whenever our father would begin telling us a story. There was always a lesson in these stories that they told us. And it was usually, you know, mind your parents. Be careful of this or that and not to eat just anything. Much of them pertaining to food, most of these stories were. There's really a lesson in each one of these stories, which I think