And I can remember also, how generous my parents were to their friends and neighboring Indians. They used to come and stay with us, weeks at a time. And I can say that my mother and father was most generous to their friends, to their less fortunate friends. And they would bring all their children, and we all played about the farm. And it was a most joyous home life that I knew, A loving mother and father who really cared for their family. And to show them the values of life and actually get out and work on the farm, to know what it means to work. And I can remember them going up on the hill, and the hay meadow and baling the hay for the livestock. And the ladies would take food up there at lunch time and have just a regular big picnic when we used to bale the hay in the meadows on top of the hill. My father liked to share his—his food with his relatives. For instance, used to prepare for the winter, used to dry corn. The Osages used to dry their corn for winter use, and I can remember my father calling relatives, my aunts, uncles, cousins which were quite a few at this gathering.

SHARING THE CORN CROP AND DRYING PROCESS

And he used to plant about 60 acres of corn to dry. And in that manner and in that abundance it would go around to each relative and I can remember we would gather the relatives out to the farm and all the men folk used to go into the field and gather the corn, wagen loads at a time. You can imagine how much corn there was to be dried. And the men folk would bring it back to the house and everyone would sit around and start shucking the corn. And then,