

Yeah.

(They say the Osages likee skunk. (laughter) And they--I know my dad he sure used to like it.)

(name not clear) you know, died, lived west of here.

(Yeah.)

He sure used to like skunk.

(And my half brother Leo, he kinda--he likes it, he fix 'em you know, sage 'em and cook 'em.)

Old Man Blackbird he married my father's sister you know. (not clear) he said yeah, that the same thing. Must taste like onion. I would eat 'em too fat.

(Well, they did eat dried meat with that, you know. We did.)

Yeah, with dried meat.

(Yeah, but Indian, I don't know. But like now, I kinda like to eat a piece of fat just by itself at times. But I'm not supposed to.)

Like beaver too.

BEAVER IN EARLY DAYS

(Beaver, huh.)

Yeah, we use to--where I stay there is a branch. Used to be lots of beaver down there. And at night time you can hear them things gnaw a tree down.

They up and down that creek, way up the water. Muddy end of river or creek.

Deer tried to cross that, but they couldn't cross it. They get caught. They take 'em by the horn. Father told them boys, "Go down and drag 'em out."

Beaver had the dam you know.

(Yeah.)

Lots of mud in there. He couldn't do--he can't cross it. It get boggy.

(Yeah, there used to be a little creek down there. Wasn't a big lake like it is now. A beaver, what kind of taste did it have?)

Like a wood.