

up there. There was no agency. It was called Indian Commission. And take it up to the Commission house up there, and have this place allotted to it, and that's homestead. And then, they give you a certain amount of improvement obligations and you got a five year lease on it. And so, old Shonk, he told my father, he says, "Old Sylvester KeNaHa (?)," he says, "got a boy three years old and never been allotted." My father talked the Osage language pretty good. He could understand it. And old Shonk and old KeNaHa and none of them could talk a word of English. So, he made him understand, and the next day, my father got on his horse. And also, Sylvester had a T-seated hat, you know. He set the thing and took his boy to the Commission house, Council House, and had this place allotted to John KeNaHa. What become of that KeNaHa? Then, again, it's a five year lease on that, and we're supposed to build a two-room log house. Barn of six set of horses, cribs, tents the whole a hundred and sixty, drill a well, and break out forty acres. That automatically gave us five year lease on it. No one would change hands. Oh, well. Then, later, in 1906, when they close the rolls on the Indians, why, they gave John three quarter sections called surplus. And they gave him this quarter adjoining Hominy on east. And my father came in then 1906. He sold his lease down there, leased this one adjoining here. And him and his brother and myself, they located the picnic grounds, fair grounds, and the race tracks and the roping shoots, all that. And we run that for seven years.

RECALLS THE EARLY DAY OSAGES

And so that's the first time I ever met your daddy. It was down there at the picnic.