

life." I know it. Yeah. Old John Bridge, he was a good friend. here for years. And that's they way it is, you see? I--these younger Indians, I don't know them, you knew. But they tell me who their parents was, and I know them.

(Yeah. Who all, was they, about 1900, was there any Indian, you know, I've heard that they were kinds in camp, you know?)

Mr. Pore: Oh, yes, they was all in camps, some. And, you know, about the best friend I ever had among' the Osage was Frances Claremore. I'd catch a big fish, and I even kill big bunch of squirrels. Anything in the world that I--so I can sell, I take them over to Frances, and he'd buy them from me.

(Yeah.)

He might take them out the back door and throw them away, but he'd buy them. /laughter/ Everything, we furnished them wood over there, you know. We cut wood down there. And we couldn't have made it across if it hadn't been for Frances Claremore.

And he'd buy everything what we take over there to him. And...

(Weren't they camp out here on Tin Creek? Wasn't old man Penn living at that time?)

Mmmm?

(Old man Penn out here on...)

Oh, yeah, I never did know him. Now, I knew Fred, and I knew that other one. They was brothers, but I never did know the old man, their daddy. Because--see, Fred was about my age, you know? No, Fred is older than me. And Fred Penn was.

(Yeah, I imagine he was.)

He was awfully drunkard. I used to have to help--help old Phil...

(You know, I understand that there was a camp out here where--there's John Abbot lived there, too.)