

Yeah. Is that Frank Lynn's wife still living?

(No, both of them died in 1937.)

Well, I'll be doggone. Two boys are still living?

(Yeah, they're still living. I think both of them's still over at Pawhuska.)

I'll be doggone, one of them's kind of dark and one kind of white. Kenneth and--

(Arnold.)

Arnold. I guess he's been dead long time.

(Yeah. He's been dead long time.)

I used to know old lady Big Eagle and they'd send word up that old Russ, that was his mother you know--that's where Frank stayed after I got sick. They sent word up there that Russ was in Jail, boy they get in that little beat up car and rode down to the jail. Got him out of jail and she give him a ten dollar bill and take him down at Nigger town and drop him off. I don't know how long she got him out of jail. I mean he was really on that liquor. ((laughter))

(He drank a whole lot, that boy.)

Yeah.

(Yeah, they had--the Osages had some different ideas about living in those days.)

Some of them didn't care for nothing.

(No, they didn't. They just drink anything and eat anything.)

If you'd help them to get something to drink, they'd do anything for you in the world. I was staying out there at Johnson Suzie's in there, Marietta Flats one time and I'd make five gallon of home brew at a time. When I'd get it made I'd sell that Hilderbrand what is it--you remember him.