

Old man. They part Osage, I'd sell him two gallon everytime. And then I'd have some to drink and then I'd sell old Russell Warrior. He kept me in clothes. He'd take me down to the grocery store, had his credit. He would call his guardian. And that store keeper there was raring to sell anyway. I bet I had fifty shirts and fifteen white pair of pants. I'd get my money out of him but--

EATING TERRAPINS AND SKUNKS

(Yeah, I use to peddle terrapins to those Osages and they--ever now and then they'd want skunk, to eat. They just throw them terrapins in the oven and when they got done, till they got done, they take them out and eat them.)

They cook 'em and put 'em in there alive?

(Uh-huh. And they eat those skunks too. I don't know how they fixed them.)

I don't know how they fixed them. They used to stay over at John (name not clear). You remember him? He'd buy a big fat one, they give them fifteen dollars, twenty dollars a piece for them. They just --light a fire outside and then they put it on a long stick. Singe that hair off, just keep singeing it and finally have it all singed off and it look like a--hog. And they'd cook it and eat it. Boy but that stink never leaves it.

(No, I've been around them when they eating it, and it just smell bad, now.)

I couldn't eat for two or three days after that.

(I know, Bacon Rind, you know old man Bacon Rind?)

I use to drive for him.

(Yeah, I've sold him skunks and terrapins.)

GOOD FOOD SERVED AT INDIAN VILLAGE

I was driving for Bacon Rind when he married that Cole woman. We went over