

(Harold Red Corn. One half unallotted Osage from Pawhuska, Oklahoma.)

I would like to start out by saying that I wish this would have been possible to have a tape recorder going on when I was a little boy. Some of the things that went on at that time. But since there isn't, I am glad that they have them today and maybe we can remember some things that might be of help in some way to know what went on during our lifetime.

GRANDFATHER RED CORN WAS OSAGE INDIAN

I remember when I was a boy, just a young boy, my grandfather Red Corn (not clear) lived just about a block from here where I live now. And we used to go over and visit with him, and many times we would go and visit with him. Sometimes maybe every day, we would go over there once and then sometimes two or three times a week. And I always remember one thing stands out in my mind about him that he was always glad to see us. Always seemed like that he was happy we came to see him and he always wanted to give us something and usually it was a silver dollar which he always seemed to have a silver dollar around for each one of us when we would come. I don't know if that had anything to do with making more visits or not, but it could have, but anyway we really thought a lot of him and he did us too.

GRANDFATHER HUDSON WAS A WHITE MAN

I remember also my white grandfather. His name was Tom Hudson--Thomas B. Hudson, and he lived up north of town on Cedar Creek. When he first came here though he lived in Indian Village. Him and my mother and my mother's mother and her brothers and sisters came here in a covered wagon in 1906. And my mother met my father shortly afterwards and after courtship, I don't know how long, why they were married. And my grandfather lived right here in the Indian camp at that time and did many services for the Osages that lived here in the camp. He brought them wood. He would take his wagon and go out into