

(Shelter.)

Yeah, there's some elks here, too. They got mad at each other talking. Well we go down here, this way, anybody that wants to talk to me, wants to follow me, you do so. You take your men, go wherever you want to go. So they all come down here, it wasn't but a little while, the other fellow changed his mind and come down here with them.

(Got cold out there, I guess.)

Salt, too, lot of salt out there.

(Wah-she-she, they kinda wouldn't--back there-- there wasn't too much of a -- I understand -- They wasn't too much buffalo hunters like these other Indians. They kinda hunt deer and smaller animals.)

One time, they caught one little white boy, raised him from a baby, someplace they was having war with the whites, you know. They got their boy. Somebody raised him. He used to play with the boys, boys would rope him, throw it around his neck and lead him around, drag him. He wouldn't do, he wouldn't nothing but he always haul water, carry wood, whatever they wanted. He kept quiet, you know, he know what the Osages getting so he didn't want to say nothing. They way they treat him. One day he told 'em, this boy told him, his master, he said, "You know, I been thinking about it, I liked to be a Osage or I'd like to be one of the Osages, be an Osage." His master said, "Well, I see about that, I see about that." So, he went and talked to the chief and they had a council. They talked about him, they told what kind of boy he was, good working boy and all that, like to have him on the Osage roll. They talked about him, pretty soon this man over here, he said, I don't -- he said, I don't want that boy, I don't want that boy on the Osage roll. He said he looks alright, but that boy going to grow. When that boy