

at the Whitmire Schoolhouse five or six men were killed. Another time at the courthouse in attempting to settle some difference of opinion, eleven men laid down their guns, forever. No one will ever know why these events happened, that would permit the Cherokees to reduce their population. If only their efforts could have been united and, if satisfaction had to be granted, their efforts could have been expended against a common enemy. The story might have been different.

Few, if any, races or nations of peoples can match the progress and adjustment of the Cherokees. Just some twenty years after having been forced from their native Georgia and North Carolina homes they had reestablished themselves in a new land and seemed well on the road to a happy and peaceful existence. Ironical though it be, that same Government called on the Cherokees to fight for causes in which they really had no concern. The Civil War cost the Cherokees many good men, and set back the Indians progress thirty years or more, some never to recover.

We return to where Mr. Lacie is staying with his daughter. He talks about the olden days as he looks over west toward the place where he was born and raised. He reflects on the good times he has known there. The family had a nice farm and raised good crops. He tells his folks always had a big garden, and tended a berry patch and an orchard. In the old days he says, the people would dry corn, fruit, beans, and pumpkin and sack it up for the winter. They had a potato house dug in the side of a hill, where they also kept turnips, apples, onions, and sweet taters. There would also be small amounts of wild herbs, roots, leaves, and other edibles used by the Indians of long ago to add variety and good to their cookery. He remembers when they had lots of hogs which ran loose in the woods. In season they would round up some hogs and butcher. They seldom sold a hog on foot, as the hams, sidemeat, and lard would bring more at the trading store. Rufus recalls when a group of Indians would travel several miles west to the Illinois River. Here they would poison the water and have a fish gigging. They would cook, smoke, and barbecue the fish on the river and take much fish home. In his early days, he remembers that the nearest grist mill was over in Arkansas at Cincinnati, or at Dutch Mills. This was a long trip by wagon and they only went once or twice a year. Sometimes they would go to the mill at Bidding Springs and at the same time visit relatives. He tells that before the railroad came thru (Kansas City Southern) they would go to Cincinnati or Summers and catch the mail back to Ft. Smith.