

Mr. Henry reflects on the many changes that have come to his home country. With the advent of statehood came the sectionizing of land, and building of roads along the section lines. Statehood seemed to open fully the invasion and advance of white people onto Indian lands. Throughout history it would seem that the Indian was destined to always be on the short end of any deal involving white men, and the loss of Indian land was one such matter. Few now would be any of the lands in Rogers County that belong to Indians. White peoples dominance and enviousness will eventually see that no lands are owned by the Indian people. It seems a way of life that some things must be, for some peoples. The Indian accepts some things that have come his way, just like he accepts insects, snakes, and hard times.

Ben never got to know his grandfather, Elijah Pickerman, but remembers his mother telling about him. He made many trips with wagon trails to California, and usually served as scout and trail guide.

Long ago prairie fires would break out and were most dreaded, as they would destroy buildings, crops, rail fences, livestock, and hay mounds. Ben recalls one year they lost lots of rail fencing. He and his brother made 1500 fence rails that year to replace their burned fences. In those days the best rails were made from red oak and post oak logs.

Among many things the Claremore area is noted for its radium water. Long before white people came into this country the Indians knew about and used water from the sulphur and saline springs for medicinal purposes. Early in Claremore's history health seekers came to bathe and drink of nature's health giving liquid. Claremore's favorite son, Will Rogers, was in England one time, and was telling of the healthful water at this town. An Englishman, acknowledging the information said "I see, I see." Will then told him, "You don't have to see it, you can smell it!"