He recalls the first school he went to was the Martha Brown School. Later he attended the Brushy School for a while and finally quit to devote his time to farming and timber work. These old schools have long since disappeared, but there are several who remember them well. He recalls that his father told him that the cornerstone for the Brushy School was hauled from the prairie country southwest on a wagon pulled by oxen. Adjoining his community on the south was the Boothe Bottom Community where the center of activity was the Pleasant Hill School and Pleasant Hill Church. Nearby was the old Fisher Indian Cemetery. Nearly all of this country has now been taken up in the Lake Reservation and the old landmarks removed. Fisher Cemetery was moved out of the lake area some thirty years ago a few miles west up on a hill, which is about all that remains of the once happy and active Boothe Bottom area. From the inscriptions on the monuments thereby comes a record of some of the families who lived in the area long ago. There are the Duggers, Rays, Sanders, Martins, Sanoyahs, Sullateskees, Boothe, Fisher, Downing, Chuwalukee, Roach, Vanns, and so on.

Near the site of the Old Union Mission which existed in the 1820s, there was a large salt springs close to the river. Mr. Vann tells that here lots of salt was made in the early days. A most unusual spring it was, shooting salt water ten feet in the air. A large and tall cone of solid salt was formed by the activity. He tells that the salt content in the water was so heavy that it took only eight gallons of the liquid to make one gallon of dry salt. He remembers hearing his grandfather tell that he had hauled salt from this works by ox team to Ft. Gibson in the early days of the Indian Nation.

Not all was peace and quiet in the early days in this country. Large cane Breaks grew along the river bottom, and in these Perry Brewer hid and lived apparently out of reach of the lawman. Perry was an outlaw and plied his profession at banks, and other places that kept a supply of the long green. It is uncertain just how Will and Walter Morris made their living, but they were considered to be on the mean and evil side. Mr. Vann tells that one time these brothers held a man down and cut his head off. At a big picnic gathering at Wagoner one time, Will Tiger got his belly cut open in a fight. Another Creek Indian was killed in that fight. Dr. Bates sewed Tiger's belly up and he lived.

Living across the river now is Abe Toliver about 100 years old, part Creek Indian and part Negro. Abe was born and raised in this area, and Vann remembers him as a good man. He was always going to see about his neighbors in the days when he could get around. But the old has given away to the new, and people of this day do not have much time for visiting or seeing to the welfare of their friends and folks.

He recalls the days before section lines were laid out and roads built. Crossing of rivers and creeks was by ferry or fording, and when the water was high the ferry boats did not run and people just stayed home. He recalls that traveling from his part of the country to distant places was almost a major undertaking. A trip to Tahlequah was usually a two or three day journey one way, if all went well. But, he says, people in those days were not in a hurry and they would stay at a place for perhaps a week sometimes before returning home. Meeting and making new friends was a joy the people of that early era looked forward to.