Of the old families that have lived in the Proctor country, Mr. Mayes mentions some of them were the Reeces, Proctors, Sanders, Whitmires, Stopp, Pathkiller, Moss, Hitchcock, Still, Hendricks, Roach, and Stump. Nearly all of the old families are gone now from the Proctor neighborhood having died out or moved away. Susie Wolfe, Old Man Reece, and Jess Mayes are considered to be the last of the old timers here.

Several miles on east was the Christie community established by Old Man John Christie. Up until a few years ago the big log house John had built still stood after more than a hundred years. The old man did not live long enough to see the railroad come or the little town built, and perhaps it was best that he did not see the many changes come that eventually erased his beloved Goingsnake District and the Cherokee way of life.

Jess remembers going to the Fourth of July celebration in Tahlequah. He got on the train at Proctor. So many people were headed for the big celebration that there was only standing room on the train. In Tahlequah the crowd was the biggest he has ever seen. That was in the year 1901.

He remembers when floods would come down Barren Fork River and wash out roads, crops, and the railroad. As a boy he used to go down the railroad and watch the crews repair the washouts.

He recalls the days of long ago when the people of his country raised most of their food. Special effort was made to preserve enough of their produce to last thru the winter. Corn was preserved in a variety of ways. Pumpkin, potatoes, turnips, and even melons were kept for a long time in the manner of that early time. Every family provided for a barrel of molasses for winter use. Sun dried fruits provided for many tasty dishes. He remembers that this mother and father used to go into the woods in the fall of the year and gather all kinds of roots, leaves and bark to make medicines. The only doctors in the country were at Tahlequah and at Cincinnati, Arkansas. Jess says he does not remember ever having to go to a whiteman doctor when he was a boy. Grist mills were very important to the Indian communities of long ago, and they were fortunate in having one in Proctor which was run by Jeff Leach. There was also another water mill up on Tyner Creek at what was known as Clear Fork. At one time there was also a water mill down the River at a place called Eldon.

Proctor Cemetery was originally called Sanders Cemetery. Back in the 1880s John D. Sanders gave a three acre tract of land from his holdings for that purpose and had it set aside by deed. For years it was not maintained for fenced, but in recent years it has been beautifully kept.

He talks about the the payments that have been made to the Cherokees. He is in disagreement as to the way such payments have been handled, especially when white people and people without Indian blood receive Cherokee money.

He reflects on the days when he used to farm in the valley. Then he says bugs and disease did not bother the crops like they do now, and they never experienced the hot dry weather that has become common now.

Long ago Jess used to look forward to September when he would go to the woods to cut bee trees. The honey taken from the hives of wild bees is the best he ever tasted. It has been a long time now since he has seen this favorite .