

Butler, Rev. John Corntassel, and Rev. Ben Hildebrand, all full-blood Cherokee Indians. However, the main church of the area was four miles north of White Oak at Timpson Chapel. She tells that one time Rev. Corntassel was in her father's store and during the conversation he asked him how he was coming along with his revival meeting. The Rev. told him not too good, and possibly conceded by saying "Poor pay, poor preach". Corntassel and Hildebrand were both of the Timpson Chapel community and they preached there when the building was a log structure. Mrs. Egnor had attended church there in that log building many times. When the log structure was replaced about 1914 with a frame building she got one of the walnut logs and prizes it very much as a memento of long ago.

Southwest of White Oak a few miles is the Shawnee Hill country where a band of Shawnees located after their removal from Kansas back in the 1860s and 1870s. Some of the Indian families settling here were the Daugherty, Dick, Greenfeather, Secondine, Longbone, Brown, Shawnee, Deshane, White, Carpenter, Musquat, Harvey, and Hill. Far back in those hills the Indians had their own little schoolhouse, named for Mr. Kelley who was a good friend to them. The schoolhouse was located near the Shawnee Stamp Grounds, and it also served as their church building.

Other country school of a day long ago in the area were Catala, Blue Mark, Greer, Gwendale and Ironside. In the changing times all of these schools are now closed and some have been torn down. She tells that Catala used to be a town and trading center long ago with three big mercantile stores, shops, school, and church and several houses. The coal industry brought the town into existence, and when the strip mining of the coal gave out the town quickly folded up and shortly disappeared completely. To-day only the walls of the old school remain. In its day Catala was a bigger town than White Oak.

White Oak's growth and prosperity has dimmed considerably in the last few years. The rail road has removed its depot, the blacksmith shop, lumberyard and hotel no longer operate, and Haynes Grocery Store and a couple of service station are all that remain of the business district. Yet many people find the quiet and peace so often desired in such a little town. Several people live here but commute to work.

Nola likes to recall events of long ago, such as the times they would go to Vinita in a wagon to spend all day at the circus. She remembers one time they went to the circus her mother had made new red striped dresses for her and her three sisters. They got caught in a hard rainstorm and the dresses faded and the red dye ran freely, but they went ahead and had a good time.

She remembers when travelers in covered wagons would stop in White Oak, and put up at the hotel. Space was provided behind the hotel for wagons and buggys. This was a great time for getting acquainted with new people and learning about other parts of the world.

Typical of some of the old settlers was her uncle, Bob Rafferty who was part Cherokee. Bob had a young fellow by name of Hog Brown breaking ground for him one time. Hog had lost a hammer off the plow and told Bob he would buy him a new one as replacement. Bob said No, he wanted that hammer and no other. Hog knew it had been plowed under and about where it might be. So he started plowing over the spot and on the second round plowed up the hammer and made Bob happy.