She relates that men used to come to her place for permission to go back in the woods and hunt for money, but she never knew if any were found. An old timer who used to live there told her that his father knew of a couple of men who buried some money up on Blackbird Creek near a spring. The two men were being followed and they had to bury their gold and silver. As far as any one knows these men disappeared and were never seen again. As the story was told the money was carried in pouches on two mules. She says George Houston, an old man who was born and raised in that country, has looked for the cache for many years. She says she went with some folks one night to dig in a hillside where it was thought money was buried, but all they ever found was a silver knife, fork and spoon.

Her husband, Levi Keys, was the son of Margaret Carlile Keys. She was the daughter of Ky Carlile, an early pioneer of the Cherokee Hills. She used to tell Martha many stories of the old days, speaking in both Cherokee and English. Now Martha regrets that she does not remember any of the things her mother-in-law told her, but it has just been too long ago.

She says it was such a shame that of the many families of long ago, there would usually be one black sheep in the bunch who would turn out to be bad. She could never understand how such good parents could turn out some mean kids. She mentions three or four families that suffered this misfortune, but the good kids seemed to make up for the difference. Outlaws and their activities seemed to have been taken in the course of everyday living long ago. Probably best remembered in the Gideon country was George Harless, who killed his wife, mother and another woman in a fit of anger. He was sent to the pen for many years, finally getting out to come back to his home and died.

She recalls the old days when they used to go to Tahlequah in a wagon, and it took all day to get there. It was not uncommon to see some wagons being pulled by oxen. Steep hills and rocky roads were the highways of that day. The rough roads kept muscles and bones tuned up when riding in a wagon. When T-Model cars came into being, the whole world seemed to change. People even rode on spring seats!

Martha's experiences have been many. She was born in Tennessee of part Indian parents, and came to this country when she was only 13 years old. It was so different she says. On arriving here she saw her first field of cotton growing, and many other things. Where she came from their crops were tobacco, corn, and whippoorwill peas, so wheat, oats, kaffir, and some other things were new to her. She recalls her first experience at tieing the wheat and oats that her father cut with a cradle. It was an art that had to be learned on the job. In her early days she does not remember seeing any grain thrashing done, as the grain was just stacked for stock feed. In later years thrashing machines began to come in and thrash grain for them. Stripping fodder was another farm job that was not easy. Corn leaves were stripped, or cut, from the stalks and stored for winter feed. She also lived when each family made their own sorghum molasses.