

He tells that in early days his dad would take his corn to the Hilderbrand Mill on Flint Creek for grinding. He was very particular about his meal, and would shell his corn by hand, selecting only the very best, and then would go thru the shelled corn and pick out any grains that were not to his liking.

Of other early day activities, he tells that his first wife's father, Bill McAffrey, had a contract to haul meat from Springfield, Missouri, to the Cherokee Male, and Female Seminaries at Tahlequah. By wagon then that was a long hard haul. Of course they hauling could only be done in the winter and cool weather.

Speaking again of the town of early day Row, he tells that Captail Richardson, a veteran of the Civil War ran a drug store there. In the town's later days just before its final decline they had a water tank and piped water over town. This was one of the few towns of the early days that boasted of a water system. While progressive as any in its day, the town never had a formal city government, nor did they bother with having a town marshall, as those that had differences to settle took care of their own problems down at the livery stable or out in the woods.

Bill Shelton was the U. S. Marshall of that district and spent much of his time chasing bootleggers coming out of Missouri and Arkansas into Indian Territory. Most of the whiskey came from Southwest City, Mo., although there was a distillery at Gentry, Ark. also. Shelton hated bootleggers with a passion. He would lay out by the trails at night in order to catch violators. Andy tells that one time Henry Ballard and Blake Parris came up to Row and got him to go down the road a short distance and fix their car that broke down. He says they had a load of whiskey and also had two men riding shotgun to protect the merchandise. Another time, he tells that down by Dripping Springs, Ballard and Parris and some others were bringing a load of whiskey out of Arkansas in a wagon. Shelton and his deputies were laying in wait for them that night, but had gone to sleep. Way in the night the wagon came by and woke them up, and a gun fight followed. Andy could not recall all the details, but one of the deputies was killed. Such was some of the everyday life in the old days. He says his dad lived around Tahlequah long before Andy was born, and used to tell him that hardly a day went by without some one getting killed around Tahlequah. It seems to him that when someone had a grievance in the old days, nothing would satisfy, except to remove the opposition from the face of this earth.

Mrs. Thompson, who is also of Cherokee ancestry, tells of her family name. Her grandfather was a full blood. Some where in the east his folks had all been killed by white people and he was picked up by a family of whites migrating to the west. He did not know what his name was, and could only speak a little English. At every opportunity he would fish in the streams as they traveled. Because of his love of fishing, the whites gave him the name of Haddock. The white family settled in northwest Arkansas, where he grew up and he then came into Indian Territory.