

known as Stone Bluff. He tells that the original location of Stone Bluff was up the river on the railroad across from the Kadashan Bottoms, but was moved in later years when the main road was built through the country. There used to be a store and trading post, as well as a ferry at the old location, but he says that was long time ago. Old Joe Teeskee used to run a ferry at Stone Bluff. He has heard that he was found one day hung up in a tree, but never knew if he hung himself or someone else hung him. He says that at one time there were many Creek Indians living over on the Arkansas river around Stone Bluff, Broken Arrow, and Coweta, but most of the old ones are gone now.

He says there are several old Creek Indian cemeteries in and around the Conchartry Mountains. One of the larger burial places is the Tecumseh Cemetery, but on the place next to him is also a Tecumseh family burial ground. Another of the burial places dating from long ago is the Brown Cemetery used by the Indians. Many small and some un-named burial places are scattered thru those hills. The Creeks still follow certain rituals and ceremonies at funerals. One custom still practiced is that a person has to be of certain age before he is permitted to dig a grave. After a funeral all those in attendance are to take a bath or wash their hands. Also all relatives are to walk thru a room where cedar limbs are burned. In some instances those attending a funeral are to drink a tea called 'black root', which is to purify the body and remove any evil spirits. When Solomon was able to get around, he took care of several of the little cemeteries in his community. He says that some of the little Indian burial places cannot be visited anymore because those white guys from Tulsa have bought up the land and made ranches and dont allow anyone to come in. Very near him a wealthy man by name of Tucker has a big ranch, but dont allow anyone to come on his place. Solomon says he just dont want to be a neighbor. He dont understand the whiteman.

Solomon tells that the use of herbs, roots, and plants still figure much in the lives of Indians of his country. They are used as medicines, foods, and for ceremonial and ritual purposes. The plant they call 'red root', and another called 'white root' are two of the most important. Also used to a large extent is the roots of the blackberry, haw, sassafras, black locust, pacoon, and yellow weed. The greenery of cedar is another of the commonly used materials. The plants of yarrow, poke, passion vine, and milkweed have their uses also. Back in the hills south of his place there used to be a place where 'red root' grew profusely, and he used to gather it and sell it. One time a few years ago, he tells, some Indians from Holdenville came to see him wanting to dig some of the plant. He took them to his private digging place and told them they could have some, thinking they just wanted enough for their immediate use. He said they went in there and 'rooted up the whole place - just like hogs". That was perhaps the end of a promising friendship, as well as the end of his 'red root' patch. Now, he says, he would not tell anyone about anything of that nature, as he learned a lesson. Like many of the older Indians, he is teaching his sons about the things of nature, including the plants and what they are used for.

Solomon Wilson was born in a log house not far from where he lives now. He grew up to know and appreciate the close family ties, the old Indian ways, and is grateful for having been able to learn the things the woods, prairies, and streams. He tells that he well remembers when the older people lived very much according to signs, Indian beliefs and customs, and many things now nearly gone for the present generations.