

The name, Wyandotte Indian Cemetery, is for a location rather than a tribe. for here in this beautiful and well-kept burial place which dates to a very early time Indians of many tribes have brought their dead to be placed at rest. As one walks among the hundreds of graves and views the monuments the tribal identification is unknown, but they are Indian. Some of these Indian family names are: Brow, Lane, Crow, Coon, Cutter, Bearskin, Beck, Robitaille, Green, Long, Brown, Whitecrow, Day, Gee, Mudeater, Sharloe, Greyeyes, Buzzard, Armstrong, Bluejacket, Griffin, Young, White, and Captian.

Mr. Long tells that the Wyandot country has enjoyed a very peaceful existence. Unlike many of the other early day places in Indian Territory lawlessness was a minor matter in this part of the country. He says that before statehood the Territory was governed under the 'Arkansas law'. What legal and law matters that came about were handled by Judge Brown at his court in Quapaw or at Miami. He says he has been in many 'scrapes', but had never been arrested.

He is one of the very few 'old timers' that enjoys the 'old Indian ways'. He go out to his little garden back of his house and he proudly shows his little patch of tobacco he grows for his own use. In a little shed there he shows 'hands' of last years tobacco separated for smoking, chewing, and a few of his choice hands he reserves for his Indian friends. He also has a potato bed which is of a method used by Indians of long ago. This is a little log crib filled with straw and a very little dirt. This method does produce excellent potatoes.

Mr. Long does not travel around anymore, but he recalls when there were many Wyandots living in that area and they used to have their meetings on Lost Creek near the little town. They still meet on occasion at the Indian School.

He tells that up on Shawnee Branch, a little creek north of Wyandotte, there used to be a big sycamore tree. In his younger days he recalls that this tree was used by most any Indian riding or traveling thru as a target. After many years the old tree died from being shot at so much. He heard that some Indian cut a section of the old tree and got many pounds of lead out of it.