

He tells of a time long ago when he used to go up on Upper Spavinaw Creek to the home of Ben Smith when they had Indian meetings. In his day Ben Smith was the patriarch and mentor of his area and did much to progress his people for better things. He was a very religious Indian and a strong believer in educating the younger people. Andrew tells that he will never forget the good food they used to prepare at those meetings. He says they had a dish called squirrel dumping that he still remembers as being the best he has ever eaten. Ben Smith's wife was also a full-blood and could give the finest prayer he has ever heard. She was always known as Eliza Eskie. Ben had two brothers, Vann and Joe. Joe was a good man and lived a quite peaceful life. But brother Vann, he tells, was as mean an Indian that ever went scalp hunting. At those meetings he tells that there were two very old Indians, Jim Brown and Martin Raper, who came regularly. It was never known if they were friends or enemies. They never said a word to each other, but made quite a ceremony of shaking hands when they met. They they would go sit down opposite each other and assume the attitude of a couple of old mad tomcats.

Some time way in the past there was a shooting that took place up in the hills northwest of Colcord. John Steeley was a good man, says Andrew, and his wife was a very pretty Indian woman. Another Indian, Tom Grider, was getting over on the wrong side of the 'No, No' line by becoming too friendly with John's wife. One day, it is told, Tom was going thru the woods and without any preliminaries, John stepped from behind a tree and shot Tom dead. Quite a trial ensued, and John was sent to the pen for 99 years. In some manner John was freed after serving two years, and he came back to the hills and put in a store up close to Bull Hollow. After a year or so, John closed the store and left the country. It was rumored that Grider's friends had not forgotten the killing.

Sorrow in other ways has hit Colcord country. Sometime about 1910 some of the Buchanan family were on their way from the Colcord country to Pryor traveling by wagon. It had rained and flooded some of the creeks. As they came to Dry Creek several miles west and north of Colcord the creek was up and the party waited a long time until the creek went down some. Thinking it safe to cross the ford they drove off into the water. The water was still swift and swept the wagon away. Of the Joe Buchanan family, a daughter, Anna Buchanan Ballard, and her mother were drowned. They were brought back to their home about three miles west of Colcord and buried in the Buchanan family cemetery.

Andrew remembers as a young fellow going to the mill on Flint Creek. The mill was originally called the Hildebrand Mill and later was owned by Joseph Beck and sons. Tom Beck ran the mill, and Rex Beck operated the store over west across the creek. About 1898 a flood came down Flint Creek and washed part of the mill away, but it was rebuilt and the equipment repaired. Andrew tells that the original burrs in the mill were made in France. The old mill is still standing and the equipment is still operative. The mill building is probably one of the very few that is three stories high. By its age, service, and history it could be considered for historical preservation.

For some five miles east of Colcord stretches Beck Prairie. The Becks were perhaps the largest family in that part of the country at one time. Many of that family are buried in the Beck Prairie Cemetery, and others rest in the