

She reflects on many things of the past. One of her very close friends was Emma Cedar, who was the daughter of Mandy Turkey. Another lifelong friend was Mamie Long. She and these two older Indians were among the last who knew the woods and streams and the wealth of nature-provided plants, herbs, bark, and other things that were used for Indian medicine. From revered Indian doctors they learned much, and thru their lives they preferred the oldtime remedies to the more-modern shot in the arm or a vial of pills. Along with the changing times, the Indians now 'want to get well quick', like the white man, and the waiting rooms of Indian hospitals, clinics, and doctors' offices are crowded today. When the older Indians of their generation pass on, so will the knowledge of the great store of knowledge of the sources of most present-day medicines go, for to-day the synthetics, chemicals, and related materials have replaced the use of medicinal plants and herbs. There was a time long ago when the herb-gatherers, in the early morning, would kneel by the healing plants and offer 'sacred tobacco' and chant a prayer. The 'civilized' Indian has forgotten, or never knew, much of the bountiful spread nature provides. Other than the older Indians, few could go out and gather one of the snakeroots, yellowwood, puccoon, mullein, horehound, wild ginger or any of the hundreds of plants beneficial to man.

Most of the old location of Turkey Ford settlement is now under water, but there was at one time a trading post there and from 1905 to sometime in the 1950s a post office functioned for the area. All the places of the olden days are gone now. No longer can the Indian hunt the squirrel or fish the then unpolluted waters. No longer can he go swim or hunt for edible plants. For few are the places along the hundreds of miles of lake shoreline that are not private property, and woe be unto any Indian who would trespass. The attitude of the owners of the lakeside cabin lands has perhaps changed little from the days of the mid-1800 when Indians were shot down for walking across a whiteman's land. She says, "I get sick of it sometimes.", referring to the way whiteman has invaded and taken over the Indian country. Looking to the future as regards the Indian, she says, "I dont want to be here then." She adds that the time will come when the Indian will be past being an Indian, and there will no more be any Indian country. It will be Indians with no country - as they have taken it away from us."

In the days of Indian Territory a few of the many Indians who lived in the Turkey Ford area included the Balls, Spicers, Whitecrows, Splitlogs, Bee, Crow, Chateau, Whitetree, Charloe, Peacock, White, Cedar, Long, Thompson, Williams, Logan, Bassett, Bearskin, Young, Birdsong, and Whitewing.

She tells that across the river south of Bassett Grove is a place known as Cayuga. In old days Mathias Splitlog operated a large trading post there. Splitlog became a very wealthy Indian, who was of mixed blood. Seneca, Cayuga, Mohawk and Tuscora. Mathias Splitlog lies at rest in the little Cayuga cemetery in the courtyard of the beautiful stone church that he built for his people.