

Juanita comments on English names adopted by the Cherokees. The name Christie is English. In 17th century England, one Christie was a well known outlaw and highway robber. It is probable that the English Christies who came to the North American colonies, was a name adopted by the Cherokees. Juanita reflects too on the Indian way of life which in some ways has remained unchanged to-day. Especially the Indian man who has never been an advocate of hard work, and the Indian woman has always seemed to be the provider, tiller of the fields, the harvester, and all the while herding a yardfull of kids. She shudders on remembering her own young days when it was women's work at hog killing time. Rendering lard, making souze, head cheese, and sausage is not a time she would like to return to. Her husband is non-committal, but grins as if to say, "Again the evils of modern living plague us." Juanita recalls times when she was a small girl at their log house, when there was sickness. Those coming to see the sick always stood where the draft would be pulled away from them. Usually the sick bed would be placed between the visitor and the fire place, and in this manner it was believed to prevent communicating the disease.

Lucinda Sanders Wilhite sits in the simplicity and peacefulness of her home, looking out the window and evisions the wagon freights from Ft. Gibson, Kamama and Goback comparing the fish they caught, or her father worming the little tobacco patch in those days many sunsets ago. From her window she can also see some of Caney Cemetery where her beloved husband, Lonnie Wilhite, is at rest. Lonnie was a most loved and respected citizen of the community.

Any sadness or tragedy that has been in Mrs. Wilhite's life is not reflected in her kindly face, nor will a story of those things come from her. One such event comes from one who knew her well. Shortly after she was married to Lonnie Wilhite in the mid 1890s, her brother known as Little George Sanders took a bitter dislike for Lonnie. Why this feeling, as had happened so often among Indians, it was never disclosed. Whatever words were spoken or acts committed before dwarf whatever was to happen. Then one day Little George came up to the Wilhite's front gate and said he came to kill Lonnie. The first shot missed Lonnie as he ran thru the breezeway that divided the log house. As Lonnie ran he grabbed a .44 Winchester he had left in the passageway. Lonnie did not want to shoot Little George and was trying to get away from him as they circled the house. Little George was shooting at every chance. Lonnie stopped and waited for his assailant to come around the corner. As quick as they saw each other they both fired. Little George fell dead with a bullet thru the heart. Lonnie was shot thru the hand.