

One time Mrs. Warren recalls about 1900, when an oil man came to lease some oil land from her mother. Her mother could not speak English and Melly had to do the interpreting for them. The man was driving a two-seated hack or "jitney" (as they were called then). She and her mother went with the man to Hulbert where they stayed overnight in a hotel. The next morning they boarded the train and went to Muskogee where it took all day to sign a few papers for the man to get the oil lease thru the Indian Department. She tells of the trip back to Hulbert and her father meeting them there.

Mr. Warren tells of his experience during the World War I draft. He was to be given a physical examination by Dr. Bond of Hulbert at the courthouse in Tahlequah. His brother did not want Frank to go to the army and was going to give the Dr. a quart of whiskey, hoping the old man would turn Frank down. The old Dr. done justice to the evil spirits and by the time they got to Tahlequah the Dr. was ready they thought. When the Dr. examined the draftees, he pronounced Frank A-1, without hardly a look. Frank's brother was so mad he wanted to choke the whiskey out of the Dr. Frank went into World War I anyway.

Being quickly forgotten also is the old town of Yonkers, now a victim of whiteman bent on changing the face of the Cherokee Nation. Yonkers was a little village, an orphan of Wagoner County, which peacefully traded with the Indians on the east bank of Grand River. A few square miles of Wagoner County ~~lies~~ at its northeast corner is on the east side of Grand River. It was easily accesable by railroad before Ft. Gibson Lake was formed, but by road it was a trip not relished by many. The stores, the shops, school and church, and houses are now all gone. Partly covered by water of the lake, a few signs of the once popular trading center might be seen, except for the "No Trespass" signs put up by white cattlemen who leave the government land. Such is one of the thousands of stories spelling out the eventual doom and extermination of the once proud and happy Cherokee Nation.

Murphy, Oklahoma, a little town on Grand River in southern Mayes County hasso far escaped the ravages of whiteman and his dams, parks, lakes, and confistication of lands for Texas cattlemen to run their herds. Its future is undertain since the railroad has been removed. A few old timers still live here and support the country store. Many Cherokees live in the area, and watch the steady influx of Tulsans coming, buying, and settling along the riverfront and nearby. Many fine homes (called summer cottages by their owners) dot the countryside. None of these are Indian homes, however. Mr. Warren recalls one time long ago he and his family were traveling thru the country and went thru Murphy. Not far beyond they decided to go back and stay all night in Murphy. They drove into the Wagon Yard ~~put~~ put up. He asked the little boy there where is father was, and learned he was in jail. The mother came out to take care of Mr. Warrens team and was told her husband had shot and killed his neighbor. The killing was because some chickens were getting over into the others yard. These were fine and lovely people.

The Warrens are typical of many Cherokee couples. They raised six children of their own. They have also raised some orphans. Their life has been one of simplicity, but they ~~have~~ been rich in blessing, not known to millionaires.