

He tells of one of the funniest sights he ever saw in his hunting days. One day he and an Indian friend were quail hunting. His friend had a young bird dog and had set a few birds that day. They were walking along a draw and the dog jumped down in the ditch and froze on point. He eased up to flush the bird and found the dog had set a screech owl at the base of some elm tree roots. He said that was one bewildered dog. That owl would not flush and just sat there blinking his eyes and turning his head from side to side. They pulled the dog off and left the owl alone.

At one time there were lots of prairie chickens in his part of north Craig County. Some neighbor had a little field of shocked kaffir corn, and during that fall the chickens tore down nearly every one of the shocks getting at the grain. He likes to remember long ago in the spring of the year when the sound of the prairie Chickens booming their mating call could be heard for two or three miles away. Also it was quite a show to watch the birds at their mating grounds, and he says the cocks reminded him of young billy goats dancing around.

Frank relates that one day he was squirrel hunting down in a pecan grove near his home. Sitting down at the base of a tree he watched a very young squirrel make five or six trips up a tree and bring down a pecan and run off in the weeds to bury it. On the squirrel's last trip he came down and buried a pecan just a few feet from where he was sitting. He thought, little squirrel if you are working that hard to store your winter food, I am not going to shoot you. He got up and went on down the creek to sit by another tree. This incident speaks well of the Indian's closeness and love of nature's creatures.

The observant Indians see much in their walk thru the woods. Frank tells one time he was in the woods when he saw a blue darter after a quail. The quail lit very near him, picked up a big leaf in his beak and covered himself. The hawk lit in a nearby tree, finally realizing he had lost the quail, flew off.

Two miles north of where Frank lives is Thompson Hill. An outcropping of fine red coal had furnished the neighborhood for years before statehood. Anyone who wished went there to get their winter's supply of coal. They would uncover the coal vein with plow and slip scraper as it was very near the top of the ground. One day he and a neighbor were up there getting out their coal, when a friend, Henry Glenn, came by with a jug of whisky. Henry asked them if they would like to have a drink with their lunch, and obliged them by leaving them a pint cup full. Henry went on, and shortly old man Pat Coyne came by. Pat was an old timer up in his 80s. They knew Pat relished a drink and offered him a sip. They told him to go over behind that big rock and get him a drink. Pat did, and went on his way. Come lunch time, they found Pat had drank the whole pint.

Pat was head of the election board of the community in the early days of the 1900s and the polling place was at Union School. After the voting was done, Pat would never do any counting or recording, but simply gather every piece of paper, including lunch wrappers and wastepaper, put in all in a flour sack and take it to the County Election Board in Vinita for them to figure out.

These little incidents, stories, and happenings of a generation or two removed from to-day are recorded to reflect the way of life unknown to many.