

the higher hill sloped for skunk, 'possum, coon, and badger. He prized a catch of wolf or bobcat above the others, and they usually brought a better price, except save the mink. Jack sometimes hunted with bow and arrow, but his muzzle loading rifle was never too far away. He was an expert at throwing rocks, and is known to have killed small game in this manner.

In the growing up of the Indian Territory and Rocky Mountain area was wild and primitive for the most part and ideally suited to the Indian way of life. Although widely separated by measurement of distance in those days, the Indians always kept in touch with each other whether to just visit or to tend each others needs. Their homes were hidden up deep 'hollers', on steep hill-sides, or on tillable flatlands and they were never too far from a little stream or a spring.

Of the old country schools she remembers when she was a young girl were those at Rocky Mountain, 'Possum Hollow, Stoney Point, and Hungry Mountain. There was also a school at Echota, but she does not remember anything about it.

Indian families of the old days she remembers well, were the Christies, Vanns, Doubleheads, Fourkillers, Boneys, Nakedhead, Smiths, and Balleu. This is not truly the Indian country it once was. Everywhere you go are the big clearings of the white invaders are making for cattle ranches, pasture lands, orchards, and berry fields. No one yet has been able to explain just why the white man thinks the Indian must have his brand of civilization, and has exploited and forced himself upon the Indian to the point where the white man has actually shown the color of his greedy, arragont soul. Some may find it hard to accept, but the Indian does not want to be a white man or live his way. The time came when in the fight for survival the Indian had to follow some of the white man's way in order to survive. But behind that kindly brown-skinned face, could be another Indian with the same love of white men as was Ned Christie.