

up in the tree as they rode under it, but did not bother them, or maybe did not see the children. The older folks thought at first they were soldiers but they turned out to be bushwhackers. The bushwhackers rode on past the house a ways then came back to take food and other things from the Indians, and drove off some cattle as they left. When a little girl she remembers that she and her brothers and sisters would sit on the stairway at night and listened to the stories of the war being told by friends who came to visit their father. She said the children would cry and the mother would send them on to bed. Just how much tragedy and sorrow a race of people can stand cannot be measured. Even after the periods of the trails of tears, there would come more suffering and loss in the 'Tears at Home'. During those war years of the 1860s some men came by their home and called for her uncle to come out. He was holding a baby and hesitated a moment before moving. The men thought he was not coming, and as he was handing the baby to her grandmother they shot and killed him. Such stories and accounts as these for the most part are lost, as people in the olden days did not record such things and relied only on memory to retell them.

Some four miles north of her home way back before 1900 there lived a Cherokee who had a large home and good farm. He was Dick Wolf. He and his wife did not have any children, but they took in many homeless children and turned their home into an orphanage. The number is not known, but they cared for and raised many children during their time. All that remains of this old refuge is a little cemetery established by the Wolfs. Now grown up in weeds, vines and brush, time will soon be its only caretaker, as the big, fat white cattlemen have no concern for those pioneers who helped pave the way for what they proudly own now.

Mrs. Frye recalls the first school she attended. On the north side of where the Four Square Church is now a little one-room log school house was built. As far as she knows it never had a name, but was just called The School. In later years, about the time the railroad came thru and Whiteoak became a little settlement another school was built on the north side of the railroad and known as the whiteoak School, which served a wide area for many years. However, back in the hill country southwest of Whiteoak, the Shawnees established their own school known as Kelly, which lasted for many years. In her young days the school term was only four months, from November to March. The reason was that the boys had to help with the farming. She says they lived way back in the woods then and many times they did not go to school due to 'too many snow'.

There seems to be no scale of degrees to which a whiteman will go to get an Indian's land. She had wanted to sell a piece of land a few years ago, and a prospective buyer came by and looked at it. He said he would be back if he wanted it. She waited over a year and the man never came back, so she sold it to another party. Later the first man came back and decided he wanted the land, but she told him it was sold. He then sued her for \$10,000 for breach of promise, three times what the land was worth. She had made no promise but the whiteman and his lawyers had all kinds of papers and notes prepared to substantiate falsehoods to prove claims and statements. The whiteman lost his case, and Mrs. Frye now has certain reservations when a whiteman comes around.