

Mr. Harlow recalls the time in the year 1916 when a cyclone hit the community of Hollow. The village was wiped out. He recalls that the store had a concrete porch along the front, and the terrific force of the storm even took out that porch. A man by name of Bob Mounts operated the store then. Joe marvels at the ability of Mr. Mounts, who was deaf and dumb, but communicated by lip reading. Mr. Mounts was badly crippled in the cyclone, and died not long afterwards.

Before a school was built at Hollow, Mr. Harlow remembers that the only school in the area was Toby School. This school served a wide area, and children came long distances to learn, some as far as ten miles away. Here was where Joe first went to school. At one time he remembers there was 109 children on the rolls. In those early days the children rode horses to school, or came in buggys. Those who lived only two or three miles walked most of the time. Joe remembers happy days there as the boys would fish in the nearby Clear Creek at every opportunity. Even now Joe likes to return to Clear Creek to fish and relive the old days, even though the old school has long since disappeared.

He recalls the times when he used to come to Vinita with his father on the twice-a-year trading trips. He remembers that the dirt streets of Vinita then were either real dusty or real muddy. Along the front of some of the stores there were board sidewalks, while others had none. He used to think it so unusual that in the not summertime, he would see Indians sitting on the board sidewalks wrapped up in wool blankets. In those days most of the people of the country were Indians. He reflects on the Indians of the old days, and especially on the fact that they were not a people who did a lot of talking. His uncle, George Walker, was a full blood Cherokee. George would come to visit his family and he recalls that his father would do all the talking, and once in a while his uncle would grunt. It was George Walker who probably started the old Walker Cemetery northeast of Hollow, when he buried his mother there. Joe remembers his uncle, George Walker, as an old man when he himself was just a boy. He tells that this uncle would come to visit his family and fish on Clear Creek. He drove a hack with a team of little horses. He would put his horses in a 40-acre pasture while visiting. When he got ready to go somewhere he would catch his horses by running them down on foot. Joe looks back now and does not see how his uncle could be so fast on foot for being an old man. Joe says little was ever learned about this uncle as he never talked about himself or his past, but mostly sat or stood around with his arms folded and looked 'way over yonder'. Of other Indians, he recalls that sometimes a family from down on Clear Creek would come to see his folks. He remembers they way they walked in single file: In the lead would be the father, followed by the dogs, then the mother with all the kids bring up the rear. The man would visit with his father, maybe for hours, with Mr. Harlow doing most of the talking, but the mother and children would never utter a sound and sit motionless and without facial expression. When the visitors left, they would be in the same single file formation as when they arrived.

Joe recalls a time when he was living on the Indian Reservation in North Carolina. An Indian was brought in before the Indian court on a charge of stealing some chickens. Seven Cherokees sat around a table to hear and judge the offender. Only one of the seven did any talking, the others never spoke a word and sat in silence without showing any favorable or unfavorable judgement. At the end of the trial, the spokesman dismissed the case for lack of evidence (although he was guilty), and the defendant was told that if he was brought up again for an offense he would be tried in the whiteman's court.

Joe mentions the Indian laws and courts in the days before statehood. He says the Cherokee Nation was governed under the Arkansas law, in addition to the Cherokee Nation law. The serious offenses were tried in the Federal Court at Ft. Smith.