

The peculiar system of laws applied by the government to the whole of the Indian Territory seemed bent only on keeping the Indians under control. No provision was provided to control the outlaws, white predators, and land hungry whites that were allowed to come into Indian Territory to contaminate. It seems ironic that the government went all out to protect the whites from the Indians, but turned their backs on the Indians when they needed protection from the whites. The soul of the once President Andrew Jackson must twist in torment as he looks down at the Indian of to-day.

History seems to also paint a good picture of the Indian when he is on the giving end, as portrayed so many times of the Indian shaking hands with the whiteman, and the whiteman holding the treaty, or the deed to land, or something the Indian has been separated from. And yet, the Indian has continued to proffer a long hand of friendship, knowing that the hand may be bitten. Indians continued to try to get along with the whiteman, even to permitting their Indian women to marry them. Joe recalls that his mother had told him that when she was married, three responsible Indians had to sign a paper of acceptance to permit her to marry a whiteman.

Joe tells of court trials held in a Federal building in Vinita in the days of the Indian Nation. He recalls that an uncle, George Years, a brother to his mother, was tried and sent to jail for two years on a charge of armed robbery. Joe says that in this case he learned later that his uncle was innocent. However, Joe says that his Uncle George should have been sent to prison long before, as he was a wild and mean Indian in his younger days. Uncle George was known to have run with the Barker Gang, an early day band of train and bank robbers in northeast Indian Territory. Uncle George mended his ways in his later years and became a fairly good citizen.

Early day M.D.s were a credit to their profession. They traveled by horseback or buggy in all kinds of weather and any distance within their area. Those doctors were a hardy lot as they went about easing the pain of birth and death, misery and suffering, sharing the joys and sadness of humankind. Even to burying his own 15-year-old daughter, Evelyn, far back in the Shawnee Hills, Dr. George Nolan was one of this select few. So was Dr. Eiam and Dr. Bagby who gave well of themselves. It is these doctors that Joe Harlow remembers coming to the Clear Creek country in his early days.

He reflects on the changes he has seen come to his home community. He says he remembers large areas of land where there were no trees of any kind when he was a kid. Visiting these same places now he says trees have come up and taken over places he had never dreamed of.

Mr. Harlow's mother was born in what is now the southern part of Kansas, but at that time it was within the Cherokee Nation. At a time when she had to prove her claim as being of the Cherokee Nation, her claim was challenged by the court that she left the Cherokee Nation. She was defended by a prominent man by name of Goddard, in which it was brought out that "she did not leave the Cherokee Nation but that the Cherokee Nation left her". Joe is still mystified at the way the government and the whiteman handled legal affairs with the Indians of long ago. Indians would be brought into court, read some document, and asked to sign it. Even the pitiful few who could understand a little of the law and some English still really did not know what they were signing. But what of the Indian who spoke no English or read the whiteman's writing know what he was putting his X mark on? Such as this was one of the miscarriages of the ages. It would be the