same in that day of asking a whiteman to sign a document written in Chinese or Hebrew, and him with no knowledge of what it was all about. One shudders to think of all the treaties the whiteman has come bringing for the Indian to place a cross-mark on, witnessed by Indian Agent or Army officer, knowing full well the Indian had no idea of what was going on, except that he was told it was the right thing to do. Again the extended hand of friendship was bitten off up to the wrist, and the tobacco in the peace pipe was wasted.

Mr. Harlow speaks on the Indians' ingenius ways of survival in the face of great odds, and talks on how the Eastern Cherokees survived to keep their identity and re-establish their nation, of the Indian's of the desert country, and related matters. He speaks also about how the American people to-day hold up on high pedestals the memory of William Cody, Gen. George Custer, the Indian fighters, and the buffalo hunters. He mentions the rape of the Indian Nations and the many trail of tears, and what was once the Cherokee Nation is now only a name. He talks of older Indians he knows who can see nothing worthwhile in the future, and can only quietly await their time to leave this world.

Back before statehood Joe and a friend were riding across country on horseback and had stopped up on Big Creek at the home of Fannie Mayes. Ole Fannie Mayes, as she was known, offered them dinner and feed for their horses and they gladly accepted as they were a long way from home. Mrs. Mayes was about 30 years of age and not an ugly woman by standards, but she was known to be mean at times. She had already shot and killed her first three husbands. Her present man had been gone for quite some time and she was quite unhappy. When the two men arrived they noticed a saddle and a bundle of clothing sitting down by the gate. While they were eating her husband came riding up the lane. Ole Fannie grabbed her Winchester and started shooting at him. The man took off as fast as his horse could run and they believe that was the last anyone ever heard of him. After Mr. Harlow left the Clear Creek country he never learned what became of Fannie as she too left the country.