

BRIEF INTRODUCTION

(March 10, 1969. Today I'm visiting with John Armstrong, an 84 year old Cherokee of Pryor, Oklahoma. Mr. Armstrong recalls some of the events and some of the experiences that he had in early day Oklahoma.)

WOODALL CEMETERY

(First sentence not clear) When they come from Kansas City. The Foxes lived there. Their names was Fox. And my uncle, Henry Fallin, brought them out, when the old lady died. There was--I think two of children left. And these was grandchildren. The old lady and her son and his wife lived there. And there was about eight or nine graves.

(Well.)

I can remember when there was a lot of people up there. Since grandma sold that place, they have throwed them rocks out.

(Yeah.)

And farmed over it. We never did--we never would farm over it.

(Yeah. To the best of your recollection who all was buried there John?)

Well, there's three of the Foxes, is all I can remember.

(Yeah.)

And then they, well, all I ever knew that was buried there was Shawnees.

(Yeah.)

They were Shawnees. Come from Kansas. Kansas City. It was about the time they come in here, you know.

(Yeah. You never did hear what their names were?)

No, never did.

(Well.)

Them three. I know they was Foxes. But now just to call their names--their given names, I wouldn't know.