

Mr. Parker's home is quite removed from any of the confusion and noise of towns, highways, or industry. Sitting back in the woods nearly a mile from the county road, and ten miles from Whiteoak, the nearest village, he is able to live close to the things and creatures of nature. Birds of different kinds come and build their nests around his home. Squirrels gather acorns and hickory nuts from his yard, and rabbits hop in and out of the shrubbery and flower vines. These things his wife enjoys, as she is handicapped by having lost her hearing. Mrs. Parker is full blood Shawnee. They have tried to keep chickens, but the foxes are too thick for this venture. In their retirement they enjoy their garden, flower beds, the woodlands, and their neighbors. A wolf hunters club meet once a week about a mile west of his home, and Buddy likes to sit and hear the hounds chase the coyotes. He says when he was growing up in those hills, there were no foxes then, but now they are plentiful.

For the large area of the Shawnee Hill county, the nearly all Indian school was the Kelly School. Kelly School served long and well in its time, but now is closed and vacant. The shades of its windows are drawn, as if to hide the sorrow and loneliness it must feel, with only the several very old and abandoned houses for comfort and consolation. The Parkers too do not like to think of the time when there will no longer be Indians living in this refuge.

Buddy has lived to see the town of Catale grow up and then completely disappear. Catale was located on the Frisco Railroad between Whiteoak and Chelsea, and was a trading center for the many Indians of the area. According to old records there was a post office there from 1894 until 1933. At the peak of its growth Catale had two mercantile stores, a drug store, railroad depot, stockyards and rail loading dock, a school, a church, and a livery stable, along with several houses. Nothing remains to-day, save the school building walls, and a pasture fence encloses where the town once stood. Among other places to disappear, is Blue Mark School, which was located about three miles east of Catale.

Mr. Parker is bothered with arthritis. He says that this ailment was not known in the old days among the Indians. A few of the very old people would have spells of Rheumatism, but they could be treated. In those days, an Indian doctor could treat for most any sickness or ailment, but peculiar to the Shawnees their secrets were never divulged. Most important though was that the treatments worked.

Buddy tells of a group talking about old times not too long ago. One man made the observation that when the Indians won a battle it was called a massacre, but if the white man won it was called a heroic battle.

When Buddy was a very small boy, a band of outlaws would come by his folks place often to get dinner and feed their horses. They were very friendly and never did his folks any harm, and always paid for their meals and feed. One of the men would delight in carrying Mr. Parker around and always called him "Bud". So to this day Elmer Parker has always been known as Bud or Buddy.

In the days when land allotments were being made to the Indians, Bud, his brother, and others of the family all had their land in the area a mile north and about four miles west of Chelsea. This area became known as Parker Hill.

Bud tells of a neighbor who had a pet blacksnake he kept in the barn to catch rats. One day he found the snake coiled up in a hens nest in the chicken house, and all the eggs were inside the snake. He said his friend told him that that little partnership ended right there.