

In her early days the community used the Butler School for church services. Later when the Butler School was torn down the people went to the Indian church at Sycamore southeast of her home. She remembers that Grandma Shail was a church leader in those days. In these late years she misses the Indian church meetings and gatherings as she likes to speak and listen to the Cherokee language. She recalls when the families of the Bucket, Masters, Hummingbirds, and Cheaters would come to her home and they could all talk Cherokee and they had good times. She recalls the good times she and her husband had when they went to the stomp dances down on Brush Creek, where they would camp and stay four or five days. Her father James Wright and Joe Fox were two of the good stomp dance leaders of the old days. In those early days Rev. Tauuneacie Squirrel and Dan Tauuneacie were the well known Indian preachers of their community. She says they 'run back into the muskrats', and Dan's wife was Jane Muskrat. She remembers when her father would see Rev. Squirrel going down the road after having been away preaching at other churches, he would have the children run down to the road and bring Grandpa Squirrel home. Her mother would have some ka-ne-ha-ne prepared and the old man would eat and so enjoy himself. Making ka-ne-ha-ne is an art that has just about passed on, and she had not seen any of the old wooden mortars that were used to beat the corn and hickory nuts for many years. She says that the Cherokees did not dry meat as did some of the other Indian tribes. Preserving their meat was by with salt and by smoking. Long ago she says the Indians would gather on Honey Creek and catch fish. Smoke racks would be built on the creek bank and the fish were smoked and barbecued so they could be taken home. She used to look forward to the summers when the Indians would gather 'possum (or summer) grapes and make grape soup. The cooked and strained grapes mixed with a little corn meal made a delicious Indian dish. Also, parched meal soup was another favorite ~~Indian~~ dish.

The generation of to-day must have missed a lot, as she recalls back as late as 1930 the Indians would gather locusts. Parched locusts and wild honey was a treat they thoroughly enjoyed. One of their favorite places to gather locusts was at her aunts home down on Browning Creek. There was nothing better than to be able to sit around with a bowl full of parched locusts to chew on. Another of the favorite foods was the crawfish, but they are hard to find now, as muskrats, owls, and coon's hunt them. The eel are gone now but at one time they were much sought after by the Indians. Since the eel spawns in the ocean and comes far up on the inland streams, the man-made dams have erased this item from the Indians table.

She reflects on the days when the only place to trade was at Southwest City. Her first recollection of grove was that there was just one little store down by the springs. She remembers when there was no town at Jay, and that there were just a few stores at Southwest City. At one time she remembers that Maysville, Ark. was a nice little town, but it has become a ghost town now.

She recalls when Whitewater Creek was a place to go and had some good fish in places. But the stream has filled in considerably and the water level of the country seems to have dropped. No longer can fish be caught in this creek. In Indian territory there was a district Court about two miles northwest of her home where court was held dealing with Indian affairs. Her father would open a little store there during the days that court was in session. Since court would last several days, Dan and Jane Tauuneacie run a boarding house there. She recalls going to Vinita before stated when Indian payments were being made. Of the early day Sheriffs in the Cherokee Nation, she says that Jeff Muskrat was one of the best known. *IN HER COMMUNITY*