

He recalls a long time ago when they looked forward to huckleberry time. Then families would go into the woods and gather the berries by the washtub full. The bushes would be so loaded they just set the tub under them and strip the berries off the limbs. But then came the whiteman and his timber cutting and burning of woods and another pleasure and suffice of the Indian, went.

Times have changed since he was a young man. In his day, he says the young men and 'half women' (young girls) mixed freely at all sorts of gatherings and there was never any trouble as known today. In the older days the young people were taught respect and honor for one another, and much pride was held by the young men in respect for the 'half women'. That attitude he says seems to have gone down the drain in this day and age.

He recalls the times when it was convention time at the Old Green Church, and remembers old Aunt Nancy Gritts, a matriarch of his community, would shepherd as many as 75 children during the week-long meeting, teaching them the finer and more nobler things of life.

In his very young days, Ben Knight, a full blood Cherokee was a leader in the community life of his homeland. He remembers him as a wonderful man, tall and stately, and a great influence on his people. Today, the clear cool waters of Ben Knight Creek are somewhat a monument to his memory.

As Jake Whitmire sits on his front porch and looks out across his yard, he sees the old remnants of the Frisco railroad bed about a stone's throw away. And by it he reminisces and thinks of the wonderful days of long ago.