

He recalls early day Wagoner as being a rough and wild town. Here a mixture of Cherokees, Creeks, Negroes and whites came to trade, conduct business, and many other reasons. It was a favorite meeting place for the lawless element and at most any time a fight would be in progress somewhere around town at night. More than once the Cook boys, the Crittenden gang, and others of note would be somewhere around Wagoner town. This was also the home country of Brother Goolsby, better known in his later years as Cherokee Bill, who faced Judge Parker one time too many and parted this life at the end of a new rope at Ft. Smith jail. Those were the days of the sixshooter, the Winchester, and the hooker-bill knife.

In his time he has made a crop with a pair of mules and a double shovel. But even to-day very few people even raise a garden. He recalls when nearly every family would have a big garden and it was considered a crime to waste anything. This attitude seems to have come with the whiteman, as the Indians for the most part do not raise the Indian corn, pumpkin, and beans in the manner of their forefathers. Vann looks back to the days when he would eat his fill of grated bread, ~~kaniche~~ soup, hominy with pumpkin, cornmeal and bean dumplings, and other foods common to the Indian table. With a note of regret he says these days about gone now.

Mr. Vann reflects on the old days when the Model T, the buggy and the wagon were in about equal numbers. He says then no one would think of starting out without a strand of baling wire to meet the repair needs of that day. Probably more equipment, and other things have been mended with baling wire than any other item.