

He tells of his young days when the Indian families would each have a little garden of an acre or two and took much care and pride in preserving food. Wild game was plentiful then. Hogs ran wild in the woods and creek bottoms and were somewhat community property. By wagon it was about a half day ride to Grand River where ^{there} was excellent fishing. He says all this has changed, and no more good days. The Indian cannot go like he used to. The Indian is fenced out everywhere, and he thinks times will be worse, with too many people coming in to change country.

He recalls the days long ago when they would have four-day stomp dance about a mile southeast of his home on Snake Creek at old man Bendabout's place. Then at other times the Indians would gather on Wickliff Creek east of Salina for stomp dances. Now and then the Indians would gather for a fiddle dance, comparable somewhat to the whiteman's square dance. He remembers that there were many Indians who were musicians and could play most any kind of stringed instrument. He says a good part of the fiddle dances was the midnight dinner. Good times then he tells, and nobody bothered nobody.

Swimmer remembers when there was no town where Locust Grove is now. Joel Bryant had a little store about two miles north of where the town is now, and Charley Markham ran a little store three miles west of Locust Grove at what was known as the "Gap". He recalls that there was also a postoffice at the Gap around 1897. Where the state park is now east of Locust Grove this was at one time the home of one of the Markham families. Between the Park and town one of the Ross families had a farm and he recalls that they used to have a corn field where the main street of Locust Grove is now. Just east of Swimmer's home about three quarters of a mile was the home of Poe Rowe, a prominent Cherokee in the early days of the Cherokee Nation, and for whom Rowe (now Rose) Prairie was named. A lone elm tree stands in a pasture marking the site of the Rowe home. A short distance away are the remains of the Poe Rowe Cemetery, all but destroyed and erased now by livestock and unconcern of someone.

Mr. Henry remembers the families of Swimmer, Rev. Jim Sixkiller, and Mose Buzzard all prominent and successful farmers and stockmen in the early days. Swimmer (no first or other name) was an old man when he was a young boy, had a nice place on the southwest part of Rowe Prairie. A Civil War monument marks his burial place in the little Swimmer Cemetery on this Prairie. Attending the spiritual needs of his people was Rev. Jim Sixkiller who lived about a mile north of where Locust Grove is now. Rev. Sixkiller is at rest in the little rock wall enclosed cemetery on his old home place. He remembers him as a good man, who done much for his people. He says he used to go to the Sixkiller home just to hear the old man talk, and he learned much from him. Up in the Pawpaw Creek country where his mother came from, he remembers William Blossom Boot and his wife Nellie, who were good and kindly people. He used to visit them and enjoyed watching them make baskets using buck bush limbs. These were the strongest baskets he ever saw and would last a long time.