

would be cut into thin curling strips and either hung in the sun or by the fireplace to dry. Preserved in this manner the dried pumpkin would keep for months.

She tells that there was a big Indian meeting at Tanlequan several years ago. Some Pawnees had been invited to put on a dance as part of the program. During the performance she overheard a whiteman say "I wouldn't marry an Indian for anything.". She promptly told him to get out of there. The incident may seem picayune and trivial, but here again the whiteman just cannot bring himself to leave well enough alone. Except for whatever monetary gain, entertainment for him, or to gloat over conquering the Indian race the whiteman could care less. This is exemplified by the long list of treaties which deprived the Indian of his land and reduced him to a welfare status for the most part. The story of the Dawes Commission as covered in the 30-page booklet "The Largest Trust in History" is also a story of how whitemen lined their pockets with gold at the expense and deprivation of the Indians. Even the illustration on the cover of the booklet shows how little the whiteman knows, or cares, about the Indian. The war bonnet on a member of the Five Tribes is tantamount to an African nosering on a whiteman. Looking elsewhere, the country is filled with Indian curios and relic stores run by whitemen, selling products of "Indians" made in Japan. And yet whitemen continue to come and gawk at the Indian, adding insult to old injuries. The marvel of it all is there is really no hatred, only tolerance. Some day the Indian will be compensated for centuries of injustices.

Reflecting on more pleasant things, she tells that in her early years they would have biscuits made from mill ground wheat for breakfast. Other meals of the day would be with cornbread. Corn as used by the Indian probably provided more different dishes than any other item.

Talking again of the days when she went to the Cherokee Orphans Asylum, she used to have to take care of the superintendent's baby during the noon hour and would usually baby sit in the post office room. She says that at that time Rider Grass was the postman.

Long ago she tells that deer were plentiful where she lived up on the north edge of Peggs Prairie. She recalls that her grandmother would saddle up a horse and take a hind quarter of venison to Joel Bryants store and trade for some of the things they needed. Then money was hard to come by, but that condition has not changed too much today either.

She remembers when nearly every Indian family raised tobacco in the Cherokee Nation. Her grandfather, as well as her father, tended tobacco patches. She used to watch them cut and hang the tobacco leaves up in the barn to cure. Except possibly for Snake McClellen up at Liberty, no one raises tobacco in her area anymore.