

Not the least of the gathering places in the days of Indian Territory was the Whitmire Schoolhouse. Although its old school bell rang regularly for the Indian children to come for their learning, there were times when for reasons not disclosed it was used as a court of law. On a brighter side many picnics, political meetings, and celebrations were held at Whitmire School. It was not unusual that at some of the gatherings feelings were vented and fights would break out. Mr. Rector tells that four men were killed at this place one time.

When Mr. Rector built his newer house in 1935 he bought his material from Luke Alberty. Luke was telling him that his father was a legal counsel at a trial being held in the Goingsnake District Courthouse one time. The Trial was not progressing to suit the opposing factions and a shooting took place right there and four men died as a result, including Luke's father and the Judge. These incidents tell also of the kind of strong-willed and fearless men who lived in another day. It is also these same kind of men who helped tame and build what are the modern progressive communities of to-day in the Indian Nations. These incidents tell also that decisions and justice was swift, not like the long drawn-out criminal trials of to-day where the taxpayer foots the bill and ~~the~~ a few legal men get wealthy, and the guilty sometimes goes free. As Mr. Rector says, times have changed a lot from the old days.

Mr. Rector tells that he got all of his schooling at the old Whitmire School and at the Sanders School in his district. It would seem that most children considered finishing the eighth grade in the early days was sufficient learning, and few ever went on to higher grades. In that day most students were considered grown when they finished the eighth grade in country schools, and many were old enough to get married and begin settling places of their own.

Mr. Rector tells that the Whitmire Cemetery is one of the oldest in his area. Back on the ridge south of his place is the old Youngwolf burial ground, the Sanders graveyard and the Stokes cemetery. There was another old cemetery up the Hollow from his place he recalls, and not too many years ago a white man bought the place and removed the some 50 or 60 markers and monuments and plowed up the place. No one has ever heard of an Indian desecrating a burial place, and for acts of this nature it is not hard to see why the separationist line between the races sometimes becomes so dark. Rector says that this something he would have never done if he never got to farm another acre in his life.

Like many of the people of the older generation in these hills, Mr. Rector tells that when the railroad was taken out of the valley it greatly added to the change in their economy and way of living. While it existed the trains provided the only transportation for many to other places, as yet the automobile was a luxury the Indians did not have. Many of the older people still recall hearing the pleasing whistle of the Frisco trains traveling down Barren Fork Valley.