

He remembers when the old Cherokee Orphans Asylum was in use and it was the principal establishment along the river in that area. At that time the town of Salina only had a little store and a few houses scattered around. He recalls that Sam Grayson, a Cherokee used to operate the ferry boat that crossed Grand River at the Salina crossing. He remembers that Mrs. Mollie Riley was teaching school at Brewer then and she rode a horse with a side saddle and crossed on the ferry when the river could not be forded. He tells that Chief Samuel H. Mayes had a nice farm across the River west of Salina and Sunday knew him well. He also knew Washington Swimmer who was Assistant Principal Chief under Chief Mayes.

In the olden days travel to the distant towns was seldom done, and the little country stores scattered thru the country sufficed the needs of most of the people. Sunday recalls that Joel Bryan had a store about five miles south of Salina that handled most everything. He tells that his father bought a new wagon there one time for \$80. which was his great pride and joy for a long time. Then up north of Salina Old Man Wilson had a little store back in the woods. East of their home between Salina and Kenwood, Louie Drager had a store and at one time there was a post office connected with the store. The next closest place to trade was at Spavinaw, some 14 miles to the north. At one time the only grist mill was located at Spavinaw and he remembers many times taking a sack of corn up there to have it ground into meal. It was an all-day trip by horseback, and he would leave early in the morning and get back about dark.

He speaks of the times when the Indians fished in Grand River the way they knew. Giggling at night was one of the best ways they had to get fish. In their flat bottom boat with pine knots burning on a mud bed at the front they floated down the river and engaged in the age old custom of gigging. Catfish, buffalo, drum, and redhorse were their favorite fish. Yet they never passed up a big bullfrog, an eel, or soft shell turtle. In the shallow waters they gathered crawfish, a favorite even to-day among the Cherokees.

As Sunday Bark sits on his porch and thinks of the old days, he is also observant of present times. He says many of the younger Indians are turning away from the ways of their fathers and following the whiteman life. Many only want to "run down the road". He is quite disturbed that the younger Cherokees do not go to church, and many do not care about going to school.

He reveals that the Indians gather the Sassafras root after the first frost in the fall and also in the spring just when the bushes start to bud out. Sassafras tea is still much used among the Indians both as a medicine and as a beverage. He tells that now the herbs and roots that were once plentiful that the Indians gathered for medicine are hard to find now. Once along Saline Creek many of the favorite medicine plants grew, but the lake waters have covered all the area. The lake waters also covered the saline springs where the Indians used to come to get the 'healing water'. Sunday recalls that when he was a young man there lived in his community an Indian by name of Old Man Ho-seh who was well known as an Indian Doctor and was highly respected for his knowledge and use of the healing plants and herbs.

One of the many changes Sunday has seen come to his area was the coming of the railroad, which provided a means of travel in and out of his community. He also witnessed the passing of the railroad there. Big trucks and earth moving machinery have now invaded his homeland to further destroy and change things.