

During the days of the Cherokee Nation before statehood, Sunday tells that the Indians had a meeting ground at the springs close to Joel Bryan's Store which would be between where Salina and Locust Grove is now. It was here that the Cherokees of the district would gather on matters pertaining to land, money, court matters, etc. Travel in those days was a major undertaking and when possible they held meetings nearer home rather than go to their District Courthouse on Rose Prairie or to the National Courthouse at Tahlequah. He tells that his home was in the Saline District and their District Courthouse was up at the head of Snake Creek. It was there that many court trials were held. There were some who were tried for murder, stealing, and other offenses. Capital punishment was meted out there either by hanging or being shot. For the lesser crimes whipping at the tree was the sentence. In any event punishment or freedom was swift and sure. He says in those early days there were some mean folks. Sometimes in a fight they would fight until one was dead. Guns and knives were an accepted part of a man's dress in the old days. He tells of a couple men carrying a most unusual pistol which had the hammer on the side of the frame.

Sunday tells of a time long ago when he, Old Man Buckskin, the Grass brothers, and others were gigging one night down on Grand River. As they floated along in the boat Buckskin threw his gig at what he thought was an eel. A short ways on down the river they pulled in to the bank to rest. Using a pine knot for a light he and one of the other boys went back to see if the eel was still there. What they saw on the bottom of the river turned out to be the remains of an old shotgun. Sunday got it out. It had been there a long time and all the wood had rotted away. He took it home and cleaned it up, put a new home made stock on it and used it, as after cleaning it worked good. He finally gave the gun to Jim Buckskin. Probably even now, he thinks, Jim's boy may still have the old relic.

After the Indians quit making salt at the old Saline Salt Springs, he got one of the big five-foot boiling kettles and brought it home and used it for a stock watering trough. Somehow it disappeared from his place and he was never able to find it. Also, at one time he had a few pieces of the wooden pipe that was used in the salt making days from the saline springs.

Sunday has never traveled much away from his home. A few times he visited in the Creek Nation and made several friends there. But members from other tribes he has known very few. One was Charley Whiteday, a Delaware, who was a lawman in Salina at one time. He says he dont know where Whiteday came from, but says "one day, he just showed up". For the Saline District in the old days, he recalls that Red Cloud Duncan was the High Sheriff. He tells that there used to be meetings up at Kenwood, and often one or more would get drunk or try to raise a fuss. After being warned to behave, and the disturbance continued, they were tied to a tree for the duration of the meeting.

He tells about Old Man Pigeon who lived in a log cabin by himself up on Saline Creek. When he was about 90 years old he went crazy, he says, and built a fire out in his yard. A neighbor was watching him. The old man went into the house and brought out his money bag. He chanted a prayer and poured all the paper money into the fire. After it had burned the old man laid down and died. He was buried up on Rowe Prairie, probably at Jumper Cemetery.

Throughout the Indian world, there are many Indians who have contributed much good in their lifetimes. Of humble means, here is Sunday Bark, and his wife who had no children of their own, but raised fourteen orphan children. All grew up to be good men and women, respectable and hard working. Treasures, joys, and rewards come in many forms without price tags, and he has many.