

(You sure seen a lot then, in your time.)

Yeah, I've seen a lot, I've seen the time when neighbors thought more of one another than families do now. That's a fact. There was no such a thing as a rest home or hospital or anything like that then.

(Your home here then was at Tahlequah?)

No, Broken Arrow.

(What was this country like when you first came here?)

Wasn't nobody here hardly, very few people in Tahlequah, Park Hill Prairie they called it. There was one house, there wasn't no Peggs, no Guideon, none of them places. Very few people here. They was all Indians, in the back in the woods, you know, and hills.

(Along the river I guess too.)

INCIDENT CONCERNING CUTTING FIREWOOD

Yeah, they a lot of them lived on Spring Creek, and they'd come by going to Tahlequah riding their ponies. I just had one sister, well, my dad and the boys was plowing. Well, there was these great long limbs, you know, make good firewood. We decided we'd get up some firewood, we weren't doing nothin', tired of sittin' around. We had a little old yoke of steers that my sister could yoke up and drive like--well it took her awhile to get used to 'em, but she could hitch up a wagon and just drive everywhere. So we decided we'd hook up them steers, and I'd do the chopping--I could chop as good as one of the boys. And she got that team of steers, so we got all rigged up, went out to work and we cut a log or two and drug it to the house, she had me choppin' away. Here come them Indians--I bet every one of them has pistols and has us just scared to death. But he said they wouldn't have hurt us no way. But now they just got a kick out of that. They'd never seen a woman go to the woods to work. (Laughter). (Sentence not clear)--