

if you know where to look. He lived there. He was raised there and lived there when he was chief. And I had two or three more uncles that lives further up there. Uncle Riley he lives up on what they call Wolf Creek. My father's name was Wash. And my old place is way off right back down here. That is where the salt is. We used to own all the stuff in here. We owned it and used to cut hay all the time. All you wanted.

PLENTY OF TIMBER IN EARLY DAYS - LOGS FLOATED DOWN RIVER TO FORT SMITH

(Was there a lot of timber then like there is now?)

Wasn't any timber on the prairie. But on the bottom--had wonderful timber on the bottom. See it wasn't cleared up. Each Indian had a little, oh I say ten or eight acres he'd clear to raise him a little corn. That's much as he'd clear up. And the squirrels eat that up sometimes. But the rest of the bottom wasn't cleared. We had walnut timber down there one time. My mother sold it to some people in Fort Smith. And some fellers come in here and cut that timber and hauled it over to the river. They had a pile of walnut logs over there on the river bank--oh, I don't know how many. They roll them down the bank into the river, and spiked them together so they'd stay, and float them down the river. Float them to Fort Smith. Them old logs about 15-20 feet long just as straight--some of them 3 feet thick. Prettiest things you ever saw. But any that would be cut now wouldn't be like that. We cut a lot of locust posts. I have got a locust post out there in my lot that was cut in 1904. That made it 64 years ago didn't it? It was made out of black locust. The reason I know when it was cut because we cut it when we built a barn down there in 1904. It was in the barn and the barn was wrecked. It was 64 years old. Now that's pretty good life time for a post. There was a fellow that went to California way back when he was kid. When he come back he was (words not clear)--