

As long as they can remember, the Arkansas River has been full of sand. Mr. West remembers that sand from the river bed was used in construction of buildings when he was a small boy. Grand River, however, has always been a pretty clear stream.

Just north of Okay is the little settlement of Gibson Station, hardly noticeable to-day. At one time this was a little town, having a hotel, blacksmith shop, a large general store, and several dwellings. At that time it was the end of the Katy Railroad until bridges were built over the Verdigris and Arkansas Rivers going to Muskogee. Gibson Station is in the Creek Nation, and descendants of many of the Creek Freedmen (negroes) live in this area. The Creek Nation boundary line passes about a mile west of Okay, on south along the east side of Bacene College, and to the Arkansas River. In very early days many Creek Indians lived in this area, but they all moved further west to their more populated Indian settlements. About 8 miles north west of Muskogee there was established sometime in the 1870s the Tallahassee Indian Mission which was primarily for Creek Indian Children. To-day the ruins of this old mission can be seen. A Cyrus Robinson operated this mission for a while.

Murt West, their son, has a wooden letter box containing letters and old papers dating in the 1880s that belonged to his grandfather. The box is very old and originally came from Germany. The top label is still legible and reads "12 bottles. St. Jacobs Medicine". The remaining side label about 6x6" square is all printed in German. Among the old papers is a sale bill from Disney and Tibbetts Mercantile, Ft. Gibson, dated October, 1900, advertising 20 packages of Arbuckle or Lion coffee for \$1.00, 16 pounds of sugar for \$1.00. mens shirts 40¢, etc.

At one time there were many Indians working in a stone quarry just northeast of Okay. Most of this stone was shipped to Muskogee for building use.

Mrs. West told about her grandfather and her father and the large mustaches they wore. She still has a mustache coffee cup, which is quite unique.

In the days before any bridges were built to destroy the natural falls at Okay, Mrs. West says that this was a very pretty place and people would come her to camp and fish. She remembers that one time two little Creek Indian boys were swimming around the falls. A large catfish grabbed one of the boys and tried to swallow it. The boy was drown. The next day the boy was found in a drift pile. The fish was very large but could not swallow the boy beyond his arms. The fish was also found dead still hanging onto the boy.