

Mrs. Barrett recalls the Indian meetings and dances they used to have long ago at Blackgum on the east side of the river. She does not remember any of the ceremonies as she was very young. Her father always took a great interest in the Indian meetings and could sing and lead any of the dances or ceremonies.

She reflects on how people have changed during her time. She tells that in her early days people did not have much other than the barest of necessities, but they were much more happier than they are as a whole to-day. Even the simple household and homemaking chores are becoming lost to many women. She tells of a young woman who lives up the river a ways that does not even know how to make hominy, and has had Mrs. Barrett make it for her the last three years. She does not know what this country is coming to. She remembers when her mother hung pumpkin up on a stick to dry to be sacked up and stored, burying turnips to keep for the winter, and preserving many other kinds of garden and field produce. Hog killing time was always an eventful season for families of the old days. She recalls one time they killed six hogs and got them all ready to cut up but it got too late in the evening so they planned to wait until the next morning to finish. That night a hard freeze came and the meat froze and it was six weeks before it thawed enough to finish cutting the meat up. Winters in her early years were much worse than she remembers in later times. When a child she says they had snow up to the porch at their old home place, and the porch was over four feet from the ground.

Their farm was on the east bank of the Arkansas River when she was a little girl, (Her farm now is still on the Arkansas River bank.) She says they could cross the river on a ferry boat to get over into what is now the Webber Falls community. She remembers her mother telling that one time the River froze over and people traveled over the ice for six week in wagon and horseback before it began to thaw. People would cut holes in the ice and catch fish.

Important to Indians in the early days were the sulphur springs about two miles northeast of Gore. Cherokees for miles away would come to this flowing spring to drink of the water and wash themselves. It is told that the water contained something that cured many skin diseases, as well as some internal ailments. Her father, Tom Hair, lived on the land where the spring was at one time. When land allotments were made the land was allotted to her uncle, Walter Hair. She tells that Walter Hair had some kind of ear infection that caused blood to run from his ear, and her mother took him to the spring and kept him there a while and the ear trouble was cured completely. She remembers when the road used to go from Gore to Braggs - by way of Sulphur Spring and people would camp overnight there to take advantage of the healing springs.

In her youth, she says that people worked hard to make a living. Children who were big enough done their share of the home and farm work also. She remembers working on another farm one summer hoeing cotton for 50¢ a day. Farmers then did not have modern machinery of course, and all they had to work with was a turning plow, double shovel, and Georgia stocks, and they made good crops. When her husband, George, was living they had some wonderful cultivation land on their place. But it no longer farmed and pasture grasses have taken it over. She recalls times in winter when they have trapped snowbirds and chipmonks and roasted them.