

a full-blood Cherokee, teaches three of the lower grades here. The Methodist Church on the east side of town opens its doors to saints and sinners alike. Frequently, Cherokees of the tri-county area gather at this church for an all day sing; expressing themselves with wonderful singing voices, and singing both in Cherokee and English the hymns they love so well.

Peggs is home to a few who have retired from public work and returned home to live. Others find the peaceful place to their liking and commute to work at nearby towns. Half of the some 60 to 70 people who live here are Cherokees.

It the early days of Peggs Prairie it was a large farming area. For years cotton was the principal crop, but the invasion of the boll weevil ended its cultivation. That was before insecticides were discovered. Mr. Warren remembers when wagon loads of cotton were lined up for a quarter of a mile waiting to be unloaded at the gin.

Tragic days even before the historic storm of 1920 ~~was~~ not new to Peggs. A man by the name of York from the Lowrey Prairie country east of Peggs operated a thrashing machine outfit thru the country during grain harvest. In the off season he used the steam engine to power well drilling equipment. On August 18, 1918 York had pulled his equipment into Peggs to start thrashing at the many area farms. It was a dry summer and they were short of water for the steam boiler. The waterboy found enough water in a nearby pond and brought a load to fill the boiler. The boiler was very low and very hot, and as the cooler water was pumped into the boiler it blew up with the force of a ton of dynamite. An eight-year-old girl of the Demoss family was sitting on her porch nearby and was killed by the blast, as were two men attending the steam engine (Willis and Rogers), and the driver of the water wagon whose name is not remembered. Mr. Warren showed a picture of the destruction - the front of the steam engine blown off and one of the huge driver wheels laying near the engine.

Few people to-day would know of the town of Melvin. Mr. Warren was born and spent part of his boyhood at this pioneer town. Located then on the Frisco Railroad where Double Springs Creek empties into Fourteen Mile Creek on its way to Grand River, Melvin was a small trading center in the nearly all Indian community west of Hulbert. Ft. Gibson Reservoir has covered all trace of this early day town. Mr. Warren recalls his early days in the community and it was here he learned to speak much of the Cherokee language.

Recalling the early schools of his day, he best remembers those at Lost City, New Home, Shiloh, Downing, and Lone Star. This seemed to be one area of the Cherokee Nation that did have adequate schools for the younger Indians of that day.

Back then, Peggs Prairie country was fairly well settled as a good farming district. Mr. Warren says hardly anyone knew exactly where or how much land he had as land surveys and section lines were yet to come. They farmed whatever they claimed and could take care of. Roads were where a wagon