

Mr. Fields remembers that a Mr. Remson put in the first store in Grove, then a short time later a Mr. Daugherty put in a store and as the town grew he also established the first bank there.

In and around his home when he was a young fellow, Elijah Butler, Mose Ridge, Dan Tauuneasie, Jim Wright, and Joe Fox were some of the more prominent Indians in the leadership of the community. Butler was a full time preacher and had services in the old Butler School house, or in the summer they met under a brush arbor. It was Rev. Butler who established the present Butler Cemetery generally used by the Cherokees of that area. He mentions the old Cherokee burial grounds that have ceased to be used, or are about to be abandoned. Some of these old graveyards are the Joe ward, Tauuneacie, Cheater, and Houston Downing. Mr. Fields recalls in his younger days the Indians would have "clean-up day", once in the spring and again in the fall, when people would gather to repair, fill, fence, and conduct a general clean up of their burial grounds. It is with a note of sadness that he says those days are gone now, and the younger generations do not honor their dead as they should.

He talks about his father, Richard Fields, who was born near Maysville, Ark. where his people had settled. He has heard that there are many descendants of the Fields still living there, but he has never been able to go see about them. It was at Maysville that his grandfather and his great-grandfather had settled about 1810 when they left Georgia. The Cherokees owned a large part of northwest Arkansas at one time thru treaty and deed, but the mechanics of whiteman legal moves forced the Cherokees out of that country. Many of the Arkansas Cherokees then went into East Texas where they obtained a grant of a million acres of land. Mr. Fields says that his grandfathers were the leaders of this group of Cherokees, and that at one time his brother still had the deed that was given by the Mexican Government, and he believes that this title is still good and valid.

He recalls back in his early days a trip from what is now Jay area to Tahlequah was thru the wilderness, with just a little log cabin now and then. There were no roads as we know them, and they just went by trails or across country as best they could. He remembers seeing much wild game in eastern Oklahoma in those early days. He says a traveler could stop at any home in those early days and be welcome, but all that is gone now. The present generation has become selfish, greedy, material and money hungry, and want for power that there is no comparison to the days he knew and liked best. The love for children and the aged was a paramount part of the early Indians and they received the best care that could be had. But now, he says that an old Indian predicts that the time will come when future generations will dispose of their old people when they reach a certain age, and yet it is possible that the end of time will come to do away with all the suffering and misery the world now sees.

As Mr. Fields reflect on the olden days, he tells this little story. When he was a young man most of the homes had big tall grandfather clocks. When a young man went courting he would sit on one side of the room and his lady friend on the other side. The old clock, in its quiet and slow movement would seem to say, "Take your time", "Take your time". He has lived to see many changes, and nowadays a T-bird screeches to a stop in front of the house, a loud horn shatters the air, and a young girl races out and hurdles the hedge and leaps into the seat and away they go. The little clock at home now hurriedly repeating "Get-together", "Get-together".