When Uncle John was about 10 years old, he was still living with Granny Buzzard at her place on Pawpaw Creek along with seven or eight other orphans. He recalls that over across the creek a quarter or so, lived an old Indian. Na-so-sgi, was a full blood Cherokee, tall and slim. He lived in a little log house and sufficed his needs by working for Granny Buzzard at odd jobs or in her fields. John used to visit with this Indian who was very wise in the ways of the Indian's world. Na-so-sgi did not know how old he was, but appeared to be around 90, yet in good health. He related to John how the English (any whiteman) would propose a trade. He told of one incident (apparently in Georgia or the Cherokee East) where an Englishman was offering to trade a slave to a Cherokee for a piece of land. The Englishman would indicate how much land he would take in the trade by pointing his finger at a piece of ground and using his thumb at the same time to indicate some approximate area or boundry. Many an Indian has ~~lostxhis~~ lost his breech cloth in a like manner. In another related matter of land, John tells of a whiteman going to a Chief wanting to trade or buy a piece of land the size of a deer hide. The Chief could not figure why anyone would want so small a piece of land, and reasoned that the buyer must be going to dig a hole straight down. He agreed to the deal, believing his white brother to be the piller of honesty, as trickery and underhand play was not a part of the Indian way of doing business. Then came an awakening that made brotherly love with the whiteman as popular as the black plague. Ole white eyes then proceeds to cut the deer hide into tiny strips and placing them around a piece of land, eventually ending up with a plantation. For what comfort it was the Chief could only sit and think 'why did it have to happen to me?'.

Mr. Armstrong is outspoken in his beliefs as to the beginning of the misery and suffering, exploitation and broken promises, and the crime of the ages that has been handed to the Indian. He says it all began in England, the British Isles. It was the Englishman, the Scotsman, and the Frenchman who came and started the Trail of Tears that may be 500 years long. And he is not too sure but what the Englanders are still in control of this North American Continent. Mr. Armstrong says that the Cherokees have put their cross mark on 72 treaties with the Government of this country, and everyone of them broken. He reasons then, just what good are the mountains of papers containing regulations, documents, programs, laws and statutes coming from Washington concerning the Indian. After 200 or more years should the Indian suddenly become enthused, hoping to see a flock of thunderbirds bringing Indian unification, the council house, the peace lodge, and a standard of living long overdue him. Perhaps, but not in this world. He says there is no cause to worry, because we are very near the end of time anyway.