railroad passing it with long trains going and coming constantly. Well, at that log rolling there were about eighteen or twenty men, old and young, mostly young. And such a jolly time and such stories as some of those fellows did tell. And we Yankee boys who had never seen such scenes as they discussed, we could hardly believe.

And the thought comes to me how hard it is for some folks to believe those things that they don't understand. Now a few days ago I was told by an old man that there were persons, readers of the *Register,* that didn't believe all of the "old time" stories. I don't know as I can blame them for they don't know any better, but that old man said, "We old fellars know what you write is true for we have seen it and know it is so." Well, we have one comfort; most all get to know more as they get older. Some don't but most people do.

The United States government removed the Cherokee Indians from Georgia to the Indian Reservation in Kansas.[6] I remember in the month of February of that year [1839], a division of the Ross party came through this valley and camped on the Knob Creek, extending from what is now called the "Half-Way House" along the west bank of the creek at the foot of Shepherd Mountain[7] for nearly a mile. It was just such a muddy time as we are having now. There were about two thousand Indians in this division. All the other divisions had gone by the way of Farmington, but the roads were so bad the last division had to come this way and on such a road as was the Fredericktown at that time!

A few days before the Indians came, a man was sent to find suitable camping spots, supplies etc., such as corn, oats and fodder for their teams. As there were so few people in the Valley then there was but one man who had much to spare. Mr. Abram Buford owned the farm now called the Greason farm;[8] he had a large crib of old corn, oats and fodder, which were to be delivered at the place now owned by Judge Emerson.[9] Mr.

6. For a general treatment, see Grant Foreman, *Indian Removal,* 229–314; for the Missouri experience, see B. B. Lightfoot, "The Cherokee Emigrants in Missouri, 1838–1839." This column was published by Elizabeth Holloman as "TPR and the Trail of Tears."

7. Shepherd Mountain is named for Prof. Forrest Shepherd (1800–1888), a New Englander who graduated from Yale in 1827 and became an influential geologist. He taught at Yale, in South Carolina, and at the Western Reserve College, surveyed mineral deposits in Missouri for Sen. Lewis Linn, became a loyal friend of the Cyrus Russell family, joining them during family reunions, was state geologist of Missouri, and located mines both in the United States and in Mexiço. Shepherd is also credited with discovering and promoting the silica deposits that encouraged the founding of Crystal City near Plattin Creek, Jefferson County. See "Death of Prof. Forrest Shepherd," *Register,* 20 December 1888, and Zoe Booth Rutledge, *Our Jefferson Heritage: Reminiscences of Early Missouri,* 170–71.

8. James Greason (1833–1880) was born in Pennsylvania, migrated to Arkansas in 1853, and in 1859 moved to Perryville, Missouri. He became a Unionist leader in the war—Camp Greason at Perryville was named for him—and in 1862, as lieutenant colonel, commanded Jefferson Barracks. He came to Arcadia Valley in 1863 and then made his home there after the war. See "Obituary," *Register,* 11 November 1880. Abram Buford, born in 1807 in Kentucky, was one of the region's largest slaveholders with nine in 1850 and thirteen in 1860. Apparently he was a bachelor. See census and slave schedules, 1850 Madison County and 1860 Iron County.

9. John W. Emerson lived a distinguished life in Iron County as a land speculator, lawyer and judge, Union officer, regional author, Democratic party spokesman, U.S. marshal, and co-founder of Emerson Electric Company in St. Louis. See *Encyclopedia of the History of Missouri,* ed. Howard L. Conard, 377–78. Emerson became the most influential spokesman in attracting VIPs as investors and summer residents to Arcadia Valley. See Lynn Morrow, "Estate Builders in the Missouri Ozarks: Establishing a St. Louis Tradition."

Buford hired father to send me with a team to haul oats and fodder while his team hauled corn.

As the Indians came in they were furnished with rations by lodges, each lodge to receive so much corn, so much oats, so much fodder, after which they drove into camp to the place assigned them. They received no other rations at this place; I think the hunters supplied their own meat out of the woods. In the morning when they broke camp, they were told how far they were to go and in what direction. The hunters spread out like a fan, and started through the woods towards the next camping place, about ten miles ahead, and swept everything before them in the way of game. During the day deer could be seen running as if the "Old Scratch" was after them; running in every direction across fields and roads.

About four o'clock I had finished hauling and the Commissary Agent asked me if I did not want to go and see the Indians in camp; told me to let one of those boys take my team home and I go with him, and he would show me how Indians live. When we reached camp, we found the first lodge close by what is now the Half-Way House. As each lodge comes in to camp, they go on beyond the first, and so on until the last arrival is the farthest in advance and so the first to move on in the morning.

As we came to each lodge the officer in charge would explain everything to me. I saw the family cooking supper, and I noticed at each lodge they had felled a large tree by the body of which they had built their fire. On the butts of the logs I saw square holes cut out that would hold about four quarts, I should think. The officer said, "Do you see that hole in that log?" "Yes." "Do you know what it is for?" "No." "Well, that is their grist mill; they shell some corn into that hole and take that big pounder you see there, and pound the corn until it is fine enough for bread; then they sift it and make bread of it." "But," I said, "it takes a long time to make meal for a large family." He told me to come and they would show me.

So we went along till we came to a squaw pounding corn, and we watched her. She soon dipped out the pounded corn into the sieve and sifted out the finest of the meal and put the rest back and pounded it again; it did not take her long to make enough meal for her bread for all the lodge. As we went along the officer called my attention to the girls dressed in silks and satins, with their ears loaded with jewelry, their hair done up in style. I said, "Why, surely these are not Indians; these are white ladies." "Yes, those are Indians; these negroes doing the cooking are their slaves." "Do Indians have slaves?" "Yes, some of them—the half breeds." These girls were just as handsome as any girls and had fine forms, straight as an arrow.

As we walked on we saw hunters coming from every direction loaded down with game; some used guns, but the most that I saw had bows and arrows. We met one Indian with a string of fox-squirrels, every one of which had a hole through his neck made by an arrow. Some had deer, some turkeys and smaller game. The officer asked [one of] the Indians to let me see his bow and arrows. I would have been glad to have bought them of him, but I did not feel as though I cared to talk to him much.

I saw the groups of boys at different places at play. I do not know what some of their games were but some were pitching arrows, some of the larger ones shooting at a target on a tree with bows and arrows; and it is surprising how close they will shoot. I was shown how they make their bows, how they fastened the feather to the shafts of

the arrows and how the points were fastened on. I saw groups of girls playing with a kind of battledore. When I heard the joyous laughter of the boys and girls, I could hardly realize that I was in an Indian camp, among a people that had been called *Savages* so short a time before. I also noticed that many of the old men and squaws wore a savage look and seemed as though their hearts were full of hate toward the white race, and would be glad to take your scalp if it were in their power to do so.

After strolling through the length of the camp, and all the lodges were up, it being after dark, we loitered back on the return trip. It was the duty of the officer to see to all the camp affairs just like a policeman in the city; for they are under regulation as strict as if they were white. Some of the families were at supper, and their tables were set with just as nice dishes and the food looked as good, and smelt as good as any white folks'! I felt as though I would like to sit down to one of their tables and be an Indian.

When we got back to our starting point, the officer took my hand and said, "Now you have seen the Indians in their camp; if you would like to be one or join them and go with us, we will take you along and you can marry one of these Indian girls and they will make a chief of you, for the Indian girls think it a great honor to have a white man for a husband. What do you say? Will you go? We will make a big Indian of you if you will." I told him I would go home and *Ask my ma* and see what she said. As it was against the rules for any one who did not belong to the company to be found inside the camp after nine o'clock, I bade my conductor good-by, and started for home through the mud and darkness, tired, hungry and sleepy.

SOURCE: Keefe, James F. and Lynn Morrow, A Connecticut Yankee in the Frontier Ozarks: The Writings of Theodore Pease Russell, Columbia, MO: University of Missouri Press, 1988