

March 26, 1945

Bob Broder (continuation)

Broder recalled one evening when he came down town to attend to some business for the jail. He heard some horses galloping by and the ringing of the city fire bell.

"I asked someone what was happening," he said, "and the man told me a mob was descending upon the jail intent on getting ~~on~~ Sontag and Evans. I think it was about 8 o'clock in the evening.

"When I returned to the jail I discovered ~~by~~ that Sheriff Kay and Undersheriff Bill Hall had been tipped off that plans were afoot to converge on the jail and had left earlier than scheduled for Fresno, taking Sontag and Evans with them. I never discovered which route they took. But I telephoned to Goshen to John Nutger, who operated a saloon and eating house there and told him to tell Sheriff Kay, if he came by that way, that a mob was after them. As far as I could see there were about a dozen men in the mob. They weren't masked."

Broder remembers that saloons in the old days in Visalia ran day and night--a continuous 24 hour schedule. There was the Bar and Fox, near where Mitley's now stands, perhaps where it is. It was beside Langwich butcher shop. Then there was the Boots Hall--Hall and Calcote saloon down ~~where~~ the street west and the Bucket of Flood which didn't operate long. It was operated by Bob Heid. The Vucavich saloon was where the Security First National Bank is now, corner of Court and Main street. Ed Fudge operated a place east of Switzer's Drug store (present location Switzer's store) The Palace Hotel had a bar. It was the best hotel in town and Finnagan and

Richardson operated the Main, where Costello's store later was located, on the alley on North Church street. The Visalia House is located where Hotel Johnson is now. It was run by L. A. Johnson, Sub Johnson's father. They were all old time saloons with sawdust floors. Nick Wrenn had a saloon east of the Johnson Hotel. He was a deputy sheriff and he was killed by a fellow he went out to arrest a half mile east of town.

"The poker tables were running wide open with draw and stud poker being played and there was no limit, just what the boys wanted to make it. During fair week I've seen as much as \$10,000 or \$15,000 on the table at one time. The fair was held every year for a week out by the old race track, this side of Tulare avenue, almost to Mineral King avenue. They had horse races but no displays of fruit or agricultural produce.

"The bars sold whisky and beer mostly but mixed drinks too. There was one made of seven colored drinks, it was called a Swiss -S. There were no women in the bars. Once in awhile a woman would come in and stand in back while someone went to contact a person she had come in for.

"Spanish town was the whoredom whore house section. It was located in the northeast part of town. They kept a pretty close watch on Spanish town and kept the girls confined there. "

When Broder was interviewed he was living in the Antler's hotel, room 10, on North Church street. Sparsely furnished, the room had a wash basin, iron bed with a headlight minus the shade, a bucket, small stand table, a couple of chairs and a dresser and small clothes closet. He pulled open the bureau drawer one day to pull out "my personal knife." The knife, about eight inches long with a curved blade, was a combination

knife and fork. The end was cut into two prongs .

"The knife was made for me one day by B.A. Bahwell, a blacksmith. That was about 50 years ago," Broder recalled. I was interested in getting a knife and Bahwell said he would make me one. He was a good knife maker and made lots of good butcher knives. Later he was with Ben Blincoe. I have only sharpened the knife once in the many years I have had it and used to use it all the time."

Broder has in his possession a small account book of his father's. Because of the interesting comparison in prices, excerpts were copied from it as follows:

Los Angeles, April 19, 1952. Mare, #16, sold to William H. Fellows ~~IV~~ brand, Jose Antonio Anguivez. His mark X. J.W. Holmes, witness. Sold second mare for \$15.

John Brachpool commenced work for Van Gorden and Broder 10th of December, 1855. Pair books \$5.50; pants \$6.50; seven pounds of tobacco \$3.50.

Full calves branded year ending September 1, 1858, 120 bull calves. Heifer calves branded in year ending September 1, 1858, 133.

January 27, six sacks of wheat, \$6.38. Fay and Company to 16 sacks of wheat, \$16.78. One bull #78; 18 calves \$340. ox yolk and chain \$4.30.

Commenced work September 12, 1862, Andreas: mare and colt #34; 1 saddle \$15; gloves \$2.50; two bucksins, \$5; making pants \$5.

J. Antonio commenced work 1862. At San Diego \$4.50; to hides \$9.00; one saddle \$5.00; October 11, 1854; Van Gorden and broder, to pough, \$15.00; 1 mare \$16; 1 saddle \$50; spurs \$8; to taxes \$11.20; one reata \$1.00; cutting mule 50 cents.

April 16, 4 cows \$112.

January 1, A.H. Smith 374 pounds of barley. Barley 532 pounds \$21.28; wheat 300 pounds \$15; five mules \$225; four mules \$225; one mule \$46; one sow \$12; one boar \$8; 36 hogs \$175;

March 23, 1853, sundries. 1 branding iron \$5.00; 1 wagon \$89; pole tax \$4.69; 1 powder flast \$1.50; one riatta \$2.00; 1 sack of potatoes \$4.60; horse shoeing \$2.50; bacon \$25 .50;

September 15, 1854, Wm. Fellows to I. Van Gorden, to bacon,

32 pounds \$6.40; ex at San Diego \$2.75;

Debt to William Fellows, carriage \$53.32; to grinding \$2.62.

December 12, 1851 (perhaps 1852, rather difficult to decipher, on flyleaf of booklet)

Passage Steamer Ohio \$45; Boots \$6.00; cash, 1 shirt, \$2.00; handkerchief \$1.00; passage across Bay \$10.00.

Broder recalls that Mrs. Joaquin Murietta lived with his mother for awhile at San Jose. He recalls what she told him about it and what his older brother, Lou, told him. Mrs. Murietta made a chemise for a present to Mrs. Broder. Alice, Lou's wife later received it.

"I think," said Broder, "Murietta was hiding out at that time. She had some cattle on the range and father used to look out for them. Lou was born at Alvarado, near San Leandro, eastern part of Alameda county.

"In the summer the Visalia area was full of malaria. We called it ague or chills and fever and didn't know what caused it. There were a lot of swamps here. During the winter the rains would come and large lakes of water would be left standing all summer. So mother and the kids would go to San Jose, to the Coast or to the mountains to some nice place for the summer. We had a good place in Santa Clara, near the Broad Guage depot. I remember one trip when I was about six years old. They had a school, Gates Institute. That was my first day at school. I remember they asked me my name and where I was born. A little before then T Vasquez was on the rampage. We had sold our place in Santa Clara and were in San Jose for the summer, renting a house on South Second street. There was a man named Tom Henderson who used to be supervisor from the Porterville area. Mother and I went with Henderson to the jail in San Jose to see

Vasquez and mother talked to him quite a while. They brought him out to the room where we were I shook hands with him. I remember I looked in his eyes and they were kindly eyes.

I think Vasquez committed some deparadations at Kingston (Laton) on old man Sweet. He tied him on the floor. I guess A.D. Sweet can tell you about that.

"When we lived on the ranch east of Visalia we all rode horses then. I've xseen my brothers chase the horses for three or four hours, saddle then and then ride a mile. I thought it was silly. I had a little brown mule named Babe and a little saddle for her, when I was a boy. She was a jeanette. We used to ride as far as the hitendale place and then cut cata-coronered across to Packwood creek. There was no bridge there then. There were no fences between our place and Visalia unless they were the fences around the few houses.

"There was quite a settlement in what we called the swamps, the Delta country. The country around Exeter was all hog wallows. The water level was three or four feet beneath the ground. The holes and low places all filled with water during the winter and it stayed in all summer. It was unhealthful.

"As I remember, there were three or four houses between our place and Visalia. The Oaks was one--Alma Hall. The Oaks, Baron Allens. Alma Hall was an old timer here. His place was just north of the East Lynne School house.

"We used to have a China cook to do all our cooking. Mother used to fight with them and they would quit. We had three in one week. When I first remember we used candles to light the house. Later we had kerosene lamps. The house was furnished good a little later. I remember once digging up an old freight bill for \$6,000 worth of furniture. Ducky (E.M.) Harris has some of it.

"When the railway came through we would go to San Francisco on a train. It seemed like it would go about 25 miles an hour and it would take about 12 hours. We would stop at Lathrop(near Tracy) for dinner and everyone got off the train and went in to eat.

On one of the trips I just missed seeing Judge Terry shot by a man named Nagle at Lathrop. Judge Terry had a body guard but it didn't do him any good. They fought over a woman, Sarah Altha Hill.

"When I was young we always carried a pistol. I don't know why. We never used it but we always carried one..a custom I guess.

Indians

Baskets

Source: Mrs. W.F. Harvey

511 Third st. Porterville

May 20, 1945

W.F. Harvey, deceased, was storekeeper for Wilko Mentz in the old Mentz store, corner of Main street and Putnam, Porterville. It was a general country store. The Indians brought baskets in and traded them. When they accumulated, they would be sent by the sack full to San Francisco.

One old Indian used to keep his name on the books for a sack of flour. He would come in, bring baskets, trade it out and then leave with a sack of flour, insisting it be entered on the books. Some of the Indians who came in were Tom Wheaton, Joe Cholola, Salt Lake Pete. All are now dead. They brought baskets in from their squaws and the squaws seldom did unless it was a night when they came to the Harvey home. Salt Lake Pete used to bring in pigeons which he had snared in the hills, Indian fashion. They were cleaned and dressed.

Grace Nicholson, curio store operator, Pasadena, used to come on purchasing trips, but ceased to come before World War I. Last baskets of Indians bought over 30 years ago.

The Indians said that they obtained most of the material they worked with from the Kaweah country.

Once the Harveys went over Rocky Reef (Indian Reservation) to stay a week. Salt Lake Pete's wife invited them in to dinner. It was clean, neat, etc. He was always clean and neat. However they didn't have time. Frequently the Indians would bring in a partially made basket, obtain a loan on it and then bring the basket in when it was finished. They did not tell much about what the baskets meant, the designs, etc. and when asked, each seemed to have a different story.

Pine nuts were secured in the Kern River country, back of Kernville. Some of the old Indian women used to get Harvey to get them stage ticket. They would leave, come back weeks later and around Christmas

would bring in long strings of pine nuts, pierced, and give to the Harveys.

San Juan Day celebrated on June 24 on the Tule Reservation where the 140 Indians seems to be keeping even or gaining a little. Harveys have attended dances there. The Indian men would never invite the white women to dance with them but the Indian women would dance with any white man inviting them and were good dancers. The San Juan Day celebrations later became very commercialized, rodeos, etc.

The Harveys came to Porterville from over around Paso Robles before 1900. Harvey died in 1944. The baskets which he retained were kept intact, to be ~~offered~~ offered as an entire collection for sale he and his wife decided a short time before his death. They included

~~thred~~ four fine gambling trays, 21 fine bottlenecks and other baskets, sale price around \$1,400. Not sold as collection but numerous individual bidders almost bought, Started selling off individually to Click Melander in May, 1945, who acquired 20 of them.

Mrs. Harvey recalls that the Indians used to come down in wagons and spend day or night in Porterville when the Harveys lived at the corner of 2nd st on Mill street. Drove four horses usually.

Huffaker, Mrs. Palestine

3/28/45

One of twin daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph A. Downing (Louisa Jane) Mrs. Palestine Huffaker was born February 26, somewhere in Missouri, she doesn't recall where. She celebrated her 91st birthday on February 26, 1945, still retaining good facilities of sight, hearing and speech and still very active, ^{doing} cooking, laundry, etc. Her birthday anniversaries have been wonderful events for her and her many friends during the past several years and have been of particular interest to the Rebekah lodge. She is a charter member of the Western Star Rebekah lodge. The members have called on her each birthday anniversary to present her with a cake. She is a true covered wagon pioneer, and one of the last in the area.

She remembers from talking to her mother, and dimly remembers the covered wagon trip which took six months. There was an old man by the name of Sims on the trip. "It used to worry my mother when old man Sims would ride out with my brother, Bill and my older sister, who was 12 years older than I, and ride ahead of the wagontrain. Sometimes we wouldn't catch up with them until dark. Clementine, my twin was with us. An old ox died during the trip and we had to put a cow into the place on the team. My oldest sister was Margaret. She married Downing who died two years ago in Hayward. My brother Jim is about 78 years old and is living at Eatonville in Mendocino county. He was born after we reached California.

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"Mother had ~~two~~ ^a brothers out here when we arrived. We went to ~~his~~ the home ~~of one of them~~ and one of my first recollections is that before reaching the home we stopped the wagon and mother changed Clementine and me into little red dresses, just before we got to the house--we changed right in the covered wagon. ~~My~~ His name was Jasper Bell. There was another brother, Lafayette Bell who came out later on.

He later lived in Squaw Valley and raised a family.

"My mother told me that frequently along the trail the Indians tried to trade everything they had for my sister, Clementine and myself. We gave them sugar and some little things like that and they gave us some beaded work. I still have a little white beaded ring that was secured at that time. It seemed that the Indians were fascinated by twins. I remember hearing the folks telling about the Indian burials they saw in the trees. They didn't see a lot of them but saw several, just hanging up in the trees on platforms. The camp fires were made of buffalo chips. The party came over Donner pass where the people were killed and some died later on. We came to Sacramento and stayed there several years. We lived about 10 miles east of town. I remember while we were living there there was a big flood in Sacramento and father used to go into town in a boat to get provisions. He was a rancher. He didn't like the ranching there and decided to look for other land.

"I remember when we were kids and how kids used to do--take barrels and try and walk on them. My sister fell one day and broke her arm and father had to take off from work all day to take her to a doctor to get her arm set.

"I went to school for my first time in Sacramento. I don't remember much about it, but I do remember that my sister and I could sing a Spanish song, I don't even remember all the words, just a few of them. We used to have to sing the song at various gatherings. W.B. Wallace, later Judge Wallace of Tulare county, went to school there and lived there at that time, attending the same school. My sister and I dressed in dresses that had short sleeves. I remember later on how my mother thought that short sleeves were terrible. We used to take our lunch buckets to school and go a mile or two to school. There was a friend who crossed the plains with us at the same time. Once, on her way home from school with us

we started playing and she started chasing us and licking us with a switch. It made father mad. Her share talked to her.

"I remember we sat on benches in school.

"We left Sacramento and came to Madera to live, it was near ~~Paradise~~ ^{City} Paradise then. That is what they used to call Modesto. Then we moved to Stanislaus county for a while and then near Tulare lake, about three miles from the lake. That was the first time we had come to Tulare county and it was ~~the first time~~ ^{after} I met Sarah Baker. (She called her Sallie) ^{at camp meeting} We didn't stay there too long, only a matter of months or one season. It was too dry to grow grain. I was 16 years old when we reached there, about 1870 I guess. Then we moved near Farmersville on the old Dean Ranch. I remember there was an old bachelor who used to live out by the lake. He took a liking to us girls and wanted to visit us all the time and we didn't want to visit with him. He would come to the house and we would try and get our sister to see him. His name was Stokes. The Baker ranch was near the Dean ranch. I remember one time when "Jake" Huffaker came to see me, before we were married, Sallie Baker was there and she was always lively and full of fun. He got my sister to dress and sent her out to Mr. Huffaker instead of me. The Dean place was about a mile west of Farmersville and south. We stayed there two years. Then my parents moved to Squaw Valley. I was married when I was 18 and just before they moved away. I was married at the home there.

"When we started housekeeping there was just 1 room, two by fours put up etc. The preacher who married us was Rev Noah Burton. I don't remember any celebration of anykind of thing like that. They didn't have bridesmaids and things like that then. We were just married and came to Visalia and started housekeeping. My husband had the little house already built.

"My husband was Jacob Vawter Huffaker. He was eight years older than I and he died in 1909. At the time I met him he was working for John Grave's family, where Ira Pratts now live, on the old Tom Pratt place. He came to Visalia and was a horse trainer at first. He and his brother Harley came out with his family and his father wasn't very good to the boys. When the father started to go back they had been living with the Majors family and Majors kept the two brothers. They lived out on Mineral King avenue, about a mile and a half or two miles I think. He used to break horses to ride and drive and he was not only a real horse lover but an expert horseman. He was a large man, over 200 pounds in weight and at one time was nearly 300 pounds.

"When we first moved into our home in Visalia--that was in 1872 and I have lived in this house continuously for 73 years--there was a family named Beards living just north of us. Later it was where the Weishars lived. The houses were built by Mr. Weishar, Augie (Augustus) Weishar who was a fine carpenter and who built the houses and later added on to them. He was later my brother-in-law. He married my sister Clementine a year later and she was married near Farmersville.

Huffaker, Mrs. Palestine

4/5/45

530 North Court st

4:30 p.m.

Mrs. Huffaker recalled at this interview that there were no graduations at schools when she was young. They just had "passing grades."

"I went to school a short time in Madera county. I remember my first day of school in Sacramento where my sister and I attended. The teacher asked us to say the ~~ABC's~~ ABC's I said them but my sister said 'I don't want to say it.'

It was a short time after leaving Madera county that we moved to the lake. We built a one room house there. The Drakes built too. We were together all the time and their place wasn't far from ours. We moved at the same time too and just left the houses there. The folks had two horses then and a wagon. The horses were old ~~ones~~ Jim and old Pete.

"I don't recall seeing any Indians around the Farmersville (Dean ranch) country. The first I saw were in Squaw Valley. ~~One~~ We lost all track of the families who came out in the covered wagons. It was a big train and only a few of us stopped at San Francisco.

"My oldest sister was Margaret. She married when we lived in Sacramento and her husband was Richard Stout. At one time we had an awful flood. Margaret lived 30 miles north of Sacramento and my sister and I went to stay with her. We got stuck and awful homesick. We had two little chickens, one each. They got caught in the basement and drowned. We ran low on clothes and Margaret made us clothes out of the shirt tails of her husband's shirts. It was three months before we could get home and father had to come after us then through water part of the way.

Where there was a granery where there was a lot of wheat stored. They just stored it loose them. My sister and I used to play in it a lot and a man who used to live there would come in and throw one on top of the other sister and say "I'll pile little Downing Girl on Little Downing Girl. Margaret's family lives in Fresno. May Stout and Oscar live there and Lee lives in Richmond. May is a teacher and has been for 30 years.

"Brother Bill died a long time ago. He was a teamster and used to haul lumber from the mountains to sell. Maggie Crose is my niece and part of his family. Mrs. W.L. (Violet) Myers of Visalia is her daughter. He used to drive a big four horse team. Brother Jim Downing lives at Latonville. He was born in California in Sacramento county.

"J.V. Huffaker, my husband, came from Illinois. His brother was Hardie Huffaker and Hardie Huffaker is Mrs. Tom Pratt's father. The first family living next to us in Visalia was the Beard family. Then a family by the name of Bear bought the house and later John Wrenn. When we brought our place there were only a few houses around in the district. We bought it from a man named Owen. Wright and Dollner had houses there too. Owen had 1 or two cows in his yard.

"My sister Clementine married a year after me and lived out toward Farmersville in the Sweet house. Her daughter lives now at the old home. Frank Weishar, Bakersfield, George Weishar, Hanford, Emma Weishar Patrick who married Claude Patrick were here children."

"Will Huffaker was my oldest son. He died here in this house, suddenly and when taking a bath. His home was in Fresno and Visalia. His wife was May Kirkpatrick and her people live in Coalinga. I think he died about nine years ago. He was William Henry Huffaker and he was born September 25, 1872.

"Elsie Louise was next oldest. She was born July 12, 1874. She married Louis Dollner. He was a jeweler here for many years. Virginia, her daughter, married Bill Ingram. She also had a son, Andrew, who died.

"Fred Emmet Huffaker was born March 3, 1877. He married [?]Esther Parr. He had a daughter, Helen, who died and a son, Ted, who you know. He is in the Army.

"Joseph Edward Huffaker was born April 26, 1879. He died about 2 years ago. His family lives in Oakland. He had four daughters.

"Jacob Arthur Huffaker, it is spelled wrong in the family Bible, was born June 14, 1882. He lives in Richmond.

"Harold Phillip Huffaker was born January 10, 1897. He lives here with me. Helen Huffaker, Fred's daughter, is dead. Joseph Edward Huffaker's daughters are Merlo, Rosalie, Virginia and ~~Clara~~ Margie Mae.

"We didn't have much entertainment when we were young, just some little parties. The boys and the girls used to play what we called 'kissing games.' I think they call it post office now. We always went to Church and Sunday school, and never missed. My folks thought it terrible to be out at night or stay out, we had no shows and I don't remember any dances and I wouldn't have been permitted to have gone to them anyway because they didn't approve of dancing.

August 12, 1945

Henry Lawrence

Henry Lawrence, says he's 82 years old, just past it, but doesn't know his exact birthday which he says is on record in Sacramento at the Indian agency. Since he is qualified for old age pension payments, this is undoubtedly true.

Lawrence was born at what he calls ~~OORd~~ Oo-Koy-Ya (deduction is that this is Post Creek. He lived in what he termed an alta, made of brush. His mother was a Kern river Indian and his father a ~~Wodeadndd~~ Yow-Lam-ini. He knows the languages of the Kern, Yow-Lam-ini, Wuk-Chum-Na, Waksatchi, Tachi and could talk to the people who lived on ~~Moddd~~ Mill Creek above Drum Valley.

He remembers that he and his family, there were two or three living at the location on Oo-Koy-Ya, left when a white man rode up and told them that the place was his. Later some soldiers came.

His father's name was Tenicha (Indian) and the Mexicans called his father cavalho because he used to make lairates, leather work, riates, etc. His Indian name is Wa-Kum-Cha. His sister, who is three years older than he is living at this time at the Tule Indian Reservation. Her Indian name is I-halet and she is known as Mary Santiago.

He recalls that when the family left the original home they went to the reservation (Old) which was about five miles out of Porterville. About the same time an Indian named Chico, headman for the Monaches, came over the mountains with a group of Monaches. Measles struck the camp and many Indians died. Later the family moved to Deer Creek and then returned to Porterville where they lived on the new reservation, further from the city and higher in the hills.

"hen he was a young man he worked in the swamps near Lemon Cove and Woodlake digging potatoes for the Sweeney family and he sheared sheep and worked in the grain.

He sent three of his children to the Riverside school. One was a 10 year old boy. ~~Some~~ They died of whooping cough or measles or got married and died. He lost all of them. Some are buried on the reservation and some are buried at Riverside.

When the family left the old reservation to go to Deer Creek to live there were just two families living there. It was south of Porterville. He was a small boy and remembers that a man named Gana came and when his two dogs ran out Gana took a shotgun and killed one of them. The father didn't do a thing but the family then decided to return to the reservation. Years later he was going to Bakersfield to work shearing sheep and was driving a buckboard. He saw a man walking down the road with blankets on his back. He recognized him as Gana so didn't help him. He understood that Gana had lost his place at Deer Creek.

He came to Visalia six years ago and purchased his own little home in the 200 block on North Levis street.

Lawrence remembers that his father told him about seeing the first white people come into the valley. They had "long hags" his father told him and the Indians called them "ap-a-bit, meaning hat in his dialect. His father also told him long ago about meeting some soldiers. They were riding fast and heading for Kern River. The soldiers stopped and wanted to search his ~~cabin~~ house but the captain told them to go on. He was asked by the soldier, who spoke Mexican or Spanish, if there was an Indian hiding there and he told him no and to come in and look for himself so the captain rode on with the men. His father was living on Deer Creek then.

"When I was a boy" Lawrence said, "we used to eat lots of acorn

mush. My father would kill a deer and we roasted him, putting the pieces on a stick and holding them over the fire. Sometimes we scooped out the coals and roasted it right in the fire. Sometimes we cooked it in a pot. Then there was a kind of seed gathered around Woodlake. We used to grind this and put it in water and drink it. It was good and a medicine. It's Indian name is Ya-hal. We made cider of manzanita berries and if it set too long it would make you drunk so we didn't let it set around long.

"At Deer Creek there used to be a dog that came down from the rocks and ~~DDd~~ among the camps at night. Gradually it became tame and that was the Indian's first dog. It wasn't a coyote or wolf or fox, it was a dog and a fairly large one. Up in the Woodlake country there is another place where dogs used to live long ago. It is a mountain and the Indians in that area called them Chase-us. Pohot and I went there once and found a big hole down by the river they used to live in. The people will tell you.

"My father could make arrowheads. He made them out of black rock. I don't know where he got the rock but think he traded with other Indians for it. Then he would take a piece of deer skin and hold it in his hand and put the piece of rock on it. Then he would take a short piece of deer horn and press against it. He could make a good one in less than an hour. We used bone arrowpoints too but they broke easily and most of the arrows we used for birds, rabbits and ground squirrels were just sharpened sticks. The arrowheads were used on deer and ducks. The Indians didn't kill many bear and they aren't good to eat anyway. We shot dove and other kind of birds too. The feathers for the arrows were from ducks and chicken hawks. Buttonwillow was used for the arrow shaft and the wood for the bow came from high in the mountains. I think it was yew or something like that. It is a hard wood.

Lawrence told of an incident which happened when he was living on Deer Creek. He was just a boy, 11 or 13 years maybe. He was hunting squirrels and was down by the river. He shot at a squirrel and missed and then he shot again and hit the squirrel in the foot. The squirrel fell from the tree and started tumbling across the ground and he ran after it to hit it with a club. It was down by the river and he looked to one side and saw something like a "man" laying flat on his back in the mud with a black and white painted stick at his feet, sticking upright and one at his head, sticking upright. The sticks were quivering and the man was saying oooooa oooooa, real low. He got scared and ran and told his father but his father didn't go and look. Years later working in the same area he told a white man about it and the white man told him that that was a long time ago and things weren't like that now. He never could figure out what it was.