I was told by Mrs. Ruth Crawford Huff, "Mr. Herndon wanted to buy or borrow The Chronicle, but whoever had them would neither lend nor sell to anyone, several tried to get them for Mr. Herndon. But in other words, giving her knew quite a long string of the rhymes & she repeated all she knew to Mr. Herndon & he wrote the words down to put in a Copy that he was writing about Abraham Lincoln."

Everywhere I went I was informed about the wonderful rhymes & this made me very anxious to get them in my own hands or at least get permission to photograph a verse of the handwriting. Therefore I traced them from John Sweney's hands to those of the present owner & the rightful owner, Mr. Redmond Grigsby. I found Mr. Redmond Grigsby a very pleasant talker on every subject but Abraham Lincoln. He informed me at one: "I can't add to Abraham Lincoln's glory & I won't take from it." He talked on many subjects, but when I told him that I had come prepared to take his picture he surprised me. "I would take good care not to stand still enough for me to get it, that is..."
Cherokee: "And I will take good care not to let you get it. I am going to take my picture to the grave with me when I can't put there."

"Sorry, marm, but I can't accommodate you."

I, therefore, must need watch for a chance, which did not come until the third visit to Mr. Grigsby's home. We were almost in despair when Mr. S. Romine called his attention to a carriage in which we were seated. Then after he had wished us success in our work, journey back to Lincoln City. This result you see. He stood in the gate & the result you see."