

Hardly twenty years had passed since the Cherokees were removed to Indian Territory, during which period they were beginning to get homes, farms, livestock, and various enterprises started. Then came the Civil War, to deal the Cherokee Nation another cruel blow, the accounts of which have been recorded by many historians. Yet, Jeff says, one fact has never been mentioned. He has heard some of the older Indians tell that the white man was punished by the Civil War. They are referring particularly to those white men who so greedily took the Indian lands in Georgia, yet to lose all their ill-gotten properties in that mid-nineteenth century conflict. It is something to think about - depending on where one's sympathies abide.

We travel east of his home on a county road, and then turn off onto a dim, rough old wagon trail that will lead up on top of Spade Mountain. A large area on top of the mountain is flatland, and at one time contained farms of many Indians. No one lives up there now, because it has all been taken by whitemen and made into stock pastures. First we come to the old home site of Rev. Johnson Spade, and then a short distance farther some remains of the old Robin Stand house could be seen. At the Stand place there was the remains of an old graveyard of some fifteen or more graves, but only one little marble marker could be found. It was the marker of I-la-yu-ga Go-du-sgi who died December 13, 1882. Jeff knows the Cherokee language and translated the inscription. We travel on about half a mile and come to the old Crawfish place. Only the foundation of a house can be seen, among a few big cedar trees. Close by in a broken down fenced area is an old burial ground where evidence of some ten or more graves could be seen. The graves are marked by rough stones without inscriptions. Jeff said an old man that lived on the other side of the mountain knew some of those that were buried there. In the early days this plateau would be somewhat like one of the areas known as Alberty Prairie, Cowskin Prairie; etc. The land was not rocky as is most of Adair County, and appeared to be a fertile kind of soil. Jeff tells that good crops were grown there long ago before the whitemen got control of the country and ruined it forever.

We come down off Spade Mountain heading toward Ganey Creek country. We stop at the old Jack Wolfe place. Jack Wolfe settled on a little piece of farming land west of Rabbit Trap community when he came from Georgia. His old two-story log house has been gone for many years. Not far from the old homesite stands a lone pine tree and a few black jack oaks. Amid these trees was Jack Wolfe's family cemetery, where some thirteen unmarked graves can be seen. Jeff knew the names of seven of those who were buried there.

We drive by Rabbit Trap Schoolhouse, now used as a community center. Original Rabbit Trap school was about a half mile west, and was one of the first log cabin schools built in the Cherokee Nation by the Indians themselves. The old school took its name from an old Cherokee man who came from Tennessee. Where his home was, or when and where he died, and was buried is lost to record. Parts of some of the fields farmed by Indians of long ago still show that they used rocks to build fences, hog pens, and plug erosion gullies.