

On the way to the old Squirrel Adair mountain country, we stop for lunch in Stilwell. Jeff tells he can remember when there were only two stores in the town. At the little cafe where we stopped at the south edge of town he tells that he can remember when that was a big swamp and was full of big swamp rabbits. He recalls when the first trains started coming thru. The two stores were operated by Tom Roach and Frank Cowen.

In the old days there were only two main roads coming into Stilwell from the west and the northwest. One was the Caney Road and the other was the Horn Road. It has been told that there was a little settlement in the very early days at Hummingbird Springs which was the head of Caney Creek. Another prominent stopping place for travelers was the Clevenger Springs on the Horn Road. The old Henry Bradley Springs (once known as the Mayes Springs) was another prominent place long ago.

When the Tindle family lived in east of Echota, Jeff recalls that when they were hauling grain to market at Stilwell. When they came to Tom Horn Hill they would have to put four horses to each wagon to get up the hill. Old man Tom Horn was a prominent Indian and had a nice house and farm on top of the flatland hill. Folks used to stop there and water their horses and visit with Mr. Horn. Although only about eight miles to town, they would leave for the grain market before daylight, and it was usually dark when they got back home. Roads in those early days were no more than a bad arrangement of rocks. Nearby the Tom Horn place was Lady Polly McLemore's home and farm. On this hill was also the Brackett farm. There were several girls in the Brackett family and they worked in the fields the same as men, Jeff recalls. Old man Lige Brackett was a good man, and highly respected by all who knew him. Jeff tells that the girls always went by their nicknames: Elizabeth was "Buzz", Ann was "Billgot", and Frances was "Boss".

Back to the northeast was the home of So-sgi-nee, or Granny Squirrel. Again he relates that she had told the children of his early days that when they left their homes in the east, they were loaded into Army wagons. When the train got up on a high hill somewhere in southeast Tennessee, the Indians looked back down in the beautiful valley that was their homeland. It must have been a heartbreaking sight, for the white men had already moved in and the whole valley was dotted with burning homes of the former owners. The whiteman's greed and hate has never before or since been equaled to the acts committed by those English and European colonists. And yet, the statue of Liberty was erected, but the Indian does not know why.

As we drive along, Jeff points over to the west and says that is Hungry Mountain. One time he had asked Joe Fourkiller why it was named so. Joe told him that when the Cherokees first came here and a group of them had settled around the Mountain, they were all hungry that first year, and he 'guessed' they so named the mountain because of their poor economic condition.

Two different old Indians have both commented on a fact that is rather confusing. The Indians seem to think that the government is happy and proud of their moving the Indian tribes from east of the Mississippi River to Indian Territory. And to be sure that the Indians never forget the great white father in Washington, the one who so bitterly hated the Indians, the government put the picture of Andrew Jackson on the \$20. bill.