

not wear off or become covered with hair.

Some parts of Spring Creek are in wild and rugged country, and even today are uninhabited. Ned tells of one such place where a high rugged bluff rises abruptly from the water. Well upon the bluff there is a cave.

Access to the cave is a precarious trail coming down from the hill.

Mr. Lowrey says that one can go there during the full moon of next month and look in that cave and there will be a big den of diamond-back rattle-

snakes. The pattern of their designs on them reflect from the moonlight as if from some luminous paint. One time he tells of an Indian riding

horseback up some part of Spring Creek canyon at night. Along the trail something sprang from ambush but missed him, and the assailant made a

loud noise when hitting the ground and went off into the darkness.

The next day the Indian and some friends went back to investigate.

They followed the track downstream to a sand bar. Here they found the

track of a snake. Across the sandbar was a deep depression made by the snake, the track being more than twelve inches wide. There are many

caves in that rugged hill country. At one place on a bluff overlooking Spring Creek, Martin Squirrel and his wife had a log cabin years ago.

Low down on the bluff near their home was a hole into the bluff big enough for a person to crawl into. After a few feet the hole became a large

room. They once thought to explore the cave and, using pine knot torches they crawled into the cave. Their torch light revealed a part of a big

rattlesnake that appeared to be as large around as a gallon bucket.

Their exploration was short lived and they never went back again. Later

he learned from others that the cave had been entered and some exploration made. More than one room was found, and on the walls were inscriptions

made in Cherokee and in English. Some indication was evident also that

at one time it was a hideout of outlaws. Ned had hunted in the area and

knew about this cave. All was not in caves neither. Ned tells that

at one spot on the bluff a white mule would stand as if a sentinel.