

**HOW THE PIONEERS AND INDIANS
KEPT WELL
and
HISTORY OF THE CHURCH
IN CROW CREEK VALLEY**

Albert A. Gonce, Sr.

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BY

ALBERT A. GONCE, SR.

PREFACE

This book contains good advice, if followed

How to keep cool -

How to keep strong -

Follow the Golden Rule

Join the Heavenly throng.

Albert Gonce, Sr.



This picture was taken in 1964. The author was 86 years old. He was married four times. The last wife was Mattie Garner Gonce. She was a beautiful, beloved person. The family and friends called her "Miss Mattie." The Lord has blessed this couple. They have found happiness and security in the shadow of Shiny Rock and in the Crow Creek Valley that holds the heritage of a great family of Gonces.

In loving tribute,

By his youngest sister, Helen Gonce Luther

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HISTORY OF THE PIONEERS AND INDIANS OF CROW CREEK

After talking to Ross, a descendant of John Ross, and other Indians, Richard Crow, authentic Chief of Cherokee Indians at Cherokee, North Carolina, I get a glimpse of how Indians felt as they were rounded up and forced to go to the Indian Territory and leave this beautiful valley, their Happy Hunting Ground. It was truly a trial of tears. I learned from my mother, a granddaughter of Andrew Taylor, who surveyed all of North Alabama while the Indians were still in Alabama and Tennessee, they lived off of buffalo that roved up and down Crow Creek, Sequatchie Valley, over into Middle Tennessee. The first white settlers built a log house and a buffalo turned the house over and killed the family and his friend rounded up this herd and killed six at, or near, McMinnville, Warren County, Tennessee.

The black bear were plentiful until the N. C. and St. L. Railway began blasting for the tunnel through the mountain between Cowan and Sherwood. Then they left. My uncle, Hamp Stewart and Howard _____ while deer hunting on the mountain at the head of Paint Rock, and Bib Cook killed the last bear. Their dog had it bayed.

Daniel Boone also killed bear in Crow Creek Valley. I found a beech tree about 70 years ago marked "D Boone K Bar", two miles west of Anderson, Tennessee.

David Crockett was a visitor to Franklin County. We understand he married a girl near Huntland, Tennessee. *{James erected her monument
Reed*

Before the Indians were taken to the Indian Territory, there was a large number of whites and Indian mixed that fled to the mountain between Little Crow Creek and Little Coon. They built Shavis Town, cleared up about 100 or more acres and cultivated it, putting out an orchard. They raised Winesap apples, peaches, corn and dug ginseng, besides hunting for a living.

The older men were very religious. They were mixed with Portuguese. Willis Shavis named his four sons after the Apostles, one Andy or Andrew, John, Peter and Nathaniel. Obe had one girl named Elizabeth Shavis. They had two preachers, John Pressley and Brother Forsythe, an Indian. They would preach and convert the young men and girls and bring them down to Little Crow Creek to baptize them. They believed rightly that they were to be buried in baptism in water. They knew the Bible. I don't know where they learned the Bible as very few could read or write.

While my great grandfather, Andrew Taylor, was surveying in North Alabama for the United States Government, they gave him a crate of pickled beef tongues and one night he put them in a spring, one mile West from Gonce, Alabama, to soak out the salt and he left a tongue down in the spring, the Shavis people found it and named the spring "Tongue Spring". The water was so salty they called it Salt River and it still goes by that name. They used Jennets to carry their corn to mill. I used to grind for them at Gonce, Alabama. My father had a mill run by water from a dam above our home. I helped him as a miller. They would come to mill to get meal and groceries. They would put rocks in sacks to balance the load of groceries.

My great grandfather, Andrew Taylor, came from Edinburgh College in Scotland; he was a teacher of Mathematics. He came to Kentucky, then to Alabama, surveying for the United States Government. They had to cut their way through cane in the valley while the Indians were still in this North Alabama country.

Crow Creek got its name from Crow Town, an Indian Village. There were three Crow Towns between Chattanooga and Anderson, Tennessee -- one at the Running Water Bridge near White Side, Tennessee, one at the mouth of Crow Creek, Stevenson, Alabama, and the largest at Anderson, Tennessee.

Some time before the Indians were taken out of Crow Creek Valley, an Indian by the name of Shumake had a reservation of 640 acres at what we called Caperton Place, near Gonce, Alabama. Shumake went down to Crow Town at the mouth of Crow Creek and stole two ponies and brought them back to the Shumake Reservation. Three Indians came and stayed all night with Shumake and next morning, after breakfast, they tied him to a dogwood tree and whipped him until they got hot. Then they untied him and rolled him in the snow and sang, "Hot Shumake, Hot". They would whip him again and roll him in the snow and sing, "Hot Shumake, Hot". Shumake Hollow goes by that name yet. It is one mile from Gonce, Alabama. Shumake said he would not steal any more ponies from these Indians. "They liked to beat me to death", says Shumake.

There were five thousand Indians in the Valley before they were taken to Indian Territory in 1838.

My great grandfather of Kentucky and Tennessee was a brother or cousin of Zacharia Taylor (Old Rough and Ready).

My mother, Jane Taylor Lovell, granddaughter of Andrew Taylor, said I was like the Taylors in many ways. Polk called for 2,000 volunteers for Zack Taylor's army in Texas and 20,000 men volunteered; that is why Tennessee is called the Volunteer State. Polk took half of Zack Taylor's men and Montozuma heard about it, and attacked Zack, but Zack defeated him and went on to take the Alamo, Monteray, and captured Montozuma. He was a hero and was elected President of the United States.

HOW TO KEEP WELL

I am writing a book on how to keep well and most people are made similarly. I haven't spent the night in a hospital in all my life, more than 86 years. I collaborated with Lee Merriwether, who died recently at the age of 103 years and who was Chief Medicine Man of the Crow Indians, and my mother, who died at 88, and who reared eleven children of her own and two grandchildren, never had a doctor in the family but once or twice a year.

Lee Meriwether just mentioned though 103 years of age was always young at heart. He was an author, lawyer, world traveler and unredoubtable Southern gentleman. During his visit to Nashville in 1960, he attributed his longevity to "good luck". He said he had been smoking for 70 years and that he walked over Germany in 1885. His last visit to Middle Tennessee occurred in May 1965 when he visited relatives at Clarksville and Nashville. He was a distant cousin of several Clarksville area residents and of Mrs. Juliet Meriwether David, 3910 Woodmont Boulevard, Nashville.

I wrote to Mrs. Lyndon Johnson telling her I was writing a book telling people how the pioneers of Kentucky, Alabama and Tennessee stayed well. Mrs. Johnson referred by letter to G. Stanley Beene and he advised me to turn my book on how to relieve arthritis and many other diseases over to the doctors.

I cured an old colored man who lived one mile west of Stevenson, Alabama. Two doctors wanted to have me arrested because I cured this old man, Tuck Jinen, they had given him up to die. They wanted to do this mostly because I had no Ph d or license to practice. I did not charge him anything and have never charged for my services. Tuck Jinen lived 15 years after that time. That was about 10 years ago. He said he never had another pain. G. Stanley said there were eleven million people suffering from arthritis and there really wasn't a cure. He must have put me down as a "crack pot". There may not be a cure, but I wish to leave this little book of my remedies because I believe in them.

People came for 300 miles and I have never failed to relieve a case of acute arthritis in five minutes or more. Yet, there are people within two miles of me that will not let me touch them. I am too old to lie. I can cure any case of arthritis, headache, high pertension in a few minutes.

My father was sick and the doctors prescribed medicine and he got worse. He quit all medicine and began drinking one glass of hot water one hour before each meal. He lived to be 94 years old. He believed in walking. He walked two miles each day. He dieted, lived on two soft-boiled eggs, toast, dried beef and lettuce and apricots and drank Postum, milk and a little wine.

To prove the success of old remedies: - there are 105 senior citizens reared on Crow Creek and most of them living within 35 miles of Anderson, Tennessee, 63 of these are men and 42 women. The usual thing, the men outlive the women. The men's average is 80.8 and the women's 80.6; all are still able to go and come to church.

First, I would advocate washing of the hands before each meal - this is an old Jewish custom.

Old time sayings and quotations that are proven:

"Laugh and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone."

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

"A stitch in time will save nine."

"A hint to the wise is sufficient."

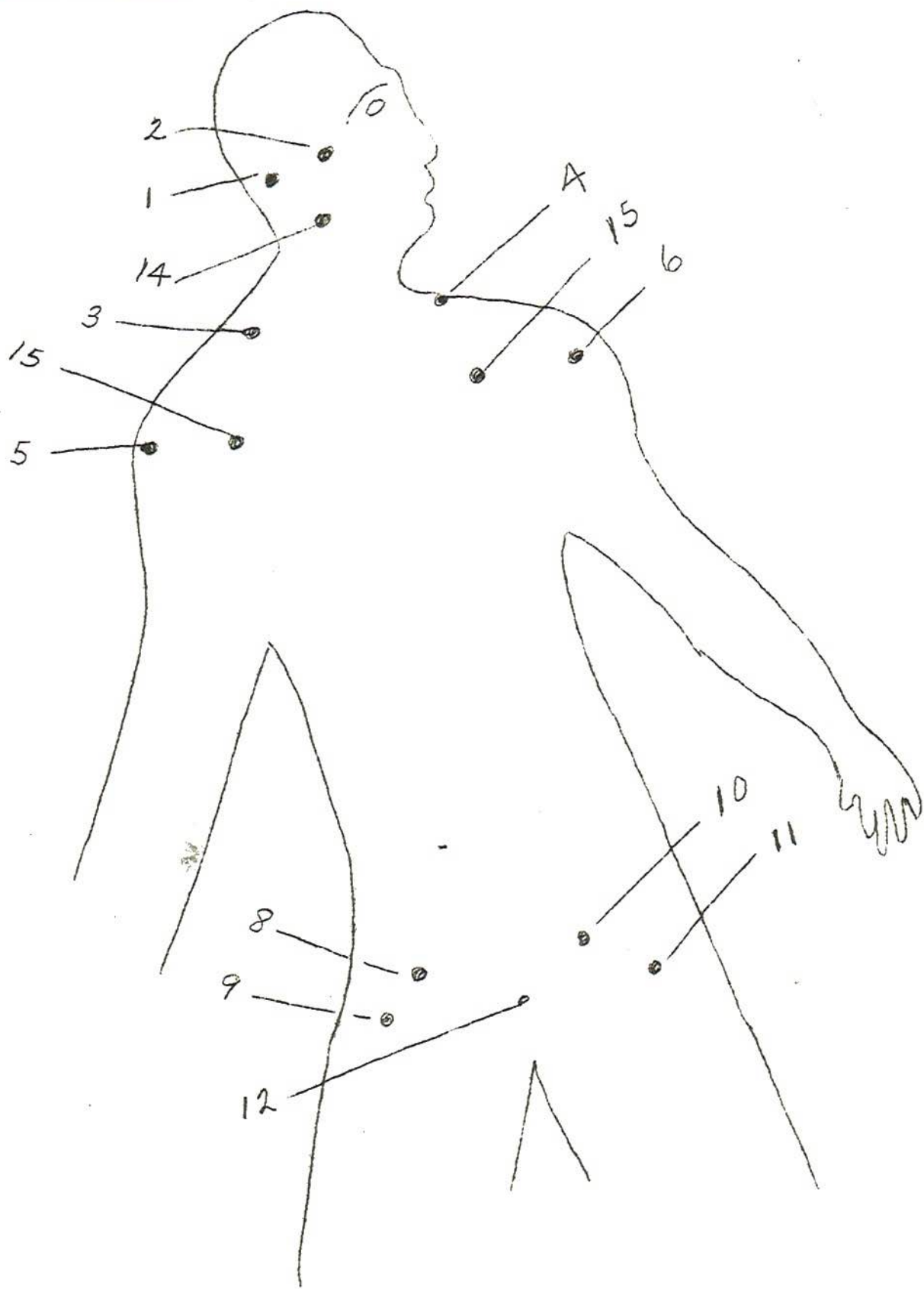
Remedies that have been tried and proven by the writer for 60 years without a failure: --

ARTHRITIS is inflamed nerves caused by many things, such as acid in the blood which is caused by eating acid-forming foods.

TREATMENTS: Pressure on the nerve on top of the shoulder (Diagram 5 and 6) which controls the nerves of the entire arm. Pressing on the arm socket will find a sore place, work arm and press on nerve (Diagram 5 and 6) until soreness is relieved.

ARTHRITIS in hip is caused by inflamed sciatic nerve in hip or leg. That nerve controls the entire leg and lower back. Press on joint (Diagram 9 and 11) and you will find a sore place there. Press hard with patient lying on his other side, leg should be worked while pressure is being put on

Diagram



the nerve. This will relieve pain of leg and lower back. Several treatments may be required for complete relief. For arthritis I also take three aspirin tablets, two to three hours apart, or one teaspoon of Salicylonyl once a day.

For BACK press on the nerve three inches from the hip joint to the back bone (diagram 8 and 10) you will find a high bone on each side of the backbone (diagram 8 and 11) you will find a nerve in the coupling of the back and hip which is a high bone. Press on each of the vertebrae from the coxa (diagram 13) to the top of the spine (diagram 14).

ASTHMA can be relieved by spraying equal parts of oil of wintergreen, oil of peppermint and oil of turpentine by an atomizer through each nostril. While being sprayed the patient should breath deep into the lungs and exhale through the mouth. Do this as often as needed. This same spray will cure sore throat, bronchitis and asthma if used three times a day.

Dr. Savage of Nashville gave this spray to my father seventy-five years ago. My father died at the age of ninety-four. He used this spray for his family and I with my family and it saved many a doctor's bill.

PNEUMONIA can be treated by using three ounces of lard or butter to two tablespoons full of iodine. Mix thoroughly and it is ready for use. Spread on chest of patient and cover with warmed flannel cloth.

HEADACHE can be relieved by pressing on the nerve at the base of the brain (1 and 2 on diagram) an inch on each side of the backbone and on the nerve on the right side half way up the nec (14 on diagram). Press and release and rub up and down the right side, do this three or four times and your headache will be relieved.

HYPERTENSION can be relieved by pressing on the nerve an inch and a half from the backbone on either side (3 and 4 on diagram). Press and release several times to bring relief. There will be a soreness here which will be relieved also.

BURSITIS - A cure for bursitis is sure when you find a sore spot or nerve half way between the backbone and the arm pit, on the shoulder blade (at 15 on diagram). Press on sore spot several times at 15 on diagram.

COLON trouble can be cured by drinking two glasses of hot water before breakfast. I cured preacher Hise of Winchester after the doctors had said he would have to have an operation. He was cured in three months. He told me, "Mr. Gonce, I've got to quit using your medicine because I feel so good, I'm afraid I'll hurt somebody."

PROSTRATE GLANDS can be controlled by drinking two glasses of hot water before breakfast and one-half glass of hot water before the kidneys act. Two vitamins a day is good for this also. One is demanded.

HEMORRHOIDS OR PILES can be cured by using in rectum an ear syringe full of mineral oil with a few drops of turpentine in it. For further use, make a solution of three ounces of hog lard, tablespoon of powdered camphor gum and teaspoon of oxide of zinc and one-half teaspoon red precipitate. Apply this to the rectum after each bowel movement.

CONSTIPATION - Use two tablets of Milk of Magnesia after dinner and supper and two at bed time, followed with water.

INNER EAR TROUBLE - Put cotton on a swab or match and swab out each ear and nostril with alcohol or listerine mixed with a little water.

SINUS TROUBLE can be relieved by using cotton on two matches dipped in 10% solution of argyrol and inserted in each nostril. Drop five drops on swab in each nostril and roll head backward and forwards for twenty minutes and your sinus will be O. K.

ACID STOMACH can be relieved by Tums or Roloids or charcoal burned from cedar or a heaping tablespoon of Milk of Magnesia - 1-1/2 teaspoon of Golden Seal.

EXERCISE is always good for everyone, young or old, to keep the body in good shape. After drinking your two glasses of hot water in the morning, go back to bed and do your exercises. Move your eyes from side to side, up and down 10 times. For the legs, lie on your back and work your legs around clock-wise and counter clock-wise from the hips. Work the arms around in the socket clock-wise and counter clock-wise. Hold head off side of the bed and raise it up and let it fall back several times.

For exercise of the hands use a ball of tissue paper the size of an English walnut. Grip this paper ten times with each hand.

More exercise for the legs would be to raise each leg ten times and lower slowly - this will take inches off the tummy. Then rock like rocking in a rocking chair by raising yourself up and trying to touch your feet. This should rock you back to sleep.

INSOMIA - If bothered with this, press on nerve on top shoulder about two inches from the spine (3 and 4 on diagram). Press on nerve and relax for several minutes and you will soon be asleep. Wrestlers call this the sleeping hold.

FUMIGATE after each cold by using a shovel of live coals, pour powdered sulphur on this and let each member of the family get a whiff of it, besides getting to every nook and cranny of house to kill the disease germs.

As I mentioned earlier, people came to me 300 miles for me to cure them, yet there are those within two miles of me who wouldn't let me touch them, which proves that the Scripture that "a prophet is not without honor save in his own country" is pretty true even in one's own household. I might add, if people knew how to keep well we wouldn't need so many hospitals, only clinics to teach them how to keep well.

Here are a few of my friends that know that I have been curing people for fifty years: --

Cam Crabtree of Stevenson, Alabama	Don Garner, Sherwood, Tennessee
Charlie Jackson, Sherwood, Tennessee	Mrs. Will Holder, Cowan, Tennessee
Everett Hardison, Winchester, Tennessee	Mrs. James Damron, Huntland, Tennessee
Preacher Hise, Winchester, Tennessee	Mr. James Damron, Huntland, Tennessee
Ouay Morgan, Nashville, Tennessee	Mr. Jim Crownover, Sherwood, Tennessee
Preacher Dilbeck, Scottsboro, Alabama	Mrs. Jim Crownover, Sherwood, Tennessee

These and many, many more...

TO KEEP COOL I wear two cubes of ice wrapped in ten plys of paper, kleenex or napkins. Wrap this in a handkerchief and put in a plastic bag or use as is and put in cap or hat. Keep cool or keep your head cool and you will not have a heat stroke or any kind of a stroke. If it gets too cool add more paper. This is good for farmers, golfers, athletes, boys and men who mow lawns.

CRAMPS IN LEGS - I press on 11 (as shown in diagram), or take quinine, two grains twice daily, for one day.

POISON OAK OR POISON IVY can also be cured by painting with Griffin's White Nail Polish. It can also be cured by an old ointment that has been in the family for years, having been used on my six children. The Number is 134,732 at Crough's Drug Company, Winchester, Tennessee

B 134 732

Mr. A. Gounce

Ammoniated Mercury	Grs.	40
Zinc Oxide	3	2
Rose Water Oint QSAD	3	2
Mix and fix Unguentum		

Sig. Apply locally as directed

Dr. Robertson

INNER EAR TROUBLE may be treated by dropping two drops of No. 112 179 in ear once a day and put cotton in ear to hold it in for two or three hours.

B 112 179

Mr. A. Gounce

Otesmanan ear drops 15 CC

• Sig: Two drops in each ear twice a day.

Dr. G. E. Johnson

GAS ON STOMACH can be cured by burning red cedar into charcoal. Let it cool and eat a piece as big as a pea. Tums and Roloids and Milk of Magnesia are also good.

ATHLETE'S FOOT - Use prescription at Crough's Drug Store, Number 134 732. Apply twice daily. Fumigate shoes by using embalming fluid and let shoes dry before using. Wash feet each day and use antiseptic powder on them.

UNITY

There are many voices for union, but few for unity upon the simple teachings of Christ and the Apostles.

It may be later than you think. United we stand, divided we fall.

We can delay the battle of Armageddon by using all forces for good uniting on the plain and simple commands written to guide us. The Jews, God's chosen people, were carried into Babylonian captivity for 70 years because of idolatry and we are headed to everlasting destruction, if we don't wake up to our responsibility to obey all the commands. Christ said, "I am the WAY, the TRUTH, and the LIGHT." If anyone try to climb up any other way except through Jesus Christ, he is a thief and a robber.

If we could have used a little common sense in religion, the world could have been converted to the principle of the Golden Rule that Christ gave us. But we are not satisfied, we want to inject what we think, instead of following what He said. We have our pet beliefs when we should have no belief except to obey all the commands, not what we would like to obey. Until then, and only then, can religion have its rightful place in this world. We are now living in a world torn with strife and there is no peace without unity. United we could carry the world for Christ in one decade. "Onward Christian Soldiers", our battle cry will be the same, no uncertain bugle call. Now, we are sending missionaries to all parts of the world, trying to make proselytes for our sect and belief, when in fact, we are so divided that we cannot even put up a semblance of unity at home.

We are striving to out-do the other, build fine churches, but what we need is more people in the churches that are born in Christ's Kingdom.

Christ told Nicodemus, except ye are born of the water and of the spirit, ye cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven. If all the religious groups would restore the Gospel of Christ, He would fight our battles. If God is for us, who can be against us? God is not pleased with the diversion in the Church and we are going to pay for our sin. There is one claiming to be God on earth, sitting on a throne, adding to the Bible. That was forbidden by John in the last chapter of Revelation. If we don't set our house in order, we can expect to be destroyed by the atom bomb.

Was Christ divided? Did He have a multiplicity of heads? Did He die in vain? If not, why can't the ones that claim to be Christians worship and commune together here on earth? There will be no little here and there in heaven, but all will be one in Christ. Why can't we read the Bible and follow the commands without the hierachy construing it for us. "The way is so plain, though he be a way-faring man, though a fool, he cannot err therein." Until we can learn to do this, we cannot expect to have peace. Because we are being ruled by the doctrines and precepts of men that nullify the Scriptures and make it void, we may find our lot with the five foolish virgins. It is not enough to teach part of the commands, and nullify that which is not popular. There are many doing just that, but they will not rest on flowery beds of ease. Neither will they enter in at the narrow gate. Read your Bible, if your preacher is not preaching all the commands, you had better call his hand or you will be partakers of his sin. "Come out from among them." Obey Christ and the Apostles for they were inspired. Most preachers are conspiring to build up their prestige and lord it over the members.

The true followers of Christ who read this will say "Amen", and the devil will say "away with such bunk." "Do not be deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."

Anyone who will read this carefully and prayerfully, will know I am concerned about his soul. Those who will not heed, will have eternity to wish they had. Satan is going up and down this world seeking whom he may devour. Don't let him fool you, brother.

Yours for a United Church,

-A. A. Gonce, Sr.

READ AND LIVE MY BROTHER

Who am I that I can tell my brother how to feed the widows and orphans and to keep thysel self unspotted from the world? Whom am I to tell my brother how, when the Bible does not tell us how to feed the widows and orphans? Who am I that I can tell my brother which way and command him to obey my way? Who am I that will not allow him the privilege to obey His way? Whom am I that would divide the church because they don't see the same as I? Read Romans 16:17 which says, "Mark them that cause division and offence, contrary to the doctrines you have learned and avoid them, for they that are such serve not our Lord Jesus Christ but their own belly. By good words and fair speeches deceive the hearts of the simple."

Whom am I that I might plead with you? I have been an ordained Elder for 58 years without a single omission and worshipped in the Lord's Church for 73 years. I am 86 years of age and will soon stand before the Just Judge. I would not be pleased to see you condemned to outer darkness away from the face of the Lord. I am praying for you brother that you repent and ask that you may live in unity with those who have been washed in the Blood of the Lamb.

Who am I that I may escape the penalty for letting the orphans go hungry?
Matthew 25:40-41, "And the King shall answer and say unto them, verily I say
unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my
brethren, ye have done it unto me", and if you fail you know the penalty.

May God bless you to make the right decision while you have time.

Your Brother,

A. A. Gonce, Sr.

A SONG OF LIFE
BY
J. W. GONCE

INTRODUCTION:

John W. Gonce was born November 22, 1849 and lived until October 13, 1943.

He studied law, but after losing his hearing he became a farmer. He farmed the land that his grand-father Anderson had owned - the rich valley of Crow Creek. Later he became an inventor and manufactured his own inventions in a company known as the Gonce Lock Manufacturing Plant in Chattanooga, Tennessee. John Lemial Gonce, my brother, assisted in this work. My father and mother lived 17 years in Miami, Florida. This poem was written during those years. His parents died early and he lived with his grand-father Anderson. He rode behind his grand-father to see the laying of the cornerstone for Sewanee University. He later attended Sewanee and edited its first school paper, "The Purple" This poem was written using all the one syllable words that have the same sound. It tells the story of his life.

ALPHA

When law was weak and will was strong,
Our bright child days were sweet and long,
Then thought not we of right or wrong,
Then reckoned not we of whip or thong,
Where shade was dense and fish did throng,
We sought the streams with barb and prong,
And life was like a grand, new song,
Pealed high in chimes by bell and gong.

Of joys of life I love to sing,
One was on bank a perch to sling,
Which took my worm to be the thing,
And like the youth must have its fling;
As up from weeds or grass they spring,
Or down the fields or vales they swing,
I loved to shoot swift quail on wing,
Till night come on and cow bells ring.

With gun in rack, fish line on spool,
As days grow short and nights turn cool,
I quit these sports to rush to school,
There learned to think and not to drool,
Old truths and facts in mind to pool,
Lest I be classed as dunce or fool,
And pass my days drear on a stool,
Or be some strong man's slave or tool.

The dreams of youth must have an end,
There's work to do and health to tend,
Give up old loves and heartaches mend,
What can't be broke must yield or bend,
His aims of life must have a trend,
He hopes and fears must strive to blend,
When he can't earn, still he must spend,
Or love will fail and hate may rend.

With cares to grow and ills to grind,
Through Fate's deaf trails I grope and wind,
For love to show and ties to bind,
Life's fruits I store to seed from rind,
The years glide by and bring to mind,
That He who made us will be kind,
If we be not too slow or blind,
To search His book, His Ways to find.

Two rules of health the old should hold
Go, seek the sun, shun the cold.
Far south I fly when Fall grows old,
There age drops off and faith runs bold,
To build for those at home and mold
That which may not be bought or sold,
And where his sheep may come to fold,
A house to them worth more than gold.

Day ends and draws in night to show,
A host of worlds all made to glow,
So men may gaze and yearn to know,
Why lights so swift and time so slow,
What makes trees bloom and the buds blow,
How rain and sun from God's bright bow,
And cause His grain and grass to grow,
What's his law for all, high and low?

OMEGA

Life's press I've trod to rim from core,
Life's seas I've sailed to deep from shore,
My years have run far past four score,
Soon out through death as through a door,
This mind and soul of mine will soar,
Till God, His Gates of Pearl will lower,
And lift our frames from earth's cold floor,
Whence time shall end and be no more.

HISTORY OF THE CHURCH ON CROW CREEK

As mentioned heretofore, I am near eighty-six years old and will stand before the Just Judge. I wish to admit I may have been too hard on some that differ from our belief. My great-grandfather came from Scotland He was a professor of Math in the Edinburgh College in the latter part of the 17th Century before Alexander Campbell was ever heard of. He came to Kentucky Alabama and Tennessee. He surveyed all of North Alabama while the Indians were still in Alabama and Tennessee, before they took them to the Indian Reservation. He brought the saying of "Speak where the Bible speaks and be silent where the Bible is silent."

My Mother said that Jim and Clay Caperton liked to hear him talk and discuss the Scriptures. She told them not to get offended as he did not have much patience with those who did not or would not see the Scriptures as he did. He would say "Hoot, toot, you fool you, you haven't got any sense." There were many sincere people who died martyrs as some Baptists did for their belief. Paul persecuted the Christians and God converted him to Christianity on the road to Damascus. Yet, many people do many things today contrary to the Scriptures. They are lead away by false teachers. I am going to call you brother or sister if you will read and try to find the right way and correct it as my father and I did. Some believe once saved, always saved, which is contrary to the Scripture. I hope and pray that Christ will forgive them; I plead with you to read the Bible.

Faith only is another pet belief, but the Scripture doesn't teach anything of the kind. Meeting on the first day of the week is neglected by many who call themselves Christians.

All that have been converted by Acts 2:38, I can "brother" and "sister" you; but to them that say you are saved before baptism, and one church is as good as another, I can't.

My father's mother died when he was eight weeks old. His father died when he was eight years old; he was an orphan. He would read the Bible trying to convert my mother to his belief. Grandmother, the daughter of Andrew Taylor, was practically a mother to him. He would ask her what different passages of Scripture meant and she would say, "If I told you what I thought it meant, you might argue with me, but you can't argue with the Bible. My mother and grandmother Lovell helped plant the church here on Crow Creek.

Jonathan and William Crownover built the first church near Crownover graveyard in 1843. The Yankees burned it down in 1864. There were nine members, Jonathan Crownover and his wife, William Crownover and wife, John F. Anderson and wife (who was a Hendrix), Allen Singleton, Lee Merriweather and Turney Crownover who later moved to Bridgeport.

John F. Anderson built the second church near the Russell place on the Anderson farm about 1870. Tennessee History says that he was a member of the Church of Christ and that he hired the preachers and fired them if they didn't preach the Bible. The place where the church was built was called Ebenezer.

Mrs. Knox Moore, Sr. said that mother had been trying to get father to build a church at Anderson. One time he was real sick and asked her to pray for him. She told him she would if he would build a church at Anderson. He did and told me it didn't cost him anything as his stocks had increased in value, thanks to the Lord, enough to pay for the building of the church. He sat day in and day out supervising every detail. He even climbed up on the roof to see if it was right. He left some money to collect interest and he used to take care of the church.

He also left money to keep the Gonce burial plot clean. Some years ago Helen Gonce Luther (Mrs. W. E. Luther) of Dickson, Tennessee, my younger sister came to Anderson and found cattle grazing in the valley below our grave plot. She learned this valley had been sold. So, she bought it and had it designated for a cemetery. She has deposited money to keep it up in the future. It is called "Memorial Hill" Cemetery.

My brother and little John Gonce, built a church at Gonce, Alabama, where eleven of us children were born, seven boys and four girls.

My father and I were Elders in denominational churches but read ourselves out of them. My father was persecuted by his former brethren, but he said, "They can't keep me out of Heaven and if they don't wake up, I won't be seeing them again." They should listen to the rich man in torment. You have only one soul to save. You only have one chance, don't muff it, don't join my church, for I haven't any. Christ died for his Church and he has promised to save the body, the Church. Are you in his body, the Church? Matthew 16:13, 20, he tells us about building his church. And we find out by reading the Scriptures that he carried out his intentions. We hear people belittle the Church of Christ, saying one church is as good as another. That is so if they aren't in His Church, or body. There is no other name given in Heaven or on earth whereby man can be saved except through Christ.

Don't let them fool you, brother, for what is a man profited if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? What would he give in exchange for his soul? For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father with his angels and then he shall reward everyone according to his works.

I have been a Bishop or Elder in the Church of our Lord for over fifty-eight years. I have never claimed to be a Shepherd over any but the local congregation. If I was to be called before the United Nations as Pope Paul was, I would read to them Ex. 20:4. "Thou shalt not make unto Thee any graven image or any likeness of anything in heaven above or that is in the earth beneath or that is in the water that is under the earth. Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them." The Christ that I worship is alive in heaven at the right hand of God, pleading for you and for me, if we will ask Him He is just and righteous to forgive us our trespasses. We should not worship the Cross but the Christ who died upon the Cross.

CHEROKEE INDIANS

Here is to the State of Alabama where I was born and to Tennessee where I have lived 65 years, the Garden Spot of the World; no wonder the Indians liked it.

I'm writing about the Cherokee Indians. I would like to enter this as a brief history of the Indians in Alabama, East Tennessee, Western North Carolina and North Georgia and their association with the white man.

Jackson County was organized December 13, 1812, December 14, 1819 it was admitted to the Union. Belfonte was the County Seat until December 1859. Scottsboro became the County Seat December 13, 1868. Jackson County was acquired from the Cherokee Indians by a treaty signed at New Echols on December 29, 1835. All, or part, of the county South and East of the Tennessee River, Congress passed a law for the removal of all the Cherokee Indians to the Indian Territory. One faction headed by Chief John Ross, opposed the removal of the Indians from their native homes for a thousand years or more. It was a blot on the United States of America. One out of seven died on the journey. It was truly named "Trail of Tears" to Oklahoma. They were treated as prisoners of war. O.D. Street says there were five Crow Towns, one at Running Water Bridge, one at Nickajack Cave, where the dam is being built, on the Tennessee River, one at Lookout Mountain, one at Long Island near Bridgeport, Alabama and a large one on Crow Creek or what is now Anderson, Tennessee in Franklin County. The Cherokee and Creek Indians fought a fierce battle at Mountain Creek at Trenton, Georgia in 1755. The Cherokee overcome the Creeks or Red Sticks and they signed a friendship treaty which lasted until 1813. At this time the Cherokee were friendly to the United States Government.

They furnished 800 soldiers to General Jackson under Chief Jonaluski from these Crow Towns. Jackson was fighting Creeks at Horseshoe Bend. They had Jackson nearly whipped. Jonaluski caught the tomahawk that was aimed at Jackson and saved his life. After the battle, Jackson told Chief Jonaluski that as long as the sun shines and the grass grows we will be friends. In less than two years Jackson had General Scott round up all the Cherokees and put them in stockades, and then had them guarded until they rounded up enough to carry them to the West. Fifteen thousand died on the way; about 2,000 escaped in the Smokies and Cumberland Mountains in Tennessee, Alabama, and North Carolina. The Cherokees owe their existence to a white man, Col. William Holland Thomas, a dutchman; as a trader he made a fortune by trading with the Indians and lost it fighting to save them. The Indians called him Willuski or Little Willie. He was a cousin of Zachery Taylor, a President of the United States; also a cousin of Andrew Taylor, my great grandfather. Jonaluski, finding that young Thomas' father had died before he was born and he had no brother, he adopted him and raised him as his own son. He told Thomas the time will come when my people will need a powerful chief who can talk for them, you will rule when I am gone.

Young Thomas was accepted by the Cherokee tribe. In a few months Jonaluski became ill and had a dream. When he awoke he called the Indians together and told them he had been in the spirit world. The spirit sent me back with a message, "The Cherokee must not drink any more whiskey." He called a council of all the Indians and gave an account of what the Great Spirit said. He had Thomas to write a "Temperance Pledge." Jonaluski signed it and had each Indian to sign it by making his mark. The Cherokee kept it under penalty of being lashed in public.

Young Thomas went to work under Felix Walker, under a three-year contract. Walker got into politics and soon went broke. He was not able to pay Thomas so turned over the remaining stock in Soco trading post and some law books which came in handy in later years.

When Thomas was 15 years old, Sequoyah evolved the Cherokee Syllabary. Governor Nickelson of South Carolina had visited the chiefs of 37 towns (Cherokee) in 1731, out of this conference had come a treaty by which trading methods were regulated and the boundaries between their territory and the English settlement agreed upon and an agent was appointed to supervise their affairs. He, the Governor, did not explain that he had reduced the Cherokee ranging where they pleased to that of dependent vassals with boundaries fixed by a Colonial Governor. The negotiations had been accomplished by a cession of land in North and Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. This was a claim of 125,000 square miles, then it was reduced to 43,000 square miles. By this time the Cherokees were being rounded up for an exodus to the West; This was in 1838. Thomas had learned the Indian language as well as his own. Dealing with the Indians he was fair in bargaining for their skins and gensing. They dug gensing and other herbs on the sides of the mountains.

Thomas bought a farm on the Tuckasegee above the present town of Whitaker. He called his home Tekoa. General Rutherford destroyed Tekoa during the Revolutionary War.

General Scott made an agreement with Thomas that if he'd bring Tesali, his son and brother-in-law in, he'd make a respite with Thomas to leave the thousand Indians in the mountains including Chief Jonaluski. Thomas brought the three Indians in and turned them over to Scott who shot them, tied to trees.

Thomas immediately went to Washington and made some arrangement for a permanent settlement. In the meantime Jonaluski, he was over eighty, had six big braves to carry him to the Town House on Soco. He said, "I am an old man. I am going where the sun meets the night, but on going I commend you to my son, Wiluski, or Little Willie as your Chief, accept him for your Chief. He is strong, he knows the way of the white man and he knows the heart of the red man. Listen to him, accept his advice, my wish is that he will succeed me as your Chief.

Thomas stepped in with an idea, he bought 50,000 acres from the Government. Andrew Taylor, my great grandfather, surveyed it for him, as he had surveyed 125,000 acres, the first allotment. The second treaty was for 43,000 and after these towns were destroyed, he bought 57,000 acres in the Smokies to be held in trust until the Indian could hold a title or deed to his own land. Thomas laid off this land into five districts or towns. He named one Bird Town, one Paint Town, one Wolf Town, one Yellow Hill and one Big Cove. He also drew up a simple form of government. He still fought for the rights of the Cherokee. He discovered his fortune had vanished. He died at 88 years of age in 1893, when I was four years old. His mother must have been a sister of Zach and Andrew Taylor. They were cousins of Colonel Thomas, the White Chief of the Cherokee.

It is a pity the Civil Rights Law was not written before the true owners of this land were deprived of citizenship and all rights to own land or vote. Where are the ones that preach all men are created equal? Let them demand that the red man be restored to their rights. The Taylors were friends of the Cherokee.