

20 Years  
HUNTING  
and  
FISHING  
in the Great  
Smoky Mountains

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By S. J. HUNNICUTT  
Introduction by JIM CASADA

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TWENTY YEARS HUNTING AND FISHING  
IN THE GREAT SMOKY MOUNTAINS

This edition is a facsimile of the original 1926 publication with a new introduction. The copy used to create this reissue is from the personal library of Horace Kephart which is now part of the special collections of Western Carolina University's Hunter Library. No changes have been made to the original text.

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Suggested citation: Hunnicutt, Samuel. *Twenty Years Hunting and Fishing in the Great Smoky Mountains*. Cullowee, NC: Hunter Library at Western Carolina University, 2017.

doi: [https://doi.org/10.5149/9781469634012\\_Hunnicutt](https://doi.org/10.5149/9781469634012_Hunnicutt)

ISBN 978-1-4696-3400-5 (alk. paper)  
ISBN 978-1-4696-3401-2 (ebook)

Cover illustration: Based on the original cover design.

## **Introduction**

### **The Man Who Was Sam Hunnicutt**

Samuel Jeter “Sam” Hunnicutt was born in Yancey County in the northwestern North Carolina mountains on March 23, 1880. His family moved to Swain County when Sam was a small boy, and it was there he spent the remainder of his youth and most of his adult years. He was the sixth of seven children. In keeping with the unusual middle name Jeter, a number of his siblings—Waitsell, Celie (or Celia), Socrates, Christopher Columbus, and Spurgeon—had somewhat strange given names. Even a spinster sister with the seemingly normal name of Sarah Bridget came to be known, once she reached adulthood and did not marry, as “Biddy.” Although she went by Bridget, the family called her “Biddy.” This came from the fact that her siblings, when small, had trouble pronouncing her real name and substituted Biddy. Their nickname stuck.

We know far less than might be wished about the details of Hunnicutt’s life. After his marriage to Leah Truett, the couple settled in a home situated on a tract of land in what is today’s Great Smoky Mountains National Park. The house sat on a small flat alongside Hammer Branch at the point where that little stream enters Deep Creek from the west three miles or thereabouts from the town of Bryson City. Even today the knowing eye can detect signs of the human presence there in forms such as remnants of an old stone wall and forsythia bushes whose bright yellow flowers remind us, with each returning spring, that this was a place where folks as hardy as the plant once resided. Although it was home to Hunnicutt and his family he never owned the house or land surrounding it. Both belonged to a New Englander named Marion Eppley.

Fabulously wealthy and learned (he held a Ph. D. from Princeton), Eppley made a major contribution to America's World War I effort through development of a number of precision electrical instruments related to industrial uses in specialized areas where Germany had heretofore been pre-eminent. Eppley also saw service in World War II, where he was assigned to the Pacific theater and served as Admiral Chester Nimitz's personal representative.

He created the Eppley Laboratory in Rhode Island and underwrote various philanthropic efforts, some of which continue in place until today, connected with research and land preservation. In a sense his linkage to Hunnicutt might be viewed in the same sort of light as that of affluent Renaissance families, such as the Medici, in supporting artists, sculptors, and other talented individuals. The friendship between this polished, highly educated Yankee patriot and a rough backwoodsman of the Smokies would seem an unlikely one; yet they clearly were close. Eppley recognized Hunnicutt as a man apart, and it isn't much of a stretch to suggest that he served as Hunnicutt's patron. While Sam undertook various types of work over the course of his long life, it is pretty clear that he loved to hunt and fish far more than he cared for the drudgery of daily toil. To a considerable degree Eppley helped facilitate that lifestyle.

The precise nature of the linkage between the two men likely will never be known, but it seems logical to conclude that Eppley was greatly taken by Hunnicutt's rustic character and superb woodsman's skills. In return for Sam guiding him and his first wife on regular pilgrimages to the Smokies which involved hunting, fishing, and photography while camping in the backcountry, Eppley likely allowed him to use the home and farm the land free of charge. As the material in this book makes abundantly clear, the unlikely pair spent considerable time together. Indeed, the author credits Eppley with giving him the idea which led to the publication of the work.

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Once Sam and Leah settled down on the little mountain homestead, they produced a sizeable brood of eight children, one of whom died shortly after birth and is buried at the Hammer Branch home site in an unmarked grave close by the musical, murmuring waters of Deep Creek. Hunnicutt's father and one of his brothers also rest in graves lacking even so much as a creek stone to mark them. Their burial sites are a mile or so farther up Deep Creek where members of the family once owned property. Modern-day Hunnicutt family members and a few others do know the locations of the sites, and hopefully markers can be placed to memorialize these simple mountain folks.

Exactly what Sam did to earn his livelihood is a bit of a mystery. Both this edition of his book and a subsequent one published in 1951 list him as "General Manager of the Bryson City, N.C., Branch of the Great Smoky Mountains Tourist Bureau." Such an agency may well have existed but if so, I have never found a student of the region's history familiar with it. It seems fair to conclude that a position of this sort would not have provided anything approaching sufficient income to feed the Hunnicutt brood. Family oral history also indicates that for a number of years he owned a small store nearby. Since there were dozens of families living in the area, some of them along Deep Creek but even more on its major feeder, Indian Creek, and nearby branches similar in size to Hammer Branch, there would have been plenty of potential customers for such an operation.

Enduring family stories likewise have him running a small sawmill adjacent to his Hammer Branch home site, and it would have provided useful income, as well as a source of barter, from those living in the area. Sam and Leah almost certainly did some subsistence farming, such as planting a garden, cultivating a field of corn, raising chickens, and having free-range hogs. Those were approaches to life so common as to be near universal at the time. For two years in the early 1930s Sam worked as "front rod" man for the crew that

surveyed the Park prior to its creation, and given his toughness and knowledge of the terrain he would have been ideal for that position. He also mentions having known, at one time, fifteen families “who lived by catching fish and selling them for a cent apiece.” In all likelihood the Hunnicutt family would have been among their number.

A central feature of all Hunnicutt’s adult years, although it is not one which figures in this book, was his obsession with minerals. He was mesmerized, to the end of his days, by an elusive dream of getting rich by finding uranium, gold, silver, or precious stones. While there is no evidence of his having owned property, he did acquire mineral rights to various sites in Swain County and beyond. When in need of “cash money” he periodically sold such rights to acquire new ones or to procure funds for some immediate purpose. Throughout his life Sam was always looking for a “strike” which would make him a rich man. Old-time newspaperman Bob Terrell related Sam’s excitedly reporting on one occasion “I’ve struck silver” and another time crawling into a cave and coming out saying “chromite, sulfide and magnesium, if I know my minerals.” The fact that Marion Eppley acknowledged Hunnicutt’s expertise as a mineralogist, albeit totally self-trained, speaks well of his abilities in the field.

Another longtime pursuit of Sam’s was “sanging”—hunting ginseng roots for sale to Asian markets. In this book Sam tells one story about finding a sprawling patch of “sang” he had heard about through the legendary moonshiner, Quill Rose. It seems likely he would have gathered other marketable plants, such as yellow root and galax, along with gathering chestnuts, as means of earning a bit of money. Unquestionably he would have known the whereabouts of valuable medicinal plants as well as following standard mountain approaches to “yarbing” (hunting and using herbs).

Undoubtedly Sam’s was a hardscrabble existence, and there are plenty of indications that at times he could be a hard and troublesome man. As one of his grandchildren,

Barbara Edwards, laughingly commented to me when I mentioned that he may have hunted in the Park well after its creation and the outlawing of all hunting within Park boundaries, "I could see him doing just that if he took a notion." Indeed, much of his life seems, if judged by the contents of his book, to have involved spur-of-the-moment "notions" when he and others would set out to the remote back country to hunt or fish.

On the other hand, offsetting what some might consider unattractive aspects of his character and his staunch independence, portions of Hunnicutt's personality clearly were enchanting. He became a popular fixture at Bascom Lamar Lunsford's annual Mountain Dance and Folk Festival in Asheville, where he exhibited extraordinary abilities as a singer, yodeler, and storyteller. He was also singularly adept at mimicking the sounds of creatures of the wild. His imitations of bear, turkey, owl, panther, and other animals were recorded at the 1941 Festival and now are housed in the Library of Congress American Folklife Center. Anytime things started to drag a bit or audience attention waned at Lunsford's annual event, Sam would liven things up with what one observer described as "his blood-curdling bear dog calls."

Unquestionably Sam Hunnicutt lived life to its fullest and did so strictly according to his own dictates. His nine decades of life may not have defined him as a model of propriety at every turn, but one cannot fail to envy his free spirit and days without number spent in the remote fastnesses forming some of the most beautiful and beguiling areas of the entire Great Smokies.

Hunnicutt was without question a highly original example of a mountain character. From his late twenties onward he always wore high-topped boots, summer and winter, and surviving photos invariably show him with such footwear. As a young man he had been bitten by "the biggest old rattler ever I seed," and it left a knot on his leg as well as an enduring memory. "I can still feel the heat of them fangs," he would say.

Although decidedly rough around the edges, Sam melded well with better educated men who shared his interests and admired his abilities. In addition to Dr. A. M. Bennett, an important man on the local scene whom he credits with being his sporting mentor, and the aforementioned Marion Eppley, Hunnicutt hunted regularly with highly respected citizens such as Reverend O. P. Williams and his boys, Tom Clark and his sons, members of the Cleveland (Tennessee) Hunting Club, and of course the inimitable Mark Cathey, who figures more prominently in this book than anyone other than Sam the mountain man himself.

One local contemporary noticeably missing in Sam's writings is Horace Kephart, and similarly, Kephart does not mention Sam in any of his writings. While other hunters of Hunnicutt's ilk, such as Quill Rose and Granville Calhoun, figure in its coverage, there is no mention whatsoever of Hunnicutt (or Mark Cathey) in *Our Southern Highlanders*. Sam consistently named those involved in his outings, so clearly Kephart never participated. Yet the fact that this reprint utilizes Kephart's personal copy of the book tells us that the well-known author knew of Hunnicutt. It could scarcely have been otherwise, given the tight-knit nature of the local community and the fact that most of Hunnicutt's hunting and fishing took place on Deep Creek, the site of Kephart's last permanent campsite.

Surely Kephart, with his journalist's instincts ever on the lookout for titillating subjects, as is amply evidenced by his coverage of subjects including the murder of Hol Rose, moonshiners, bear hunting, and the efforts of revenueurs, would have seized on quaint characters such as Hunnicutt and Cathey as prime subjects for his literary mill. Their absence in his writings is almost certainly explained by the fact that neither Hunnicutt nor Cathey wanted to associate with him. They weren't averse to being afield or astream with outsiders—both did considerable guiding for Yankee “sports”—but they were independent-minded souls. As such,

they would have known of Kephart's negative stereotyping of "branch-water people," a group to which both certainly belonged. As a result, they would have been unwilling to include Kephart in their outings.

Sam, who lived with first one then another of his children in later life, moving periodically to different households, clearly had a real knack when it came to entertaining his numerous grandchildren. One of them, Jessie Dyer Cloer, the daughter of Ruby Hunnicutt Dyer, was a school classmate of this writer. She fondly remembers the years he spent with her parents and siblings at their Davis Branch home near Bryson City. "My goodness, could he yodel," she reminisces. "When he got to goin' you could hear him all up and down Davis Branch and all of us kids loved it." He also tried to interest his offspring in prospecting, and a number of them enjoyed accompanying him on rock hound outings. Jessie says she was "bitten by the rock bug" at one time, but adds "for me it was just a hobby that Grandpa got me and a bunch of his other grandchildren started on."

Hunnicutt never lacked for an opinion and as newspaperman Bob Terrell noted after a long talk (or more accurately, a long listen) with him late in Sam's life, "He loves to talk." He gave his thoughts on matters, especially those relating to his beloved Smokies, in pithy, unvarnished fashion. As Terrell rightly concluded: "He wouldn't mind voicing (his thoughts) to the president of these United States."

Sam's final three and a half decades of life, from the creation of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park in 1934 onward, found him for the most part rootless with no fixed place of abode. Like many others of his era and geographical background, the creation of the Park was a traumatic uprooting that destroyed their way of life to such a degree that they never fully recovered. For example, his erstwhile buddy, Mark Cathey, had the same experience, although he did not live nearly as long as Hunnicutt.

Between stays at the homes of his children, Hunnicutt

spent time wandering in remote areas of his beloved high country, hunting and fishing when he had an opportunity, and dabbling in periodic geological exploration. The final portion of his life found him in the Asheville area, living for a time with a son and eventually being housed in that era's equivalent of a rest home. Hunnicutt died in 1969 (his grave marker mistakenly gives the year of his death as 1970) and is buried in West Memorial Park in the small town of Weaverville, located in Buncombe County, North Carolina.

### **The Book**

For the most part mountain folks have never been inclined to be particularly boastful. By the same token, though, they have a degree of confidence and self-pride which sometimes emerges in interesting fashion. For example Uncle Mark Cathey, who was probably Hunnicutt's closest sporting companion, was fond of stating "I've been accused of being the finest fisherman in the Smokies." As Cathey's boon sporting buddy with whom he shared countless backcountry campfires, Hunnicutt took a somewhat similar approach to sporting matters. In the introduction to this book, he states his case in no uncertain terms. "I claim to be a perfect hunter and fisherman for game fish; I know the best kinds of hunting outfit to use, I know the best kind of gun to use for killing game and also the best dogs to use for hunting."

That single run-on sentence reveals a great deal about the man and no small amount about his literary style. Obviously Sam was no Shakespeare of the Smokies, and those who read this quaint and heretofore exceedingly rare book soon realize that the author was at best only marginally literate. His education was limited to a few years in grade school, and it's probable that even those years found him indifferent to "book larnin." Sam was always, first and foremost, a man of the outdoors. Several of his descendants are of the opinion that he dictated the book to a stenogra-

pher, recounting one story after another as she wrote them down. That quite possibly was the case and would explain jarring variations in the book such as the handling of the name and spelling of Marion Eppley, a key benefactor who quite possibly underwrote some or all the cost of the book's printing and publication.

Literary pretensions or lack thereof, Sam clearly had a remarkable memory and used it to good effect in recalling the highly detailed hunting and fishing trips which form the body of his book. The defining characteristics of his stories include careful recounting of specifics such as geographical location (most of the stories or chapters are set in the Deep Creek drainage where he lived), participants, game or fish sought and caught or killed, information on details of the outing including length of stay, and particulars about what the party ate. Noticeably missing is any chronology in terms of dates.

Hunnicutt even provides a sort of sporting scorecard in the first edition, stating: "I have helped kill 55 bears from dogs, I have helped catch over 500 coons with dogs, (and) I have been at the catching of 76 foxes with fox-hounds." Many years after this book appeared, when he was in his late seventies, Sam told an Asheville newspaper reporter that he had "personally killed 33 bears and been in on the kill of 104" along with having caught more than 1,000 coons. The specificity of these figures might suggest a meticulously maintained diary, but no one in the family remembers anything of this nature and it seems highly unlikely that Sam would have faithfully recorded the details of every hunt. What is much more likely is that he possessed a near-photographic memory.

One also has to wonder about some of his old-age recollections of sport, since he mentioned once having seen sixty-two deer in a field near his home and that he and Mark Cathey "once counted ninety turkeys in a string." Turkeys were certainly plentiful but other evidence from his salad

days suggests whitetails, far from being numerous, were quite scarce. On the other hand, his thoughts about game management were squarely in keeping with what today's wildlife biologists recommend, with controlled burns being at the top of his list. As matters stood, he said, "the Park has grown over with so much underbrush it's forced the berries and edible herbs out of existence." Given the fact that vast areas of the Park had been clear cut in the early decades of the twentieth century, along with the demise of the mighty chestnut almost immediately afterward, his statement about wild tangles and sparse mast has the ring of truth.

It should be noted that there are four distinct versions of the book—two published during Sam's lifetime, a reprint handled by his granddaughter, Virginia Zakroski, a few years back, and a recent and somewhat mysterious edition from YesterLodge Editions. The family had no contact whatsoever with this Texas publisher. The original work, the one being reprinted here, carries a 1926 date; it was reissued, with numerous changes, in 1951. Most notable among the changes is a reduction from forty-seven tales in the 1926 version (although one of them appeared twice) to thirty-nine in the 1951 version. A careful comparison will also reveal scores of minor changes in the wording of some stories, their placement, and in the photographs used. The third edition from Zakroski includes an additional seven pieces not found in the 1951 printing. The YesterLodge version contains a brief "Publisher's Note" which indicates the 1926 text was used with "corrected errors in typing and where facts may have been lost in the translation from his original notes to the typist's hand." This assumes that Sam actually wrote out the text rather than dictating it and also strongly implies extensive knowledge of the relevant facts. That is doubtful.

Details of various editions aside, what the book, which is extraordinarily rare in the first two editions, clearly conveys is that the author was the genuine article. Anyone familiar with the terrain he describes immediately comes to

two striking realizations—he knew the portion of the Smokies embraced by the Deep Creek drainage, and perhaps to a slightly lesser degree the Noland Creek and Oconaluftee River basins, with an intimacy born of untold miles of “feet on the ground” acquaintance. Secondly, the way he and fellow hunters got about steep, rugged terrain where rhododendron hells and woolly heads are commonplace speaks of a hardiness seldom found in today’s world.

Eppley actually encouraged him in that regard, because it seems that on a regular basis, perhaps even annually for a number of years, he and his wife would travel to the Smokies to spend extended periods of time in the backcountry with Sam as a guide and camp factotum. Hunnicutt tacitly acknowledges that Eppley was a benefactor, never mind that in his “Introductory” (sic) he calls him Martin Epply and has him living in New York City rather than New England. Perhaps for Sam, like Hank Williams, Jr., there wasn’t much difference between Hell and New York City (or Rhode Island). In the heart of the book Hunnicutt manages to right the spelling ship with the first name but persists in misspelling the last name by leaving out the second “e.”

Hunnicutt’s recognition of Eppley comes in two forms. Eppley and his wife figure prominently in the subjects of stories 11 and 29 in *Twenty Years of Hunting and Fishing in the Great Smoky Mountains* (in the 1951 edition the latter story is number 23) and the author credits Eppley with being the catalyst leading to the book’s publication. “He hunted with me a great deal,” Hunnicutt notes, “and he often told me he would like to read a book I could write about my hunting life. About six years ago (this would have been shortly after the conclusion of World War I) I decided to write this book.”

It seems logical to assume that Eppley helped underwrite the costs of its printing, layout, design, and publication. It is difficult to conceive of Sam, who lived an elemental, Spartan existence, scraping together sufficient funds to pay a printer. While the 1951 edition would have garnered

some financial support from the advertisements, upwards of 40 in all, scattered throughout the book, there were no such advertisements in the first edition. It does feature a number of photographs. While the photographer is not identified, it is quite possible that many of them were images taken by “Doc” Kelly Bennett, a noted local druggist and skilled photographer who was the son of Dr. Aurelius Bennett, Hunnicutt’s hunting mentor.

### Sources

Interviews and correspondence with Hunnicutt descendants including Jessie Dyer Cloer, Virginia Zakroski, Andra Edwards, Barbara Edwards, John Dyer, Jeff Allen, Wanda Powell, and Linda Marlor. Also interviewed were my father, Commodore Casada, who grew up close to where the Hunnicutts lived on Hammer Branch, and Jim Estes. The “Dyer Family” entry on page 151 of *The Heritage of Swain County*, written by Johnnie Dyer, gives family details. A 1941 recording of Sam singing, doing imitations of various animal sounds, and yodeling at Bascom Lamar Lunsford’s annual gathering in Asheville is at the American Folklife Center at the Library of Congress. Bob Terrell wrote multiple columns on him in the *Asheville Citizen-Times*, most notably one of Jan. 19, 1958, when Sam was living with family members in Asheville and a second one (I have only a clipping missing the date) memorializing him shortly after his death in 1969. My previous writings on Hunnicutt include “Outdoor Literature,” *Blue Ridge Outdoors*, Feb., 1993, pages 14-15, 21; and “Remembering Sam Hunnicutt” (Sept. 27, 2007) and “Some Swain Sporting Greats and a Great Local Mystery” Aug. 14, 2014, in the *Smoky Mountain Times*. George Ellison wrote of his life in a piece entitled “Early Sportsman Told His Stories Exactly as They Happened” in the Mar. 29, 1984 edition of the *Smoky Mountain Times* and later in “Sam Hunnicutt’s Writing was Raw and Original,”

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in the Aug. 21, 2002, edition of *Smoky Mountain News*. An announcement of plans about this reprint, “Hunter Library to Publish New Edition of Regional Classic,” appeared in the *Smoky Mountain Times*, Nov. 24, 2016.

Finally, I owe a debt of gratitude to my brother, Don Casada, who has done a lot of digging on the Hunnicutts in official records, spent a great deal of time bushwhacking in some of the terrain where Sam hunted and fished, and spent considerable time in the book attempting to learn more about both the place names and people mentioned in its pages.

*Jim Casada*  
2017



Twenty Years of  
Hunting and Fishing  
in the Great Smoky  
Mountains

THIS ARTICLE WAS THE  
PERSONAL PROPERTY OF

*Horace Kephart*

By  
SAMUEL J. HUNNICUTT  
Bryson City, North Carolina

Price, \$1.00

S. B. NEWMAN & COMPANY  
*Printers and Publishers*  
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

The author of this book,  
Samuel J. Hunnicutt,  
is the General Manager of the  
Bryson City, N. C., Branch  
of the  
Great Smoky Mountains  
Tourists Bureau

To the Great Smoky Mountains  
this Story of Sport is  
Lovingly Inscribed

June, 1926



Samuel J. Hunnicutt

## Introductory

I, Samuel J. Hunnicutt, am 46 years old; was born in Yancey County, near Burnsville, North Carolina. I am the youngest son of James M. Hunnicutt and Sarah Hunnicutt; I was three years old when we moved from Yancey County to Swain County, in the suburbs of the "Great Smoky Mountains." I have been away from the "Smokies" some short intervals, but was always glad to get back home, where I could enjoy the sport of hunting.

Every person enjoys some kind of sport and my favorite sport is fishing and hunting. I always enjoyed telling of my different hunting trips to hunting sports. I never exaggerate in telling my stories; I always tell them just exactly as they happened.

On one of my hunting trips I was telling my experience to a friend of mine from New York City; his name is Martin Epply; he hunted with me a great deal and he often told me he would like to read a book I could write about my hunting life. About six years ago I decided to write this book.

I claim to be a perfect hunter and fisherman for game fish; I know the best kinds of hunting outfit to use, I know the best kind of gun to use for killing game and also the best dogs to use for hunting.

I have helped kill fifty-five bears from dogs, I have helped catch over five hundred coons with dogs, I have been at the catching of seventy-six foxes with foxhounds.

These stories written in this book are true, and told just exactly as happened, as near as I can remember.



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Summer and Winter Scenes in The Great Smoky Mountains

## Story Number One

My ideas as to the dogs to use in hunting wild game: When I go out to hunt I want a dog that I can depend upon. If anything would cause me to kill a dog it would be when I told it to go after game across the ridge out of my sight and hearing, and then I should climb to the top of the ridge and instead of hearing him after the game meet him coming toward me, this would cause me to want to shoot him on the spot. That is the kind of dog you will have unless you get a thoroughbred hound; a hound one or two times crossed does very well but I would not advise anything except a thoroughbred hound. Some people think a dog with long keen ears and long tail is a hound, but they are mistaken.

A real hound has fur instead of hair on them; the best dog I ever owned was a redbone and a beagel crossed, not the little family of beagels, but the large family. A cherry red, redbone, which is known as a Florida tan or black and tan, is a good hound or a cross from either of these species. Some think if they have a dog cross with hound, it will hunt anything or any kind of game, but that is a great mistake. If, for instance, you have a bloodhound and you have any other kind of blood in this hound he will not perform his duties. Cross up a collie and he is no good; the same with a bird dog, he is not a good bird dog if he has any other species besides the bird dog blood in him. It is the same with a hunting dog; if you want a good hunt get a thoroughbred hound, as it is nature for them to be thirsty for game.

These are the names of the dogs I have used on my hunting trips in the Smoky Mountains. This range

covers over one hundred and eighty thousand acres of land; the range for hunting bear and other big game is more than forty miles wide and one hundred and sixty miles in length. The dogs I owned were, Vestie and Queen, Mollie and Carrie, Spot and June, Tim and Troop, Trail and Blue Jack, Wade and Loag, Laurence and Vick, Loud and Troop, Drive and Muse, Scrape and Jack, Trail, Scott, Wheeler and Bonie.

My idea of the kind of gun to use in killing big game is the gun that has shocking power in the bullet, a thirty-eight Winchester or a thirty-eight, fifty-five, or a forty-five, seventy, or fire a bullet which has a square point. I prefer a thirty-eight, forty Winchester better than any gun I have ever used. A thirty-two Winchester is a nice, handy gun; I do not prefer a high-powered gun unless I know where the bullet is going to hit, for if you do not hit the bone, your bullet will not spread and your game will get away, they will die from loss of blood and you may not be able to find them; the high-powered gun will kill instantly if you hit the bone.

My idea on camping and camp cooking: When you go out camping in the cold weather, build you a lean-to (or tent cabin) whatever size you need to build; to build a lean-to put up two forked poles and lay poles from these to the ground; you can cover with anything, such as boards or slabs; each side should be gabled with timber, or you can hang tent cloths to each side, this leaves the front open. Build you a fire in front of the lean-to, as this saves packing cover on the trip.

My idea on camp cooking is: First fix you a pole to hang your coffee pails and other pails you might be going to use in cooking, drive hooks or nails in this pole to hang these cooking utensils upon and then place the pole over the fire; a good way to cook game is to get a

thin pail and hang it on the pole over the fire, boil it until it is done and then transfer it into a pan and bake it slowly until it is brown. To cook fish such as trout or other small fish, which you would cook whole, place them in your frying pan all the same way with their heads either toward the handle of the pan or all the opposite; do not use too much grease, brown one side and then turn them over and brown the other, do not use any meal or flour to roll them in as you cannot brown them as well with meal or flour on them.

My receipt for making gravy: Take some bacon and fry it, then use the grease for making the gravy; when you take out your bacon if you have as much as four spoonfuls of grease in your pan put in one heaping spoonful of flour in the grease, then add a little salt and stir the flour until it is brown, then add four spoonfuls of condensed milk to one-half cup of liquid coffee and water mixed, pour this liquid in your pan stirring it until it boils, add pepper to suit this gravy; is fine and easily prepared. To make bread in camp, mix your flour and meal half and half, use whatever ingredients you want in it and fry in grease; for change of bread, mix as I have just mentioned except make your dough thicker and bake it in a pan on the coals of the fire, take your time and brown it well. My way to cook game, such as coons and bear, is to slice the meat crossways and hack the bone with an axe or hatchet; first hew a piece of wood with the axe, then lay your meat on it and hack the bone out as near as you can, then fry it slowly on the coals; while it is frying keep turning it until it is thoroughly done.

## Story Number Two

Bear hunt planned by John Everett and myself, taking with us Charlie Denning, Arthur Davis and one of my brothers. We planned just a short hunt, going to stay at Deep Gap Camp for two nights, packing out our outfits on two of my mules: by having the mules we got to camp early in the day. My dogs were Old Trail, Laurence and four young dogs. Charlie Denning and my brother said they believed they would go fishing that afternoon, as it was warm they believed trout would bite. Arthur and myself went to hunt for bear signs; old man Everett said he believed he would stay around camp and rest, as he was getting old; Arthur and myself went up through Deep Gap on top of the ridge; they were planning to go up the ridge to Rock Stand and come back down the ridge to the Polk Patch and then down the Fork Ridge to the Hericon Ridge to the creek and then to the mouth of Cherry Creek; I was to come back up the creek to meet him at the Polk Patch, so we started on our routes and we only got about talking distance from each other until I saw plenty of bear signs; they had been feeding under the oak on acorns on top of the ridge; I whistled for Arthur and motioned for him to come back; when he got back I said to him there are plenty of fresh bear signs here, so there is no use for us to go any further. We returned to camp and stayed around camp the remainder of the afternoon, prepared our wood for the night, fed our dogs and mules and then prepared some supper; soon the other fellows came from fishing and had all the fish we could eat for two meals; I was telling them there was plenty of bear signs on Fork Ridge just below Deep Gap, on the first little knob; my brother asked which way they had

been going from there; I told him they had turned just across Fork Ridge to Hericon Ridge; he asked where will we stand for that drive; I said place Mr. Everett at the mouth of water spout and Charlie at the forks of Rock Creek; you go to Big Knob; Arthur and myself will drive; my brother said that suits me; then we all want to bed. Then the next morning we got up early, Arthur and myself got breakfast and then woke up the standers, they got up and we were all ready to start by daylight. The standers started to their stands; Arthur and myself gave the standers one hour and half to get to their stands; Old Trail was already winding a bear and was anxious to get started when we took him loose and coupled him to Laurence and he tried to go on; this caused the other dogs to notice the scent of the bear and we had a time keeping the young dogs from barking; we put the collars on them and the chains, but they almost dragged us to the gap of the ridge; I led Old Trail and Laurence in front of me and gave them their way; they made straight for the bear signs where the bear had been the night before and here we turned the dogs loose and the dogs went to trailing at once and barking their best; they ran fast until it looked as though they were trying to outrun each other; they went around the face of Fork Ridge, going down the left hand side; they went this way until they reached Hericon Ridge, then down Hericon Ridge to Deep Creek, then turned toward the Shot Beech Ridge and before they got there I heard them overtake the bear. I told Arthur to get the direction the dogs had gone and I would cut back to the Polk Patch and beat them to the Pole Stand for I believed it was going out above the standers and we were likely to lose it unless I headed it off at the Pole Stand. Arthur did not hesitate; he went toward the dogs and I hurried on until I

got on the top of Shot Beech Ridge near the Pole Stand. I stopped to listen for the dogs and heard them giving the tree bark at the mouth of Pole Stand Branch where it run into Cherry Creek. I did not pay any more attention to the stand; I went toward the dogs; when I got near them Arthur fired on the bear and at the crack of his gun the bear fell and the dogs jumped on it, thinking that it was dead. This happened in a little old open place in the laurel about thirty feet square. The bear raised on its hind feet with old Laurence hugged in its left forearm like some one carrying a child in their arms. Bear did not seem to try to hurt old Laurence but noticed other dogs playing around it. I was trying to get a shot at it without hitting my dog but the laurel was very thick around the open space where they were and I had a bad chance to get a shot by me being on the hill above the dog. I could see the bear, but Arthur could not, but we both were trying to get to it as fast as we could or near enough to shoot it. I got up to it and put my gun to its right side and pulled the trigger, it threw old Laurence from it and rolled down to the edge of the open patch; every dog jumped on it as if they were getting as deep a hold on the bear as they could. I began to rally the dogs and Arthur ran up and fixed to shoot into them at the bear. I told him never mind the bear is killed. We then tied the dogs and took them off the bear. Arthur said when he fired his first shot the bear rolled out of the tree like a squirrel with its head shot off and I thought I had given it a dead shot. I said let's look and see where you hit it; we turned the bear over and looked for the bullet hole; we found he had hit it in the thigh and went through the flesh of the thigh and into the flank; the shot I gave it went in its right side and struck the heart; in only two shots we had a fine bear. I told Arthur the standers have not heard

this bear fight or gun fire. He said do you reckon your brother never heard them. I said he might have heard the dogs when we first turned them loose for a minute, but not long; he said I wil go and fire my gun and give them the signal. I said never mind, let's skin the bear and take it to camp. Arthur said this is the second bear I ever helped kill; let's take it to camp as it is and get Mr. Denning to take a picture of it. I said, Arthur, if we try to take that bear to camp whole it will take us the rest of the day; but nothing else would do Arthur but we must take the bear whole. We had at least three miles and a half to carry the bear it weighed all 300 pounds. We put it on a pole, and started down Cherry Creek; there was so much underbrush it was giving is lots of trouble. I told Arthur, let's put a dog chain in its nose and drag it down to the creek; we fastened the chain to its nose and dragged it down Cherry Creek; this was very easily done, as it floated most of the way; we took time about dragging it and both got wet; when we got to the mouth of Cherry Creek we had about three-quarters of a mile to go up Deep Creek; we put the bear on a pole and traveled very well by taking our time and resting along. When we got to camp all the standers had come in and were wondering what had become of us and the dogs. Old man Everett looked out of the camp and saw us coming with the bear; he gave a yell and threw his hat up in the air and when it hit the ground stamped it and said here they come with a big bear. He said, boys, where did you go to; we have not heard a thing of you or the dogs today. We laid our bear down and told him about the race and where we killed the bear. The standers saw we were tired and hungry, so they fixed up something to eat; they then said you boys rest and we will skin the bear; they got the bear skinned and did the other work, not allow-

ing Arthur or myself to do anything. Being very late we had a long talk about our bear, and my brother cooked a late supper, cooked the bear liver, fried some flapjacks, and Arthur and I ate again with them. After we ate supper we all went to bed early, as we were tired from the hunt. Next morning we got up, cooked bear meat flapjacks for our breakfast; everybody feeling good we ate heartily. We divided the bear meat, then we packed it on one of my mules and went home.

### Story Number Four

A fishing trip was planned by myself and Edd Hyatt to go high up the creek and fish for mountain trout. Edd and myself got us a lot of grub for the mountains and our mountain outfit for fishing, we took some horses and Edd's boy went with us as far as we could ride and then we got down and walked on until we came to the Deep Gap Camp; here we ate our lunch which we had brought with us already prepared and I told Edd that I would carry everything on up to the Slab Camp if he would fish up and catch us some fish for the first night. I gathered up both packs, leaving Edd to fish up the creek; it was about one and one-half miles from Deep Gap Camp to the Slab Camp. Just before I reached the camp I ran across big rattlesnake in the trail, I killed it and went on to camp, looked around to see if I could find any more snakes; I never found any more, so I cleaned up around camp, got some wood to cook with, pulled some ferns for our beds, made some coffee, fried some bread and soon Edd came with a lot of nice trout; we cleaned them and fried some for supper. Having my bread and coffee around the fire keeping it warm, after supper I took Edd and showed him the big snake. While out we heard another one and Edd began to look for them. I would have helped him, but I was bitten by a rattlesnake once and I am afraid of them. Edd kept searching and finding snakes until he killed four more.

We went back to camp and salted the rest of our fish, talked a while and went to bed. The next morning we got up early and soon prepared our breakfast. We then went up the creek together and we would both cast our hooks into a pool at the same time; when one would catch a fish the other would catch one. We fished

until we got tired of fishing, our fishing creels were almost full; Edd wanted to come back to camp and shoot pheasants the rest of the afternoon; we got back to camp and prepared lunch. Edd then went out to hunt pheasants; I cleaned and salted our fish. Edd came back with two pheasants and we cleaned them and put them on to cook.

Next morning we packed up and started down the creek; we had to cross the creek several times and when we would come to a crossing we would fish, taking time-about carrying the packs and fishing. We caught so many fish we grew tired of carrying them. When we reached the place where the boy had brought us with horses we pitched camp for the night; we knew the boy would come with the horses early next morning; we cleaned up our fish and had so many I was afraid they would spoil, so I told Edd that we would go out to the creek and resalt them and lay them on a big rock in the creek until next morning. Next morning we washed out our creels, packed our fish and our camping outfit and were ready to go home.

Soon Edd's boy, Walter, came with the horses and we got on them and went home. We enjoyed this fishing trip very much.

### Story Number Four

One morning I was returning from a fox-hunting trip and I met a man who told me they were after a bear in the settlement above there. I asked who is after a bear. He told me there was a bear in Mrs. Clark's pasture that morning and they have been hunting for you to take your dogs and go and fight the bear. I hurried my very best, but my dogs being tired I could not make much progress; this was one time I was sorry I had been fox-hunting. I had Troop and Trail and they had just wound up from a six-hour fox race; Joe Morris and myself were together; Joe had two good dogs; a big crowd had gathered up at Mrs. Clark's, all excited and anxious to see a bear fight; they had tried a great many settlement dogs on the bear but were unable to get a dog to run the bear.

They had sent someone to hunt for me and Joe to get us and our dogs and come as early as we could; as we got there my brother came up with his dog and turned them all loose on the bear track; there were several of the other dogs pitched in after our dogs had taken up the track; they went across the Worley Mountain on to Bets Branch and around the little knob, leaving the Bets Branch to the right above Watkin's field; I was following the dogs and I heard them catch up with the bear, it turned back toward Mrs. Clark's field and a lot of men had stayed over in the field; they began firing at it but none of them hit it; I came on by them and said, "men, what is the matter you can not kill this bear?" I followed on after the dogs cross the Cathey Ridge and when I got on top of the Cathey Ridge I heard the dogs near my home on Hammer Branch; I got pretty close to them; on Hammer Branch I met Jim Bumgarner; Jim was carrying a

shotgun; I told him he was fresh and I had been fox-hunting and was almost run down and for him to take my rifle and go on and try to catch up with the dogs; Jim said to me I cannot shoot a rifle but I will go and take my shotgun; the dogs by this time were crossing the Shaw Ridge.

I told Jim for him to follow the dogs and there was a nearer way I could go through and cut them off at the nearest stand on the Bridge Creek; probably I



Hunnicutt and Cathey With Bears and Dogs

could beat the bear there. I came back down the Hammer Branch to main Deep Creek Road and Jim went on after the dogs. I went on up the road as fast as I could go and when I had made about one and one-half miles up the road I heard the dogs crossing the mouth of Long Branch; I made my way on to Bridge Creek Ridge; I got on the ridge where I intended to make my

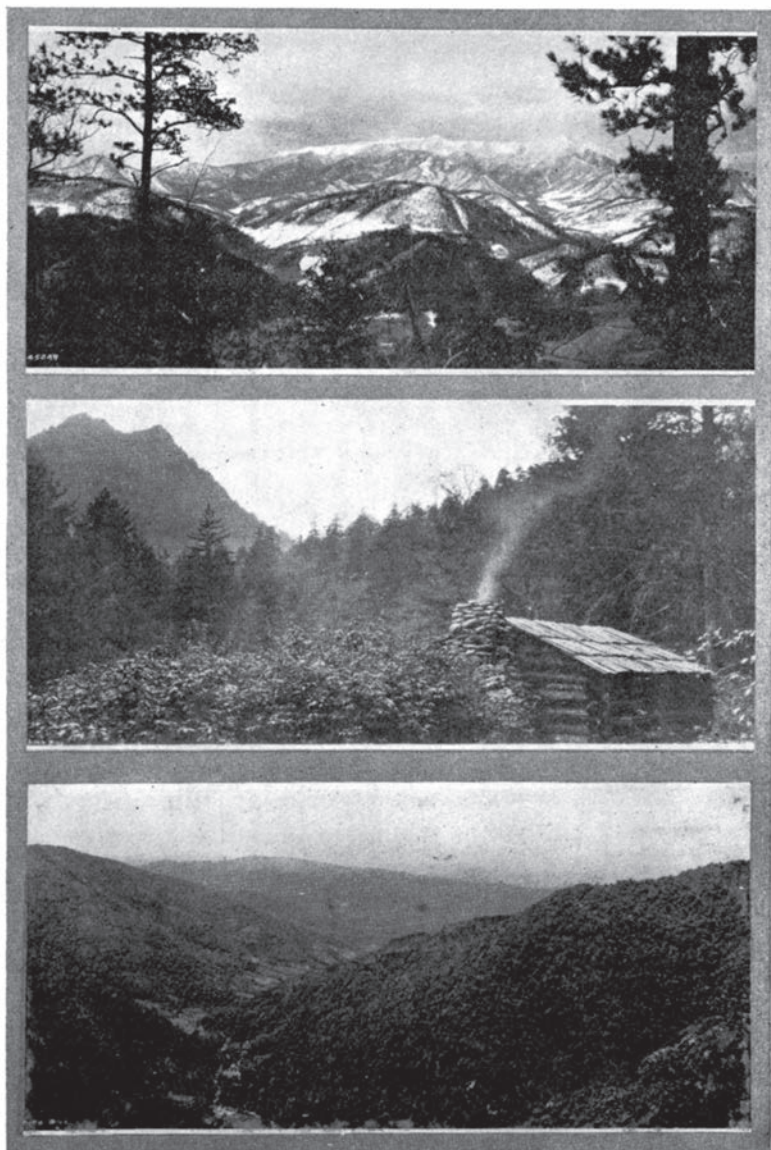
stand for the bear; I heard the dogs cross the Wild Hog Ridge and come down through the Poplar Cove; there the dogs began to give the tree bark and I knew the dogs had the bear up a tree; they were across the Big Rough Ridge from me and I started toward them; when I got to the top of Big Rough Ridge the dogs were sure yelling the tree bark; there were five of them, their names are Troop and Trail, Lead and Rock, and old Drum; before I got to the tree, Jim Bumgarner had reached there with his shotgun and began firing at the bear; it fell from the tree, but he just kept firing at it on the ground as fast as he could load and fire; before I had reached him he had killed the bear and two of the dogs; he had killed my dog, Troop and my brother's dog, old Drum.

I was so mad about him killing my dog, killing the bear did not do me any good, but I could not do anything to help myself. We started rolling the bear down the mountain; several other men had followed us, but we had rolled the bear to the foot of the mountain before they came along; we tied the bear to the pole and carried it to the first house. This was my brother's house, so they prepared dinner for us. After dinner we skinned the bear, dressed it and divided it between us and went home.

### Story Number Five

An early hunt made in the Unaka Mountains by me, Edd Hyatt and others. We gathered up our supplies and camping outfit and went to Davie Orr's, a man who lives ten miles from our settlement. Davie was a great old hunter, and he was to manage the hunt; we stayed all night with Davie and the next morning we got our outfit together and started for the Cherry Gap; we got to Slick Rock Creek and it began raining, so we decided to stay all night with Dodson, a man who is a ranger in the mountains; we decided to stay with him and make our hunt from there. We pitched some of our tents in his yard and some of the men stayed in the tents and the others in Dodson's house. We got up early the next morning, ate our breakfast and started on the hunt. We hired Dodson to take our supplies to the Cherry Gap; the standers went with Dodson to take their stands, as we were going to make a drive for bear that day. Andy Orr and myself started toward the Big Stack Branch to make the drive; there were several of us also several dogs; in driving across the Big Stack Branch we came across bear signs but did not turn our dogs loose. Andy Orr said they would not go toward the standers from there, so we went on to the Big Stack Branch and there we found bear signs again, but I told the boys the dogs were smelling coon signs, that the bear sign was too old at that place, but nothing would do Andy Orr except turn the dogs loose; we turned them loose and up the branch they went after coons; they went up the branch about a quarter of a mile and turned off the left and treed up a chestnut tree; we went to the tree and saw a coon on the outside of the tree; there were so many dogs we tied them all except Old Trail

and I shot the coon out; we got the coon and started on; I called Old Trail to tie him, but he ran back to the tree and began barking in the hole under the root of the tree; I said, Andy, there were more coons in there; I went back to the tree, got me a stick, ran it in the hole and I found it was not far into the coon; I went above the tree and turned over a rock, called Old Trail up there; he went to scratching and soon got into the coon and we caught two more coons out of the ground; I then tied Old Trail and moved on. We had not gone far until we decided to turn our dogs loose and make what is known as an open drive; by the time we turned them all loose the first one we turned loose had started after a deer; away they went just the opposite direction from the way we wanted to go; they were going toward the river; this worried me, knowing that my dogs would probably stay so long that we would not get them for the next day hunt. We made our way on to the top of Big Stack Ridge and in going up there I killed a nice turkey, so when we got to the top of Big Stack Ridge we were in hearing distance of the standers. We fired two shots, which meant the hunt was over for the day for the standers. They answered us with two shots then began shooting squirrels; we went on out the mountain toward the Cherry Gap and by the time we reached camp they were all there; we had three coons, turkey and lots of squirrels. We were all hungry and every fellow began dressing squirrels, coons and turkey, and soon had supper ready; we told the standers about our day's hunt and which way the dogs had gone after the deer. Everybody was wondering if we would have a dog for the next day; some thought we would have to go after them, but I told them if Old Trail was not caught by someone he would come to me. It was pretty late in the night, but nobody was sleeping; they all thought



Top View—Top of Smoky  
Centre View—Cole's Cabin  
Bottom—Le Conte and Pigeon River Valley

we would have no dogs for the next day. During the night we barbecued the turkey and cooked the coons. About three o'clock in the morning we were all up around the fire talking about the dogs, and I heard Old Trail's voice open up on my track; I said listen, I hear Old Trail coming; everybody was interested in listening. Old Trail bawled again and then one of Edd Hyatt's dogs opened up his voice; Edd said there is Old Back, and in a short time here come Trail and Back and just in a few moments in came two of Morris' dogs. By daylight all the dogs were in; this cheered up everybody.

Some began cooking breakfast, others feeding the dogs; the dogs did not seem very tired from their night race so we decided to make a drive for a bear that day. The standers made ready to go to their stands, every fellow knowing where to stand for the bear, we gave the standers one hour to place themselves before we started out on the drive; we had just got ready to start on the drive when the dogs scented up toward the top of the mountain. I could tell when Old Trail got the scent of a bear from his action, so I told the boys that the dogs smelled the bear already; we gave the dogs their way, but still keeping them tied and following them; they went about three hundred yards to a chestnut tree and from the sign there had been a large bear under this tree chewing chestnuts and the sign looked as though it had just left; we turned our dogs loose and away they went on the bear track crossing over the divide of Slick Rock Creek to the forks and turning up the Fork Ridge toward Citico, then trailed back to the divide toward the standers. We just stood still and listened to the dogs run; I told Andy let's go out to the top and try and cut them off, but he said there was no use for us to run as the standers were thick along where they

would cross. We had nine good standers, so I took my time; I could tell by the way the dogs were running that they were nearly up with the bear. Andy said it is crossing at my brother's stand, and just about this time we heard his brother begin firing his gun. Andy said that is Will, for I can tell by him firing his gun so fast. The dogs ceased barking and we knew the bear was killed; we hurried out the ridge and by the time we got to him all the standers had got to where he had killed the bear. This was only nine in the morning, so we tied the bear to a pole and brought it to camp.

Every one wanted to make another bear drive that day except me. I told them it would be too late by the time we skinned the bear and dressed it, we might have success in killing another one and then we might get after another one and lose our dogs. I made the suggestion that some skin the bear and the others go squirrel and turkey hunting for the remainder of the day; they agreed that this was a good plan, so we got busy, skinned the bear, prepared lunch and were soon ready for the hunt. Andy Orr wanted me and him to take Old Trail and hunt coons that evening; I told him this suited me; the others fellows thought it too late in the day for coons, but we went any way; we went down Cherry Cove Branch, taking Troop and Trail with us; we were leading them for fear they would strike a bear or deer track. We had not gone far until we found where coons had been rooting for beech mast; we turned the dogs loose and they trailed around in the feed ground in a little plateau; they did not seem to be able to get out of the plateau. I saw Old Trail raise up on an old birch stump about ten feet high; the coon had gone in at the top of it and come down the hollow to the ground; there was a hole at the ground and Old Trail scented them through this hole;

we cut a hole until the dog could get into the tree; he went in and pulled out a coon; both of the dogs took hold of it and another oneran out the hole we had cut; I killed it with the axe-handle. By this time Old Trail had turned the other one loose to Troop and then he went in again and brought out another one; Troop then went in and began barking up the hollow of the stump, and when Old Tra:l had killed the one he had he went in and began barking up the hollow of the stump also; we called the dogs out and got a pole, run it up the hollow of the stump and scared two more coons out on top of it. I shot these off.

We gathered up our coons and started to camp; we had five already and it was not night yet. The other fellows had success in killing squirrels and we were all pleased with our hunt that day. We skinned our coons, cooked supper, all anxious to get to bed; as we had no sleep the night before we soon went to bed. Next morning we prepared for another bear drive and we also planned to place men in the deer stands as we had seen lots of deer signs the day before. We sent two men to stand for deer and the rest of the standers to stand for bear, using the same drivers as the day before. After the standers had been gone an hour we coupled our dogs and started for the drive again. We had not gone far until our dogs discovered there had been another bear near where we killed the bear the day before; we turned the dogs loose and away they went over the mountain toward Citico. When we got to the top of the mountain the dogs had turned to the right toward the head of Roaring Branch; this gave us the advantage of the dogs and we caught up with them; just as we caught up with them at Roaring Branch the dogs made a little bother, the bear had turned down Roaring Branch, and the dogs went straight over; the dogs crossing the branch, they

jumped a big buck deer; they all saw the deer and I saw the deer and presented my gun on it, but while I was getting sight. Came Smith fired on the buck; he was one of the men sent to stand for the deer; we had instructed him that if the dogs struck a deer for him to kill the deer or to stop the dogs if possible; he did not know he had hit the deer and he tried to stop the dogs, but they knocked him down and run over him; they did not run far until they caught the buck, and I got to it by the time Smith did; he had hit it in the shoulder. There were four of the dogs holding the deer when I got in sight and the rest had formed a circle around it and I never heard such bay-ing as they were doing; pretty soon the dogs threw the deer, some of the other dogs closed in but did not take hold of the deer. As soon as we could we got the dogs away from the deer and put them back on the bear track.

Came Smith and Fonz Hollifield said they would take the deer back to camp if the rest of us would follow the dogs after the bear, so me and Andy Orr went down the Rattlesnake Ridge as fast as we could go; we had not gone far until we stopped and listened for our dogs and heard them fighting a bear in Jeffries Laurel. We started toward Jeffries Laurel trying to catch up with the dogs; when we got into Jeffries Laurel we heard the dogs go out of it at the right toward Citico; we then made our way best we could through the laurel and briers, and finally the dogs out of our hearing. Andy said if we can get in a little cut-out I know of, we can get to Rock Stop. Finally we got into this little cut-out and soon got on top of the mountain at the Rock Stop. From here we could hear the dogs had treed on the head of Tellico River. We decided this was too far to go and get back to camp that night, and were standing there figuring on what

to do when we heard some more hunters begin to fire on the bear where our dogs had treed. I wanted to go to them, but Andy said it was his uncle and he would divide the meat with us. Andy said let's go to camp, that they would take care of our dogs. We made our way back to camp; all the other fellows had already got there. Directly part of our dogs came; the standers had asked us what had become of the dogs and we told them they had treed on Tellico river and we heard some other hunters shoot the bear. Some of the boys talked of going to get the dogs, but late in the night a man named Williams and another man brought our dogs and a part of the bear to the camp.

The next morning we planned a hunt on Citico; we also planned to place the standers in new stands; we drove up the Stack Ridge through the chestnut and oak woods into the beech, in the edge of the beech woods we found bear signs; here we turned our dogs loose and away they went across the divide to the head of Slick Rock, down Slick Rock to the point of Hang-Over Ridge they ran out of our hearing. We climbed out the top of the mountain and made toward them; we came out to the ridge where there was nothing but ivy and laurel on the ridge (known to me as Slick Ridge); on this ridge we thought we heard the dogs treed at the foot of "Slick Ridge." The drivers decided they would go on to Hang-Over and if they were not treed they would be in ahead of them; I climbed a tree, thinking I could hear better by being up a tree; I could hear the dogs and I could tell they were giving tree bark, so I went down Slick Ridge toward them, going down the bear trail as fast as I could; I came to open woods but I could not hear the dogs for the roar of the creek, but I still thought I was on the right course and I just kept going on and it was not long until I saw a dog. I knew this dog was not a tree dog and I knew

by this that the dogs that had the bear treed must be near. When this dog saw me he started back toward where the other dogs were treed; I followed this dog and pretty soon I heard the other dogs giving the tree bark near me. I could have seen the bear from here if the timber had not been so thick; going up closer I saw the bear sitting on the limb of a large hemlock tree; I raised my gun and fired and the bear fell to the ground; I then fired my gun three times, giving the other hunters notice I had killed the bear, but I did not get any answer from them. I stayed around the dogs some time, talking to them to keep them from fighting (they seemed to want to fight over the bear). I waited about an hour and fired three more shots, but still no answer from the men; finally I decided they had got lost from the dogs and had gone to camp. I had to do something, so I decided to go to Dodson and probably I could get him to go to camp and bring some help, but when I got to Dodson's house he was not at home; I got a lunch while there and went to camp; all the hunters were in camp and wanted to know what became of the bear; I told them I had killed it down on Slick Rock Creek, about one-half mile above Dodson camp; they wanted to know where the dogs were and I told them I had some of them tied up where the bear is and the others were following me; they wanted to prepare lunch for me but I had eaten lunch with Dodson; they told me to tell them where the bear was and they would go get it; so I suggested that I go with them by a nearer way and get the bear. We soon reached the bear, skinned it and brought it to camp. By the time we got back to camp it was very late, but some of the men had stayed in camp and prepared supper and wood for the night. Some of the boys went coon hunting that night and caught two fine coons.

Next morning we packed and got ready to go home. We hired Dodson to help pack our game; we were loaded with bear meat, deer and coons; every man had a good pack load, besides the horse was loaded heavily; we came down across Slick Rock Creek, across on to Bear Creek, to Davie Orr's that night and stayed all night with him. We had a good, jolly night, and there we divided up and separated from our hunt.



Fishing Party on Little River

## Story Number Six

### Coon Hunt Planned by Me and My Brother

We prepared for the hunt early one morning and started for Round Top, which is nine miles from home. We kept our dogs tied until we got past the fox range; went across the Pull Back Trail by the Bryson Place and up the creek to the Sassafras ford. I had on boots, so I waded the creek and carried my brother over; we went on up the creek to the mouth of Pole Road Creek; we had Old Muse with us and there we turned her loose, keeping my brother's dogs tied; knowing Old Muse would start nothing except coons, we went up Pole Road Creek as fast as we could, thinking we might catch a coon. When we got to the forks of Pole Road, Old Muse picked up a coon track and went trailing it; my brother turned his dogs loose and they went trailing with her; they went on out left hand prong to the head of Pole Road, trailing very fast, and at the Pole Road we caught up with the dogs. We left our packs here and followed them, knowing this would be the way we would come back to where we intended to camp. They went across the Fork Ridge to Pole Road Creek and down the right hand prong they trailed, and just before they got to the forks of the creek they treed up a large tree near where they first started trailing; this tree being hollow me and my brother soon cut it down and we got two nice coons out of the tree. It now being very near dark we hurried back to get our packs at the left hand prong of Pole Road. When we got back to our packs it was dark, so I told my brother it is three miles to camp and we had better stay here tonight. My brother said it was going to rain, we had better go to camp. I told him if he

would get wood I would build us a shed that would turn rain or snow. I had noticed a lot of chestnut bark that day when left our packs, where it had fell off the chestnut logs; I cut two poles and set them against a large tree, lean-to fashion, and placed small poles across them. I then made a roof with chestnut bark and set up bark at each side; this made us a good warm camp for the night; it snowed instead of rain. We built our fire up against the tree and rested well that night. After we had finished our camp and eaten supper we skinned our coons.

Next morning there was a heavy snow on the ground. I fried some coon and we ate our breakfast. After breakfast we made our way to Round Top Camp and by the time we got to the camp it was very cold; we chopped a lot of wood for our fire. We stayed in camp all day; by night it was so cold my brother said the coons won't travel tonight, so I decided to stay in camp. The next morning it was still very cold and I knew coons would not come out until it got warmer. The third morning it had cleared up and was nice and warm; we were high on the mountain and the sun shone early where we were. I told my brother we will go out today coon hunting. He seemed to think it useless to go, but I told him we might catch some coons. We took Old Muse and his two young dogs and went down Pole Road Creek; near the forks of the creek my brother wanted to come back to camp, for he thought the coons had not traveled, but I told him it would be as near to cross Burnt Spruce Ridge and go back up Bear Creek, that the Burnt Spruce Ridge divided Bear Creek and Pole Road and our camp was near the top of the divide; the only difference in going back to camp from there would be crossing the Burnt Spruce Ridge. We went across Burnt Spruce Ridge on to Bear Creek

and by the time we got in hearing of Bear Creek, Old Muse was trailing, and pretty soon my brother's dogs put in trailing with her. They went up Bear Creek and we went on after them as fast as we could go. They trailed to the forks of Bear Creek; then left the creek, going up a little branch toward Bear Pen Ridge. We went on to the top of Bear Pen Ridge and there we heard the dogs running as though they were looking at the coon. I said to my brother coons have been out today. Pretty soon Old Muse treed at the head of Big Branch. We hurried on! I beat my brother there. The dogs had treed up a little birch tree; I looked all over the tree and could not see anything; I spoke to Old Muse and said are you telling me a lie; just then I saw a coon up on the underside of the tree, about twelve feet from the ground, on a small limb. I shot it off and the dogs ran and grabbed it. I went down and took it from the dogs. By this time my brother had got there. Old Muse went back to the tree and began barking up the tree. I told my brother to call the dogs up the hill, that there were more coons in the tree. He said there is one on that limb bending down the hill; don't you see it? By this time I saw it; I shot it off, the dogs got it, and I went down took it from the dogs. When Old Muse turned it loose she sprang for a hemlock tree; when she reached the tree she began barking in a hole at the foot of this tree. We built a fire over this hole and out came another coon; this made us three coons, so we started for camp.

I told my brother that it was good for Old Muse to know where all the coons were. He said that beat anything he ever saw a dog do. By the time we got to camp it was dark; we got wood for the night, prepared our supper, went to bed early and got a good night's rest. The next morning we packed our things and went home.

## Story Number Seven

This hunt was made by Jim Cagale, Tom Clark and myself. Our dogs were Old Muse, Boney and Hunt. Jim Cagale and Tom Clark had never been on a bear hunt before, so they asked me to take them out bear hunting. We got our rations and dogs ready and started to Deep Gap Camp, on the left hand prong of Deep Creek; we reached the camp about four o'clock in the afternoon. The boys not knowing how to cook in camp I told them to get wood and I would get supper. I showed them a birch tree; it was dead and would make good wood. After we had finished supper we got some dry leaves and made beds for the dogs, and the boys asked where will we hunt for bear the next day. I told them we would not hunt bear the next day, but would hunt the bear signs. I told them I would leave one of them at the camp and take the other with me and hunt the sign of the bear and then I would stand for the bear and let him do the driving.

The next morning we got up early, prepared our breakfast before it was light. The boys told me to choose the one I wanted to take to hunt signs of the bear; I told Tom to stay and get up plenty of wood for the next day and Jim could go with me, so Jim and I got our guns and started out to hunt the bear signs. I told Jim the first place we would go was to Cage Drive; if there were bears in the Cage Drive this was a good place to kill them. We started out up the creek toward Cage Drive and when we got there we found some started out up the creek toward Cage Drive and when we got there we found some bear signs, but I told Jim the signs did not suit me, that they were feeding there and going across the Fork Ridge to lie down, and by the time the dogs would overtake them

they would be in Rock Creek Laurel, and this would make a hard hunt for us from where we were camping. I suggested that we change our course and go to Shot Beech Branch; if there is bear there we can make our hunt easy. Jim said all right, whatever you think best. I told him it was closer to Shot Beech Branch than it was to Cage Drive for the standers. Jim asked how would we go from here to Cage Drive Branch; we were then on top of Fork Ridge, near the head of the Cage Drive Branch. I told him to go Fork Ridge to the head of Epply Branch and down the branch to Epply stand, at the mouth of the branch, and then we would go up a trail that leads up the right hand prong of Deep Creek, and then from there to the fire-scald on Shot Beech Ridge; so we started for Shot Beech Ridge, traveling as fast as we could; when we got up to the fire-scald, where the fire had killed all the large timber, the new growth had grown up very thick; we soon saw where bear had been tracking through the brush going toward the Shot Beech Branch. I told Jim this was far enough to go, as this is where we want to hunt for our bear. I told him that I would let him drive in the morning and Tom and would take the stand. I said bring my dogs here and turn them loose whether you see any other sign or not; keep Hunt, my neighbor's dog, tied until Old Muse and Boney get the track straightened out. Jim and I made our way back to camp as fast as we could go, as Tom was there by himself and we had been gone longer than we expected. We got to camp; Tom was alright and he had a big bunch of wood, enough to do all winter; he had tried his luck on cooking and had a nice meal ready for us; he asked why have you been gone so long, and we told him we had been hunting for an easy bear to kill; he said do you think we will kill one at all; I told him

we were going to make an effort and found plenty of signs; we fixed for the night and fed our dogs.

The next morning we got up early, prepared to go out on a hunt as soon as possible. The three of us got our guns and dogs and went together until we came to the mouth of Woolly Head Branch, and there I told Jim to take the dogs and go up the branch until they got to the forks of the branch, then turn out on the ridge at the big fire-scald and go up it till you come to the sign where we found it yesterday; this was the best way for us to take the dogs on the fire-scald. Tom and I went on up the mouth of Beech Creek; from there I showed Tom a gap to go in to make his stand for the bear; I told him to go up Bear Pen Branch as he went to his stand; I went up Beech Creek, then I turned to the right and went up on Beech Creek Ridge and placed myself in my stand and this put me up where I could see Jim drive for the bear and also see the stand that Tom was going to take. I had not been in the stand very long until Jim turned the dogs loose. I heard Old Boney begin to open up on the cold sign of the bear; he trailed around quite a bit. Old Muse had not opened her mouth yet; I wondered if the bear had not been there the night before, knowing Old Muse would not run a cold sign; pretty soon I heard Old Muse give a shrill bark, I knew that it was a fresh track; about that time Old Boney put in with her on the same track, and pretty soon Hunt opened up his voice; by this time Old Muse and Boney were doing some nice running; in about one minute I heard them overtake the bear on the ridge between the Shot Beech Branch and Bear Pen Branch. I could tell the dogs were fighting the bear by the sound of their voices. The bear made a trial to go toward Tom's stand, and then it turned back down Bear Pen Branch toward me.

I began to think it was coming on out by me, but then it made another trial to go out by Tom's stand, but the dogs were fighting it so hard it tried to go another way and went to the left of his stand, which put it above me on the creek at the main Smoky Gap prong of the creek. From there it went back and forth up the creek, seeming to try to stay on the best ground; it went on up the creek nearly out of my hearing.

I wondered why Jim had never tried to kill it. Then I remembered he had never followed dogs after bear before. I thought about leaving my stand; then I heard the dogs turn to the left and start out Beech Creek Ridge, the ridge I was standing on. They came to the top of the ridge about one-half mile above me and the dogs ceased barking about a minute and then began to give the tree bark. I knew then the bear was up a tree; I wondered what to do, to stay in my stand or go to the dogs; knowing that Jim should be right with them, there being a bear trail up the ridge to where they were treed, I was afraid Jim would get to the tree and not kill it and the bear would come down. I stayed in my stand quite awhile listening to the dogs barking. I was afraid to leave the stand for fear the bear would come my way, and knowing that Tom could hear dogs give the tree bark from where he was I decided that Jim or Tom were not going to go to them.

I went down through the laurel to the creek and up the creek, knowing this the best way to get to the dogs; as I went up the creek I could tell where the bear had been all along; I could also tell Jim had been following. I got up even with the dogs where they were on Beech Creek Ridge and I got about half way to where the dogs were treed. I heard Jim fire on the bear; he fired again and again; the third time he fired he brought him down and I heard the bear fall to the

ground. The dogs stopped their yelling and went to growling and snapping at the bear. I went to them as fast as I could. The dogs were holding the bear, it was almost dead; before Jim saw me he tried to make the dogs turn the bear loose, but I told him they would not hurt it; he turned and looked at me and was frightened, not knowing that I was around. I went to the dogs and encouraged them to let them know killing bear was the thing to do. I fired my gun three times in succession; this was our signal if we killed anything. Soon Tom got to us; when he got there he asked who killed it; I told him Jim was the man that killed the bear; he said good for Jim, and came on out to where the bear was. He said he never saw a dead bear before; he got down and lifted at the bear. I told him it would be doubtful if we could lift the bear off the ground.

We killed the bear on top of the ridge and I told Tom we would drag it to a place where it would roll. We took it by the hind leg but could not drag it at all, and then we got over on the other side and rolled it down the mountain to Beech Creek. There we skinned it and cut it up in three parts and carried it to camp. When we got to camp it was very late in the evening and we were tired, but we did not have anything to do except to cook and eat.

Next morning we got up early got the rest of our meat, and that day some other hunters came out to the mountain and a man who had packed out with them on horse. We got him to pack in for us and we came home.

## Story Number Eight

### Bear Hunt Made By My Two Brothers And Myself

Late in the season I decided I would make another bear hunt. I said to my oldest brother, "Let's go bear hunting tomorrow." He said "who will we get to go with us?" I told him, "you and I, if no one else" but another one of my brothers spoke up, saying he would go with us. My oldest brother asked where would we go to hunt for bear. I told him to the Paris Cabin; this would be where we would camp. On Tuesday morning my oldest brother and myself prepared to go out to the camp; the other brother said he could not come until Wednesday morning. On Tuesday morning my oldest brother and I left for camp, taking with us my four dogs, Old Trail, Loag, Laurence and Wade. These were all good, heavy dogs and I felt sure we could have a good hunt. We only took provisions, and by having a camping outfit at the camp and our loads being light, we got there early; when we got to the camp there was not any camping outfit to be found; we did not even have an axe nor frying pan, not a pail of any kind; my brother wanted to turn back home, but I told him we would make out some way; that I believed when Columbus came he would know where the camping outfit was; he probably hid it when he was at the camp; my brother with me said no, he would have told us if he had hid the outfit. I asked him to stay until Columbus came and then we would find the camping outfit. We went to carrying in wood, that is what wood we could break up, and we soon had in enough wood for our fires. My brother asked how will we cook anything to eat, and I told him I believed I could prepare a very good meal. First I went to the creek and found a rock with a natural basin in

it; I washed it off at the creek, carried it to the camp, put it in the fire and went then and hunted another rock which had a small basin in it and took it to the camp, put some flour on this rock and made it up in dough; by the time I got my dough mixed my first rock was hot; I put my dough on the rock and by turning it around and around I had some bread very well baked.

I took my knife and opened a can of peaches and emptied these peaches on a rock, and made some coffee in the can; while I was doing this my brother had barbecued some meat and we had a very good meal for camp food. After we had eaten our supper I baked some bread for the dogs on the same plan, and by that time it was night; we fared very well that night in our little hut. The next morning my brother said to me are we going to make a bear hunt today? I said no, I will hunt for signs today and we will make a drive for them when Columbus gets here. He asked what will I do today. I told him to stay at the camp with the dogs and I would hunt for the signs of the bear. He asked where we would go to hunt for bear signs and I told him I was going to Bear Pen Ridge. I said alright, I will be going, and I went out toward Bear Pen Ridge; I went up the creek until I got to the mouth of Bear Pen Branch, then went up the branch about a quarter of a mile, then turned and came out on Bear Pen Ridge, and the whole ridge was worked up with bear signs; they had raked and mashed around there as though there had been twenty-five bears there in one gang. I then made plans to get out without disturbing the bear; back down the mountain was the direction we were camping and I believed the bear was below me. Instead of going down, I took up Bear Pen Ridge until I came to the head of the ridge where it

headed into Shot Beech Ridge and then back down Shot Beech Ridge until I got even with the camp, then turned to the camp. My brother was getting wood the same as the night before; when I got to camp he had one end of it very near full of wood. I asked him what do you want with so much wood, and he said it is going to snow; then he asked did you find any bear signs. I said yes, the bears have wallowed all the bushes down on Bear Pen Ridge; I said it looks as though it was done last night, or part of it any way; he said alright, they cannot stay there if we have to cook on a rock and cut wood with our hands, we will kill some of them anyway; we were talking about where to stand for them the next day and I looked out and it was snowing. I turned to my brother and said it is snowing now; he said yes it is, and Columbus will not come; but by that time I saw him coming; I said yes he will, for I see him coming now; by the time he got to the cabin it was snowing so hard we could hardly see him ten steps away.

My oldest brother said to him you had just as well not have come; he asked why and brother told him some one has stolen the camping outfit; he said no, I guess not, I know where they are; this made me feel better than I had felt for two days. I asked where are they and he said the axe is under that poplar log at the creek and the other things are under the sugar-maple tree you see around the hill. I went around to the tree and the outfit was there in the hollow of the tree; I brought them to camp and then went for the axe; I then went to cooking. My brother who had just come asked me if we had found any bear signs; I told him just plenty of them; he asked where at; I told him on the Bear Pen Ridge, and he asked which Bear Pen Ridge; I told him the one that headed into the Shot

Beech Ridge; he asked is it fresh; I said it has been made last night.

The next morning there was a good snow on the ground and my oldest brother wanted to make a bear drive that day, but I told him we could not drive in the snow, that it gets off the timber if the sun shines today and the wind blows it will come off the timber; then my brother said probably they would not travel any more that night and it might be the last night they would travel before they go to house; that this night is the last time they will be out. Both of my brothers concluded that it would be best for us to go in; there is a big snow on the ground and probably they won't come out any more this winter. I said that will be alright; I will trail these same bear up if they do not come out any more. My oldest brother said the dogs may trail them today but they could not tomorrow. I said if tomorrow is a day fit, Old Trail will trail up one of those bears and if he has gone to house we will find his house.

We stayed around camp all day and my brothers seemed to have the blues. I got the wood, and the cooking, fed and watered my dogs. The next morning before it was light I awoke and went out to see about the weather, I came back in and told them let's hurry and get breakfast, for it is going to be a fine day. Let's get ready and get started on the hunt as early as possible. So we got ready and started; being only three of us to make the drive, and my dogs being hard to control, there was two of us to make the drive and one to stand. I got my oldest brother to go on Beech Ridge and make the stand; my other brother and myself took the dogs and went up through the fire-scald and across by Woolly Head Ridge and on to the Shot Beech Branch and yet had not found any bear signs.

I told my brothers out on this ridge is where I saw the bear signs Wednesday morning; he asked do you think the dogs will trail it; certainly, I said, it has only been three days since it was here; he said remember, snow has been on the ground during that time; I said Old Trail will run that sign as same as if she was looking at the bear, and I believe the other dogs will too; he said we will go and see. We left the branch and turned up the hill; by this time Old Trail began to scent in the wind going toward the top of the ridge; the other dogs went that way also.

Columbus said there has been a bear up there last night; I told him let's turn them loose and see where they go; he said turn Old Trail loose first and if it is something besides a bear we will not turn the others loose. I turned Old Trail loose and he ran up the hill and I saw him get on a log, stick his nose in the snow and threw his head up and "bawl"; my brother wanted to go up and see if it was warmer sign than the sign Tuesday night; we went up on the ridge and I told him this must be the sign I saw last Wednesday, as it snowed Wednesday evening and there had not been bears here in the snow; by this time Old Trail was straightening out on the trail very nicely; we turned the other dogs loose to see what they would do; they went to Old Trail and went to trailing with him. My brothers and myself went after them; they went down Bear Pen Ridge and crossed the ridge, and up on the face of Briar Ridge they came to where the bear were lying above a big spruce pine tree. Here there were two bears in one bed, and then the fight began. The four dogs caught the bears in the bed while all together. When we got up pretty close they moved on across the Briar Ridge and we hurried on to the top of Briar Ridge, I reached the top of the ridge ahead of

my brothers and they called and asked me if I heard the dogs; I answered saying: I certainly do; they are climbing Beech Ridge now; when my brother got to the top he did not hesitate and I said wait a minute, for if Waitsell went where I asked him to go we will hear him shoot in a minute; and by this time his gun fired, then it fired again until the fourth time, then we could hear the dogs giving the tree bark, seemingly where we heard the gun firing; he then fired three more shots; I said I wonder what is wrong. He can not kill that bear for they are giving the tree bark and have been since he begun shooting, my brother said perhaps they were baying it; no, I said they were giving the tree bark at this time; he called and I answered him; he then fired his gun three times in succession and I said he has killed it; now we both fired our guns answering him and went toward him; we found him on the side of the ridge beside a bear he had killed. The snow was bloody all around him. I asked him why so much blood; he answered me saying I have killed another bear on top of the ridge and I have had the worst dog fight I ever saw; I believe they have killed Old Trail as I have not seen him since I parted them; I said if they have killed Old Trail I will kill them. I then went to hunting for my dog even before I looked at the bear. I went upon the top of the ridge where he shot the first bear and found Old Trail lying on the bear. I examined him before I looked at the bear and he was not hurt very bad. This revived me very much, I then turned to my brother and asked him how he happened to kill two bears in the same place; he said I heard then coming down the bear trail and Old Trail and Laurence were coming ahead of Loag and Wade after one and it seemed Loag and Wade were about fifty yards behind when the bear came in sight. I did not know at that time Wade and Loag were after a

bear, but knew they were running behind the other dogs; I did not think there was but one bear, the one Old Trail and Laurence were fighting; when the bear got in my sight I shot it down and Old Trail and Laurence closed their mouths on it and were holding it; when I went up to them I wondered why Loag and Wade did not come out to where I had killed the bear. Old Trail turned the bear loose and ran out to a big hempine tree and began to give the tree bark, and I then noticed the other dogs were treed there; I looked up in the tree and saw the bear; it was crawling up on a limb as I fired. I told him I thought something strange you could not kill the bear and I knew the first firing at the bear was on the ground. I told Columbus the dogs were giving the tree bark after the first shooting, then I told him I wondered what was the matter you could not kill the bear. The dogs began to growl and we put the collars on them and then two of us led the dogs, and the other rolled the bear until we got them off the mountain. We got them to the flat at the creek; we were then on the main right hand prong of Deep Creek. I told the boys if they would carry the guns and lead the dogs that I would carry the least bear to camp; they said I do not believe you can carry it alone. I had some leather strings in my pockets; I tied its legs together and put it on my back, shotpouch fashion; by it not being more than one-half mile to the camp, I rested and carried the bear to camp. I told my oldest brother to take the liver out of the bear and me and my other brother would go after the larger bear; he said I will fix some dinner if you boys will go and get the other bear. Columbus and myself went for the other bear; we tied its legs together and ran a pole through its legs; one carried one end of the pole and the other the other end; we could only go about one hundred yards at a time, but we finally got to camp

with the bear. Brother had dinner ready for us and had fired some bear liver; I enjoyed my dinner. After dinner we skinned the bear; I skinned the smaller one, and the boys skinned the other one and put them on a big rock in the yard of the camp and left them there until next morning.

We had a good time that night talking about our bear fight; had a good fire and fared well. Next morning we took what meat we could carry and started home; one of my brothers was leading Laurence and the other one Loag; I was leading Wade and Old Trail. All at once they got loose—we being so heavily loaded with bear meat we could not hold them—and started out after another bear with their chains to them; I threwed down my load of meat and took after them to catch them, and by them having their chains on and the chains tangling in the brush I soon caught them. I went back to the boys where they were with our bear meat and we took our dogs and loads and went on. We were more careful in holding our dogs after this. We were only nine miles from home, but it took us nearly all day to get there. The next day I sent back for the rest of the meat.

## Story Number Nine

Coon hunt, planned by Samuel J. Hunnicutt and his cousin, Andrew Hunnicutt. Andrew said he wanted to take his dog and my dog, Old Muse, along. Andrew really thought his dog would beat Old Muse hunting coons so I agreed we would go and just take the two dogs. We prepared a good lot of grub and the small camping outfit, one gun, an axe; we called Old Muse and started out early one morning. We had about seven miles to go to the place where we intended to camp; we got within about 2 miles of the camp some time in the afternoon; at the mouth of Little Cove, Old Muse, hunting up the branch, started a coon. Andrew said I wonder what Old Muse is trailing, I told him it was a coon and he asked why is my dog not trailing; I told him his dog could not smell that track as the coon had been there the night before and the track is cold; this seemed to make him mad; he said give me your load and I will carry it to the camp. I told him that would be all right, for I was going to follow Old Muse; so I started along after Old Muse. He took the rations and went to the camp. His dog left Old Muse and went with him, going up the creek, and I following Old Muse up the branch; we were going very near the same direction. Old Muse trailed out to the head of Little Cove, crossed the Deer Bed Ridge and on to the Deer Bed Branch, then down the branch to the main Deep Creek; this brought her in above the camp; the coon going down the creek Old Muse trailed it right by the camp, and the track being cold I was keeping very near up.

I found Andrew and his dog at the camp. Andrew said what is Old Muse after now; I said it is the same coon she struck on Little Cove; he said she is trailing

faster now; why is she? I told him it was on damper ground near the creek. So I hurried on down after Old Muse as she went down the creek; the creek made a bend; I went on down the creek about one quarter of a mile below camp, but the dog had made about one-half mile, I going the trail and Old Muse going the way of the water. She came to the mouth of a large poplar tree; this being a good tree for lumber I decided to let it stand until morning. I went back to the camp, told Andrew the coons were treed up a large poplar tree; I also told him the tree was good for lumber, so we would leave the tree until morning and then we would go back down there and strike the sign of the coon again in the morning and probably we would tree them up another tree we could cut.

Andrew being a good cook, he began supper and we soon got us something to eat, then prepared us a lot of wood for the night. Andrew was wondering why his dog had not trailed the coon. I told him the coon had been gone too long but I thought perhaps he would trail in the morning if we will get an early start, so we prepared and went to bed. Next morning we got up and fixed something to eat very early and were ready to start on our coon hunt by the time it was light enough to travel. My advice was not to go by the tree where Old Muse had treed the night before, so I made a bee-line to the Little Cove, thinking the coons had gone back there by this time. Old Muse had gone on ahead and by the time we got in hearing of Little Cove I heard Old Muse "ball out" very shrilly. I told Andrew she had got a warm coon's track right now. I encouraged her and Andrew's dog went and put in trailing with her; they trailed across the Little Cove and across in the Poplar Cove, then down the Poplar Cove Branch to the main Deep Creek and down Deep Creek to the Wess Cathey Cove Branch and up Wess

Cathey Cove Branch to the forks and to the right hand prong of Wess Cathey Cove Branch to the head. Here they made a bother; just at the head of the branch Andrew's dog treed up a large chestnut tree and Old Muse did not tree at all, instead she went trailing back down the branch the way she had come up. Andrew wanted to cut this tree and I told him to use his own pleasure; but I did not believe the coon was up there. His dog was doing his best barking up the tree and Andrew went up and began chopping on the tree; when he did Old Muse went back and scented up the tree as far as she could reach, then started back down the branch, but I called her up above the tree and held her by the neck. The tree being hollow Andrew soon felled it, and when the tree fell I turned the dogs loose and into the lap of the tree they went, but there was no coon to be found there. Old Muse did not spend much time in the lap of that tree, but turned back down the branch the way we had come up; she went to trailing again and trailed down about two hundred yards and turned to the right. Andrew and his dog were still working around the tree he had felled. Old Muse crossed the Fork Ridge of Wess Cathey Cove and on to the left hand prong of Wess Cathey Cove Branch to the head, and out on the hill above the branch she treed up a chestnut tree; by this time Andrew came over with his dogs and his dogs went to this tree where Old Muse had treed and he surely did some barking. I told Andrew this was the tree I was going to cut; so I began chopping; I chopped awhile and gave him the axe and I held the dogs, and he very soon finished chopping the tree down. I turned the dogs loose and into the lap of the tree they went, and Old Muse caught a coon, Andrew's dog caught a coon, and I saw one coming up the log toward

the stump; this one I shot. We soon got the dogs off of the coons they had; one of the coons being larger than the other two, I put the large one in my hunting coat and Andrew tied the hind legs of the smaller ones together and swung them across his shoulder.

We came back down to the mouth of Wess Cathey Cove Branch to the main Deep Creek; here we struck a trail which led up to the camp. Andrew being a good hand to skin and dress coons, he proposed that he would skin and dress the coons. I started a fire and placed my coffee over the fire to boil while I was making my bread. Andrew dressed one of the coons, I hewed off a piece of birch log, placed the coons' hams on this log and hacked it up very nicely with the hatchet; I then put my salt and pepper on it, placed it in a pan, and put it on the fire to cook. When Andrew got through dressing the coons I told him I had dinner ready and I thought I had some fine meat, but I would let him judge for himself. We had a good dinner. After we had finished dinner we did some work on our lean-to camp, prepared wood for the night, fed our dogs and fixed up their beds. After we had done all this we decided to go and kill some squirrels. We went a short ways from the camp and killed two squirrels and a pheasant; we were not gone very long from the camp and came back and dressed our squirrels and pheasant, put them in a kettle, hung them up for our next morning meal. We then were sittnig and talking. Andrew asked where have you planned for our hunt tomorrow, and I told him I was intending to go to the Peach Tree Camp Branch; so next morning we got up and were ready to start very early coon hunting. We went up the creek to Peach Tree Camp Branch. Old Muse took up the branch. After she got away up the branch I heard her open up her voice but the tracks seemed to be cold; I told Andrew it was a coon she

was after, but it had been there night before last, so I called her on and we turned to the right, crossing the Little Dam Ridge. When we got on top of Little Dam Ridge I heard Old Muse open up in front of us very shrilly; we went on to get Andrew's dog in with her and they went away down Deep Creek. Old Muse turned back up the creek; Andrew's dog went down the creek to Ramp Branch, then took up the branch. Andrew and I stood there listening to the dogs, one going one way and one the other; before we moved Andrew's dog treed at the head of Ramp Branch. He said let's go to him; I told him I was afraid he was telling another lie, as he did the day before, and that I believed that Old Muse was right. He said let's go to my dog, that there might be two coons. I told him all right, we would go to him. I said your dog may have coons treed, but Old Muse is on the right end of a coon track. We went on where he was treed up a large tree and nothing would do Andrew but to cut the tree down. He began chopping on the tree and soon felled it. The dog went into the lap of the tree but was unable to find anything. While we were searching this tree for a coon we heard Old Muse going up the Keg Drive Branch, near a mile and a half away, so we hurried off to the creek and taking up the trail which led to the Keg Drive Branch, there being high falls on the branch, Old Muse was out of our hearing; so we climbed over the falls and I told Andrew we had better go out on the fire scald ridge, so we could listen for her. We turned to our right, going out on top of the ridge, and when we got on top of the ridge we heard Old Muse very freely giving the tree bark; she was barking more than usual. She was on up the branch and we made our way toward her and when we got in sight of her she was about eighty feet in the top of a big chestnut tree; this tree while young had been bent

over and this caused the tree to grow at an angle, allowing the dog to climb the tree; the coon had climbed upon a limb straight above the dog about ten feet; the coon had been living in the end of this tree and she had run it out. I was afraid when Old Muse came down she would fall and hurt herself, so I went in above the tree and called to her; she managed to turn and come down without falling and ran toward me barking, I pulled my gun and shot the coon from the tree at once for fear she would climb back up the tree, but when the gun fired the coon fell out and she ran and got the coon. I went down and took the coon from her; it surely was a large coon. We tied our dogs as it was late in the day and hurried back to our camp.

The rest of the day we stayed around camp, cooked some more coon and prepared our beds for the night. Next morning early we gathered up all of our camping outfit and started toward home. We came down the creek to the mouth of Bear Creek and the dogs had not scented a coon yet. I told Andrew let's hang up our packs and go up Bear Creek a little ways; I believe we could catch a coon. We hung our packs on a laurel stalk and went up Bear Creek. We had not gone up Bear Creek very far until Old Muse struck a coon's track and Andrew's dog went to her and tried to trail, but could not trail the coon. Old Muse trailed up the creek to the falls and there she got bothered very badly. Andrew seemed to be worried thinking we could not catch it. I told him I would stick as long as the old dog did. Old Muse discovered it had gone back down the creek and she trailed back down the creek the same way she had come up; she trailed back to where she first began trailing, and there she was bothered again. She hunted first one side of the creek, then the other; she turned and came back up the creek a hundred or two hundred yards. I was watch-

ing her trail; I saw her wind across a pond of water where a dead tree had fallen and the end had gone in the water, she swimming across this pond of water to the end of this log; the log had "hung" to the roots in the ground and the other end in the water; at the root of the tree there was another tree grown up by the side of it, and the dog trailed up this log to the tree. I saw her scent up the tree; she got out on the ground and figured all around; made a big circle around the tree, then went back to the tree and gave a big bark. I halloed to Andrew and told him the coons were treed; he and his dogs came on out to me and we cut down the tree and it did not reach the pond of water. I turned the dogs loose, Old Muse going below the tree which threwed her away from the coon. Andrew's dog let the coon get under the bank of the creek. Andrew happened to be close to where the coon went under the bank, so he caught Old Muse trying to get his dog out and I would let Old Muse go in and get the coon; he pulled his dog out; Old Muse went in and brought out a coon; I told Andrew to hold his dog and Old Muse would kill the coon. I let her kill the coon and then I took the coon and hurried on back down Bear Creek to Deep Creek. We took our packs and built a fire, cooked lunch, then divided our packs equally and our meat, then went in home.

## Story Number Ten

This hunt was made by two brothers and myself. We had planned to make a bear hunt with the Morris and Cathey boys. We were to start on Thursday. I went to where my brothers lived Thursday morning and we prepared to go on the hunt. The Morris boys and Cathey boys were to be there at 12 o'clock, noon, that day. We prepared to start on the hunt Thursday evening. After we had everything ready Cathey and Morris boys sent us word they could not go until the next week. My brother seemed disappointed. I told him we have the dogs here to hunt with and I will stay all night with you and in the morning we will coon hunt until we get to Bear Creek. They agreed this suited them alright. We will make a drive on Bear Creek Saturday, I said; yes if we do not find any before we get to Bear Creek; so I stayed with them that night, and next morning we tied our dogs, Old Drum, Blue Jack, Old Trail and Wade. Wade was just one year old. We got our packs and dogs and started up Deep Creek, going the road that led up Deep Creek until we came to the mouth of Bridge Creek; there I suggested that we turn our dogs loose and try for a coon and for us to leave the road and go the opposite side of the creek. They agreed; so we turned our dogs loose on the bank of the creek; they went on in front of us until they came to the Coon Branch. Here the dogs turned up Coon Branch, trailing after coon; they trailed up the branch to the head, then turned across the ridge to the head of Wild Hog Branch, down the Wild Hog Branch near the mouth, then out on a bluff, turning down the main Deep Creek, and there they treed up an old chestnut tree.

My brothers had taken the packs and had gone up

the creek from where the dogs started the coon, and I had followed the dogs. I was near enough to the dogs to see them tree; my brothers had come up the creek and we were all near where the dogs treed. We went out to the tree, began chopping it down. While we were chopping the tree, it began to rain; the tree fell and we got two coons. My brothers suggested that we go back home as it is raining and may rain two or three days. I suggested we take the slabs that have bursted and set up against the hempine tree and build us a shelter and stay here until morning and then in the morning if it is still raining we will go home. In the morning if it is not raining we will drive through the Watson Cove for bear; but my suggestion didn't seem to appeal to them, I kept arguing that I did not think it would rain and that tomorrow would be a good day for a bear drive; finally they agreed to stay. We set the slabs up against the tree to build a shed. While myself and brother worked on the camp, the other brother skinned the coon and we had coon for supper. After supper we skinned the other coon and by the time we had it skinned it had cleared off, so I told the boys in the morning we would have a coon race or a bear race one; it looks like it is going to be a fine day. My oldest brother said if tomorrow is a day fit let's drive through to Bear Creek and unless we find a bear before we get there let's go through the Watson Cove by the way of Pole Road and across the Burnt Spruce Ridge to Bear Creek. The night air was cold, so we built a good fire and fared very well during the night.

The next morning we had some bread already baked and had nothing to do except fry coon and make coffee for our breakfast. We divided our packs in three parts, turned our dogs loose and started; we had not gone three hundred yards from the camp when I saw Old Drum go down into a bench or a plateau and be-

gan trailing there; Old Trail went to him and he began to trail also. I said I believe there has been a bear; I lay my pack down and went to them. I said this has been a bear they are trailing, for there is plenty of bear signs. I said they have been here before the rain. Let's catch the dogs and take them up the ridge and we will strike where they have been this morning. By this time all the dogs had began trailing the old sign. I called the dogs low; they did not seem to want to come to me. I went up the ridge and called them to go, as though I had seen a bear run. I was going as fast as I could up the ridge and the dogs thought I had seen the bear. They soon passed me and went a little ways up the ridge and struck a new track where the bear had been the night before. They went around under a rock cliff about one hundred and fifty yards and then from there went toward Watson Cove, fighting the bear. I threw my pack off and went toward a stand I thought they would come through and did not pay any attention to where the dogs went. I climbed out on top of the Fork Ridge of Watson Cove, then I stopped to listen for the dogs, but I couldn't hear them. I knew if they had not crossed the ridge to Bridge Creek I could hear them. I turned in to the Bridge Creek Ridge and when I got on top of the ridge I listened and heard the dogs giving the tree bark on the head of Bear Branch. I hurried on toward them, but had not gone far until I heard my brother fire his gun, and then they both began to fire. When I got to them one had emptied his gun and the other had a shell fastened in the chamber of his. By the time we went up to them the bear had come down out of the tree and the dogs were fighting it, but when I got in shooting distance the bear had gone up another tree, and I fired on it as it went up the tree, and my brother called me and said you have given him trouble. It started to fall

out; I fired again and brought it to a limb; I fired the third time and it fell to the ground. The dogs took hold of it and they all went rolling down the mountains, the dogs holding to it; they never stopped until they rolled in the branch. By that time I was looking over the bank at them, ready to shoot if it needed any more shooting; I saw the bear was killed. Soon the other boys came down to where we were and we took our dog collars and chains and put them on the dogs and tied them to a bush. I then began talking to the boys, asking them why they did not kill the bear while it was in the first tree; my oldest brother said he believed he was shooting too far to hit it; my other brother said he believed he was hitting it; he said if he hit the bear it was in the right side, and I told him we could tell when we looked at it.

I hit it in the back and left side; so we got down and dragged the bear upon the bank of the branch and found my first shot in its left side behind the fore leg. The next two shots I fired were in its back; my brother found where he had struck it three times in the right hind leg. We then rolled the bear down the road. My plan was for me and my oldest brother to roll it down the road and the other brother to go and get the mules and wagon. So we got it to the road, and it not being far from home, my brother soon returned with the wagon. We put the bear in the wagon and also put our dogs in the wagon; we all got in and soon had our bear home. We were all pleased with our hunt.

## Story Number Eleven

A hunt made by Marion Epply and his wife, of New York City, myself and two brothers. This hunt was made on the first of November. We camped in the upper part of the old Elliott field, on Deep Creek. We were well equipped for camping. You can take a wagon to our camp. My brother took his team and hauled us to the camp. The first day the boys worked around camp, pitching tents and getting wood, and making things comfortable. My dogs were Old Drum, Wade, Old Trail, Lead and Blue Jack. First day I went out and killed some squirrels and pheasants, and the next day we drove through Nettle Creek and across on the Long Drive Ridge. My oldest brother stood at the mouth of Rock Creek, Marion Epply and wife stood at the mouth of Epply Branch; me and my other brother drove for bear. We turned our dogs loose after a bear on Long Drive Ridge; the bear crossed the right hand prong of the creek and across the Fork Ridge on the left hand prong of the creek and went across Smoky Mountain. This took them the wrong way, for the standers did not hear the dogs, but I heard them until they crossed Smoky Mountain. I went up the Fork Ridge and fired my gun twice for the standers to come in. I went in the camp and began to cook and by the time the standers had got in I had a good meal cooked and ready to eat. Epply came in and asked what is wrong that we did not get a bear fight today. I said the dogs are now fighting the bear on the other side of the Smoky Mountain; we turned them loose after the bear on Long Drive Ridge and it went entirely wrong for you standers. It went across the Fork Ridge of Deep Creek and to the left hand prong. I heard the dogs catch up with the bear on the Deer Bed Branch

and go out by the head of Big Branch. I heard the dogs crossing the Smoky Mountain at the right hand side of Clingman's Dome; I was on top of Fork Ridge when the dogs went over. I decided there was no use of following them, so I gave you all the signal to come in, as it was no use to stay in the stands any longer. Epply asked me if it's any use to go to see if we could hear the dogs, I said it is no use to go for we could not get in hearing of the dogs by dark, he asked how long will they stay after the bear, and I told him Old Drum and Lead would come back during the night, Old Trail, Wade and Blue Jack will stay after it tomorrow.

That evening we got up wood for our fires and stayed around camp. About dark Old Drum and Lead came in. Old Drum had been bitten pretty badly by the bear. Next morning we got up and called our dogs; Old Trail and the other two had not come in yet. After breakfast Epply and my oldest brother went to hunt them, thinking probably during the night they had crossed back on the other side of Smoky and they would go up Fork Ridge and thought probably they would hear them treed somewhere, so they started; and being a warm day I decided I would go fishing for trout. My other brother went squirrel hunting. Epply stayed at camp that day. I fished up Pole Road Creek and caught a nice lot mountain trout. When I got back to camp they had all got in and my brother had killed a lot of squirrels. Epply and my older brother had come in from hunting the dogs. I asked them if they heard the dogs; they said no, none but Wade; he had come in. I asked where 's he? My brother said he is lying in the sun and is very tired. I went out to see him and to see if he was hurt in the bear fight, but he was just tired from running so long. The remainder of the afternoon we spent in cleaning squirrels, fish, and cooking supper. A little

while after dark Old Trail and Blue Jack came in together. Old Trail always came in barking. They both seemed to be hungry and I fed them. The next morning we decided not to make a drive for bear that day, as the dogs were sore and stiff. Epply proposed we go out and shoot small game that day; so we took our guns and went hunting pheasants and squirrels; part of the hunters stayed in camp. Epply and I went together to shoot squirrels and pheasants and we were gone about all day. We got a nice bunch of small game and we dressed and cooked some that night.

Next day it rained all day; we stayed in camp; just got enough to get wood and to feed and water our dogs. The next day I decided to go out and look for bear sign, before I drove for bear, and find a bear that would go by the standers. I was not gone very long till I found sign that satisfied me; the bear was feeding on the right hand prong of Fork Ridge. I came back to camp late in the afternoon, but I decided to go up on Martin Gap Branch and take my dogs and give them exercise—probably catch a coon. The Epplys and my brothers were out taking some pictures of the mountains. I told them to go along and take their pictures; that I was going to take my dogs out for exercise and probably have a race of some kind. My brother said I would not go if I were you, for you will scare the bear away, but I said I am going to Martin Gap Branch; I will not disturb them from there; so I went on leading my dogs and when I got upon the branch I turned them loose; I had just loosed them when Wade, Old Trail and Lead started a wildcat. When they started the wildcat Old Drum and Blue Jack came across a coon's track; so part of the dogs were running a wildcat and the others after coon.

I like a wildcat race, but like a coon race better; so I went after the dogs that were trailing the coon.

The coon had not gone very far from where the dogs first found the track, just across Martin Gap Ridge to Pull Back Branch, down the branch, and turned out on a little low ridge and treed. I could hear the other dogs running the wildcat; they were down on the McCracken Bluff. I went on to the top of the ridge to the top of Pull Back Branch where I could see the camp, called to my brother to bring me the axe and help me catch a coon, and we cut the tree down. The dogs caught one coon and another one got under a large rock, but we decided we could get it. He asked me where the other dogs were. I told him the last I heard of them they were running a wildcat down on the McCracken Bluff; so we went in the camp with our coon and then I went down the creek and called my other dogs from the wildcat. After I came back I tied up my dogs; I then skinned the coon and cooked it for supper. They were all in the camp by this time and we ate our supper; we were all hungry, as I had been hunting all day, the others were out taking pictures, and nothing had been cooked since breakfast.

Next morning we got up early and started for a bear hunt. My brother and Epply and wife went up Fork Ridge of Deep Creek and out through the Deep Gap by the Polk Patch, on the right hand prong of the creek. My oldest brother went to the pole stand that day, on the top of Shot Beech Ridge, and placed himself in this stand. Epply and his wife stopped at the Epply Branch. I turned the dogs loose after a bear on the right hand side of Fork Ridge near the Harold Shacks and the dogs crossed Fork Ridge again and back on the left hand prong of the creek. I was following the dogs and heard them tree at the head of Big Branch, about two miles from me. Some other hunters who were in that part of the country hunting killed the bear and was gone with it by the time I got

to the tree. I went on trying to overtake them, but saw I could not and get back to camp before night. The dogs all came to me and I put the collars and chains on them and led them back to camp. When I got to camp all the standers were in. Epply asked what is the matter? Before I had time to explain to him, Mrs. Epply spoke up and said he shot a bear today. I asked did you kill it, Marion? He said not on the spot; I believe I hit it. I said were you at the stand when you shot it. He said yes, it was coming right down toward me; it turned its left side to me and I fired. I hit it, but too far back on the hips. I asked him which way it went from there; he said it went up the hill behind some timber and there was no chance to get another shot at it. He asked where is the dogs? I told him they crossed the same way they did the other drive; and the bear he shot was slipping out. Sometimes bear slip out that the dogs are not after. Somebody killed a bear from the dogs today; I heard them treed and was going to them, when I heard some one begin shooting, but I went on, thinking I could get to them before they got away, but they had left the tree before I got there, and I decided if I tried to catch up with them it would be dark before I got back to camp, and I brought the dogs back with me; they did not try to follow the hunters who killed the bear. Epply said may be we will kill a bear yet. I asked him if he could tell where he hit the bear he shot; he said when your brother came down to me we hunted for the bullet hole where the bear stood and we could see where the bullet hit the bank, your brother bent down on his hands and feet about where the bear stood when I shot it; I put my handkerchief over the bullet hole that was in the bank and stood with my gun where I stood when I shot the bear and presented it on him as he bent on his hands; his waist hid the

handkerchief from me as I looked through the sights, and it looks as if I shot the bear through about the center of the body; there is plenty of blood the way the bear went. I said you might have killed it and it might not have gone far; how far did you follow it? Just a little ways up the hill, the dogs will trail it up in the morning if you have killed it; it is cold tonight and the meat won't spoil. The next morning I took Old Trail, Drum and Blue Jack; we all went to the stand where the bear was shot. Mrs. Epply stayed at camp; I left Lead and Wade with her, taking the best trailing dog with me; we got to the stand about nine o'clock in the morning; he showed me where the bear went; we turned the dogs loose; they went trailing toward the pole stand ridge and turned to the right out on the Shot Beech Ridge, crossing Shot Beech Ridge to Rock Stand. I was keeping very near up with the dogs and was ahead of everybody else. The dogs started off Cherry Creek, ranging up across the creek, then went up the Board Camp Branch, then crossed on to Three Forks on to the Lufty River side of the mountain; then they were out of my hearing. I was going on as fast as I could go and when I got to Big Cherry Gap I heard Old Trail and Blue Jack coming across on the Cherry Creek side; in a little while I heard old Drum coming behind them; Old Trail and Jack came in on the left hand prong of Cherry Creek, fighting the bear; I do not think I ever heard two doing better fighting; I thought it must be another bear, but I knew Old Trail was good to keep on the same track; Old Drum had not caught up with him yet; he was a plot dog and could not stand it like the hounds, I saw he was getting very tired and was doing all he could to keep up with the other dogs and opening his voice every time he hit the ground. By this time Trail and Jack were in Cherry Creek roughs,

and I knew a bear from there most always went to Rock Creek. I made my way on, trying to cut the bear and dogs off, not knowing where the other men were that were in the hunt, as I had not seen one of them since we turned the dogs loose. When I got on the top of Rattlesnake Knob I went on to the top of Shot Beech Ridge and the dogs had got out of my hearing. I did not think they had time to go up Rock Creek, and I listened a while, but could not hear the dogs or the other hunters, so I fired my gun and one of my brothers answered me, firing from Fork Ridge. I then made my way to my brother and came off down by Paris Cabin, and down the trail leading down the creek by the Polk Patch, out in the Deep Gap, I caught up with all of my crowd. I asked them if they had heard the dogs come through that way after the bear, but they said they had not heard them since they left the Pole Stand Ridge that morning; they asked what have they been doing all day? I said what have you fellows been doing? I have had the best bear fight I ever heard. By this time I heard the dogs down the creek toward the camp; by the time I reached a high knob on Fork Ridge I could hear them very plainly; I listened a minute and they ceased barking; I went toward them and when I got down off the mountain I could see where the bear and dogs had been all along the trail, and in the water where they had splashed water on the rock I noticed blood and I knew it was a bear that Epply had shot and was mad at myself for letting the dogs get out of my hearing; when they came in on Cherry Creek, I hurried on down to the creek toward the camp. I wanted to go to the camp on higher ground and see if I could hear the dogs any more. Mrs. Epply was at camp; she said the dogs have fought a bear all around here; she had turned old Loag and Wade loose with the rest of the

dogs. I did not wait very long. I got some bread and meat in my hand and ate on the way; I asked her which way from there; she pointed toward the Will Elliot Cove. I went up the Elliot Branch as fast as I could go. I met old Drum coming down the branch toward me; he had been wounded by the bear. By this time Wade came down to where I was looking at Drum's wounds. I waited awhile and Blue Jack came down; he and Wade were not wounded badly; but seemed to be satisfied. I waited awhile thinking Trail and Lead would come down and I heard a gun fire at the camp. I supposed the other fellows had come in and were firing for me. I went back to camp and the other hunters had already got there. Trail and Lead had got to camp. Trail had his leg broken and Lead was bitten and soon died. Epply and the boys took the sign of the bear but never caught up with it until it was too dark to travel. I had decided the bear had fought until it died from the wound it got. Too dark to follow the sign, we came back to camp. After that Epply and myself found a bear. We had gone within two hundred yards of the bear that night.

This ended our hunt for this time and we went home. Mr. and Mrs. Epply returned to their home in New York City, all well pleased with the hunt; but I thought I managed very poorly, getting one dog killed and another one knocked out for the season; but I can say this was done by the largest bear I ever fought in my two or three years hunting.

### Story of a Fox Hunt

Fox hunt planned by Bob Leatherwood and myself. One day I was in Bryson City and Bob called me over to the hotel. He said I have two dogs I want to get outrun. I said what kind are they? He said they are crossed by Red Bone and Walker; they are mates. Will you go up and look at them? I said I will go when I go home and stop a few minutes. We went by his home and looked at his dogs and I told him they are fine dogs; where did you get them. He said I got them in Kentucky and they are guaranteed to catch any grey fox in three hours. I said, Bob, your dogs cannot outrun mine. There is a fox using on Sharp Top I have run eight hours several times and he is a grey fox. He said I will go home with you and we will catch the fox in three hours from the time we start. Get your dogs and we will go now. He got ready and we started. As we were going along we met Fred Ledford and asked him to go with us. He said alright; I have no dogs but I will go and hear your dogs run. My dogs were old Boney and Vick. Vick was at my brother's house; so we ate our supper and went by for him. My brother said Vick is not in shape to run, for she has been tied up until her feet are tender, but we took her and went up by the Logan Cove, out by the Hornets Gap. Old Vick being a wide open hunter, we heard her trailing on the Fork Ridge of Hammer Branch. We stopped and had just got still when we heard the other three dogs begin trailing with her. They trailed up Fork Ridge of Hammer Branch and Bob said they must be on the wrong end of the track by them going up the ridge; a fox always comes down in the fore part of the night. I said no, Bob, they are right, the fox lay there; they lay on that ridge and go to the head of Lands Creek to eat, he said; part of the time they do. Let's go on or they soon will be out

of our hearing. I said, Bob, let's go down on Shaw Ridge and if that is the runner we will hear them come around Sharp Top soon. By this time they were across the ridge on Lands Creek, so we went down Shaw Ridge to a little knob and built up a little fire and then got out and listened and went back to warm again; we continued doing this for about an hour. I heard old Vick coming around the Sharp Top and by that time heard old Boney come around the knob. Fred said that sounds like Bob's dogs; but Bob said no, that is Sam's dogs; my dogs must be after another fox. Directly I heard Bob's dogs coming around Sharp Top, and I said, Bob, your dogs are coming the same way mine did. Vick was getting close to us, she was a half mile ahead of Old Boney, and Old Boney was a mile ahead of Bob's dogs, and you could not tell which one of Bob's dogs was ahead of the other; they ran toward the knobs on Hammer Branch and stayed running there for about an hour, and there all the dogs got together.

I thought the dogs were going to catch the fox, and I did not think so for about an hour; then the fox led out around George Jenkins field and up the Spring House Cove, from there to Shaw Ridge. I could tell Vick was in the lead by the time they got to Shaw Ridge and the other three were close together; they ran up Shaw Ridge over the Potato Hill Knob and on to Landis Creek. I said, Bob, it will come around Sharp Top; we put more wood on our fire and waited there to see what dog was leading; when they came around Sharp Top we waited about an hour and I heard Vick coming in the lead as before. I said listen to Vick, Bob. I had not more than spoken until I heard Old Boney with her; Vick was just a little ahead that round; they came down Bear Guard Branch very near together and by this time Bob's dogs were coming

around Sharp Top doing some fine running, and Bob said my dogs were guaranteed not to be outrun. I said well, Bob, you see how it is going. Bob said I did not believe Vick and Old Boney could be outrun when I bought mine. The dogs were now running in the knobs of Hammer Branch; while the fox was giving the dogs the dodge they all got together; by daylight we went down to the dogs and Old Boney was looking at the fox, and Vick was running about a hundred yards behind her; Bob's dogs about three hundred yards behind Vick. Bob asked why is Old Boney ahead of Vick. I said her feet must be getting sore, for Old Boney never led her before then. I looked and saw the fox coming down a trail in the broom sedge and Old Boney reaching for it. In a little while Old Boney caught the fox. We beat the other dogs to the fox where old Boney caught it and they all came to us.

We went to breakfast and Bob said he was surprised that guaranteed dogs did not run any faster than his did; but we all enjoyed the hunt and expect to go again soon.



Waynesville Hunting Club on Top Smoky Mountains

## Story Number Twelve

Coon hunt made by two brothers and myself. We spent the night with our mother, just before we started. Taking old Drive, Lead and Lyle, we left about three in the morning and went up the creek out of our way to cross the creek on a higher foot-log, as we had to cross the creek going to Elliott Cove, and this being out of our way, I suggested we go up the Bumgarner Mountain. We went up the mountain, and it was very foggy. My oldest brother, looking through the fog, saw the Seven Stars and said just seven coons and laughed. My other brother asked what do you mean by seven coons. He said just seven on this trip. My brother said just seven trips without any coons. We went on until we reached John Parris Branch; it was daylight by this time and I saw old Drive go down the bank of the branch and scent on a drift and wag his tail; I said wait a minute, boys, there has been a coon here. Old Drive trailed up the branch; Lyle and Lead opened up with him, we following them. They went up the branch to the fork of Parris Branch, then they turned to the left through a Big Cove, on through the Cove to Pine Knot Gap and down the right hand prong of Will Elliott Branch, down the branch to the forks, then up the right hand prong they turned to the left to a Cove, up the Cove and treed up a small chestnut tree; we kept up with the dogs, and about forty feet up this tree was a bulge about twice the size of the tree itself, and in this bulge there was a hole large enough for a coon to crawl in. I went up to the tree, the other boys thinking the dogs were mistaken, that this tree was too small for coon den. I called the boys to come on up; the coon is in that bulge, for there is a hole in the tree where they crawl-

ed in. The boys came up to the tree and were sure the coon was there. I told my brothers to hold the dogs and I would chop the tree; it being small, I soon chopped it down; the dogs ran to the tree and stopped at the bulge; here they began scratching and growling at the hole in the bulge. I went over to where the dogs were and could see a coon's nose through the hole and called to the boys to come over where I was and hold the dogs while I chopped a hole in the tree. They pulled the dogs back out of the way; I soon chopped into the hollow of the bulge. I said there are three big coons in here; I can see them. My brother said let's turn old Drive loose and let him catch one. I said there are three coons, so let each dog catch a coon and we will have some fight. Old Drive being the oldest dog we turned him loose first and he brought out a coon; then we turned another dog loose and he brought out another coon; we then turned the last dog loose and he brought out the last coon. For several minutes we could hear and see dogs fighting and coons squalling. We killed the coons and I suggested to my brothers for us to go through the Elliott Cove to Nettle Creek and down Nettle Creek to Big Creek to the mouth of Elliott Cove. They agreed that this would be a good way back home. Soon as we got over on Nettle Creek, Old Drive started another coon. We had not been traveling long until Lead and Lyle got in the race. My oldest brother thought it might be the coons we had just caught. I told him that could not be, for the first coons we got after were on Parris Branch, and these coons were going up Nettle Creek, and it is too far away to be the same ones. I went on following the dogs as they went up Nettle Creek; they turned to the left and crossed the Long Drive Ridge to the right hand prong of Deep Creek and treed up a big chestnut tree. I was pretty close to the dogs when they treed

and went up to the tree and waited until my brothers got there. I yelled for them and they answered me at a point on Long Drive Ridge. Having the axe with me I began chopping the tree and when the tree fell two dogs caught one coon and one another, and I shot another coon as it started up a tree.

We got the three coons and Old Drive began to hunt around for more coons, for he always wanted to be certain that we caught them all. He scented the track of another that had been in the tree and opened up freely on the track; the other dogs joined him, and pretty soon the dogs treed in a hollow log. We went to them and caught another coon. We went back to the tree and threw them down in a pile and were talking about having good luck on New Year's day. My brother said that is the Seven Stars I told you about this morning.

We gathered our coons and started toward home. We came down main prong of the creek until we reached home and had left a brother at home who did not like to coon hunt, and when he saw our coons he said you boys have had a fine hunt, but not better than me, for I have killed three pheasants today and mother has them dressed and is cooking them.

## Story Number Thirteen

Trout fishing by myself and two brothers. We planned to go to Bear Creek and camp there and fish up the left hand prong of Deep Creek. We all stayed at my mother's. She got our breakfast at four o'clock in the morning, giving us an early start. We had seven miles to go to camp; we reached camp by seven in the morning; we fixed our camp and it being built of bark had to have some repairs on it; we had it fixed by nine o'clock that morning. My oldest brother was feeling badly and wanted to stay around camp, so I told the other brother let's go and catch enough fish for dinner, and then we will go again this afternoon; so we went out to Bear Creek with only one reel and took time about fishing; we fished up the creek a piece and caught forty-five trout. We went back to camp and fried some for dinner. I told my brother I would take my Goodyear fly rod and go down the creek and fish for rainbow trout. My older brother said he would go with me to the mouth of Bear Creek and fish back to camp; the other one would go and fish down the left hand prong of Deep Creek. We all went fishing when I got to the forks of the creek. I strung up my rod, went out to catch some grasshoppers for bait instead of using a fly hook. I went out in the grass and caught a Prince Albert tobacco can; then went to fishing. I first baited by putting on grasshoppers without taking off their wings and legs. I fished and fished and never got a strike. I then decided I would sink my grasshoppers under the water. I caught one and thought this was the way to bait. I put on another bait and let the bait go under the water, but nothing struck. I began to get out of heart. Thinking I was not going to catch anything that afternoon I took the

hook off and put a fly hook on. I fished a little while and got two or three weak strikes but failed to catch them. By now I was pretty much out of heart. I sat down on a big rock, thinking I would take my rod down; I sat there a while and then decided I would try it again; I took off my fly hook and put on a straight leader hook, took a grasshopper pulled off its wings and legs, then stuck my hook down its head and let it come out about the middle of its body (in the shape of Pflugers Chennile Grub). This left the grasshopper in its natural position and not crooked. I slipped up to a big hole of water and cast my hook in the upper end of it and let it come down just as the water brought it, and I landed a trout fourteen inches long the first bait, and from this on, by baiting this way, I caught a fish in every hole, until I got all the fish I wanted. That evening I went to camp and my oldest brother had got in and had caught several mountain trout. He said you have been lifting the rainbow trout. I told him yes, at last, but at first I could not catch any. Then I explained to him how I changed my bait. We went to the creek to clean our fish and while there our other brother came in with a nice bunch of mountain trout and we cleaned all of our fish and came back to camp and were resting, when along came two stock rangers. I knew them and asked them to stay all night with us and help us eat fish. One of them laid his salt he had with him to salt cattle on a log, and in a few minutes I noticed some honey bees flying around it. I said there are bees around here somewhere, for I see some sucking at that salt. My oldest brother said they may be a mile or two away. I said no; they are not far away from their tree, for it is late and they will not go far away and be out at night. I then went to frying fish for us and the rangers and the other boys, and the other boys did the

other work. We had an enjoyable supper and the rangers were glad they stopped.

The next morning my brother went fishing. I told him I was going to course the bees. I went out to the log where the salt was left and there was a handful of bees on the salt. I was not long getting the course they took and I started following them as near as I could. I noticed the timber closely as I went along looking for the tree, as I thought I was on the right course and the bees were near. I stopped, leaning against a big tree looking up the hill, and saw an ordinary sized chestnut tree; upon this tree was a large bulge and I could see bees going in and coming out at the upper part of the bulge. I knew this was a good bee tree, so I watched the bees awhile, then went back to camp. The boys were gone and I did not have an axe or pail to put the honey in, so I thought about going home to get them, but I knew if I went without them knowing it they would be uneasy about me, so I decided I would wait until they came to camp. They came in pretty soon and had caught all the fish they wanted that day. I told them I had found a bee tree and took them to show them the tree. I then told them I would have gone home after an axe and some pails to put the honey in if I had any way of letting you know I had gone. Spurgin proposed he would go get an axe and some pails if me and the other brother would rob the bees as he was afraid of bees. We agreed that this suited us alright. He said let's go down to the camp and I will go home this afternoon, but I cannot get back until after dark. We had dinner and he went after the axe and pails and did not get back until the next morning. He had a sack full of pails and my brother laughed at him and asked why he brought so many buckets; he said to put honey in; other brother laughed and said seven buckets will hold

all the honey on Bear Creek. I spoke up and said I'd rather have too much of anything than not enough; so we went up and began cutting the tree, felling the tree down the hill, and it slid two or three hundred feet. I got some poles and went down to where the tree had stopped; when the tree stopped the hole where the bees went in was on the bottom and this place was about two feet off the ground and the honey was running out the hole made by the bees to go in and come out; like pouring syrup out of a barrel I placed a ten quart pail under a stream of honey and caught it full. I placed another same sized can under the honey and caught it full before the honey stopped running. The bees were flying all around me, but they did not seem to be mad. My brother who was not afraid of bees got some cotton rags and set them a fire and drove the bees away, and then I cut a hole into the honey. I soon got all our pails full and told my brother I did not have half of the honey out of the log, and you were laughing about brother bringing so many pails. I pulled a piece of bark off the tree and stacked honey on it I told them it would not do to fix it that way for the honey was running off the bark. My brother who was afraid of bees asked me if I had the honey out of the log. I told him not half of it. Then I thought I could cut down a tree and cut troughs in it and empty our pails in it and get the rest of the honey. We went to camp and cut a lynn tree, cut troughs in it and emptied our pails again. By this time it was night; we fried fish and had supper.

On the next morning we began carrying our honey home; it took us two days to carry it home, taking two loads a day each for three of us. We were well pleased with our fishing trip to catch all the fish we wanted and find the bee tree.

## Story Number Fourteen

Bear hunt planned by me and my nephew Cannie Worley. I asked one of my brothers and another man to go along with us. Cannie was just a boy and had never been on a bear hunt; he was anxious to go. By the time we were ready to start it was getting late and as he could only be gone two days we started that night, planning to camp at Deep Gap Camp. Our dogs were Old Laurence, Trail, Vick and Troop. We started across Pull Back Mountain and all the light we had was a carbide light. It went out on us, as carbide lights usually do, and I got some rich pine and made a light for us to see by across Pull Back Mountain. When we got to the Bryson Place I changed my plans; I said to the boys let's camp here and in the morning some take the rations to Deep Gap Camp and the others make a drive. My brother asked where will we drive from here. I told him that he could take Cannie and go to Deer Bed Branch, and me and Bob will drive through the little cove to Deer Bed Branch to you. My brother said I do not know where to stand on Deer Bed Branch, but if you and Cannie will take the rations to camp and stand, me and Bob will drive. I said alright; that is good enough; the moon will shine in the morning and let's get an early start. The next morning we started before daylight. We all went together to the mouth of Bear Creek. I told them to wait there and give me and Cannie a little time to get to our stand. He said alright, we will build a fire to keep from getting cold; there had been a heavy frost that morning; when we leave here to drive we will go up Bear Pen Ridge across the Wess Cathey Cove and through the little cove and if we do not get a bear started we will come across the ridge to you. I said al-

right; give us a half hour and then start on your drive. Cannie and I started up to the creek and when we got to Deep Gap Camp we left our packs and went to our stand. I left Cannie at an old log at a crossing of Deer Bed Branch; I said to him you have never filled a bear stand, but keep looking for a bear. He asked me which way the bear would likely come. I told him they usually come by that big hempine tree, then they come on down and walk this log across the branch. I said if one comes this way after it passes that tree you begin shooting at it. I went on to my stand and he called and asked me how far away I would be from him. I told him four or five hundred yards up the branch; and then I hurried on, as I had lost time showing Cannie how to fill his stand. When I got to my stand I heard Old Trail running on Bear Pen Ridge, and then I heard the other dogs open up with her. I knew it was a bear by the voice of Old Trail. They ran like they were going to the stand where I left Cannie. I studied about going to him. I was afraid he might not kill it as he was just a boy, then I could tell by the voice of the dogs they were just running a trail of the bear and there was no telling which way they would go, for they had not caught up with the bear. I decided to remain in my stand and in a few minutes I heard Cannie firing a gun, and soon he fired again; he kept firing until he fired six times. I knew he was shooting at a bear. About this time the dogs turned toward him again and he halloed, but I just held in my stand, thinking another bear might come my way. Cannie kept halloeing until I went to him. I got there about the time the dogs did; he had given the bear a dead shot and was the best pleased boy I ever saw. He began telling me where he started shooting the bear; he said when I heard the dogs coming I began looking past the tree;

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he showed me, and when the bear put his head inside I fired at it, and then the bear started to roll toward me. I then fired at it as fast I could until it rolled in the branch, and when it began to kick I knew it was dead. I stayed on the log until it quit kicking and then halloed for you; pretty soon the dogs got to the bear. I told him let's go down and take the dogs off the bear, for they are worrying themselves; Old Trail being used to catching bear, I took him loose by talking to them, but Troop and Vick, being young, were hard to get loose from the bear. The drivers soon came and we tied Troop and Vick and held them until they got quiet and then turned the bear over and looked to see where the boy had hit the bear. We found his first shot in its head; he had hit it in various places the other five shots. We then tied the bear's legs with a string and run a pole through them and carried it to camp; not being far to camp, we soon got there. We decided to skin the bear and go home that night as the boy had to get back to his work. I got dinner while the others skinned the bear. We all ate dinner and I then divided the meat into four parts and went home.

### Story Number Fifteen

Hunt planned by two brothers, another man and myself, to go bear hunting. We got ready and planned to go to Watson Cove to camp the first night. Our dogs were old Laurence, Trail, Loag and Wade. We believed the bear had gone to house, but did not know whether they had all gone or not. We figured if we did not strike a bear, we would get some coons. Any way we go to the proposed camp in Watson Cove about twelve o'clock at night. Wood being handy, we soon built a fire that lasted the rest of the night. Our plan was for my two brothers to go to the top of the mountain to Round Top and to leave their packs at the Round Top Camp and one of them stand at the Forks of Bear Creek and the other on the Fork Ridge. Me and Bob were going to drive across the Elliott Ridge to Pole Road and through Pole Road to Burnt Spruce Ridge, and then if we had not struck a bear or coon track to signal the boys off their stand and meet at Round Top Camp. We all started for our drive and stands. Soon after Bob and myself got on the Pole Road side of the ridge we turned the dogs loose, letting them strike anything they might. Soon Old Trail opened up, and Wade opened up too. The track seemed cold and I told Bob that it had been a bear, but it had been gone three or four days. We saw where a bear had gnawed and nosed out of a tree into some chestnuts where a squirrel had stored them, and there found more chestnuts than he could eat; we filled our pockets full of chestnuts. The old dogs kept trailing trying to straighten the bear track out, but I told Bob the bear has been gone too long, so let's move on to the right hand prong of the creek and if there is a bear out of his den he is liable to be there. I called

Old Trail and Wade to come on; out of his den he is liable to be there. I called Old Trail and Wade to come on; they were good to mind, and we went up through the benches of Pole Road and out to the top of the ridge of Pole Road. Just before we reached the top Bob asked where is your other two dogs; I told him I do not know, but awhile ago I thought I heard them trailing. When we got to the top of the ridge we heard them trailing on the right hand prong of the creek. Trail and Wade soon went to trailing with them. I told Bob that it was coons they were trailing, and he asked me how I knew. I said I can tell by the voice of Old Trail, for he has different voice for everything he runs. I said listen, they are going up Burnt Spruce Branch; let's cut around through the head of this prong and come in on the head of Burnt Spruce Branch. We went around the hillside and got to Burnt Spruce Gap in time to see the dogs go through. We watched them turn down on the other side to Bear Creek, and they had not gone far until I saw Old Trail rear up on a big mountain oak tree. He scented up it as far as he could reach, and then smelling the bushes around I saw old Laurence rear up on the tree, and they were all smelling around the tree; they hunted around until satisfied the coons were in that tree and then gave the tree bark. I told Bob we have an axe under the sill of the camp. I will go and get it and we will cut the tree, and before I got back my brothers heard the dogs were treed and came to them; the tree was hollow and leaned down the mountain; it did not take long to cut the tree. When the tree fell two large coons ran out of it. We let the dogs kill them and went up Burnt Spruce Ridge to camp. By the time we got to camp it had begun to sleet, and before we had finished dinner the trees were bowed with ice hanging to them and the ground all around was a solid sheet of ice. My oldest

brother said I am going home; this is too bad for me to be in the mountains. Some of the others said let's go home. I said no; it is too bad for me to go home; I have plenty of rations and there is plenty of good birchwood to cook with; I am going to stay. They kept talking, but I would not agree to go; my older brother said I am going, and Bob said I will go with you; my other brother said if Sam is fool enough to stay, I will stay with him; a man is a fool to go out through this ice, when he has a good camp to stay in and plenty of good things to eat; but they started and had only been gone a few minutes when it began to rain; it rained about fifteen minutes and then the sun began to shine. I said tomorrow will be a fine day for coons. We skinned the two coons we had and put part of it on to cook. We got some good wood and fared well that night. The next morning was a fine morning. We had not planned our hunt the night before and we planned it that morning to go to Noland Creek and hunt for coons. The route we were to take was by Chestnut Flats to Buckeye Log on Clingman's Ridge. My brother said we will take all the dogs; I said yes, we might as well, for there may be bear in there. We fed the dogs and got ready to start; we turned them loose at camp and went round through the Massey Gap to Chestnut Flats. In these flats there are two springs, one runs west and one south.

Old Trail and Laurence struck in a branch from a spring that runs south about the same time Loag and Wade were trailing in a branch from the spring that runs west. Laurence and Trail went down their branch and Wade and Loag went down their branch. I told my brother some of the dogs must be trailing wrong, but he said there might be two gangs of coons and all of them be right. I said you follow Laurence and Trail, and I will follow Loag and Wade. I followed my dogs

to the mouth of the branch and across Noland Creek; they went up Clingman's Ridge and treed up a big hollow birch tree and I heard the other dogs tree on Massey Ridge, the first ridge below Clingman's Ridge; my brother had not crossed Noland Creek yet; I heard him halloo and called to him to come to me and we will catch these and go to the other dogs; he came to me and said I believe I can smoke them out to where we can shoot them. I said; alright, I will cut the hole and try to smoke them out and you get to where you can see; as you have a Remington shotgun it will shoot accurately. I got above the tree where I could see the top of the tree; when he began to put smoke in the tree a coon came out of a hole at the top of the tree; I shot it off; and then another came out and they kept coming out until I killed five coons. My brother said that must be all of them; I went down to him to look at the coons. Trail and Laurence having heard me shooting came to us. We got our coons and started around Round Top Camp, thinking we had enough coons for that day. It was getting late in the evening and brother proposed that I get wood while he skinned the coons; as we can cook better at dark than we can skin coons or get wood, I got some wood. By this time he had three coons skinned; I proposed that we get supper before skinning the other two, so we got supper, skinned the other coons, fed our dogs and went to bed, and rested well that night.

The next morning we prepared to go home. We had the meat of six coons and seven coon hides. We reached home very easily by noon next day, well pleased for staying out longer on the hunt.

### Story Number Sixteen

This hunt was made by myself, Jim Cagal and Tom Clark. These boys had never been on a bear hunt, but they wanted me to go with them to hunt bear. Our dogs were Old Muse and Boney and they were all we took with us.

So we prepared everything needed and started for Deep Gap Camp, which was on the left hand prong of Deep Creek. We reached the camp about four o'clock in the afternoon, and as the boys did not know how to cook, I told them get wood and I would prepare the meal. When we had finished our supper we made good beds for the dogs of dry leaves. The boys were anxious to know where we would bear hunt next day; I told them I would leave one of them at the camp in the morning and take one of them and hunt for the sign of the bear. Then I would stand for the bear and let him do the driving. We started early next morning before daybreak; I was to choose which boy to take with me. I told Tom to stay and get up wood for the next day, and Jim went with me. We took our guns and went out to Keg Drive; when there were bears in the Keg Drive, it was a good place to kill them.

We reached the Keg Drive and found bear sign, but it did not suit me. It was only feeding sign, and the bear had gone across Fork Ridge to lie down. By the time the dogs overtook them they would be in the Rock Laurel, and that would make a hard hunt for us. As we were far from camp we changed our course and went to Shot Beech Branch. If there were bear there, we could make our hunt very easy. Jim agreed, and away we went to the Shot Beech Branch, as it was nearer than the Keg Drive, for the one who stood for the bear. Jim said how will we go from here

to the Shot Beech Branch. We were then on the top of Fork Ridge, near the head of the Keg Drive Branch. I told him we would go to the Fork Ridge, to the head of Epply Branch, and down the branch to the Epply stand, at the mouth of the branch.

Soon we saw where the bear had been tracking through the brush, going around toward the Shot Beech Branch. I said this is far enough; this is the bear I want to hunt, and I will let you drive in the morning. Tom and I will take the stand; you bring my dogs here and turn them loose; where you see other signs are not hunting; halloing to my neighbor, I told him to keep the dogs tied until Old Muse and Boney were on the track. We made our way back to the camp; we spent more time than we intended. We left Tom alone, he was not used to the mountains. I was afraid he would be uneasy or frightened about us staying so long. He had up a nice lot of wood and a good fire; looked as though he meant to spend the winter, from the wood he had up. He cooked a nice meal for us. He asked what kept us so long. I replied that we had been hunting an easy bear to kill. He said do you reckon we will kill one at all. I told him we were going to make an effort, for we had found plenty of sign. We ate our supper and talked about killing bear quite awhile, then fell asleep. We arose early next morning and prepared to go for the hunt. We all went together until we came to the mouth of Woolly Head Branch; and there I told Jim to take the dogs and go up the branch. He went to the forks of the branch and then turned out on the ridge that the Big Fire Scald was on, and he went up the ridge until he came to the signs we saw the day before; that was the best way to take. The dogs, were on the Fire Scald Ridge, and Tom and I went on up to the mouth of Beech Creek, then from there I showed Tom a gap to go into and

stand for the bear, on the Lufty Divide, and told him to go up Bear Pen Branch, as he went to his stand. Tom went on to his stand. I went up Beech Creek, then I turned to the right and went up on Beech Ridge Creek, and placed myself in the stand. That placed me up where I could see where Jim was going to drive for the bear, also see the stand Tom was going to fil. I had not been in the stand long until Jim turned the dogs loose. I heard Old Boney begin to open up his voice on the cold sign. He trailed around quite a bit on the cold signs. I had not yet heard Old Muse open her voice.

I thought the bear might have been there the night before. Old Muse would not run cold signs unless there were no better. It was not long until I heard Old Muse give a shrill bark. I knew that was a good track. About that time Old Boney put in trailing with her. The hounds soon opened up their voices; they were doing some good running, and in about a moment I heard them overtake the bear on the ridge between the Shot Beech Branch and the Bear Pen Branch. I knew by their voices the dogs were having a fight with the bear. The bear tried to go toward Tom's stand, then it turned and came back by Bear Pen Branch, coming toward me.

I thought it was coming by me, but it made another trial to go out by Tom's stand; the dogs were fighting it so hard it tried to go to another ground; it took a slant and went to the left over on the other creek, just above me, on the creek above Main Smoky Gap prong; it tried to stay on the best ground by going back and forth upon the creek. It went up the creek out of my hearing. I wondered why Jim had not killed it. Then I remembered he had never followed the dogs after a bear. I thought I would leave my stand and go to them, when I heard the dogs turn

to the left to Beech Creek Ridge, where I was standing. They came to the top of the ridge about one-half mile above me, ceased a moment, and then began to give the tree bark. I hardly knew what to do; I feared Tom and Jim would get excited and let the bear get away; so I decided to leave my stand and go through the laurel to the creek. I rushed up the creek to reach the dogs. I could tell along where the dogs had been and also saw where Jim had been. Following the trail, I soon reached the dogs on Beech Creek Ridge. When I was about half way up to them, Jim fired on the bear three times and the bear fell out of the tree.

The dogs ceased to bark and ran and grabbed hold the bear. I rushed to them; the bear was nearly dead. I saw Jim try to get the dogs off the bear, but I told him to let them alone, they would not hurt it. He was frightened when he turned and saw me; he did not know that I was near. I went up to the bear, scolding the dogs. Tom answered me; I then fired my gun three times in succession. That was our signal if we killed anything.

Tom came to us and asked who killed the bear. I said Jim was the man that killed the bear; he said good for Jim. He came over to look at the bear, for he never had seen a dead bear; how heavy it is, he said as tried to lift its head. I said I doubt if you can lift it; then we both tried to lift the bear but it was too heavy for three. We all got on one side and rolled it down the mountain and rolled it off to Beech Creek and skinned it and cut it up into pieces and carried it into camp.

It was late in the afternoon when we reached camp, so we cooked and ate supper. The next day some other hunters came out to the mountain and the man who had packed out for them brought the remainder of the bear and the hide to camp for us.

### Story Number Seventeen

This hunt was made by me and Mark Cathey and others. There were nine hunters and we had fourteen dogs. My dogs were Troop, Trail and Lead. I also had three dogs of John Everett, trying them out. Edd's dogs were Back, Troop and Bird; Mark's dogs were Dread, Jolly, Old Wheeler and two dogs belonging to Joe Morris; their names were Rock and Dave; all these dogs were hounds except Mark's dogs, they were plot dogs. All these dogs were untrained except Old Wheeler, but they were all good hounds and were in good health. When we got ready to start on the hunt it took three or four of us to manage the dogs. We took a wagon as far as we could take it up the creek; Edd's boys took the wagon back, and we packed on out to the camp.

We were camping at the old Deep Gap Camp. The first drive was planned to drive through the Deep Notch. We made ready for camping the first night and made our plans for the drive. Mark and my brother were going to place the standers; the rest going to stand on Little Dam Ridge, left me and Joe Morris and Hill Cathey to make the drive. After the standers had been gone one hour we coupled our dogs together, two and two, me leading my hounds in front, Hill and Joe keeping the others behind. We went down trail leading down the left hand prong of Deep Creek until we came to the mouth of Bear Creek; we crossed the left hand side of Bear Creek and went up old stack trail until we got in the notch and heard the dogs go forward as though they saw something just below the Notch, every dog barking loud as he could. I said there is a bear in the laurel; let's turn our dogs loose here. As we turned them loose they went in the laurel

at once; by the time we turned the last dog loose they were all making some noise in the laurel. We went in the laurel to see if we could see the bear or sign of it. We had not gone very far until we saw where it had been lying. The dogs ran through the laurel to Pole Road, thinking they would tree it on Pole Road. I made my way to the top of Burnt Spruce Knob. Before I got to Burnt Spruce Knob the dogs had crossed ahead of me; they went up Bear Creek by the Big Slick Ridge, every dog doing his best. This was such a fine race I could hardly keep going for listening to the dogs run; a red fox could not have gone faster. I was trying to get to Wallow Knob where I could hear the dogs when they went up the left hand prong of Deep Creek. When I got to the knob Edd was there listening; he asked me, Sam, what are the dogs after? I never heard a bear run like that; do you think it is a bear? I said certainly. They started a bear and I went on toward the dogs; I went across Big Branch country and when I reached the top of Little Dam Ridge I caught up with my brother; he asked are you having a fox race this morning? I answered him, saying no, they are running a bear; he said I have heard them running on the left hand prong of the creek as though they were looking at a fox; I said where are they now; they have just gone behind Big Slick Ridge; and about this time I heard them coming toward us. They came out on top of the Big Slick Ridge and turned down the ridge off the point of the ridge, up Round Top Branch; up the branch, and turned to the left across Little Dam Ridge to the ridge we were on. We came very near seeing the bear, for we heard it run and saw the dogs pass.

Edd's dog, Back, and my dog, Troop, were leading the race and all the other dogs were still in, but strung out for a quarter of a mile. After all the dogs

had gone through the gap me and my brother followed them across the Big Branch and across Steel Trap Ridge to the head of Deer Bed Branch, and there they made a circle or two and we got close enough to hear the bear run in the laurel; the dogs could not overtake the bear; they crossed over the Bear Creek side to Bear Pen Ridge. My brother said I will go to the falls of Bear Creek. I told him alright, I was going to follow the dogs. The bear went to Bear Creek laurel. This was a big flat cove covered with heavy laurel, but there was a trail through here and the bear was whipping from one side to the other and the dogs were closing up on it. I went the trail and got to see the bear a time or two. Troop and Back were right up with the bear in the laurel. I had a shotgun, cartridges loaded with heavy shots, but I could not get a shot at the bear without hitting a dog; I kept trying to get a shot at the bear, but the dogs were too close and they would catch it, but the bear would jerk loose and run; it seemed to want to run the dogs instead of fighting them. After while it left Bear Creek Laurel and went up the left hand prong of Deep Creek, there being a small strip of laurel up that side of the creek. The bear went up the creek until it came to the mouth of a branch called Sam's Branch (named for me.) I was near enough up to the dogs to see the bear climb a big hempine tree; a part of the dogs began to give the tree bark. My two dogs, Troop and Trail, and Edd's dogs, Back, Troop and Old Wheeler, were barking up the tree at the bear; the rest of the dogs came out to meet me as they noticed me coming. I was trying to get close to the tree, as I had a shotgun. I raised my gun and fired and struck him just behind the left shoulder; two of the shots reached his heart, and he fell. All the dogs went on the bear growling. I went through the laurel to the bear. It was dead and the

dogs covered it up. I then went to talking and rallying the dogs, as they were young and I wanted them to know they had done the right thing. I wondered how I could get the dogs off the bear without having a fight between them. I patted them on the head, first one and then another, and spoke to them, telling them to turn the bear loose. I talked to them until they all turned the bear loose. My brother heard me fire and by this time had reached me. Edd hearing the shot came also. Me and my brother had rallied the bear to an open place in the laurel by the time they had reached us.

Edd said no wonder the bear had run so fast, for it has the longest legs I ever saw, and I have hunted as many bears as any one in the Smoky Mountains. While we were talking Mark reached us; the first word he said was I never heard such a race as that; who killed it? I said I killed it out of that big hempine tree across the creek. We then planned to get it to camp. I said let's tie it on a pole and take time about carrying it to camp; they all agreed, and we soon reached camp, it not being very far and we had good trail to travel over. Edd said I will fire the signal shot for the standers; he fired and they all answered. Joe and Hill answered on Burnt Spruce Ridge, and they all located the signal shot to be at the camp, and by the time they reached camp we had dinner ready. We ate dinner, then skinned the bear. Talking about the bear race and wondering how it ran so fast, I told them it ran equal to a fox. After we had the bear skinned we fed the dogs and built an addition to our camp; and as it was not night yet, Mark and myself went to the benches of Fork Ridge to see if there was any bear there. There had been plenty of bear there, so we planned a drive for that part of country the next day. By the time we got to camp it was a little after dark;

they had supper ready and we ate supper, made plans for the standers and went to bed.

The next morning the standers and the drivers left camp together and in less than an hour the dogs had started a bear. Some of the standers saw the dogs pass them and we all realized the bear had been gone since the day before. We fired to the standers that the hunt was all over and came to camp, all knowing the bear had crossed Smoky Mountain by night; part of the dogs came back to camp next morning; they had all got back except my two dogs, Troop and Trail, and Edd's dogs, Back and Troop. It was raining that morning and rained nearly all day. Some of the hunters killed a lot of squirrels, and that day some trappers killed the bear from our dogs on the other side of Smoky Mountain. One of the trappers, knowing me and Edd and being a good fellow, brought our four dogs to camp and all the bear meat he could carry. We thanked him and offered him money for his kindness, but he would not accept money, but said he would like to buy the four dogs. We told him he was welcome to hunt with us, but the dogs are not for sale at all, and the trapper left us.

We then began to pack our things to go home. We were all glad to have our dogs back and started home pleased with our hunt. Edd's boy was waiting for us at the Bryson Place with the wagon, and before night we reached home.

### Story Number Eighteen

A hunt made by me, my twelve-year-old son, two brothers, a cousin, Gus Griffith, and another man named Harris. This hunt was planned by me and Gus Griffith. Harris and Griffith had never been on a bear hunt. Our dogs were Old Muse, Jack, Trail, Drum, Dave, Pud and Ruff. Old Muse, Jack and Trail were my dogs; Drum and Dave belong to my brother; Pud and Ruff were my cousin's dogs. The dogs were all young except Old Muse and Dave. These were the only two dogs that had ever run a bear. The dogs were hounds except Pud and he was half bulldog. We planned to go to the Bryson Place, an old camp made by Elliott. This is where the hunters hunting in that section usually camped. We had a hard time getting wood the first night, it being dark, but we got up a good lot of wood and then planned our hunt before going to sleep.

The next morning me and my cousin got up early and prepared breakfast; we all ate and were ready to go. I told my brother where to place Gus and my brothers to stand for the bear; me and Andrew and my boy and Harris would drive for the bear. We gave the standers an hour to get to their stand; they went up the main left hand prong of Deep Creek, up the Open Branch; Gus stood at the Big Open stand, one of my brothers stood at the falls of Open Branch, and the other stood at Bear Wallow Knob. When we started we crossed Deep Creek and went up Pole Road Creek until we reached Notch Branch; we then went up the branch a piece and turned to the left on Bear Stamped Ridge; there the dogs began to pull and try to go; the ground was hard and I could not see any sign of bear track, but could see the leaves had been torn up by

something. I told my cousin that the leaves must have been torn up by a bear for I could tell when Old Muse smelled a bear by her standing on her hind feet; I said just watch Old Muse stand on her hind feet and wind. I told him to hold the rest of my dogs and I would turn her loose. I turned Old Muse loose, who jumped as far as she could and gave a loud bark; I said let's turn the other dogs loose; so we turned them loose and I do not think I ever saw dogs run as fast as they did. Soon as I got my chains fastened around me I went up the ridge ahead of the rest; by this time the dogs had crossed Burnt Spruce Ridge. I had not gone more than half way until the others passed me, going as fast as they could go. They all seemed to be excited; I said go on, boys, and kill it if you can; but they went so fast they soon lost their wind and I passed them before they got to the top of Burnt Spruce Ridge. When I got to the top of the ridge I could hear some fighting on Bear Creek. They were fighting the bear around and around in the laurel. When my cousin reached the top, he was a little ahead of Harris and my son, they all soon got on top of the ridge; Harris and my cousin made toward the dogs; I told my boy to stay with me. By this time the dogs had turned up Bear Creek and I went up Burnt Spruce Ridge, intending to head them off; my boy came with me. We had not gone far until I stopped and listened to the dogs and discovered they were giving the tree bark. I told the boy the dogs had the bear treed and we turned off to the head of the cove and soon reached where they were treed. I was anxious to see what young dogs were giving the tree bark; I saw they were all barking much as they could; Old Muse had her feet up on the tree, and the bulldog was standing up above the tree; Old Dave was standing on a rock behind the tree; Jack and Trail were close to the tree

under the bear, where it had come out on a limb; Drum and Ruff were near them all; the dogs were looking at the bear. I wondered where I should strike the bear to kill it instantly, for I knew when it fell the dogs would all grab it, and I wanted to give it a dead shot. I decided a shot at this distance would break its neck, so I sighted the center of its neck and fired. The bear fell and the dogs jumped on it by the time it hit the ground. It began to roll when it hit the ground and all the dogs were holding to it except the part bulldog. When I got down to the creek where the bear had rolled I "hissed" the bulldog and he took hold of it. By this time my cousin and Harris reached us; I called their attention to Old Muse; I said Andrew, look at Old Muse; she is trying to bury her head in the bear; they said they were looking at her. We soon took the dogs loose from the bear and tied them to the laurels. The young dogs kept trying to get back to the bear. My cousin asked if the standers could hear us fire a signal shot for them. I told him no, that they were behind two mountains from us, though I will shoot; they might hear us; so I fired three successive shots, and then I told the boys we might as well skin the bear; my cousin said me and Harris can carry the bear to camp. I told them that it would be the biggest load they ever carried that far, but I know what we can do, we can carry the bear to the mouth of Bear Creek and then I will go to Deep Gap Camp and fire my gun and get the standers. He got a pole, tied the bear's legs and run the pole through the bear's legs and carried it to the mouth of Bear Creek. I left the boys here and went up the trail to Deep Gap Camp and fired my gun three times in succession; I heard my brother answer me, and they soon came to me. My brother asked where I killed the bear, for they knew I had killed it; I told

them below Bear Creek. Griffith said you have not killed the bear. I said you will find out when you get to the mouth of Bear Creek. We came down the creek until we reached the boys and the bear. When Gus saw the bear he was the best pleased man I ever saw; he asked, did you kill it? Sam, I said, yes; why do you always beat; when we used to hunt fox and turkey you would always kill the most turkeys and get to the fox first when they were caught. I told him it must be an accident, for I never tried to get ahead of anybody, but I never stand and wait for them to go to the dogs, and if any one should beat me it would be alright.

We took our bear and started to camp, some of the fellows leading the dogs and the others carrying the bear. We soon got to camp and some of the fellows skinned the bear while I cooked dinner. After dinner we divided the bear as nearly equal as we could, and all went home, well pleased with the hunt.

### Story Number Nineteen

Short hunt made by James Gibson, Mark Cathey and myself at night. This hunt will show you the difference in dogs; Jim and Mark called at my house about seven-thirty p. m., and asked me to go hunting with them, I asked where they were going and what they were going to hunt for. They told me they thought there were some coons on Hammer Branch; and if we do not start them we may catch an opossum. We thought we would come by and get you and your dogs and have some kind of a race. My dogs were Old Muse, Jack and Trail. Jack and Trail were two young dogs, not a year old, I had raised from Old Muse. Jim had Hunt, Nell and Trail, and Mark had Old Jack. Their dogs were called scenter dogs; I had not fed my dogs and I told them to wait and I would feed them and go with them. After my dogs had eaten we started up Hammer Branch, leaving our dogs all loose to start anything they came across. I asked them if their dogs run rabbits after night; they said not bad, and Old Jack would not run them at all. I said my young dogs did not know anything but run rabbits any time. Old Muse would not run them at all. By the time we got inside of Mose Wiggins' pasture field all the dogs except Old Muse begin to run a rabbit. We waited a little while, getting the dogs away from the rabbits. Old Muse began to give the tree bark at the back of Mose Wiggins' field; she had a possum up a sourwood bush on the bank of Hammer Branch. We waited until the other dogs came, to see what dogs would give the tree bark at the possum; they all barked the tree bark very well after they found out where the possum was. I climbed the sourwood bush and shook the possum out to the dogs.

Jim's boy and my boy wanted a possum; they took it from the dogs. After Old Muse gave up the possum she turned in the branch and began to trail down the branch, the other dogs did not pay any attention to the trail Old Muse was trailing. Jim asked me what she was trailing now; I said, Jim, that is a coon. Mark heard us talking and he said I know, Sam, that is not a coon, for Old Jack trails coons; I said yes, Mark, that is a coon; but it has been gone about twenty-four hours and Old Jack cannot smell a track that old; he then said your other dogs are not trained; I told him they were not old enough to understand a cold track. Jim said my dog ought to trail a cold track and I told him to call him down to the branch and see if he would notice a track. They called all three dogs and put them on the track after Old Muse. Old Muse had got down to the mouth of Lick Cove and turned the right hand prong toward the Hammer Branch. Soon Old Muse crossed at the head of Lick Cove and all the rest of the dogs were running another rabbit. I told them let's go to the top of Shaw Ridge, and when we got there Old Muse was going through the Bumgarner Improvement. We waited on top of Shaw Ridge until we heard her go to the mouth of Lize Cove. Old Muse was still trailing cold sign, and I asked Mark what he thought now; he said it must be some kind of an animal Jack would not trail; I never knew Old Jack not to trail a coon when other dogs would. Mark, you seem to think it is not a coon, but you will hear Old Muse get it when it comes down tonight and goes to feeding, and when she gets it up a tree you can tell the difference. I can tell from Old Muse's voice she is getting a warm track; listen, Mark, Old Muse has the track now when the coon comes out of its den tonight. Mark said that must be a fox; listen how Old Muse is running. I said that is the way she runs a warm track; we can stay

right here and hear her tree in a few minutes. We built a fire and Old Muse was going up Lize Cove Branch. The other dogs came to us. We tried to send them to Old Muse, but could not get a dog to go to her. Old Muse was now crossing Long Branch Ridge; she went down on the Long Branch a little ways, which put her nearly out of our hearing, but I could hear well enough to tell she had treed. I told Mark she had treed, but he said she is still running. I said let's go to her, but Jim had said let's wait and be sure she has treed. We waited a little while and the dogs came back on top of the ridge and barked the tree bark, as she always did when she knew I was on the opposite side of the ridge. Mark and Jim said she is running; she is now near us. I said she is giving the tree bark; she always comes on top of the hill and barks when she thinks I am not in hearing. I halloosed to encourage her and in a few minutes she was back at the tree barking, knowing I am coming, and I am going to her. Jim asked how are you going to get to her. I said up Shaw Ridge, around the head of Lize Cove; we will come out on top of the ridge near her. They said you lead the way. We went up Shaw Ridge out to the head of Lize Cove and out by Long Branch Ridge, near where she was treed. She was just below us, treed up a large chestnut oak tree. When we got to the tree Mark's dog, Old Jack, reared up on the tree and began to give the tree bark. Mark said listen to Old Jack; that is a coon, I said yes, but Old Jack is a poor witness, for that is the first time he has opened his mouth on the coon. I looked at the tree and saw it was a fine tree. I began to build a fire, and Jim asked me what was I building a fire for, this was a valuable tree for tanbark and I was going to stay and shoot the coon out in the morning; Jim said he would not mind staying if he knew a coon was up there. I said,

Jim, to show you how much faith I have in Old Muse, if there is not a coon up there I will give you my Winchester in the morning. Jim said alright, I will stay; I will have either a good gun or a coon. So we built a fire and prepared to stay the rest of the night. All the dogs lay down in the leaves and went to sleep; Old Muse would lie down above the tree a little while, then she would get up and walk around the tree and rear up on it and bark. At daylight the coon was setting out on a limb. Mark was the first man to see it; he said there is a coon in that tree, for I see it. He then asked to let him shoot the coon with my gun. We got it and went home. They went in telling the wonders of Old Muse trailing the coon after it had been gone so long and then staying with it after she treed and the way she kept it up the tree during the night.

The coon was a very large one; we divided it into three parts and it made us all a very good meal.

### Story Number Twenty

This story is about catching wild hogs with Old Muse. Old Muse is the best dog I ever hunted with.

I had some hogs that had gone wild in the mountains. I had a man working for me named John Flowers; so I took him and my dog, Old Muse, one day to catch the hogs. There were two sows and they each had three shoats; the shoats weighed fifty to seventy-five pounds each, and were all as wild as any wild animal. I located them and took Flowers to catch them. We planned to shoot them where we found them and carry them in, for they were as fat as any of my hogs I had in the pen. I decided I would shoot the sows first and catch the shoats later with Old Muse. I told John to stay where he was, for I saw the hogs. I will slip over on the ridge and shoot them when I get a chance; but when I got over on the ridge the hogs heard me and ran like bear; I fired on the one in front and knocked her down, and fired on one behind her three times before I knocked her down. John saw I had killed the hogs and ran over and stuck them. I went where he was bleeding the hogs and asked where I hit them when I shot; he said I have not looked yet. I looked and saw I had struck the first one in the burr of the ear; the second I shot through the ear with one shot, and another shot struck in the burr of the ear, and the third shot must have missed, for I could not locate it. John said you shot them in the right place to kill a hog. I said where is that? He said in the head. I told him that was where I was trying to strike them, so John and myself carried the hogs to a road that runs up Bridge Creek and John went home and got the wagon and came back and hauled them home.

We dressed the pork and I told John that Old Muse would catch the shoats for us. He said I would be afraid it would cause her to break on stock when hunting game. No, I told him that catching shoats one time and not doing it any more would not cause Old Muse to run stock while hunting game. I said we will go in the morning while the shoats are near their beds; they will be sure to be there. So next morning we took Old Muse and went to the hog beds. We carried some strings to tie them when we caught them. When we got to their beds we could tell they had been there the night before. We went on following their trails and sign, leading Old Muse, for Old Muse did not pay any attention to the hogs' tracks. We went out on a large rock and looked below and saw them rooting. There was an offset, a crevice, in this rock and the hogs had made a trail through it. I told John to take the dog and set her on the pigs and tell her to catch them and I would stay in the trail of the rock, for I believe they will come this way and I will catch one of them. John took the dog and set her on the hogs. They came through the trail toward me. I grabbed, but missed. Old Muse caught one near us and I took hold of its hind legs and sent Old Muse after the others; she turned loose and went after them right away; John followed them. The one I had I tied its feet together and tied it to a sapling. John took another from Old Muse at this time and asked me to tie it, while he went on after the others. I tied the shoat and before I had finished they had caught another one. John sent Old Muse on after the fourth one and I tied the third. No doubt you have heard that the further wild hogs run the faster they get. I met John coming back with the fourth pig. Old Muse had gone after another one. The fifth pig had crossed several little ridges, but Old Muse and John caught it.

I reached them and tied the pig, and John told me the other one had gone on. As it had gone too far to put the dog on it, I said we will try, and I told her to go after the other one; she seemed pleased to go, and began opening up as though she was running a fox; this was the first time she had barked at all. She went up Big Rough Ridge and I told John I was afraid she would kill it before we got to her, but John said I do not believe she will, for she has not drawn blood from one she has caught yet. By this time she had gone out of my hearing over the top of Big Rough Ridge. I told John for him to gather up the other shoats and I would follow Old Muse. I went up Big Rough Ridge and when I got to the top I could not hear her. I was afraid she would kill it before I got to her. I turned to Bridge Creek, for I wanted to look in every ravine for signs of the dog and pig. I would call the dog, and I got mad because I turned her loose after the last pig; I even stamped the ground and pulled my hair, telling myself that I would not have had Old Muse kill that hog for every hog in this country, for I knew this would ruin most hounds. I went to the top of Shaw Ridge and called the dog; I then went down the ridge looking for signs. I could not find any. I began to think I would never find them. I did not care for the hog particularly but the thoughts of my dog being ruined hurt me. I started back to where I left John, going down the Long Branch, and stopped to listen. I heard the pig squeal in front of me a little; I jumped upon a log and could see the pig and dog at the head of a little ravine; she did not have hold of the hog, but kept jabbing it with her nose; it would turn around one way and she would head it off. Then I ran down to her, told her to catch the pig; she caught it.

She had kept the pig on a piece of ground not more than a quarter of an acre more than two hours and a

half and had not drawn blood from it. I was pleased, not to catch the pig, but to know the good work my dog, Old Muse had done; so I took the pig back to John and told him I had just found her. He said he had been wondering what had become of me and the dog. I told him I would like to see another dog that would not have killed the pig or quit it during that time.

We were well pleased with the wild hog race, so we took our hogs and went home.

## Story Number Twenty-One

Bear hunt planned by Bob Patterson, Edd Hyatt, myself and others. Our plan was to go to Bridge Creek to camp. Our dogs were Troop, Trail, Drum, Lead, Back and Troop; Back and Troop belong to Edd Hyatt; Troop and Trail were my dogs; Lead and Drum belong to my brother, and some other dogs belonging to other hunters, were not bear dogs. We planned this hunt one evening to go to camp that evening and return the next day; we took rations already cooked and reached camp. We were all riding horseback except the one taking care of the dogs. We tied our horses and got wood for the fires to do the rest of the night. After we got a fire built we ate supper and then made plans for the bear hunt the next day. They left it up to me to manage the hunt. I said alright, if you leave it up to me, I will get Mark Cathey to place the standers and I will take the boys who do not stand and drive for the bear; so we agreed on the hunt and then went to bed. Next morning, not having much to do, we were soon ready to start on the hunt.

The standers were ready by daylight. There were five standers. Mark, Edd and Bob stood on the Bridge Creek Ridge. Mark suggested that my brother and John Queen go to the basin on top of the divide between Noland and Deep Creek and stand close together, not more than one hundred yards apart. Mark, Bob and Edd were going up Bridge Creek Ridge and stand at the slaughter pen, one to stand at the slaughter pen and the others to stand one above and one below, not more than talking distance apart. John Queen and my brother in going to their stand were to go up the Massey Ridge. We drivers were to give the standers three-quarters of an hour to get to their stands. Aft-

er the standers had been gone about a half an hour I heard two shots near each other; in fact they were so close to each other one could hardly distinguish the shots apart. I said, boy, the standers saw a bear; they would not be shooting at anything else, for the shots came from the direction of the stands. They asked if I thought I knew the direction of the shooting, and I said the guns sounded like Waitsell's thirty-two and John Queen's forty-five. They said it was a small caliber and a large caliber gun. While we were talking about the shooting and who was doing the firing I heard my brother hallooing on Massey Ridge. I went out and listened and understood him to say bring the dogs. So we all coupled them together as fast as we could and as soon as we got our leads coupled together we grabbed our guns and went up Massey Ridge. When we got up to my brother and John Queen they said there was a big bear run down the trail in front of me and they both fired at it and it turned to the right down the mountain toward the middle of the fork of the Bridge Creek. I said do you think you hit it; John said yes, we knocked it down, but it got up and was gone before we could fire again; by that time the dogs were rearing to go and we turned them loose on the bear track; every dog was barking his best, and soon I heard them catch up with the bear on the middle fork of the creek. I went on to them and when I got there the dogs all were holding to the bear. The bear was not dead, but I could tell it was wounded. Old Drum had it by the left ear; Old Lead had it by the side of the head on the right side; Troop and Trail had it by the left legs as close together as they could get; Back and Troop had it by the hams, and the other dogs were just lying around it. The bear was some times on top of the dogs and sometimes the dogs would throw it. I saw it could not use its left hind leg. I

then went to slapping my hands and encouraging the dogs. I could not get another dog to take hold, but the same six were still holding on. By this time the other drivers and Queen reached me, and I said nobody shoot and let's see what the dogs will do. We just watched the dogs and bear, and soon the bear fell and never tried to get up again. I said it is dying from the first shots you boys gave it; I saw it was wounded badly when I came up or I would have shot it before now. By this time the dogs were becoming wearied and were turning the bear loose. I said, boys, let's tie the dogs, or we will have a dog fight. I had just finished saying this when old Drum went on one of the "pot-lickers," and then the bear hounds each picked out a dog and we had a fight between the bear dogs and "pot-lickers." I said let's not allow these old dogs to hurt our bear dogs; but some one said let them fight; they are not hurting the bear dogs and we let them fight a little. I saw Old Drum begin to choke one of the "pot-lickers;" I said, boys, let's tie these dogs; they are hurting one another. As soon as we could we chained the six bear dogs and tied them to bushes and then examined the bear to see where the boys had hit it. John Queen had shot it through the thigh and the bullet had ranged into the entrails; my brother's shot had gone through the flesh part of the other thigh and through the flesh of its foreleg up next to the body, and from the two shots it had lived that long and run that far, but was unable to put up much fight; we carried it back to camp before signaling the other hunters. I then fired my gun three times, giving the signal that we had killed the bear.

When they all came to camp we skinned the bear and divided it between us in equal parts, and then planned another hunt for the next week, and went home.

### Story Number Twenty-Two

A bear hunt planned by Edd Hyatt and myself. Edd wanted to go out the first of the week, it being the 20th day of October, and hunt all week. I said, Edd, there are some men coming over from Andrews, N. C., Wednesday to bear hunt with me. Edd asked who are the men, and I told him Dave Swann, Bruce King, Mark Boone and two of the Denton boys. Edd said they are a good crowd and have some good dogs. He said let's go and make a drive Tuesday and wait for them Wednesday; I know some fellows here who want to go out for one day's hunt, and we will go Monday and make a drive Tuesday, then the other men will come from Andrews, N. C., Wednesday, and we will wait for them. I said that suits me alright. We got ready for an early start Monday morning. My dogs were Troop, Trail and Old Lead; Edd's dogs were Back, Troop and Old Bird. They were scenter bear dogs and there is no quiet in them unless they nearly starve. The other fellows took some other dogs; they were no good for bear, but one cannot object to a friend taking his dog. We reached camp latter part of the day, which was Deep Gap Camp on the left hand prong of Deep Creek. We had several fellows along who had never been bear hunting and they kept up lots of noise. Edd took the fellows and prepared camp for the night and I went out to look for bear signs. I went to Little Ridge and Little Cove, on to Poplar Cove, and found plenty of bear signs there. I went back to camp and asked the fellows to keep quiet, as the bear are near us and if we make much noise they will change feeding ground. Edd asked where I found bear signs; I told him on the ridge between Little Cove and Poplar Cove; they are working for grapes in

there. There must be five or six bears using on that ridge.

Edd asked where to place our standers for the drive. I told him that he could go to Bear Wallow Knob, and place the rest of the fellows from the falls to the mouth of the branch. He asked where will be the best place to leave them along the branch? I told him to leave the first man at the old hollow poplar stump; the next man at the big oak; the next man at the forks of the branch; the next one at the falls; and you go on to Wallow Knob. I will take the rest with me in the drive, and this will give me three men to help handle the dogs. Edd said alright, that will be our plans. It was getting late and Edd proposed we go to bed and get some sleep. He said to me we will expect you to wake up in the morning, for you can get up any time you want to. We went to bed, soon went to sleep and before daylight I had every man up ready to eat breakfast. We ate and the standers were ready to go to their stands by the time it was light enough to travel. I gave them one hour to start ahead before I started on the drive. After we had given them a start of an hour we got the dogs and coupled them all together. Down the creek to the Little Cove and up the Little Cove the dogs began to rear and pull against the chains. I was leading Old Trail and Troop and got some of the other boys to hold them until I could see the bear sign that the dogs were smelling. I went up the branch and there had been a gang of bear there from the sign; they had gone the night before, for I had scared them out the day before when I was there; I went back to the boys and told them a gang of bears had crossed above us. We hurried up the hill with our dogs and turned them loose and in a few minutes they were scattered all over the hills, some after bear, some howling, and some coming back on

their own trails. Old Trail had a bear to himself; Old Bird and my dog Troop ran one to the Big Oak Stand and the standers there killed it. A man going through the mountains hunting for some stock he had not got in that season came to where Old Lead had his bear treed and killed it. I followed two of Edd's dogs and Old Trail after another. At that time I did not know what the other dogs were doing or that a bear was killed, but I knew the dogs had separated and I heard the shots fired at the bear. Trail, Back and Troop fought a bear across the Smoky Mountains, and night overtook me on top of Smoky Mountains. Following the dogs, I could hear them fighting the bear on the other side of the mountains. I was getting hungry, and having carried a lunch with me I ate it and decided I would go back to camp. The moon was shining and I got along very well. I came down over Round Top, down Burnt Spruce Ridge, and struck a trail that led to camp, but when I got to camp I found no one there except Edd and the Andrews, N. C., fellows. They had come a day sooner than I expected. I asked where are the other fellows; Edd said they have gone home, where have you been? I told him I had been following old Troop, Trail and Back after a bear; he asked where are they? I told him on the other side of Smoky Mountain fighting the largest bear I ever saw, or rather the largest bear track I ever saw. He asked me where I was when night came; I told him on top of the Smoky Mountain at the head of Round Top. Edd said you have had a hard trip; then he asked if I knew there had been any bear killed that day. I told him I did not know for certain, but I supposed they had killed some, for I heard Old Lead go across Fork Ridge after one and heard Old Bird and my dog Troop go toward the oak stand, and about that time I heard a gun firing about the big oak and heard

another gun fire across the Fork Ridge, the way Old Lead had gone. At this time I was close to the dogs I was following and was expecting an opportunity for a shot at any time and was not paying much attention to anything except the bear I was following.

Mack Thomas killed a bear at the big oak stand with his Remington shotgun from your dogs, Troop and Old Bird. John Parris was passing and found Old Lead treed and killed the bear. The bear Mack killed was a good-sized bear, but the one that Mr. Parrish killed was just a cub and he carried it to camp himself. He came in while we were skinning the bear Mack killed and laid it down, saying there is your bear. We skinned them all and all shared alike and your part is here for you. The other boys took their parts and went home; we have a pot full cooked; are you hungry? Yes, I surely feel like eating. Edd got up and soon had my supper ready. After I had eaten supper Dave Swann asked if I was too tired to look at their dogs; he said I want your idea on them; Forest Denton got the lantern and we looked at the dogs. They had Old Cap and Jolly and four young dogs of the same stock as old Jolly; these they showed me first and asked what I thought of the dogs. I said they are fine and I think they will fight a bear. Then they said we will show you Old Riley, the dog we brought to hold the bear while we killed it, but do not go close to him, as you are a stranger; it might bite you. I said that is a bad sign of a bear dog. We went to him and the scoundrel jumped at me the length of his chain. I said, boys, your dog is no good; he will run from the scent of a bear if he can smell at all, and we went back to camp. Edd said, boys, what does Sam think of your dogs? He likes them alright except old Riley. Edd told them Sam will always tell you what he thinks. Bruce King said he is fooled

about Old Riley, for I saw Old Riley throw a big stock brute the other day. I told them that was the worst sign, for a real bear hound would not look at a stock brute. So that brought on a big talk among us about dogs, and I told them that a cattle dog certainly would not catch a bear. We soon went to sleep, and the next morning it was cloudy and looked like rain. My suggestion was for us to stay around camp that day. Some of the hunters wanted to go out and kept insisting, saying they only had a week to stay; so I finally agreed to go, but I told them we would not do any good.

The standers started to their stands. Some went to Deep Gap, some to the Polk Patch, some to the mouth of Rock Creek and the others went with me to drive. We went across Fork Ridge leading our dogs; I had all of mine and all of Edd's dogs, leading them. Forest Denton and Mark Boone were leading the other dogs. We went down Harking Ridge, and pretty soon Old Cap and Jolly began to rear and pull. They were in front of my dogs and the young dogs discovered the dogs' tracks ahead of them and were all barking and yelling trying to go. Old Riley was barking and yelling, thinking they were after a cow. Pretty soon we got down where the bear had been and had turned upon a log where a mouse had stored some chestnuts, and the bear had climbed up here and eaten the chestnuts. We turned the dogs loose and Old Cap was in front and Old Riley could not see a cow brute and he thought the other dogs were after Old Cap, and he landed on Old Cap. This caused all the dogs to get into a fight except old Lead and Jolly, the old dogs. Riley had wounded the other dogs so badly they took them back to camp. Old Lead and Jolly had gone on after the bear. I told Forest you see what such a dog is good for. Forest and I followed Lead

and Jolly after the dog fight was over and the other boys had gone to camp. This old dog Riley followed us and I told Forest now is the time I would like to kill that dog, but Forest said he is a dog we borrowed to bring along and we had better take him back. We went on trying to get in hearing of Lead and Jolly and going up Cherry Creek we found the sign where they had been fighting a bear. Forest called Old Riley and showed him the track, but he would not pay any attention to it at all. We were not paying attention and he began to howl, but we did not stop; we went on to the top of Bee Tree Ridge, listening for Jolly and Lead. By the time we reached the top of the hill it was raining hard and the wind was blowing so we could not hear anything for the storm. We turned back toward camp. I told him we would go up Bee Tree Ridge and to the Lufty Divide and back down Shot Beech Ridge and pick up the standers and take them in.

When we got in the drivers had got in and had tied up the wounded dogs. I examined my and Edd's hounds; they were not hurt very badly. Then the discussion came up about the dog Riley. Edd was mad over old Riley biting his hound, but I told him these were fine men and let's not insult them over their dogs. Bruce King was a good cook and he was cooking our supper. I helped him with supper and the rest got up wood for the night. Next morning it was still raining and the boys from Andrews, N. C., seemed much disgusted with our hunt so far, but I told them to be patient, for probably tomorrow will be a good day for bear. If not, we have rations for another day; just after a big rain is the best time to drive for bear, I told them. The next drive I am going to Bear Creek. I am going to the Polk Patch hunting turkey today while it is raining. I believe I

will kill a turkey. I asked if any one wanted to go with me. Bruce said he would go. We got our guns and started; when we got into Deep Gap, Bruce said it is raining too much; I will go back to camp. I went on around the trail toward the Polk Patch and just before I reached Polk Patch there was a large hollow tree just at the edge of it and I decided to crawl in it and wait for it to slack raining. After I got in the tree I heard something outside like a limb falling; I looked out and saw turkeys lighting there that flew from the other hill. I jerked my gun to my shoulder and fired at once. It went to bouncing and fluttering and the others rose to fly. I had a gun which held fourteen cartridges in the magazine, so I kept firing at them as they flew. I thought I struck one in the air, so I then hunted up the one I shot first; it had flopped down to the creek and I laid it on the drift of the creek that the water had made and started up a little ravine toward Cold Stand Ridge, where the turkeys had lit. Then I thought I heard something and looked up the hill and here came a turkey flopping down toward me. I knew this was one I had hit in the air. I got it and it was very near dead. I then went back to where I had left one on the drift, got it and went to camp.

The boys were well pleased with the hunt and loaded up their guns and went to where I told them the turkeys had lit, but by the time they got there it was raining again. Edd, being a good cook, had the turkeys cooked when they got back. We then ate our turkey and planned our hunt for the next day, providing it was a day fit. The next morning was a very good day for hunting. Edd and Cub Denton went to Wallow Knob to stand; Edd stayed at Bear Wallow, and Cub went to the gap beyond Bear Wallow; the other standers stayed below the falls of the Big

Branch; Forest and myself, Bruce King and Mark Boone drove for the bear. We gave the standers one hour to place themselves and we then coupled our dogs together and started them down the creek; we kept in the trail until we got to the mouth of Wess Cathey Cove; we then went up the cove to the forks of the branch and turned across Bear Pen Ridge through the Fire Scald on Bear Creek; cross the Bear Creek and up a little hollow. There had been a bear there since it had quit raining I knew. It stopped raining at three o'clock that morning and we turned the dogs loose, but Old Riley was not tied and he was behind after a flying squirrel or a boomer. Some of the boys wanted to wait for him before they turned the dogs loose, but the dogs were anxious to go, and as I suggested, we turned them loose on the track of the bear, and away they went the twelve good dogs after the bear. Old Riley thought they were after a mule or a cow brute and he passed me going toward them like lightning. By the time he caught up with the other dogs they were up with the bear, and there the fight began; they were certainly making some noise. I thought Old Riley was fighting the bear. I went on through the brush as fast as I could; the bear crossed Bear Creek and went up through an open cove, what I call a back cove. The dogs were holding the bear until he was not going very fast. I turned up through Little Beech Cove and heard something coming down through the Cove toward me and I thought it was a bear. I pulled my gun to my shoulder and saw it was Old Riley coming; he was not paying any attention to the beech sprouts and small bushes, was coming straight; the little beeches were whistling through the air as he ran over them. As he passed me I called "hey, Riley." He turned and looked at me, then went on a little piece and turned

back to me. I kept climbing the hill toward the dogs and Old Riley kept close to me. He would look to one side and then the other as though he was trying to see what was in front of me. By this time the bear and the dogs had crossed Bear Pen Ridge and had gone pretty close to where Cub was standing. They went over Bear Pen Ridge to the head of Big Branch and treed. When I got to the top of the ridge Old Cap and Jolly were giving the tree bark. I went on toward the tree as fast as I could and Old Riley kept up with



Bryson City, N. C., Hunting Club at Bryson Cabin

me. When I got in sight of the bear Cub Denton fired at it. He gave it a dead shot the first time, and every dog covered the bear except Old Riley, and he covered more ground than any dog I ever saw. I just had time to look and see him go through the bushes; they were no more in his way than rye straw would be to a common dog, and the last account I had of Old Riley was the sound of brush breaking and the dog leaving the country. Cub and myself were paying more at-

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tention to the dog running than we were to the bear and other dogs. We went down to the bear and encouraged the young dogs; we watched them grab the bear and jerk at it. I then fired the signal shot to see if we could get an answer from the other hunters. Bruce King answered; he was coming in sight. Forest Denton was over on the other side of the branch. I heard Edd Hyatt fire his gun on top of Bear Pen Ridge; this was all that answered. Soon we gathered and skinned the bear and divided the meat into three parts, between Forest, Bruce and myself. Edd carried the bear hide and part of the guns. We coupled the dogs together and kept them along with us for fear they would start another bear, as we did not have time to follow them. We went down Big Branch with our loads and dogs and when we reached camp all the hunters were there. So we all helped fix supper and by having wood already in we did not have much to do. We talked about the bear hunt and had a big laugh about Old Riley, everybody wondering where he could have gone. We spent the night at the camp, and next morning we broke camp and all went home.

### Story Number Twenty-Three

A fishing and turkey-hunting trip in the spring of the year, planned by Mark Cathey and myself. We planned to go to Parris Cabin on the right hand prong of Deep Creek. We started early one morning; had about twelve miles to go. We packed our rations, guns and fishing rods, but they were not very heavy. We went to the Polk Patch and ate dinner. While I built a fire and made coffee Mark caught six nice trout; we fried them for dinner; then I proposed that if he would fish that afternoon I would go and get a lot of dry moss for our beds and get in wood for our fires that night. This suited Mark alright. I carried both packs and both guns and my fishing rod to camp. When I got to camp I rested a while and began to put in the dry moss for our beds. When I got the beds made I got up plenty of wood, but Mark had not come yet. I strung up my fishing rod and went down the creek to meet him. When I met Mark he had ninety nice trout; I had eleven. I had fished only three hundred yards down the creek when I met him coming. I said did it make you mad for me to come and meet you. He said no; but I could have caught a hundred trout before I reached camp; I said I have eleven, and that makes a hundred and one; so let's go back to camp and clean our fish; we went back to camp, cleaned our fish, fried some for supper and did nothing else the rest of the day except rest. The next morning we got up before day and ate our breakfast so we could go out where the gobblers are before they came down off their roost. We went on top of Shot Beech Ridge listening for turkeys; we heard three gobblers gobbling, so we placed ourselves and I began to call them like a turkey hen would call. There was a fel-

low named Gibson between us and the turkeys. I called a turkey out to him and he killed it, we not knowing he was there. We knew our hunt was all over that morning; Gibson had killed one of the turkeys and scared the others away. We fished the remainder of the day and caught a nice lot of trout. We then planned our turkey hunt for the next morning.

We got up next morning before daylight, and I heard an old gobbler gobbling. I told Mark that is an old turkey, for his voice was fine; a young turkey has a coarse voice. Mark said I wish I could get a shot at him. I said well lie down then and put your gun on this log and I will go back to this knob and call him; you can have the shot, for he will come down the trail and at the turn will be a good distance to kill him. Mark got down behind the log and placed his gun across the log to the turn of the trail, as I told him. I walked back about a hundred yards behind him and sat down against the tree. I gave the call of the turkey hen and heard the gobbler answer me. I waited awhile and called again. I heard the gobbler coming closer; waited just a little while, called again and he answered. Near the turn of the tree in a little while I heard Mark fire his gun; he said alright, Sam, I got him. I went to him and Mark had killed a turkey on the spot. It was so large we had to take time about carrying it. We had so many fish that we could not eat them all, so I said we have so many fish and a big gobbler, let's go in now and go out hunting again next week. Mark said alright, that suits me; I would like to go to Sassafras Knob next time we go. There is a gobbler up there that I want you to call up for me. When we got to camp we cleaned our turkey and went home. We were both well pleased with our hunt.

### Story Number Twenty-Four

This hunt was planned by Print Blevins and myself, taking with us my brother and first cousin and a boy named Birchfield. We planned to go to Round Top to camp. Our dogs were Fred, Dave and Pud. This hunt was planned between Christmas and New Year. We were expecting more coons on this hunt than bear. We started one morning and went up by the Bryson Place and up Bear Creek. We let our dogs loose and they got after an otter, and treed in the bank of the creek. We dug in near it and it got out and ran down the creek about two hundred yards and went in an old drift where the high water had piled up a big pile of logs. We worked trying to catch the otter until it began to get late in the evening. I told the boys we would have to go, if we got to Round Top before dark, and we went on to camp. Part of us began to cook and the others get wood. We got all our work done and planned for the hunt next day. My brother said let's go to the mouth of Ball Creek in the morning and hunt up Noland Creek. I said that is not my plan; my plan is to go across Round Top and come in on Noland Creek, right where the spruce and hardwood come together, and hunt back down Noland Creek, and if there is a bear on that side that has not gone to house we will strike it as we go down between the hardwood and spruce. My brother said there is not a bear out now. I said alright; if he has not been gone more than three days. Dave and Fred will trail it up. My brother said any way suits me; your route is better for bear, and just as good as mine for coon. Next morning we started as planned the night previous; we took our dogs and guns and went over Round Top between the hardwood and spruce belt

of timber. We kept our dogs tied for fear they would start a wildcat crossing Round Top; we had not gone far down between the spruce and hardwood timber until we turned our dogs loose, and Old Dave began to trail. My brother said that is a bear, but it has been gone two or three days. I saw Old Fred run down to Dave; he had just got to him when he let out a big squall. I said yes, that is a bear. Then the other dogs went to them. We went down and looked at the sign and we could see where they had just been leaving the feed ground and going into the spruce timber. It had rained since a bear had traveled the trail. I said the dogs are going to trail that bear to its house; the other boys wanted to call the dogs off the bear track; they did not believe we could ever catch it. Print was carrying the axe and I told him to change with Columbus; to let Columbus have the axe and get his gun, and we would follow the dogs; so they changed and Print and myself followed the dogs. We went the bear trail until we came to Deer Cove Branch and up the Deer Cove Branch to the Round Top Divide. We could hear the dogs giving the tree bark. I told Print they were treed, and he said no, they are still trailing. I said no, Print, they are treed in a bear den and they are in the den now and that is the reason it sounds like they are so far away. They are in that big slick on Little Fork Ridge in a hole; there are holes over there fifty yards under the ground, and that is the bear den; sometimes the dogs' voices seem nearer to us; where they are treed causes that. Print said you are right, that is where they are. I said let's go to them. Print asked how will we go. I said we can go out here to the Blazed Balsam and turn down an open cove and go down even with the dogs, and then turn up on Slick Ridge, and we will have to crawl under the laurel there; so we went, and when we got

even with them down in the open cove we stopped and picked us a way to climb to them; we heard the dogs coming toward us, but they turned below us and crossed a little round top slick ridge and down to the main creek. I told Print to go back to the slick ridge, for they are liable to come back that way, and I will follow the dogs. Print said alright, go ahead. I went after the dogs; they turned back up the right hand prong of the creek and then began to climb back upon the slick ridge. I started to Cage Drive Slick. I was standing listening and saw Andrew and the Birchfield boys coming. I waited until they got to me. Andrew asked where are the dogs, and I told him the last time I saw them they were going up the right hand prong of the creek. Andrew asked where are you going? I am going to Cage Drive; come and go with me. We climbed to the cut out tree and up the ridge toward Cage Drive, and when we got away from the roar of the creek we could hear the dogs treed up under the side of the Big Slick. Print ought to get to them soon, and we turned and started down toward them. Andrew and the boy seemed excited; I said, boy, you need not run, the dogs will stay, and Print is over there somewhere. Andrew said yes if he is there he will shoot the bear with that shotgun and it will get away. I said no, it won't, for he has a ringed shell in each barrel. About that time I heard his gun fire. I said he is shooting the bear now. I said that gun cracked like a rifle, and a ringed shell will crack like a rifle. He has got it on the ground and I heard his gun fire; then he hallooed he had killed the bear. We soon got to him. He had killed the bear; he had bursted its head with a ringed shell. To ring a shell just take your knife and cut the shell nearly in two; this will let the whole load go at the same time. He surely did kill the bear with this ringed shell. By the time my brother had got to

us with his axe, I said, boys, the best way out of here is to cut a trail through this laurel across this slick into the open cove that goes to the Blazed Balsam. Some go to cutting out the trail and the rest go to skinning the bear. My brother said he would cut the bear and cut it in two at the small of its body. My cousin took the ham of the bear and started on the trail and I took the front part. Print was carrying the guns and leading the dogs. The Birchfield boy had the bear hide, liver and head. We overtook my other brother about the time he got through the laurel. He had chopped out a very good trail. When we got in the open cove we would go a little piece and rest a while until we got on top of the Divide.

The other boys went on to camp to cook and get supper. Andrew and I took our time. We carried our meat to camp. Next morning we all decided to go home, but we planned another hunt for the next week. We divided our bear meat and went home.

### Story Number Twenty-Five

A fishing and hunting trip planned by Wade Wilson and myself. Wade came down from Asheville, N. C., and I met him at the depot in Bryson City some time between twelve and one o'clock in the day. We got our supplies and went out that afternoon to the Elliott Improvement. We stopped with my mother for supper. We took Wade's bird dog, and my hound, Old Muse. We left mother's about eight o'clock that night and got to the Elliott Improvement about eleven o'clock. We had our fishing rigs, dogs, guns, and provisions to last a week or longer. As it happened when we reached camp there was a man already there and we fixed our blankets and soon went to sleep. The next morning it was raining and rained until about ten o'clock; it rained hard and the water was high when it quit raining. The sun came out and Wade said let's take my bird dog and hunt pheasants today, for we cannot trail coon where they went last night. I said alright. We tied Old Muse up, but she seemed to want to go with us so bad that I said let her go; she won't bother anything. Wade said that is alright with me if she will not bother the bird dog. I said, Wade, you take your gun and I will carry the axe along; so we started and had not gone far until the bird dog jumped a pheasant and Wade shot it off the wing. As we went up mouth of Nettle Creek Wade killed three pheasants. There was a log across main Deep Creek above the mouth of Nettle Creek and Old Muse began trailing right under the end of the log, and I said, Wade, there has been a coon. He asked when has there been a coon there? I said last night. Oh, no, he said, it must be a groundhog, for she could not trail since all this rain. Yes, she can trail a coon

after this rain, and she will tree it; come on and let's follow her. Wade said must I leave my dog? I said just let your dog come on; it won't bother Old Muse. Wade said let me leave my hunting coat; I do not want to carry so many shells after a coon dog. Wade got out six shells to bring with him and he left his coat. I said, Wade, you might get a coon in one of these tall hempines and you would not get him without your shells. He said I thought coons were in their dens in the holes of the trees in daytime; yes, we might cut a tree and a coon go up a tall hempine; anyway I will get all the coons we see today with the six shells I have. By that time Old Muse was going up the right hand prong of the creek toward the Harold Shack Branch. We crossed the creek and went up the trail until we got even with Old Muse; she was going up the right hand prong of Harold Shack Branch. I said wait a minute, Wade, if it does not cross Long Drive Ridge it will tree on the branch, and if it does cross Long Drive Ridge we will go back down and up Nettle Creek. By that time Old Muse began to give the tree bark. Old Muse is treed now, Wade said; how will we cross the creek to her? We will be back down the creek to a drift down there. We went back and crossed the creek on the drift and soon got to where she was treed. She was treed up a large chestnut tree near where I cut a tree with four coons in it before. Wade said here has been a coon tree cut, and I said I am the man that cut it and I got four coons there. Wade said if you can cut that one we can cut this one, so we began to chop on the tree. Wade took Old Muse above where the tree would fall and when the tree started to fall I saw the coon sail away down the hill below where the log stopped. When Wade turned Old Muse loose she ran to the log; she seemed to think the coon was in the log. When she heard me

halloo for her she came toward me, but this gave the coon a minute start and it went into the dog hobble. There was a patch of dog hobble of about five acres. Dog hobble is an evergreen vine, and I began to think she was not going to catch up with the coon at all. She ran the coon in that dog hobble patch in about five minutes, and treed up another tree. This was a long hempine tree on the bank of the creek. The coon went up this tree as far as it could go. I said, Wade, try your gun at it. Wade fired his six cartridges at it but never made it flinch. Now, what do you say, Wade, we will have to cut that tree down. No, he said, I will go back and get more cartridges. I said you need not go unless you have some coarser shots. He said, well, I have two or three shells loaded with BB shots, Wade said; you stay here and I will go; you told me I did not have enough cartridges; I will wait on you. Wade went for the cartridges and while he was gone the coon started down the tree and came down just about half way and turned out on a limb and went just as far out as it could go. I thought it meant to jump in the creek. Wade soon got back, and I said Wade, do not shoot until I get a pole and put out on this rock in the creek. What do you want to do that for? My reason for doing that is when you kill the coon it will fall in the water above this rock and Old Muse will jump in to get it and she will go over the shoals and drown. No, she won't drown, Wade said. Yes, she will hold to the coon until she drowns, so I will get out on the rock and either catch her or the coon. I got my pole and went out on the rock and Wade fired two shots, and the coon struck the water right where I thought it would, and Old Muse sprang from the bank and got the coon by the time it struck the water; they both went under and came up again. At the rock where I was I made a grab

and got Old Muse by the tail. I went back to the bank on the pole and Old Muse held to the coon. I dragged them both to the bank. The coon was not dead, and when it got on the bank it whirled up for a fight and Old Muse soon finished it. Then me and Wade went back down where he left his hunting coat and decided to build a lean-to and camp there the rest of our hunting trip. We had lunch in our pockets; we ate this, and Wade said if you will skin the coon I will go to the old house after our rations. Alright; if I get done before you get back I will get some wood. Wade said I will take my bird dog and I may get a pheasant on the trip; so he took his gun and dog and started. I skinned the coon and got some slabs to make our lean-to by the time he got back. When he returned he had killed another pheasant; we had not picked the other ones yet. I said, Wade, you pick the pheasants and I will build the lean-to. Wade began to pick the pheasants and I built the lean-to. Wade said you cook some pheasant and coon and I will go over on Nettle Creek and catch some trout; it is warm and I told him I believed they would bite. Wade went fishing and I put some meat on to cook; he was not gone long until he came back with fifteen mountain trout; he said let's cook the fish. So we had some coon, fish and pheasant for supper. We enjoyed our supper and soon went to bed.

The next morning Wade wanted to go coon hunting again. He asked where will we go coon hunting today. I told him we would cross over Fork Ridge to the Bridge Branch. Wade left his bird dog and we took Old Muse and went to Bridge Branch, and by the time we got in hearing of Bridge Branch. Old Muse was trailing. She trailed down the branch to the mouth where it run into the left hand prong of Deep Creek, across the creek, and up another little branch and

treed. I said Wade, she is treed now. We went over to her and she was treed up a small hollow sugar maple. It did not take us more than ten minutes to catch the coon. Wade asked how will we go back to camp. I said we will go down this prong to the forks and up the other prong; it won't take us more than a half hour to get to camp.

We got back in camp at eight in the morning. Wade said I will get some firewood while you skin the coon, and we will go fishing. I said alright, this is the best day to fish I ever saw for the time of year. We got our work done and went fishing; I fished the main creek, and Wade fished in Nettle Creek. We each caught over a hundred fish. I got back ahead of Wade and had my fish cleaned and supper ready when Wade got in. We ate supper and cleaned Wade's fish, then made a fire, dried our clothes and rested, talking about the good time we were having. Next morning Wade said I am going to kill some pheasants to take back to Asheville with me. I said alright; I will go fishing again; so I started fishing and Wade hunting. I got back about twelve o'clock with over a hundred or more fish. Wade met me at the camp about the same time with five pheasants. Wade said let's get dinner and go to your mother's home this afternoon; as we have plenty of fish and I want to take some to Asheville while they are fresh. That suits me, Wade; we have plenty of fresh game. We ate our dinner, cleaned our fish, and started to my mother's. He got mother to clean the rest of the pheasants, and Wade took all the fish and game he wanted and went to Asheville next day. This hunt was made the first of March and we both enjoyed it.

### Story Number Twenty-Six

A bear hunt planned by my brother and myself, taking with us two of our cousins and my little boy. Our dogs were Old Muse, Dave, Scraps, Ruff and Sam. They were all scenter bear dogs. We planned to go late one afternoon, so we prepared what we would need on the trip, ate supper and started. We were going only three miles to camp. We reached camp about ten o'clock that night; we tied up our dogs and got some wood and built a fire and then planned for our next day's hunt. We planned to Drive Pen Ridge. The standers were to stand on Deer Red Branch. My brother and cousin were going to stand, and brother asked me where to stand on Deer Red Branch. I told him to stand on the ridge that comes off the falls of Deer Red Branch, and to let Jess stand at the old popular log stand; Andrew, Charlie and myself will drive for the bear.

The next morning early we were all ready to start on the hunt. We gave the standers an hour to get to their stands. When they had been gone an hour we coupled our dogs together and started. We had been gone but a little while until Old Muse began to scent like she smelled a bear. I told them I am going to turn her loose, for she is smelling a bear. I turned her loose and she began to run and bark. I told the boys to turn the other dogs loose, for Old Muse was after a bear; and by the time they overtook her she had caught up with the bear, and then the fight started. It was an old mother bear and her two cubs. They crossed the creek and then crossed Fork Ridge at the blind stand, went to the head of Bridge Branch and crossed the left hand prong of Deep Creek at the mouth of Poplar Cove Branch, went to the head of it

and crossed Deer Bed Ridge even with the falls of Deer Bed Branch. My brother was standing on the right as they passed and began to fire at them. He first shot the mother bear and then the cubs; he gave them one shot each, and each shot was a dead one. My cousin, being up near the dogs, was soon with my brother, and then we got Jesse from where he was standing down at the old poplar log, Jesse and my brother carried the two cubs to camp. Andrew and I took the old mother bear to camp; she was very heavy. But we did not mind being tired, for we were well pleased with our hunt.

My boy was already at the camp and I sent him home after a mule to pack the bear meat home on, and we stayed all night at the camp. The boy came early next morning with the mule and we tied the meat on the mule in sacks and started home. We enjoyed this short bear hunt, and plan to go again soon.

### Story Number Twenty-Seven

A trout fishing trip planned by Hardy Clark, his brother, Tom and myself. We planned to go one Monday morning. Our plan was to go to upper Big Creek and fish the Balsam Branch. We took our wagon to the upper house on the Reagon prong, then packed up to an old house known as Jim Mack house. It was dark before we reached the old camp, but as it happened there was already wood in the camp, and a bed also. This was owned by a ranger, but we had permission to use it. We soon had supper ready and enjoyed it very much, for we were hungry. After supper we all got in the ranger bed and went to sleep. The next morning it was very cool; this being first of April we thought it was no use to go fishing for it was too cold for fish to bite, and so we went out and shot some pheasants and squirrels. That afternoon it had turned warm and we went down the creek to fish. They bit very well, but we did not stay long as it was getting late. When we got back to camp we cooked some nice trout, and we had some squirrels and pheasants cooked, as we had put them on before we went fishing. We finished supper and got in our wood for next morning, then sat and talked about the mountains. They asked me where the best fishing section was in the Smoky Mountains for mountain trout; I told them the head water of Ocona Lufty River was the best mountain river. I want to go to Balsam Branch in the morning fishing; the Balsam Branch runs into the Raven Fork. We will start early and I believe we will get a shot at a turkey as we cross the ridge.

The next morning we crossed the Hughes Ridge and heard some turkeys gobbling. Hardy said, Sam, you can mock a turkey and call up a gobbler. I called

a few times like a turkey hen and heard some gobblers answer me and heard them coming to us. My throat got filled up and I gave the wrong kind of a call and the gobblers noticed it and went the other way. I said, boy, let's go on fishing; I have scared the turkeys off; that is the worst calling I ever did. We went on to the top of Hughes Ridge. The north face of Hughes Ridge was covered with spruce timber, a timber that is evergreen. As soon as we got down into the spruce timber, off of Hughes Ridge, we got into plenty of snow; it was six or eight inches deep. We went on any way and tried to fish, and I do not believe I ever saw trout strike as they did that day. We caught fish till we got tired. We got on a large flat rock and cleaned our fish, and the boys wanted to go out in the timber and look around to see if they could find any game. I said alright, we will go up this cove to the top of Hughes Ridge, where the Hughes Ridge joins the long ridge; so we started through the Cove and had not gone far until we saw signs of cattle. Hardy asked who has cattle out here this time of year? I said no one has them; they are wild cattle. Hardy said there was no wild cattle in these mountains. I said sometimes people do not find their cattle in the fall and they live through the winter and get very wild. We kept going up through the Cove and could see where the cattle had been pushing the snow to get the evergreens from under it. We went up the little patch of spruce timber and all at once the cattle began to run in every direction, and I said there goes some wild cattle. We went on to the top of Hughes Ridge, and Hardy said I never knew before there was wild cattle in the Smoky Mountain. We went on down to the head of upper Big Creek and had not gone far until we saw a lot of turkey signs; we went on a little further and a lot of turkeys began to fly up; Hardy

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fired at them but never killed any. We did not stay long but went on the camp as it was getting late; we thought we would come back next morning. We done up our work, ate our supper and went to bed. The next morning we went back up in the Cove where we had seen the turkeys, but they had all left the Cove; but the Cove was full of squirrels. We killed all the squirrels we wanted and went back to camp, cooked some for dinner, and then went to Reagan Fork fishing that evening. We caught all the fish we wanted and went back to camp and cooked some fish. We had squirrel and fish for supper. We then went to bed.

The next morning everybody was feeling good and we went down and got our mules, hitched them to the wagon and went home. We took a lot of squirrels and fish with us and our families enjoyed them. We planned for another hunt soon.

### Story Number Twenty-Eight

A bear hunt planned by Bill Morris and myself, taking with us my brother and son and two men from Asheville. Our plan was to camp at the Bryson place, ten miles from the station at Bryson City, N. C. We went horseback, carrying our camping outfit and rations packed on horses. When we got to camp it was raining. We went in, built a fire and waited for it to quit raining. After it stopped raining we all got wood, as it was turning cold. Morris asked me where I intended to drive for bear the next morning and I told him I was going to drive the left hand side of Pole Road Creek; he then asked where would be the proper place for the standers; I told him the best place was Bear Pen Creek; you stand in the open place above the camp, and one of the other men below the falls; let my brother go to the forks of Bear Creek, and I will take the other man and my boy with me to drive. My dogs were Old Muse, Jack, Trail, Dave and Sam; they were all in good shape to fight bear. Early next morning we got ready to start, giving the standers one hour to place themselves in their stands. Then I took the other boys and started up the Easy Branch. I found lots of bear signs on this branch, but did not think it was fresh, and I crossed Easy Branch to the little prong of Pole Road Creek and there found plenty of fresh bear signs. We turned our dogs loose and Old Muse turned down through the Cove and the other dogs turned up the Cove. The man with me asked me why the dogs did that way. I told him I did not know, unless some of them are on the wrong end of the track, but they are all good to take the right end of a track. I never saw Old Muse run the wrong end of a track in my life; so I went out and looked at the

sign where the dogs had started; I said it looks like the sign of a mother bear and her cubs; there was bear sign all around. We stood there until we heard Old Muse crossing the Burnt Spruce Ridge. I said listen at the old dog run. I could still hear the other dogs up the Cove. We climbed on top of the ridge that led up to Bridge Creek Ridge, then I told the boys let's wait here and see which way the other dogs go. By this time we heard my brother firing his gun at the forks of Bear Creek. I told the boys I heard Columbus shooting the bear that Old Muse was after. By this time the other dogs had crossed Bridge Creek Ridge out of our hearing and I said I am going to the top of Bridge Creek Ridge and see if I can hear them; you boys go and see if Columbus has killed the bear, for I know he was shooting at one. They said how will we get to him. I said I will show you from here how to go; go to the point of that ridge yonder and keep up the ridge until you come to the knob at the head of the ridge; fire your gun there and he will answer you, and then you can go to him. I listened for the other dogs, and when I got on top of Bridge Creek Ridge I could hear them just above the falls of Bridge Creek, having treed. It sounded like every dog was giving the tree bark at the same time. I went to them and when I got near I saw they were treed in a patch of hempine timber. The timber was so thick and the dogs all under the timber and I could not tell what tree the bear was in. I walked around the timber several minutes before I could tell what tree the bear was in. At last I saw it in a patch of pine leaves, up a small tree. I picked a spot and fired at the bear and it came rolling to the ground. I knew I could carry it to camp, and was anxious to go and see what my brother had done. I made the dogs turn the bear loose and tied its legs together, put it on my shoulder

and climbed to the top of Elliott Ridge with the bear on my back. Then I decided to drag it, but I saw this was wearing the fur off, and I shouldered it and went to camp. When I got near camp I heard Morris say I see Sam coming with a bear; he said you have got a bear; I said yes, a small one; what did you fellows do? He said Columbus shot at one six times and it went on, and only Old Muse after it. I said I knew that. Old Muse now was crossing the Little Dam Ridge the last we heard of her, said Morris. Why didn't Columbus kill it? Columbus spoke up and said I did all I could; I believe I hit it every time. I followed the bear to the top of Bear Pen Ridge and there was sign of it bleeding all the way. I asked why didn't you follow on after it? He said I was following it and heard the boys shoot on Burnt Spruce Knob and halloo and I thought they wanted me to come back; but they said they had started to help me with the bear, and I told them I failed to stop it. Then we decided to come to camp. I asked do you think you have wounded the bear and it will die? He said he believed it would. We skinned the little bear and after we got it skinned we started for some wood and met Old Muse coming back. I told Columbus that he had killed the bear, for Old Muse would not have quit this soon. We looked at Old Muse to see if she was wounded and found blood on her, but no cut places. I told them this blood was from the bear; we will take the dogs in the morning and start them where you shot the bear and you can go to the Big Slick and see where they go when I turn them loose on the track.

Next morning all the fellows went up the main prong of the creek except my boy. They went where they could hear the dogs come across Little Dam Ridge. The boy and myself took the dogs to where Columbus had shot the bear and turned them loose.

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About this time it began to rain and stormed; but the dogs went on as though it was a fine day. None of us could hear where they went. My boy and I went to the top of Bear Pen Ridge, but the rain and wind was roaring so we could not hear a dog. I told the boy it was no use to follow them, and we returned to camp. When we got to camp they were all there except my brother. They said the rain ran them in. I said it was no use to stay out, for we could not hear in the woods. By that time my brother came in and said that he did not hear a dog. I told him I did not think we would unless they came near us. We got some dinner and they decided after dinner to go home; but I said unless my dogs come I could not go; I said Old Muse would stay here a week and wait for me, but if you fellows want to go home me and my boy will stay until morning. So I gave them a part of the little bear and me and my boy stayed until morning.

Next morning all the dogs had come to camp and looked like they had been eating the bear. We tied the dogs and got the bear meat and went home.

### Story Number Twenty-Nine

A camping trip by some friends of New York and myself. We went to Round Top to camp. My friends' names were Marion Epply and his wife and James McAlpine Pyle and his wife. This camping trip was made during the first part of May. Our plans were to camp and not hunt a great deal, but just see how far we could go in the wild woods hunting small game and trout fishing. I met them at the station, Bryson City, N. C., with the mules and wagon. They brought their camping outfit with them. I hauled the camping outfit to my house the first day and the next morning we put pack saddles on the mules and packed our outfit on them to Round Top. We went up Deep Creek to the mouth of Bridge Creek and up Bridge Creek to the old camp ground, then turned to the right to Bridge Creek Ridge, then up Bridge Creek Ridge to the Elliott Ridge, then up Elliott Ridge to Sassafras Knob; then from the knob we went to the divide between Noland and Deep Creek until we got to Grassy Gap; then round to the trail to camp. We unpacked our mules and sent them home and began pitching our tents; we had them all up before dark and then started cooking supper. We went to bed and all had a good night's rest. Next morning Mr. Epply wanted to know what we would do that day. My plan was to go fishing for trout that day. Me and James Mack and his wife went to Noland trout fishing; that day Marion and his wife stayed at camp and shot some squirrels and boomers; that day we caught a lot of trout and went back to camp before night and cooked plenty of trout for us all. Next day we and Marion and his wife went out through the Bear Creek opening and upon the divide to the Bear Wallow and then out to Round

Top divide to the Blazed Balsam and were late getting back to camp; we shot several squirrels and pheasants. I showed Mrs. Epply where a large bear had been walking; we could see its track plainly. When we got back to camp. Mack and his wife had been shooting squirrels around the camp and they had enjoyed themselves. We had plenty of wild game for supper that night. The fourth day me and Marion and Mrs. Epply went to Noland trout fishing, going by Grassy Gap across Round Top divide, on the Noland side, round through the benches of buckeye log. I had a fishing rig and Marion had his gun; he shot a lot of squirrels and boomers and I caught a lot of mountain trout. We got back to camp before night. They had all enjoyed the day. Mack and his wife had been down on Burnt Spruce Ridge making pictures of the mountains. We then started cooking trout, fish and squirrels for supper. The fifth morning me and Marion and his wife went to Bear Creek fishing. We went down Burnt Spruce Ridge and turned off to Bear Creek. When we came to the creek, below the falls of the creek, Mack and myself began to fish. His wife went down through the timber looking for game; she would wait along the bank for us to catch up. We caught a fine lot of trout. After we had caught all we wanted we ate our lunch and climbed back up Burnt Spruce Ridge to camp. Marion and his wife had stayed at camp all day and whittled on wood. They seemed to all enjoy themselves that day. The sixth morning me and Marion and his wife went to Clingman's Creek, that headed under the Clingman's Dome. They stayed in the open spruce timber and shot squirrels and boomers, and I went to the mouth of Clingman's Creek and fished back up the creek till twelve o'clock. Then I stopped and built a fire and cleaned enough fish for dinner. We had brought a pan with us and some

bread, so I fried fish and made coffee and some chocolate, and we enjoyed our dinner on Clingman's Creek. After dinner we went up Clingman's Creek until we got to the Buckeye Trail; we came out by the Buckeye Log and climbed out in the benches and just kept the trail that led to camp. We got to camp before night and put in the rest of the day cleaning fish and squirrel and cooking. On the seventh and eighth days it was raining and we stayed in our tents and talked and whittled. The ninth day me and Marion and his wife took a trip to the Round Top divide, near the top of Smoky Mountains. We intended to go to the top of Smoky Mountain, but Mrs. Epply got a gnat in her eye and we had to come back to camp. These gnats are plentiful in the Smokies and when they get in your eye they cause a sharp burning sensation. We got back to camp about one o'clock in the afternoon and shot some squirrels and boomers around the camp the rest of the day. The tenth morning me and Mack and his wife came back down Round Top divide to the head of Pole Creek. We were just squirrel hunting and looking around. I showed them some wild ginseng growing, the first they ever saw. They enjoyed themselves looking at the different trees and large timber. We saw some young coons in a tree, stayed around in the Cove till twelve o'clock, and barbecued some squirrels for our dinner. We had some other food we had brought with us. After dinner I showed them the way to get back to Round Top divide. I fished down that prong of the creek until I got to the forks of Pole Creek and up Pole Creek to the mouth of Burnt Spruce Branch. Then I had as many fish as I wanted to clean that evening, so I cleaned my fish and climbed out Burnt Spruce Branch to Burnt Spruce Gap and then went up the ridge to camp. Mack and wife had already got back to camp. Marion and his wife had

stayed around camp all day. The eleventh morning I told them to make as much fuss around camp as they wanted to and enjoy themselves and I would go home and get some fresh butter and eggs. They were getting tired of eating wild game and fish and were ready for a change. I had about nine miles to go, and when I got back it was late in the evening. I brought back all the butter and eggs we would need. They had all enjoyed themselves while I was gone, so we cooked some eggs and had a change of food. The twelfth day me and Mack and his wife went out for a hike to see how far we could go through the wood and back. We went out by the Bear Wallow and through the head of Deer Cove and on to the head of the Cove to the right hand side of Noland Creek, and then turned back to the Round Top divide. In our rounds we found lots of pheasants' nests and saw several pheasants, but did not shoot at them. When we got back to camp it was getting late and Marion and his wife had taken a trip to Round Top. They said they heard turkeys gobbling up there. On the thirteenth morning Marion and myself went to Round Top to listen for the turkeys; we heard them but I failed to call them up. Marion shot a big groundhog and I killed several squirrels; then we came back to camp and spent the remainder of the day cooking and talking about how we had enjoyed the trip. Late in the afternoon my brother came with the mules to move us; and the fourteenth day we stayed around camp and took some pictures. The next morning, the fifteenth, we packed our things to my home, and on the sixteenth morning the folks from New York left for home, planning to return next year.

### Story Number Thirty

A bear hunt by Ike Whitson, my brothers, myself and others. Whitson was my uncle and an old hunter. We planned to go to the left hand prong of Deep Creek to camp and to build a new camp there. We started one morning and reached the camping ground about twelve o'clock, I planned when we reached there for me to hunt bear sign and the others to build the camp. I told them to build a lean-to, for this was the easiest and quickest camp built, and if I get back in time I will help you. After I got our dinner, I started to hunt bear sign and the others began to build the camp. I went up the left hand prong of the creek to Sam's Bear Branch. I had just crossed the creek and had gone a little ways and there the whole ground was torn up by a bear. I never saw as much bear sign before or since at one time; so I just slipped out and back down to camp. As I came back down the creek I saw lots of fish jumping up out of the water, so I thought I would go back to camp and see if any of the boys had brought a fishing outfit. My brother said he had a hook and line in his pocket; you can cut a birch pole to fish with. I said alright, give me the hook and line and I will catch some for supper; so I cut a pole, caught me some grasshoppers and went fishing. I went to the creek opposite the camp and started fishing. By the time I had put my hook in the water a nice trout struck and I landed it. I do not believe I lost a single bait without catching a fish. Before sundown I had my hunting coat filled with fish. I took my coat off and poured the fish on a rock and cleaned them. I then got me a stick and strung them and went to camp; my uncle said, look coming; I never saw such a nice string of trout. While the other boys

cooked part of supper, I fried all the fish we would eat. Uncle Ike enjoyed the supper and after supper he told us hunting stories; but he had never been trout fishing, and that was more trout than he ever saw at one time.

I then began to plan where to place the standers for bear the next day. I told my brother to take Uncle Ike to stand at the forks of Deer Bed Branch, to place another at the Bear Wallow Trail, another at the top of Bear Wallow Knob, then another at the first gap behind the knob, and you go to the head of Open Branch and stand in the open wood. All of you go up by Deep Gap and Deer Bed Branch and that will be going behind the bear and you will not run the bear past the stand before you get there. I will give you plenty of time to go to your stands. I want everybody to be watching, for I believe there is a dozen bears in that section where I intend to drive. When you shoot be careful and place your shots, for some one is going to see a bear today. So they got ready and started. I gave them time to place themselves in their stands and we started. Our dogs were Fred, Dave, Ruff, Jack and Trail. We went the way I had gone the evening before and had just got on the mouth of Sam's Bear Branch when the dogs began to jump and rear, trying to get loose. We turned them loose and away they went, every dog opening up his voice. They went up the ridge to the left of Sam's Bear Branch and across Bear Pen Ridge to the Fair Shoal, to Bear Creek side of the ridge, and then the fight started. Soon I heard a shot fired from the top of the knob above Bear Willow and then another gun began to fire in the gap behind the knob. I said listen, boys, to the shooting. We went on as fast as we could go and when we got to the top of the knob there was Theo. Birchfield, one of the standers; he had killed a

large bear; it had come toward him on top of Bear Wallow Knob. He explained to us how he first saw it poke its head around the tree, fired and it came toward him, not coming to fight, but going on in the direction it had started. He fired at it again and it fell, but soon got up and started past him and he kept firing at it until it fell again. He then went down to it and saw it was dead. I told him that I had heard someone else shooting in the gap just behind the knob where he was standing. He said that was Andrew in the stand that he intended to take; while we were talking Andrew hallooed on the hill above us. He came down where we were, cursing a shotgun, swearing he would never go bear hunting again with the shotgun, for the dogs run a large bear by me and I fired at it twice; the first time I fired it was not more than twenty feet from me, and the next time it was not more than forty feet from me, and the only thing I could tell my shots did was cause it to get faster. The dogs were not up with it as they came through and I tried to stop them. The bear was so large I was afraid they would get killed. Then they told him I had killed one. He said where is it? It is down there in that sink hole. He said I thought I heard you shoot it. I asked him which way the dogs went after the bear. He said the last I heard they were crossing the Little Dam Ridge. I said well, boys, take this bear to camp and I am going to follow the dogs. Print Blevins said if there is enough without me to carry the bear I will go with you; so Print went around by the Bear Wallow, crossed the Big Branch and climbed to the top of Little Dam Ridge. When we got on top of Little Dam Ridge we heard dogs crossing Smoky Mountain at the head of Fork Ridge of Deep Creek. I told him we would go back to camp, for we cannot catch up with the dogs today. We turned back down

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the Winter Range and kept down the creek to camp. The others had just got in with the bear. We ate dinner and skinned the bear, all the standers telling about a bear passing near them that day. My uncle was the best pleased man I ever saw; he wanted to go hunt the dogs, but I told him it was impossible to hear them any more that day, for when a bear crosses the Smoky Mountain it hardly ever comes back. Most of our dogs may stay until we go for them, but if they do not come back tonight I will hunt them tomorrow. By that time it was getting late; we prepared some good wood for the night, cooked and ate what bear meat we wanted and everybody went to bed.

Next morning all our dogs were in, but very tired and wounded. We planned another hunt for next week, broke camp, took our bear meat and went home

### Story Number Thirty-One

My uncle and two of my brothers planned a big trip to the mountains to trap for coons. We always hunted with dogs. Uncle asked where we caught them. I said we caught them in Smoky Mountain. He said did you catch them in traps? I pointed to my hounds and said there is the traps I use. Uncle Ike said if I had some traps I would show you how to catch coons, I do not believe you can catch any more with traps than I can with dogs; and, too, there is no sport in catching them with traps. My uncle said there is good sport in trapping and good money in it too. My brothers said let's get some traps and go with uncle trapping. I said no, that is not my way hunting, but my older brother said I will go with you all; then they were all anxious to go out and trap for coons and wanted me to go with them. I told them I did not want to go, and they planned to go without me. I am going next week hunting with my dogs. My uncle said we will go on and have them all caught before you get there. I said that will be alright; I will come and help you carry them in. So they started to Deep Gap Camp, and I told them I would be there a week from today, and I will bring a lot of rations when I come, and if your rations are short you can stay with me a while. They said we are going to stay two weeks any way. The next Monday morning I took my dogs, Old Muse, Dave and Trail and started to the camp. I reached camp about one o'clock and they were all gone, but soon they came in. They had been to their traps. I asked them to show me their coon hides, but they showed me two mink hides. I asked where is your coon hides. Uncle Ike said there are no coons here; we have not caught one. I said, Uncle Ike, wait until till tomorrow and I will show you some

coons; he said I thought you would go coon hunting tonight. I do not hunt coons at night; I hunt them during the day. Uncle Ike said can your dogs tree them in daytime; coons stir at night. I said yes, but my dogs will trail them up tomorrow. Uncle Ike said I have owned lots of dogs, but never owned one that would trail a coon after it had traveled the night before. I said, Uncle Ike, you have never owned a thoroughbred. He asked are your dogs thoroughbred? They are thoroughbred hounds, crossed one time. He asked what is Old Muse crossed with? I said Old Muse is red bone and beagle; Dave and Trail are three-quarters beagle and a quarter red bone. There are two beagle families. I do not like the little beagle. Old Trail is the daddy of my two young dogs, Dave and Trail, and Old Trail was a brother to Old Muse, but their mother was a little Spanish beagle; her name was Dinah; she was a registered dog, but I do not like the blood of little beagle, for they do not have the treeing qualities I like dogs to have. I like a dog like Old Muse, that trails to a finish and runs to a finish or trees, or catches whatever they are after in the end. Uncle Ike asked what kind of dogs will do this, and I told him an English red bone, German beagle and the old black and tan, either of these families crossed only one time is the kind of dogs you can depend on for big game hunting. Once in a while there is a good dog out of any family, but very seldom. Uncle Ike asked me how long I had owned my family of dogs. I told him I first got old Loud and Vestie when I was only a boy, and I have always kept the same stock as near as I could. Uncle Ike asked what time will you start in the morning? I told him I wanted to start early, a little after daylight, for sometimes you trail coons a long time before you tree them, and sometimes they are in a harder place to catch than others, and sometimes

it takes longer to find a track, but my dogs will trail coons and tree them sometime during the day. It was now time to cook supper; my brother said if I would cook supper they would get wood. Uncle Ike said what will I do? I said you rest and we will do the work. After supper Uncle Ike began to tell how to trap. I said you can tell me how to trap, but I do not want to trap for game. If I had my way there are two things in the hunting line I would do away with—that is traps and shotguns; the traps cut the legs of the game and they get away and likely die; the shotgun is worse, for you do not often fire a shotgun and kill anything instantly and they go to their holes and die from the wound of the shot; the same way with the fowls, they fly off and die from their wounds, and that is not treating the game fair. Uncle Ike said you are right, but other people do these things and we might as well use traps and shotguns like the others. Not me, Uncle Ike, I am too much of a sport to use a shotgun or to set a trap.

It was getting late and we all went to bed. The next morning before daylight I awoke and got up and built a fire and began cooking breakfast. After breakfast I asked who was going with me coon hunting. Brother said I am going going with you. Uncle Ike said me and Waitzell will go to the trap. I couldn't tell Uncle I did not believe I would catch a coon, for he wanted to stick to his trap. I fed my dogs and told Columbus to bring my rifle with him. Alright, he said; which way will we go? I have a notion to go down the creek this morning, and we started down the creek; we had not gone far until we came to a little drain that came in from the Fork Ridge side. I heard Old Muse open up her voice in that little drain; I said listen, she has right now got a coon started. The young dogs were behind us and they ran by us to Old Muse and began

to trail with her. They crossed the creek and went up through the Flat Laurel on the other side and came to another little drain that came in on that side of the creek. We soon got to the creek. They turned up it just like they were running a fox. Then me and my brother turned back up the creek to alog and crossed the creek and took after the dogs. By that time they had crossed the Deer Red Ridge. We soon got to the top of Deer Red Ridge and the dogs were going down Little Cove Branch back to the main creek. We stood there and heard them until they got down to Poplar Cove Branch; then they went up the branch. I told brother the way for us to go was up the Deer Red Ridge and down on the Great Vine Knob. We waited a little and the dogs trailed up near us, ceased barking for a minute, then Old Muse began to give the tree bark. I saw Old Muse circling and I said Old Muse is circling around the tree to see if the coons are up it; soon she went back to the tree and began to bark again. We went down to where the dogs had treed. They had treed up a dead chestnut tree. We soon chopped the tree down and when it fell it split all to pieces. My brother turned the dogs loose and they went in the lap of the tree. Old Muse and Little Trail caught a coon and Dave caught one too. I went down and took Old Muse by the ear and pulled her loose from the one she had and told her to go and hunt another one; she ran around through the slabs of the tree and I saw her put her head under the slab and bring out another coon the slab had caught under it. Soon as I got that one from her she went to hunting again and found the track of another one that left the tree. When the tree fell she treed up a hempine tree not far from us. My brother was taking the coon from the young dogs that they first caught and killed, and I slipped the

one over the log that Old Muse had pulled from under the slab and killed it. I got my Winchester and shot the coon out of the hempine tree that Old Muse had treed. They were all nice fat coons. When we got back to camp it was only one o'clock in the afternoon. Uncle Ike and Waitsell had just got back from the traps. Uncle Ike saw us coming. He said look yonder, the boys have two big coons each. I asked, what did you get, Uncle Ike? He said, nothing but a weasel. I said Old Muse beat your traps. He said I think so; this is our ninth day trapping, and your first day with the dogs. I agree with you that you beat us. We had some lunch and skinned our coons. After we ate we put one on to cook, did our camp work and went to bed. We got up early next morning and started coon hunting. They all wanted to go hunting that day. We went across Fork Ridge to Deep Gap and over to the Polk Patch. Above the Polk Patch, Old Muse began trailing. I said there is another coon, boys. She trailed down through the Polk Patch to the bank of the creek. By this time the other dogs were trailing with her; they went up the creek a little ways and bothered a little. Old Muse went up on the bank, smelling on every log and pole as she went. I was watching and saw her find the track as she went across an old log. Then she went up the old log as hard as she could. The other dogs went to her. She did not run far up the bank until she had treed. I saw her rear up on the tree, then got down, smelled all around, and then began to give the tree bark. I said, there is another one, Uncle Ike. We went over and began to chop the tree; it was hollow and we soon chopped it down. The tree reached to the creek. They turned the dogs loose, and into the lap of the tree they went. I saw a coon go swimming down the creek, and about this time Old Muse made a spring into the creek and

caught the coon and brought it out. I saw there was only one coon, but it was a large one and all the dogs went on it. I began to get the dogs off the coon; I thought the coon was dead and the dogs were chewing it. I was careless and the coon got me by the hand. My brother ran in and got the dogs off the coon. The coon was holding to my hand, and the dogs jerking the coon. Brother did not know the coon had me by the hand until he got the dogs off. I grabbed it by the neck and tried to choke it loose from my hand, but it was so strong I could not. I ran to the bank of the creek and buried it under the water and it held to my hand until it drowned. Then we took the coon and went back to camp. Uncle Ike said hunting coon with dogs was better sport than trapping, but I am sorry you got bit with the coon. I said well that does not amount to much; but he said I am afraid it will make your hand sore. I said I do not guess it will hinder me from coon hunting. We skinned the coon and stayed around camp. Uncle Ike, being a pretty good doctor, got some kind of bark and bandaged my hand; this helped it a lot.

Next morning we got ready for another coon hunt. Uncle Ike said he did not believe he would go that day, and one of the other boys could stay and go with him to the traps, for they intended to quit trapping. Columbus said I will go with you again today with the dogs. We soon started with our dogs, taking an axe and gun along with us. We had not gone more than talking distance of the camp when Old Muse began to trail; she went down the prong of the creek we were camping on to the mouth of Wess Cathey Cove Branch, the other dogs trailing with her. We were keeping up close to them; they turned up the branch of Wess Cathey Cove, then up the right hand prong of the Cove to the head of the water and treed up an

old maple tree. My brother soon cut the tree down and we caught a coon. We got back to camp before twelve o'clock that day, Waitsell and Uncle Ike had not come in with their traps yet. We lay the coon on top of the lean-to camp. My hand was hurting me badly and I laid down in the camp. Columbus said I will get dinner by the time Uncle Ike gets here. We had not been there long until I heard Uncle Ike say look on top of the camp; the boys have come and brought a coon with them. Then I heard him say Old Muse is some coon dog. By that time they had got down to the camp and had brought all their traps with them. Uncle Ike said I see you have caught another coon. I said yes; did you find anything in the traps. He said not a thing; I am through trapping. I asked are you going home today. He said no, I am going with you to hunt coons if you are going any more. I said I am going to Rock Creek in the morning and then am going to quit for a while. We rested the remainder of the afternoon and next morning early all started to Rock Creek and had just reached Rock Creek when Old Muse started trailing a coon, and soon the other dogs put in trailing with her. They went up Rock Creek till they got to the forks, where the coon had left the creek and went to the right across the Rock Creek Ridge to Beech Creek. When I got to the top of Rock Creek Ridge I heard the dogs treed. I called back to Uncle Ike and told him the dogs were treed. He said he would wait there until I caught it and came back, as he was getting tired. He sent Columbus on with me to help catch the coon and said he and Waitsell would wait on us. I told him that if he was not going on with me that he might as well go back to camp, for we will not come back this way but will go down Beech Creek. Then I went on to the dogs. When I got to them Old Muse was barking up

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a little birch tree and I said to her this is one time you have told me a lie, for there is no hole in this tree. When I said this she went to the root of the tree under the turf and began to scratch and bark. The young dogs were away but soon came to her. By that time Columbus had got down to where we were. Old Muse broke into the coon and took hold of it, and pulled it out. The coon certainly put up a big fight. Soon the dogs killed it. We took the coon from the dogs and got back to camp before Uncle Ike and Wait-sell did and decided to go home after they come. We got ready and went home that day. Uncle Ike plans another coon hunt soon, but in the future he intends to use dogs instead of traps.

### Story Number Thirty-Two

A bear hunt made by Mark Cathey, O. P. Williams, his two sons, Wayne and Claude, myself and others. This hunt was planned by Mark and myself. We planned to go up Deep Creek to the Bryson Place, ten miles, and camp. We got ready to go and left early one morning, reaching camp about one o'clock afternoon. Charlie Beck took his team and hauled our supplies. After we got to camp I suggested for some of the boys to haul a load of wood and I would go look for bear sign. This was agreeable, and the boys took the team and hauled wood and I went to Elliott's Cove to look for bear signs. I started at the mouth of Elliott Branch and went to the head of the branch. The food bears were using during this part of the year was coarse, such as water oak and acorn and hickory nuts, and I knew there was a lot of hickory trees at the head of the branch. Before I got up there I saw the signs were a bear had come off of the bank, crossing the branch, but it looks like the bear had been gone several days. I kept going on up toward the hickory orchard and soon after I got up there I saw where bears had been using fresh in this section. I slipped back to camp, going along not making any noise, but before I got to camp I met the old man Everett looking toward me as if he was anxious to know if I had found any bear signs. Before I reached him he called and asked if I found any sign. I said we will have a bear fight tomorrow without a doubt, for I saw plenty of signs. Everett asked where was the sign. I told him on the Elliott Branch, where they had been eating hickory nuts. He then called to Mark, saying Sam is back already and has found lots of bear signs. By this time all the fellows had come out of

the camp and were interested to know where the bears were feeding. I told him there are plenty of bear signs on Elliott Branch. O. P. Williams asked where will we stand for the bear. I told him that Mark would place the standers. There was a whole lot of excitement among the new hunters, all planning to kill a bear the next day, every one thinking he would be the man to do the shooting. Granville Calhoun and Noah Seay said they would do the cooking that night. I said alright; who will help me fix some beds for the dogs; come and let's fix them, and several of the boys came to help. Our dogs were Old Muse, Boney, Wheeler, Buck, Ben, Sam, Dave and another dog belonging to Arthur Donaldson. We got the beds fixed and fed them, then all got ready for supper; we had a good camp supper. While we were eating some other men came to our camp; they had three dogs and wanted to join our party on the bear hunt. I told them we would take them, so they ate supper with us. Then we planned who would stand and who would drive. We then prepared and went to bed. By three o'clock next morning Granville Calhoun and myself began to cook breakfast; by five o'clock we had all finished eating and by the light of the moon Mark got his crowd of standers and started with them. He placed some on Long Drive Ridge and some on Fork Ridge. After I had given the standers one hour's start I got my drivers ready, coupled the dogs together and started up Elliott Branch. We were leading all the dogs except Old Muse for I knew she would not start anything except a bear, so I let her stay loose. We had not got to the head of the branch when Old Muse began to open up her voice and all the other dogs began to pull and get loose, and I said let's turn them loose, for that is a bear. As soon as we turned the dogs loose they went to Old Muse and joined in the race and

went across the Indian Creek Mountain by Sarvis Spring to the Indian Creek side. Then we crossed the mountain; I was the first man to get to the top; my boy and Wess Wiggins were next; but we could not hear the dogs, and I said I do not see how the dogs got out of hearing so quickly; so I turned to the right, saying I will go out to this knob for they may be behind it. My boy said I will go to Sarvis Spring. Wess went with me to the knob I had not more than got to the knob when I heard the dogs back the other way. I told Wess I heard the dogs climbing the Long Drive Ridge and soon we heard a high powered gun firing; I said listen, Wess, I hear some one shooting the bear. We turned to the other side of the mountain and climbed out on another knob and when we reached the knob I heard Old Muse in Bear Pen Cove treed. I said listen, Wess, Old Muse has a bear treed. Wess asked do you think that stander killed the bear. I said yes, that stander killed one bear, but this is another one; she has one by herself and has not been with the other dogs. Then we heard the man who had killed the bear in the stand fire his gun three times. I said he has fired the signal shot that he has killed a bear; but Old Muse kept barking the tree bark, paying no attention to anything else. Wess and I started toward Old Muse. We had not gone far till I heard my son firing his gun. Wess said listen; who is that I heard shooting a bear now. I said that is Jeff; he has a shotgun and that is the shotgun being fired. Wess and I went on and the boy kept firing until he killed the bear. Wess and I were close enough when the bear fell we heard it hit the ground. We put the bear on a pole that Jeff had killed and carried it down Nettle Creek; and by that time we heard the standers coming down with the other bear and we waited for them. When they got in sight there were four men carry-

ing the bear. I said, boys, look they have a large bear. When they came down to where we were they said you have a bear too. I said, boys, we have had a good hunt today. Granville Calhoun said this is what I call a hunt. I asked who killed this one, pointing to the bear they had. Claude Williams said I am the man that shot it. The dogs were about to overtake it. When the bear got to me I had a good fair shot at it and I shot it three times. One shot would have killed it, but I did not take any chances. Granville asked who killed the one you have and I told him my son killed it. We got the bear and started to camp. There were enough of us to easily carry the bear and we soon got to camp with the two bears. All the drivers and standers who had not been with us were anxious to know who killed the bear, being new hunters. They were all well pleased over the bear hunt and wanted to know whether we were going to hunt any more before we went home. I suggested that we skin these go home and come back next week. They all agreed, and while some got dinner others skinned the bear. Bob Leatherwood and I divided the bear, giving each hunter an equal part of bear meat. We ate dinner, broke camp and went home, planning to return the next week.

### Story Number Thirty-Three

A fox race by Ralph Gibson, Verry King and myself. Our dogs belonging to me were Trail, Laurence, Vick, Loud, Troop and Trim. Vick, Troop, Loud and Trim were young dogs and this is the first time they had been out to hunt anything; they were only ten months old. Trail and Laurence were Ed Hyatt's dogs. We planned to go on the fox race early and were ready to start by dark. We went down through the Styles Cove, and Trail began to trail the fox. Laurence was soon with him. They almost caught the fox. We had the pups tied, leading them. Ralph suggested that we turn the pups loose with the other dogs. I said no, let the old dogs run it a while; and by this time they were going through the Parris Plantation. Verry said I never heard dogs run that good before; just listen to Old Laurence talking to that fox, Ralph, said Unle Verry. Laurence will be talking to it in the morning if it does not hide and so will Old Trail. I said if it was a red fox it will run until morning. By this time they were going around the face of Sharp Top; we listened until they went out of hearing on the Lands Creek side. We went up the ridge a little ways and built up a fire and tied the pups to a bush. I said, boys, when you hear the dogs again they will be at Potato Hill Knob if it is a red fox. Verry asked where is Potato Hill Knob. I said straight north of us, at the head of Lands Creek. Soon I heard the dogs coming around Potato Hill Knob and I said listen, Verry, the dogs are climbing Potato Hill Knob. Now, Verry said I hear them, which one is leading the way I can't tell; which one has got the lead now? Soon they came together on Potato Hill Knob. Ralph asked how long

will they stay on Potato Hill Knob, and I told him they generally went from there to Cold Springs Knob, and were gone an hour or so, and then were back to Potato Hill Knob. By that time they started toward Cold Springs Knob and soon were out of our hearing. We listened closely and heard them climbing Cold Springs Knob; we could just hear the old dogs running and then they went out of our hearing and were gone for an hour. I said they will either come back over Potato Hill Knob or come back the south side of Sharp Top. After while we heard them coming back over Potato Hill Knob, then run for about two hours from there to Hammer Branch. Verry said why are they staying there so long, and I told him that was a rough place and the fox is trying to break the dogs. Ralph said if they stay there long they will catch it, for I can tell by the way old Laurence is talking he is close to it. Verry said they have not broken the dogs tonight since they have been in our hearing. I said listen, boys, they are coming down the Trail Ridge; let's get our pups ready; the fox is liable to run right by us and when it comes by let's get the pups in the race. We took the pups and went up the ridge a little ways and took the collars off of them and held them there by the back of the neck. We heard the fox coming and it seemed to be about a hundred yards ahead of the dogs; we turned the young dogs loose and told them to catch it and they seemed to go as trained dogs would go, yelling their best. I began to think the old dogs would catch it; then the fox began to dodge. Verry said they are going to catch it. I never heard pups run as well in my life; finally it got in the flatwoods of Hammer Branch and at the head of Hammer Branch it went into a rock cliff just at daylight. I told the boys I knew where the cliff was and it will be hard to catch the fox there and for us to call our

dogs. The dogs that understand came to me. I had to go to the top of the ridge and call the pups before they would leave the cliff and come to me.

We went home, all well pleased with the fox race, and agreed to go again soon.

### Story Number Thirty-Four

A bear hunt by Mark Cathey, O. P. Williams, myself and others. The dogs we took on this hunt were Old Muse, Boney and Wheeler; some other dogs that are not bear hounds, I will not mention. We planned to go early one morning, so we got to camp that day and were ready for an early drive next morning. By night there were forty people around the camp; the first day we old hunters did not like too large a crowd, and I told Robert Snelson and Mark that I would get rid of some of the crowd tomorrow. Robert asked how I would do that. I told him I will get Mark to take the standers and I will let him take all that we want to get rid of above the Wallow Knob and I will take all in the drive with me that I can get to go, and I will drive through Watson Cove and through Bear Creek to Cold Spring Knob and back over to Sassafras Knob and back to Elliott Ridge to camp. That will be a bogus drive; we will not start a bear and most of the people will curse bear hunting and go home and we will take the ones that stay in our club, and the next day we'll make a drive and I will guarantee a bear fight. Mark said that suits me. So Mark took his standers and placed them seven to nine miles from camp and I took the rest of the crowd and made the bogus drive. First I waded the creek and they all waded it too; I then went through the roughest places I could find, for I was long-winded, and kept this up all day. I made the round, and some of the boys began to fall out before I had gone half way, and before I got back to camp I had only a few with me. Their dogs were loose all over the mountains dragging their chains and straps or whatever they were tied with. When the crowd got back to camp and had eaten they

began cursing bear hunting and started home. This cut our crowd down to about eleven. These I considered good bear hunters. They all began to prepare for the night and I began to cook. After we had all our work done up and eaten a good camp supper, I told Mark let's organize for our hunt tomorrow. Mark asked where are you going to make the bear drive; and I told him to the Will Elliott Cove; you can stand the standers on the Long Drive Ridge and the Fork Ridge. Mark said that is the place to stand if you drive the Elliott Cove.

The next morning we all got up early and got ready to start. Mark left the camp; I gave him one hour to place his standers, and then we coupled our dogs together and started. We went up Elliott Branch and then turned to the left to the benches of Elliott Cove. I had turned Old Muse loose ahead of us for I knew she would not start anything except the bear, for she knew we were bear hunting. I was leading old Wheeler and Boney. The other drivers had the other dogs. When we got into the benches I saw Old Muse stand on her hind feet and wind; I said look at Old Muse, she has smelled a bear. She jumped as far as she could and opened up her voice. I told the boys to turn their dogs loose for Old Muse had started a bear, and I took the collars off of Boney and Wheeler and they went to her as fast as they could. All the dogs went across to Indian Creek and I went after the dogs as fast as I could; I crossed Rocky Top and heard the dogs going up Indian Creek; I tried to get ahead of them by going up Rocky Top divide, thinking the bear would cross back from Indian Creek to Neddle Creek and I might head it off where it crossed Rocky Top Mountain, and I came very near seeing it as it came across the mountain, for I saw part of the dogs. They went in on Neddle Creek and the dogs

divided; the three old dogs fought one down Neddle Creek and the other dogs ran one over Rattlesnake Knob. The old dogs Boney, Wheeler and Old Muse were near the bear; they were fighting, and I was listening to the three dogs fight the bear. I turned off of Rocky Top and went toward where they had the bear in the open wood of Neddle Creek, but before I got to them I heard the other dogs on the head of Rattlesnake Branch, but I went on toward the old dogs. The bear found out I was coming and moved across Long Drive Ridge. I thought it was going by where Mark said he was going to stand, but it missed him a little. When I got to the top of Long Drive Ridge I could hear the dogs giving the tree bark in the laurel on the main right hand prong. Soon I heard Mark begin to shoot the bear, for I knew the report of his automatic rifle. I just stood still and listened to Old Muse, Boney and Wheeler giving the tree bark. I hurried on to them and by the time I got there the bear was dead, but the dogs were still holding to the bear. When Mark saw me coming his first words were: I never heard dogs fight a bear like that before; and I said I have been hearing them fighting the bear a long time. I asked Mark what had become of the other dogs; I heard them a while ago fighting a bear on Rattlesnake Branch. Soon the other dogs came to us, but they would not stay with us; they went on down the creek looking for their owners. In a little while enough men had reached us to help carry the bear to camp. We got to camp about twelve o'clock. Mark began skinning the bear, and I started getting something to eat, and by the time bread and coffee were ready Mark had some bear meat ready to cook. We soon had a good dinner for bear hunters. We spent the remainder of the evening taking pictures of the dogs, and later had a shooting match. Mark

got the best shots that afternoon and I was next to him. We then prepared for the night and planned another hunt for the next day. We intended to drive in the same country we had hunted in that day. I told them I was afraid we would not kill a bear in the same country we had hunted in the day before, but I was willing to go and make the drive.

We got up early next morning and started, taking six dogs with us. I turned Old Muse loose at the camp, but I did not let her get out of my sight. Instead of going to the right hand of Elliott Cove, we went to the left, into the benches, where we had started the bear the day before. I saw Old Muse raise up on her hind feet and scent up the Cove, and I told the boys there is a bear close and it has been here recently; she whirled and went to the left part of the Cove and I turned the other dogs loose; but Boney and Wheeler were the last dogs getting to the track, and they took the wrong end of the trail and went to the right hand part of the Cove; but Old Muse kept going her way. I told the fellows Old Muse was right, that the other dogs had gone on the wrong end of the track. We went up and looked at the tracks ourselves and saw the other dogs had gone wrong, and I told the boys that Old Boney and Wheeler would turn back when they caught up with the other dogs; and in about ten minutes Old Boney and Wheeler passed us on the right end of the track. Old Muse was now crossing the Fork Ridge of Deep Creek; she had already crossed Long Drive Ridge, passed the standers, and I said that is the bear we scared out yesterday and it will just be a long race, but I am going to follow the dogs just the same. Frank Deitz started with me, but soon gave out and turned back. I heard Old Muse coming down the Big Slick on Rattlesnake Fork, but I could not hear any of the other dogs, so I stood still, knowing

that I was at a bear crossing place, the way they go to Rock Creek. She kept coming closer and closer and while she was passing me Old Boney and Wheeler came in hearing; they had not gained any on Old Muse. I went to where she crossed the trail and from the bear sign there I figured it had been gone twenty-four hours. I decided to wait for Old Boney and Wheeler to come and stop them, but I failed to stop them and decided to follow. I climbed the Fork Ridge, trying to go to Rock Creek Slick. I soon got to the top of Fork Ridge, to the Little Slick on Fork Ridge, but I could not hear the dogs. I decided not to go on and turned out on top of Ivy Stalks, where I could see thousands of acres of woods and could listen for my dogs. I could not hear them, and began to get cold. I climbed down off the Ivy Stalk to the ground and made a little fire and warmed. I thought I heard the voice of Old Muse and climbed back up the Ivy Stalk and could hear her coming down Fork Ridge of Rock Creek, as though she was looking at a fox or a deer, for I knew she could not be close to the bear; yet I listened and could hear her plainly as the ridge she was on pointed straight toward me. By the time she went off the foot of the ridge I could hear old Boney and Wheeler coming on the top of the ridge. The sun was now getting low and I began to fire my gun and called the dogs. I fired my gun five or six times; Old Boney and Wheeler heard me and ceased their barking; Old Muse went out of my hearing around the Big Knob. I soon left the ridge and started toward camp, knowing it would be dark before I could get there. Soon old Boney and Wheeler overtook me. When I got to camp all the other fellows had got in and had gone home except two men, who waited on me some time during the night. Old Muse came to camp, and the next morning we broke camp and went home, all well pleased with our hunt.

### Story Number Thirty-Five

One day I planned a short bear hunt, taking my boys and a man who was working for me; just going out for a day, leaving my house one morning before daylight and taking our lunch, already prepared, and coming back for supper.

Only took two dogs, Old Muse and Scrape. These dogs were old enough to put up a good bear fight. The man working for me wanted to take his two dogs, and I told him it was alright to take them along, for they would not bother Old Muse and Scrape. We planned to drive for bear on Long Drive Ridge. As we went up the right hand prong of Deep Creek, Old Muse began to rear and try to get loose, and I thought it was bear sign by the way she acted. It was not yet light enough to see, so I struck matches to see the track of the animal she was after; I saw that it was bear sign, and said let's turn the dogs loose. We turned them loose as soon as we could, and away they went on track of a bear. They plunged through the creek and went to climbing the mountain, crossing Fork Ridge to the left hand prong of Deep Creek. When I got on top of Fork Ridge I met the two dogs belonging to the man working for me coming; I could hear Old Muse and Scrape fighting the bear at the mouth of Bridge Branch. Then I started toward them and halloed back to John and the boys to come on. They wanted me to wait on them, but I did not, thinking the bear might come back that way. Soon the dogs fought the bear across Burnt Spruce Ridge and I went toward them as fast as I could. When I got on Burnt Spruce Ridge I heard Old Muse and Scrape giving the tree bark on the head of Notch Branch where it heads at the top of

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Elliott Ridge. I knew Old Muse would stay at the tree and I waited for the others. They soon got to where I was on top of the ridge and then we all went to the dogs. I let the boys see me shoot the bear, and they were the best pleased boys I ever saw. John was well pleased also. We were some time getting the bear home, but we got home before night. We certainly had a fine hunt, and the boys are anxious to go hunting again soon.

### Story Number Thirty-Six

A hunt by Eugene Portwood, of Knoxville, Tenn., myself, two brothers and a cousin. Our dogs were Old Muse, Jack, Trail, Sam and Ruff. We planned to go one Monday morning and reached Portwood Camp by two o'clock in the afternoon. We stayed around camp that day and fixed up things. Next morning it was raining and we went fishing instead of hunting. Part of the hunters picked up chestnuts around camp. I caught a lot of fish. When I got back to camp it had quit raining and I told the boys to turn the dogs loose and let them have exercise while I cleaned my fish, but not to let them get far away from camp. As soon as they were loose the dogs ran across the creek and began to give the tree bark and everybody thought they had a bear treed; they grabbed their guns and rushed to them and found they had a groundhog up a laurel stalk. They shot the groundhog and brought it back to camp and cleaned it; we had groundhog and fish that night for supper and enjoyed it. Early next morning we were ready for our hunt. Portwood and my brothers were going to stand that day. One of my brothers stood at the forks of Rock Creek, and the other at the Water Spout; Portwood stood on the main creek. My cousin and I drove for the bear. We drove to the face of Pole Stand Ridge until we got even with the Rock Stand and there we gave up finding a bear and fired for the standers to come in. We waited at the mouth of Rock Creek until they came down and there we turned the dogs loose and they went down the trail ahead of us. All at once Old Muse plunged into the creek after a groundhog, but did not bark. My brother said she barked at that one yes-

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terday. I said yes, but she knows I am bear hunting today. I went on across the creek, following her, but the other fellows did not come on. When I got away from the roar of the creek I could hear the dogs tree and I hurried on to them. When I got up to the bench where they were treed they had a large bear up a tree. I shot it out of the tree and began to halloo and cheer the dogs, as I always do when I kill a bear. The boys were still waiting for me to come back with a groundhog. When I came rolling the bear off of the mountain I heard them say he has killed a bear. When I got down to the creek they all came over to me and said I thought it was a groundhog sure. I said when you hear Old Muse bark you can be certain that it is not a groundhog. They did not think about it being a bear treeing that quick. I said, boys, sometimes a bear trees as quick as a groundhog. They were all surprised to know we had killed a bear so soon. We took the bear down to camp; it was only a little ways and we soon got there. We put in the rest of the afternoon dressing the bear and talking about killing it so soon after the dogs started it.

The next morning we planned another hunt for the next week; took our bear meat and went home, all well pleased with the short hunt.

### Story Number Thirty-Seven

A bear hunt made by my boy, my cousin and myself. Planning to go the Deep Gap Camp on the left hand prong of Deep Creek, we took four dogs, Buck, Wheeler, Fred and Scott. The first day we got to the camping ground at Deep Gap about twelve o'clock. I told Print to fix up the camp and get wood and I would go and look for bear sign. Print said he would like to go with me; I said alright, you can go, and Jeff will fix up the camp. So we ate a lunch and started to hunt for sign of bear. We went up in Deep Gap and up the Fork Ridge to the root stand, and about the root stand to the Nix Gap and turned to the right of the ridge into a little bench. The bear had just torn the little bench all to pieces working for chestnuts. I said to Print, let's go back, this is far enough; but he kept begging me to go on further and go down a little Cove to the creek. I kept insisting on him to go back the way we had come, for we were liable to run the bear out, but I went on with him a little further till we came to another little bench. I went through the upper part of it looking for a sign and Print went to the lower part. He was barely out of my sight. I turned and looked toward him and his gun fire; and then it fired five times before I got in sight of him. When I got in sight I saw a bear fall out of a tree; I thought he had killed it; then I saw another one going around the side of the hill, and I threw a cartridge in the chamber of my gun and snapped at the bear. I saw I had failed to get the shell into the chamber of my gun. I made another effort to put a cartridge in the gun, then I saw it was out of order. Print halloed, shoot that bear, I have emptied my gun. I called to him saying, I cannot; my

gun is out of order. By that time the bear had gone over the ridge. I asked him did you kill the bear. I asked him what's the reason you could not kill one of the four that you said were feeding there; he said, I am not used to my gun; been shooting too high; you know most of the people do shoot too high on a quick shot or at big game; but you have not done any worse than I have done, for I have come bear hunting with a broken gun. He asked what will we do. I believe I hit one or two of them; I said well I will go after the dogs and see if we can do anything with them. I ran on after the dogs, and the boys and got back in exactly an hour. We turned the dogs loose on the track of the bear and they went across Fork Ridge. When I got on top of Fork Ridge, Buck and Wheeler were going into the Cage Drive Slick; Scott and Fred were crossing Fork Ridge at the head of White Rock Branch on the Rock Creek side. By that time Wheeler and Buck had ceased barking and I thought they had come up to a bear that had died from a shot that Print had fired, but I could still hear Scott and Fred fighting the bear they were after and I went toward them, but I soon saw I could not catch up with the dogs and turned my course toward camp. As I came down Cage Drive Branch, Buck and Wheeler overtook me, and when I got to camp the other boys were all there. They, like myself, had decided that Buck and Wheeler had overtook a bear that Print had shot where it had gone and fell dead. Some time during the night Fred and Scott came to camp. They had been bitten up pretty badly in the fight. The next morning my cousin seemed to be disgusted with the hunt and wanted to go home, but I asked him to stay with me and make a drive that day. They wanted to know where I would drive. I said, boys, we will take our camping outfit and other things and drive through to Round Top; we will turn

our dogs loose and make an open drive; then if we get to Round Top in time we will go home today; if we catch any game we will stay at Round Top. So we left our camp at Deep Gap, turned our dogs loose and started. We went up Deer Bed Branch, across the Bear Pen Ridge to the Bear Creek side, and when we got on Bear Creek side of the ridge, Scott and Fred below us started trailing, and Wheeler and Buck started trailing above us.

I thought they were all on the same track, but I saw Scott and Fred were on a bear track and Buck and Wheeler were after a deer. Two of the boys went to get Buck and Wheeler off the deer track and put them after the bear. The other fellow and I followed the dogs after the bear. Scott and Fred went across Burnt Spruce Ridge. Buck and Wheeler were going across Noland divide after the deer. When I got to the top of Burnt Spruce Ridge. I heard Scott and Fred giving the tree bark; I do not think I ever heard two dogs bark as much as they did. They were not far from me and I soon got to them. They had a little bear up a small scrub oak tree and I just sat down and listened to the dogs bark; they would look at me and bark, and then look back at the bear. They acted like they wanted me to kill it, and to please the dogs I aimed at its head and fired and it fell to the ground. I saw it was dead and let the dogs gnaw it as long as they wanted to. I then got the bear on my back and carried it out to the top of the ridge. This ridge led up the Round Top to camp. I decided to rest a while on top of the ridge and fired my gun three times, giving the signal I had killed a bear. The other boys answered me at the camp, and I shouldered my bear and started up the ridge. As soon as I got in sight of camp my little son saw me coming and said I see papa coming with a bear; I told you that was a

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signal shot. They all rushed to meet me, took the bear and carried it the rest of the way to camp. I was surely tired and hungry, but the first thing I asked was where are the dogs that were after the deer. They said the last heard of them they were crossing Flat Top. They then began asking questions about the bear. I told them I killed it on Burnt Spruce Branch, about a mile from the camp. They asked why they did not hear the dogs. I asked where did they come out on Burnt Spruce Ridge, and they said they came up Pheasant Branch to the head and then out on top. I told them they were too high, that the dogs were treed under the break off of the branch below the big cliffs. They prepared me some lunch, and I ate and we skinned the little bear and had some bear meat for supper. We stayed all night at the Round Top Camp. Next morning we started down Noland divide toward home. We had not gone far until we met Buck and Wheeler coming; they looked tired and hungry. I took my pack off my shoulder and fed them some bear meat. We put their collars and chains on them, coupled them together, and went home.

### Story Number Thirty-Eight

A bear hunt by Eugene Portwood, Bob Snelson, myself and others. Our dogs were Buck, Wheeler, Fred, Ruff, Sam and Bean; we got ready to start by noon for camp and camped at the old Elliott improvement. Reaching our proposed camping place before night, we did our work and planned our drive for next day. Some of the fellows along had brought dogs that had never run bear, but we had six well trained bear dogs that I mention. We knew of a large bear in this section that had always whipped the dogs and we wanted to try our dogs on the bear. We planned to hunt for this bear the next day. I said I believe I can turn the dogs on the bear in two hours from the time I start on the drive. We got up early next morning to start on the hunt. There were sixteen men in the crowd and we had twelve dogs. The men were not experienced bear hunters. My brother and Mark Cathey placed the standers; ten men stood for bear, and six of us drove. The standers were placed on Little Dam Ridge and the Bear Pen Ridge. My brother and Mark Cathey took high stand next to the high mountain. After they had been gone an hour and a half I took my men and dogs and started on the drive. We went up the creek to Sassafras Ford, then crossed the creek and went up the left hand side to the mouth of Pole Creek and up Pole Creek to the forks and up the right hand forks of Pole Creek to the mouth of Burnt Spruce Branch, up Burnt Spruce Branch to Burnt Spruce Gap and there we could see where a big bear had been traveling through the gap. We turned the dogs loose on the track; they went off to Bear

Creek, went up Bear Creek and came across the bear in its bed. Then the fight began. All twelve dogs got to the bear. Six of them went away as fast they had come, and the six mentioned in the story by names remained with the bear. The hunters saw the first six dogs leave the bear and they went back to camp, thinking the bear hunt was over. The bear dogs fought the bear out near my brother and Mark Cathey, but they could not see it; they heard it growling and breaking the laurel and they followed on after it as it went into a Big Slick on the left side of Deep Creek. The wind was blowing and I lost the dogs and went up Round Top and out to the Bear Wallow on Round Top divide. Then I heard the dogs again. I mislocated them, something unusual for me; I went in the wrong direction. I thought the dogs were on Noland side and I went nearly a mile down the mountain, but could not hear anything and I figured I misjudged where they were. I turned back on the Noland divide to the Blazed Balsam, then I heard the dogs again. I had just heard the dogs again when I heard some guns fire, but the wind was roaring in the spruce timber and I could not locate the direction where the guns were firing. As the dogs ceased barking and the guns ceased firing, I decided someone had killed the bear. I waited a while and fired my gun to see if I could get an answer. As it was getting late I started down Round Top divide to Easy Ridge to the camp. Then I decided somebody had killed a bear down the main prong of Deep Creek, and I would go down this way and get to camp before dark. I turned down the cove, keeping in the open woods as much as I could; I would go a little piece and then stop and listen. At the foot of Big Slick Ridge I saw some signs where somebody had been going down the creek. Knowing it would be late when I got to camp, I hur-

ried on. When I got to camp it was very late; they had all come to camp except my brother and Mark Cathey and my six bear dogs. They were all watching for me to come in, anxious to find out what had been done on the hunt. I asked have they all got to camp yet, and they said all except Waitsell and Mark. I said well, they have killed a bear for I heard them shooting and heard the dogs somewhere on the left hand prong of Deep Creek, but the wind was blowing so hard I failed to locate them. Then I looked up the trail and saw Mark coming. They all rushed out to meet him. John Everett halloed to him before he got to camp, asking what he had done. He said me and Waitsell have killed a big bear. John asked where is Waitsell. He is with the bear, about seven miles up the creek, about two hundred yards up the right hand prong that runs to the left of the Big Slick. Then I told Mark I heard them shooting the bear and came all the way down the left hand prong of the creek. Mark said I do not see how you missed us. I came down the Round Top prong and I just missed you two hundred yards, but the creek and wind was roaring so that I could not hear anything. Mark said I saw some tracks where you had been coming down the creek and I knew your tracks. I asked Mark if he skinned the bear. No, I want you to take out some men and go get the bear; I am given out, and you are the only one who knows the way. I said I am tired but I will go and take Waitsell something to eat and take some men and get the bear. Seven men volunteered to go and in the seven volunteers there was a Dr. Carr from Tennessee. I said, doctor, I do not mind you going, but we cannot get back tonight; we will go up there, skin the bear, build us a fire and wait till morning to bring it back; it is seven miles to the bear and we cross the creek twenty-six times and then go the

water for a mile; the only way you can keep out of the water is by hopping on the rocks. Doctor, I said I have a flashlight and I can go on the bank but I said, Doctor, you cannot go through the laurel tonight. The doctor thought he could stand as much as I could and he said I can go as far as anybody or through as rough a place as anybody. I said alright, let's go; so we went up Deep Creek until we got to Deep Gap Camp, about four miles, and here three stopped and made camp for the night. The doctor said come on, boys, let's go get the bear; but they did not come; five of us went on; the doctor had good nerve and did not grumble. When we got within a half mile of the bear the doctor fainted and fell in the creek; I saw him fall, and ran back and pulled him out and asked what is the matter? When he spoke he said I hurt my knee and got sick; how far is it on to the bear? I said about a mile; he said wait a minute, I think I can go on. I said you are a doctor but it won't do to sit here and us all wet and hot; we will soon chill; let me get under your arm and help you; you can put most of your weight on me. Bob Leatherwood spoke up and said I will walk under the other arm; we will go on up to the bear where Waitsell is and he will have a fire. The doctor said oh no, I can walk by myself; we had not gone far before the doctor fell again in the water. Jasper Weeks caught caught him and pulled him out. We were now in hearing of the dogs barking at us. I fired my gun, to let Waitsell know I was coming; he fired his gun, answering me, that put new life in the doctor; he made another hundred yards, then started to fall again; me and Jasper grabbed him and took him on to the fire that Waitsell had built; we laid him down close to the fire. The doctor got very sick and I began to think we were going to have to carry a dead man out of the woods. We kept

a good fire and dried his clothing and the doctor soon felt better. My brother had not skinned the bear, for he had left his knife at the camp. Bob, Jasper and myself began to skin the bear. The next morning we divided the bear in equal parts and started down the creek.

The doctor, feeling better, and not having anything to carry, kept up with us. When we got to Cage Drive Branch all the dogs took after another bear. My brother was the only one in the crowd that had a gun, so I said, boys, let's go and get breakfast, for we cannot follow the dogs without something to eat; they all agreed to go on to camp. When we got to camp the men we had left there had something already cooked. After breakfast I got my gun and said let's go and kill the other bear. My idea was to go up the right hand creek until I got to the mouth of Rock Creek and then climb on the knob between Rock Creek and Beech Creek. I thought I could hear the dogs from that point. I had just got to the top of Big Knob when I heard the dogs on the north side of the knob barking the tree bark. I was not more than five minutes getting to them. They had a big bear up an old birch tree. I fired at him and broke his neck. It rolled off the mountain to Beech Creek, the dogs holding to it and rolling too. It did not stop until it rolled into the water, and when I got down to it, it did not draw a breath. My first thoughts were how will I get the bear out of here. I will go back to the knob and fire the signal shot. I climbed to the knob and fired my gun three times, but got no answer. I waited a while and fired again, but got no answer. I went back and began skinning the bear. After while I got the bear skinned, but no one came. I cut it into two parts at the small part of the back, hung the front part on a bush by the creek, rolled the hide around the hams

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and made my way to camp, calling my dogs after me. When I got to camp no one was there but a cousin, and I asked him what had become of the others. He said they all decided to go home, for they believed the dogs would cross Smoky Mountain. It was not very long after you had gone before they left for home; I told them I would stay at the camp until Sam came back. He asked me where I had killed the bear, and I told him if he would go and get the rest of the bear he could have it; I will wait here until you come back. How to find the bear I explained to him and he started. I took a nap and when I woke it was dark, and soon my cousin returned with the other part of the bear. We cooked us something to eat and went home.

### Story Number Thirty-Nine

A fishing trip planned by Andrew Hunnicutt and myself to go to the mouth of Nettle Creek to camp. We were ready to start by nine o'clock in the morning, intending to go to the McCrackin Improvement for dinner. There was a wagon road that far. We had plenty of fly hooks, but I always like to fish with grasshopper bait, so I told Andrew that I would go to the old house and have dinner ready while he caught fish. I wanted to catch some grasshoppers before going on. He said alright, I will catch enough for dinner and then I will come on; you have all the rest of the dinner ready; I will clean my fish, and all we will have to do is to cook them when I get here. I said do not stay long, and I went on to the old field. I decided it was too early to start dinner, and I would catch grasshoppers before I began dinner; grasshoppers were plentiful and I soon caught all I wanted. I then built a fire on the bank of the creek, fried some bread and made coffee and fixed some grease in my pan to fry the fish. Andrew had not come yet. I had a bamboo rod I had not strung up for fishing, and the trout was jumping all over the water, so I decided I would string up my rod and put on a grizzly king fly hook. The first time I cast it in the water three trout struck at it and I caught one. I then fished on up to the Ford, a short distance, and caught eight nice trout. I decided I would go back to my fire, for Andrew might come and would not know where I was; I went back, but Andrew had not come yet, so I cleaned my fish and fried them nice and brown. Andrew had not come yet, so I went down the creek to look for him, thinking something might be wrong. I went down to the foot-log and looked down the creek and saw him fishing;

it looked like he had the biggest string of fish I ever saw. I called to him and motioned for him to come on. I went back and mended the fire and warmed my fish and bread while he was coming. Why he stayed so long, he said, the fish were biting so he could not quit. I said that is when I can quit, when they bite and I get all I want. I have been here, caught all the grasshoppers I needed, made bread and coffee and caught enough fish for our dinner and have them already cooked. He said look at my string of fish; I have about fifty and some of them are fourteen inches long. I said that is alright, but we will be late getting to camp, and he suggested we stay here, for the rainbows are biting good. I said no, I want to go up where there are mountain trout. Andrew insisted on staying in the old house that night. I said no, there are snakes in the old house, and if I stay I will stay here on the bank of the creek. Alright, he said, it is nice and clear and does not look like rain; I would rather camp out here than in the old house. So I agreed to stay; I said there are trout above here that tear up everybody's rigs; I will let them try mine this afternoon. We ate dinner; then I said I am going above the Ford and fish for big trout. I went up above the Ford to the first hole and then went below the Ford and cast my hook in a little hole a time or two to get my hook and line wet so I could use it. I then moved on up to the hole where the big fish were. I crawled up behind the rocks and cast my hook in the hole two or three ways, but never got a single strike. I then knew the big ones were in there, for the large trout run the small trout out. I put on a grasshopper and cast my hook to the upper end of the hole and watched it come down through the water; I saw the big trout come up and get the grasshopper and go to the bottom. I gave it a little time and then began to

wind my reel; I saw I had it hung, so I began to wind my reel in. The fish did some jumping and pulling; I would give it a little line and then reel it back. I worried it down and landed it on the bank of the creek. I then went on it with my hands and said, oh yes, you have fooled with the wrong fellow this time. Then I measured it; it was twenty-three inches long. I went back to camp as it was getting late. When I got there Andrew had gone fishing again. I decided I would put on another grasshopper and tried another large one that I knew of in a hole below me. I went out on a rock that run out in the water and let out my line and it floated down the creek about sixty feet. I felt a fish strike it and I could tell I had hung it, for it started up the creek toward me; it just kept coming up the creek with my reel and I landed it on a sand bar. By that time Andrew had come; he caught several more trout. I told him about the two trout I caught and showed them to him; they were the biggest trout we had ever seen; I am going to take them to a friend; let's go back home tonight and I will take the fish to my friend, and we can come back fishing when we want to. He said that is alright. We went back home that night and I took the two large trout to my friend next day.

### Story Number Forty

Bear hunt planned by Mark Cathey, the Laws boys, Williams boys and myself. When the Laws boys got to the camp at the Old Mountain house on Monday morning we all went back to the old Bryson Place, everybody hoping to have a good hunt. I did part of the work around the camp. Early next morning we were ready to start out to drive for bear. We planned to drive Watson Cove and Easy Branch. Mark took the standers and placed them on Bear Pen Ridge. We had just got over in Watson Cove when Old Muse began to trail a cold bear track. We turned the rest of the dogs loose to go to her, but soon found out none could smell the track except Old Muse. We went over on the ridge where she was trailing and saw it had rained since the bear had traveled. We called the dogs and went over on Easy Branch and all the dogs began to trail there except Old Muse. They went down the branch and the boys thought they were after a bear, but I told them that it was not a bear, for Old Muse never failed to trail a bear, but will not run anything else unless I tell her to when I am bear hunting. By that time the dogs were crossing Burnt Spruce Ridge; the boys wanted to follow them, and being my way, I went with them. Old Muse was hunting everywhere trying to start a bear. When we got to the top of Burnt Spruce Ridge we could hear the dogs treed. The boys said listen, I hear them treed; that must be a bear. I said no, it is a wildcat and they are treed in the ground or in a rock cliff. Old Muse was hunting around and I called her and tied her, afraid she would start a bear herself and run it by the standers and they would be away from their stands. Soon we got down to where the dogs were treed and I told the boys there is your bear. They said it must be a wildcat. I

told them I knew it was a wildcat all the time. Then we agreed to go to camp. I fired my gun two times in succession to let the standers know the drive was over. Then we went on down the creek. When we got to the forks of the creek Old Muse began to smell along the bank of the creek. She would smell along on the rocks, then look toward me. When the boys asked what is she doing, I said she smells a coon, and does not know whether to trail it or not, and she is waiting on me to let her know. That seemed to cause the boys to laugh. They said the other dogs crossed the creek and never smelled anything. I said some of you go with the dogs and I will catch this coon, and if any of you want to stay with me, alright; but they did not seem to think Old Muse would tree that late in the afternoon. I hissed her on, then she opened up her voice and went down the creek in the direction of the camp; as we passed the camp I told my son to go in and bring the axe. All the rest of the boys went to camp; they did not have any faith in catching a coon that day. My boy and a Fisher boy got the axe and came to me, and by the time they got to me Old Muse was treed up a bellwood tree near the bank of the creek at the mouth of Pull Back Branch. It did not take long to get the coon after they got there with the axe. We took our coon and went to camp. All the hunters were there except Wess Lawes. I asked where is Wess; they said he has gone to Elliott Cove to see if there are any more bears there. I said, well, that saves me a trip. Then I skinned my coon. Before I got the coon skinned I looked and saw Wess coming carrying a small bear. I called the other hunters and told them I saw Wess coming carrying a bear he had killed. They all rushed out of camp to meet Wess, and they brought the bear on into camp. I asked Wess where he killed the little bear; he told me in the

head of Elliott Cove and I heard another one run by, but did not get to see it. He asked did I get the coon. I told him down on Pull Back Branch, and he said your coon is nearly as large as my bear. I cooked bear meat and coon meat the rest of the afternoon and the fellows all enjoyed it. Some of the boys had to go home that evening, but some stayed to make another drive the next morning. I told Mark to place standers on Long Drive Ridge and I will get Wess to go with me and show me where he heard the bear run. After we gave the standers about an hour start of us and we started, we kept all the dogs tied except Old Muse, and they just reached where Wess killed the bear the day before when Old Muse began trailing. Wess said she is trailing where I heard the bear run yesterday. We turned the rest of the dogs loose with Old Muse and they went over the John Parris Ridge, out over the high knob at the head of Parris Branch on to Indian Creek side. When we reached the top of the knob at the head of Parris Branch we could hear the dogs fighting the bear down on the creek. I said, boys, that is another cub bear and the dogs will not let it travel. Go to them and some of us will go in ahead of the bear. Wess and my boy started toward the dogs and the rest of us started out the top of the mountain. We had not gone far until I heard the bear bawl. I said, boys, the dogs are going to kill that bear; let's go to them; we can get there before the others do. Before we got to them the dogs had nearly killed the bear, and Wess had got there and finished it with a shot. When we got there I said it is a mate to the one Wess killed yesterday. We took time about and carried the little bear to camp. Everybody soon got in and we talked about how we had enjoyed the hunt and then got ready and went home.

### Story Number Forty-One

A bear hunt by Mark Cathey, Back Laney, myself and others. We met at the old Elliott house, ten miles up Deep Creek, for the hunt. We got to camp some time in the afternoon and did our work around camp that day. Our dogs were Buck, Wheeler and a little black-and-tan female owned by Golie Ferguson, and some other young dogs owned by Mark Cathey, Noah Seay and Back Laney, and another little spotted female belonging to Ralph Hyatt. The two females mentioned were the dogs I depended on. We had a long talk about the young dogs, for they had never fought a bear. They did not look good to me, for they were mixed up. Some fellows think a dog has to have a broad head and stick up his ears and his bristles, stand straight up all the time, before he will fight a bear, but I want a full-blooded hound; so this caused an argument between me and some of the fellows; but I told them to wait and see during the hunt. Next morning Mark took all of the standers and placed them on Fork Ridge, the Polk Patch and Pole Stand Ridge. After they had been gone long enough to reach their stand we started on the drive. We went up the Elliott Branch, through the benches of the branch, across Sarvis Spring Ridge. We found a large bear track on the north side of the ridge the dogs could not seem to smell, except Buck and Wheeler. We turned them loose on the track and all the dogs went a little ways. Buck and Wheeler went on into Nettle Creek Laurel, crossed Rocky Top to Indian Creek side. All the other dogs stayed with us. I told the boys we will go up Long Drive Ridge and if there is a bear using there we can probably get these dogs after it and we will be ahead

of Buck and Wheeler if they get after a bear on Indian Creek. We went on up the ridge nearly an hour when I heard Old Wheeler coming over Rocky Top. I said listen, boys, I hear Old Wheeler coming after a bear down Steel Trap Ridge. By that time Old Buck crossed Rocky Top. I said there is Buck, too, the bear is out-running him; listen at Wheeler, he is catching the bear. Then I told some of the boys to stay here; I will try to beat the bear to Rattlesnake Knob. Some of the drivers seemed to be excited and tried to keep up with me going to Rattlesnake Knob; they were hallooing and talking to each other, and I asked them to be quiet for they would scare the bear and it would turn. By that time the dogs were climbing the face of Rattlesnake Knob and some of the young dogs went to meet them. Buck and Wheeler began fighting the bear and it turned down Nettle Creek and then went out across Long Drive Ridge to the head of Shack Branch, down on the right hand prong of Deep Creek, then down the creek to the main creek and upon the hill near the forks of the creek near an old cleared patch they treed the bear. I stayed on Rattlesnake Knob until I heard them tree and me and the Kitchens boy started them, but Mark Cathey and Buck Laney being near, went to them and killed the bear just as we reached them; we rolled the bear down to the bank of the creek in the old field tied its legs together, run a pole between its legs and had it ready to carry when the rest of the hunters reached us. We all took it time about carrying the bear down to camp. Mark asked me to get dinner for the crowd and he would get some of the fellows and skin the bear. They soon had the bear skinned and some bear meat ready for me to cook for dinner. We ate dinner, divided the bear and went home the same day.

### Story Number Forty-Two

A fishing trip planned by Lee Stinnett and myself to start in the afternoon. On this fishing Dan Stinnett went with us. Our plan was to go to Sams Creek in the afternoon. We all got ready to go, packing our camping outfit on Frank, a big pack horse. We left John Stinnett on Little River about one o'clock in the afternoon; went around the Keryhe Mountain through Lowe Gap, down Lowe Gap Branch, and coming down the branch we saw a lot of squirrels and killed three. While killing squirrels, it began to rain. We left Frank standing in the trail, unpacked him and took the camping outfit out under a large tree and kept it from getting very wet. After the rain was over we put the pack back on Frank and I got on him and rode. We went down Lowe Gap Branch; since the rain the branch was up and in the trail, but we managed to go on down to Magges Creek, crossed the creek and went up the branch to Buck Horn Gap, through the Little Spruce Flats, to Big Spruce Flats, to an old improvement, and there we stayed all night in an old house. The grass was long around the house. We unpacked old Frank and turned him loose in the grass, then went in the house and built a fire and skinned our squirrels, made bread, coffee and fried the squirrels, and we had a fine supper. We were afraid of snakes in the old house and tore up the floor, made a scaffold up above the floor and made our beds on it. Next morning we got up and ate breakfast and decided we would do our own packing and leave Frank in the Spruce Flats, as it was a good pasture. We got our packs and went on through Spruce Flats until we reached Reed Camp Branch and then we crossed Wilkison Ridge at the middle fork of Little River; then we went up the river to the Tar Paper Camp. Lee went to look for squir-

rels; Dan and myself went fishing; we soon caught plenty of fish for dinner, then came back and got dinner. We ate dinner and decided to go to Sams Creek that night to a cabin; Dan and Lee took the packs and went up the river; I got my fishing rig and started fishing up Thunderhead Creek to the mouth of Sams Creek, and it began to rain. I decided I had enough fish for that day and I would go on to camp. When I got to the cabin where we were to stay I found some other fellows there, and they told me, Lee and Dan had gone up Sams Creek a mile to Lee's Camp. I moved on faster and soon got to camp. When I got there Lee had remodeled his camp and Dan had gone fishing. Lee was getting wood and I cleaned my fish. Lee began to get supper and I fried a lot of trout for supper. Soon Dan came in from fishing and after supper we rebuilt our fires and fared well that night. Next morning we planned for me to go up Sams Creek fishing and Lee go down the creek and for Dan to go to Churn Hollow and gather ramps. While we were eating breakfast three men passed us going up Sams Creek fishing. I was afraid I would not catch any fish since they had gone ahead of me. I started in at camp fishing up stream and for a little ways I caught trout out of every hole; I fished on until I got to where they started fishing; then I got out of the creek and went up the trail above the fishers. I decided I would give them the creek to fish in and I went out to the big oak and on above the big oak to the forks of the creek. I went up the left hand prong and caught lots of trout. I then decided I would go back and fish up the other prong, just to see which side had the most fish in it. I was catching fish and putting them in my hunting coat as fast as I could. I fished until I got my pockets full. I then decided to go back to camp. Dan and Lee had come into camp and had prepared dinner. While I was

eating dinner they cleaned my fish and we decided to move over on Shut End Creek that afternoon. We started and when we got down to the mouth of Sams Creek, Lee and Dan took the packs and went to the camp. I began fishing in the Thunderhead prong up to the mouth of Shut End Creek and up Shut End Creek to camp. Lee was there and had plenty of wood; he had just returned from squirrel hunting; Dan was fishing up Shut End Creek, and we had supper ready when he returned. We all ate supper and went to bed. It was raining next morning and our camp was not good, so we decided to go back to the Tar Paper Camp. Dan and Lee went up Shut End Creek to fish and gather ramps, and in the afternoon they came to Tar Paper Camp. I was getting wood, as the river was up and I could not fish. Then we prepared dinner and after we had eaten dinner Lee went squirrel hunting; Dan and myself tried to catch some fish, but did no good on account of the river being up. On our way back to camp we found a hive of bees; we got an axe, peeled a little poplar tree and made a bee gum and hived the bees; we propped it up so it would not fall down, and went back to camp and got supper. We fared well at the Tar Paper Camp that night.

The next morning we packed our outfit and started back to Lee's and Dan's home. As we came on by our bee stand we found them working nicely. We went on, afraid that Frank had left the pasture, but when we got to Spruce Flats, Frank was there, and we packed him and went home.

### Story Number Forty-Three

This coon hunt was planned by Andrew Hunnicutt and myself, taking with us Andrew's father and my two sons. Andrew had two dogs, named Pud and Ruff. My dogs were Old Muse, Jack and Trail. Andrew thought his dogs better than mine and he had an idea he would show me that they were during this hunt. We went to the Old Elliott Improvement to camp in an old house there. The first hunt was planned to go to Pole Road Creek; Andrew's father stayed at the camp. The first day Andrew and myself and my two boys went hunting, taking all five dogs. I did not want to take them all, but Andrew insisted on taking them; as Jack and Trail were young dogs I took them along to break them in. We went up Pole Creek to the forks; Old Muse began to trail a coon; soon all the dogs were trailing with her. They went up the left hand prong of the creek, around the curve, out of our hearing. We went across the ridge toward them and when we got in hearing Andrew's dogs were giving the tree bark. Andrew said I hear my dogs treed at the head of Pole Creek. Andrew was then satisfied that his dogs had beat mine. By that time I heard Old Muse give the tree bark. Andrew said my dogs beat yours and treed the coon. I asked how do you know, for we were behind the hill when the dogs treed. I said Old Muse may have treed it; she trees and then circles around the tree to see if they have gone on and then goes back and gives the tree bark, but I did not argue with Andrew, for he truly believed his dogs had treed the coon; but I knew his dogs would not trail a coon that time of day by themselves; so we went on and caught the coon; it was up in the hollow of an old chestnut snag. Andrew knocked on the old stump and

the coon put its head out and I shot it. The coon was certainly a fine one; we took it and went back to camp and Andrew told his father his dogs treed the coon; but I did not say anything about what I knew. The rest of the afternoon we stayed close around camp hunting squirrels and pheasants; we killed a lot of squirrels and pheasants. My two boys got wood for the night; Andrew and myself cooked supper. After supper I planned a hunt for the next day. I said, Andrew, you have good coon dogs, and I catch some coons with my dogs; you take your dogs in the morning, and either one of the boys, and go up either prong of the creek you want to, and I will take my dogs and the other boy and go up the other prong, and that will give us two chances to catch a coon, where we would only have one chance going together. Andrew agreed to this and took the left hand prong of the creek. I said alright, but you have got the best side of the creek. The next morning we got an early start, Andrew taking one of the boys and his dogs up the left hand prong of Deep Creek; I took the other boy and went up the right hand prong. I was not expecting to start a coon right away, for I knew the coons were using higher on the creek. Charlie and myself went up the trail; Charlie being a little fellow, it pushed him to keep up with me. Old Muse went along the water, hunting each bank of the creek, and I knew that if a coon had been along there she would find the sign. We went on past the mouth of Nettle Creek and she had not yet struck a coon. I told Charlie that if she did not strike one before she got to the mouth of Bee Tree Creek we will hear her open for a coon there; let's try to keep up with her; if she strikes a coon at the mouth of Bee Tree Creek and we are not close we will lose the direction she goes, on account of the roaring water. When we got to the

mouth of Bee Tree Creek we heard Old Muse begin trailing; there the pups were after squirrels off a little ways. Old Muse trailed the coon up the main Deep Creek to the mouth of Cherry Creek, then up Cherry Creek to the mouth of Flat Cove Branch, to the head of it and then across to Boards Camp Branch, then down the branch to Cherry Creek, and the pups came to her there and began trailing with her. They came down the creek to the mouth of Pole Stand Branch and treed up a small poplar on the bank of the creek near us. I said to Charlie, Old Muse must have lied this time, for I do not see a hole in the tree. He said, papa, just look over the top of the laurel stalks; I looked and saw the hole; there was a bulge on the tree, and I said there is a good den for coons. I went down and began chopping the little poplar tree and when the tree fell Old Muse caught a coon. The pups not knowing how to get into the lap of the tree ran past the tree, and another coon came out toward the stump and went into a hole in the ground. By that time the pups had come back to Old Muse and caught hold of her coon. I called to her and she turned the coon loose and began to hunt for another. She found the one I saw go into the hole; she pulled it out and soon killed it. We took our two coons and started back to camp, reaching there about two o'clock in the afternoon. Andrew's father was standing at the gap; he said you have had good luck today. I told him we happened on two coons, asked him if Andrew and Jeff had come yet. He said no, they have not returned. So me and Charlie began skinning the coons; while we were skinning them the other boys came. Andrew saw we were skinning coons and asked how many we got. I told him we got only two; how many did you get? He said we failed to get any. Andrew's father asked what was the reason you did not get any, and he told him there

was no coon on that prong of the creek. Jeff spoke up, saying I know the reason, Uncle John, we did not have Old Muse with us. That did not seem to suit Andrew for the boy to tell why they did not catch any coons. I knew Andrew was convinced on this hunt what a real coon dog was.

We packed our things and went home, all pleased with the short coon hunt.

### Story Number Forty-Four

Coon hunt planned by Print Blevins, Andrew Hunicutt and myself. Our plan was to go to the Loss Williamson cabin. Our dogs were Fred, Pudd, Ruff and Dave. We planned to leave at dark and go to the Bryson Place the first night. We ate supper with Blevins and started. We went up the Bumgarner Branch and before we got to the head of this branch Old Fred started a fox. That seemed to worry Blevins to know that Fred had gone after a fox and we would not have him for the coon hunt. I told Print that Fred would come to us by daylight. We went across the Pull Back Mountain to the camp. We got some wood before we got to camp, took it with us and soon started a fire. There was already a bed at the camp and after we got warm we laid down. About three o'clock in the morning Dave and Ruff began to bark, trying to get loose. I got up to see what was the trouble and heard Fred running. He seemed to be coming near the camp. I went back and woke Print up and told him I heard Fred running; get up and let's see if we can stop him when he comes closer. We called him and he came to us, seemed to be very tired, and we gave him a good feed and tied him up and went back to bed. The next morning we got up and pulled out to Loss cabin. By the time we got to the cabin it was snowing; we all began to get wood and soon got enough to do us a day or two. Andrew and myself went to hunt chestnuts where the mice had stored them in hollow trees. I found a mouse den and we robbed it and got about a half gallon of chestnuts; we went on and found another den and got about a half bushel of chestnuts. We spent the rest of the afternoon cooking and eating chestnuts. Print and Andrew seemed to

think it was a good time for coon hunting. About dark it quit snowing and the wind blew all the snow off the timber. Next morning the air was still and it was not very cold; the snow was about four inches deep. I suggested that we go coon hunting. They all agreed to go with me. We had not gone far from camp until I heard the dogs begin to trail a coon. I said to the boys let's go to them, for that is coon and we can help trail them in the snow. Before we got to them the dogs were treed. We went on to them and they were treed up a hollow birch tree. It did not take us long to catch the coons; there were two in the tree. When the tree fell the coons stayed in the tree and we chopped into them and the dogs went in and pulled them out. We got back to camp about twelve o'clock. The afternoon was spent in skinning coon and cooking coon meat and eating chestnuts. The next morning Print wanted to go turkey hunting to the Shot Beech Ridge. Andrew and myself went to Rock Creek coon hunting. When we got to the mouth of Rock Creek the dogs started up the creek trailing a coon; we followed them. They trailed up Rock Creek to the forks and then up the right hand fork until they came to Laurel Flat Branch; then up the branch to the head; it headed into the Rock Creek Slick Ridge. There had been two wolves crossed the coon tracks. We got the dogs off the coon tracks and put them on the wolves' tracks and followed the wolves to Beech Creek, across the Beech Creek Ridge and on to the right hand prong of the creek, where the trail went out to Smoky Gap. We were tired and came back the trail to camp. Print had failed to find any turkeys, but had killed two nice pheasants and had them cooked when we got to camp. I certainly did enjoy my dinner; we had some nice coon and pheasant meat for dinner. We spent the rest of the afternoon around the camp. The next morning

we started down the creek toward home, coon hunting, going down the right hand prong of Deep Creek. The dogs struck a coon track going right down the creek. The dogs trailed along the creek bank and we going the path, nearly kept up with them. They went down the creek till they came to the Hurricane Ridge and then turned to the right. Under the Hurricane Ridge the dogs treed up a chestnut tree. Andrew chopped the right hand side of the tree and I chopped the left hand side until the tree fell. The coon stayed in the tree. The dogs ran through the lap of the tree and soon found the coon was in the hollow of it. Old Fred went in the tree to the coon and came back out barking very shrilly. I said look, that coon has whipped Old Fred; that is the first time I ever knew that dog to back from a coon. Then I looked into the log and said that is the biggest coon I ever saw; he is as black as a bear. Ruff went in the hole with Fred; they both squeezed in the hole and brought the coon out. I never saw a coon fight like that one did; it would have the dogs down as often as they had it down. I thought the coon was going to whip the dogs before they killed it, and I jumped in and helped them kill the coon. We came down the Bryson Place, got dinner, and after dinner went home.

### Story Number Forty-Five

This coon hunt was made by my son, a cousin and myself, taking one dog named Scott. He had not hunted for coons very much, but there had been some coons caught with him. I knew he had the right kind of blood for a coon dog. My son and I went to camp a day ahead of my cousin; we camped at the Bryson Place. This was the first coon hunt my cousin had ever been on. The first day Jeff and I were at camp we killed some squirrels and got wood, waiting on Van to come. Van came that afternoon and we did not have anything to do except cook supper. We went to bed early, as I had planned a big hunt the next day. Next morning we got ready to start early; Scott was anxious to start, but he did not know what we were going to hunt for, and he struck a fox before we had gone out of sight of the camp. I tried every plan to stop him, but failed; he went on after the fox; we followed him until he treed; he had not run the fox more than one hour before he treed. I told Van we would go back to camp and move to Round Top. In the morning we started back down the Elliott Branch, and Scott began to trail along the branch. Van asked me what Scott was after. I told him I thought it was a mink. Van asked what is a mink. I asked him don't you know; a mink is a little animal that stays along the water; their fur is valuable. Van asked is the meat good. I said no, the meat is not good; they are only good for the fur. Van asked can we catch it. I said I don't know; they are hard to catch with a dog, they have so many holes to go in and out. While we were talking Scott treed a mink under the bank of the branch to scare the mink out, Van got interested in shotgun, I said you watch down on the branch and I will scare it out; keep looking for it, it will be gone before you know it. I got down under the bank of the

branch to scare the mink out, Van got interested in me and let the mink get away without seeing it. Scott discovered the mink was gone and went running down the bank. Van asked what is Scott looking for. I said he is after the mink. Van said I thought it was treed. I said yes, but it ran out. Van said no, I could see where Scott went and there was nothing there. I said yes, there was something there; it ran out while you was looking at me. Scott left the branch and went across the ridge to the creek. I told Van that was the biggest mink race I ever heard for I never knew of a mink going that far away from water. By that time Scott had reached the creek and by the time Van and I got there, Scott was on the other side treed. We crossed the creek and went to Scott. The mink ran out again and soon went into another hole under the bank of the creek. I told Van for him to watch down the branch, for there was nothing in the way, and you can see the mink. I will go up above and come down and the mink will go down the creek. I began stamping on the bank of the creek. I was looking up the creek when Van fired his gun and said I got him. I looked around and saw the mink kicking; I said yes, you got it and it is the biggest mink I ever saw. Van and I took the mink and started back across the creek; I got over without getting wet, but Van fell in and got wet all over. Jeff had already gone to the camp and had a fire built; we hurried on to camp so he could dry. We had just got to camp when a fur trapper came along and I was telling him about the mink and showed it to him. He asked what I would take for the mink and I said five dollars; the trapper did not ask any questions about it, but got the money. Then Van began to think the mink was good for fur. He said when he dried we will go and hunt another mink. I said no, I do not want to hunt my dog on mink, for I never can make a

scenter dog out of them and hunt mink. We then began to cook something to eat; the trapper stayed with us for dinner. The afternoon was warm, and Jeff went fishing; he caught a lot of rainbow trout; Van and I went squirrel hunting, but failed to kill any squirrels. Jeff caught all the trout we could eat for supper and breakfast. After breakfast we packed our camping outfit and started up Pole Creek to to Round Top Camp. We had not gone far up Pole Creek until Scott began to trail a coon; he trailed up the creek to the forks, then up the left hand prong. We were heavily loaded and could not keep up with him. We kept going on up the creek and after while the dog got out of our hearing. When we got to him he was treed up a large poplar tree. I said to Van, bad luck; he asked why; I said this tree is valuable for lumber and we will not cut it down; Van said I thought you cut any tree down for a coon; I said no, do not cut a tree that is good for lumber, yet I hate to take the dog away from the tree without catching the coon; but I called him and went on through the benches of Pole Creek and out at the Sassafras Gap on the Round Top divide, out over Grassy Knob to the Round Top Camp. When we got there it was nearly night and we hurried to get wood and supper before dark. Next morning Jeff went home for more provisions. Van and I went down on Bear Creek coon hunting. We went down the Burnt Spruce Ridge and turned to the left on the Bear Creek side. We had not gone far until Scott started a coon. In the trail we were in there was an old birch tree, and I saw Scott scent up the tree and around the tree; he seemed to be bothered; he could not get started on the coon track. After while he trailed down the creek. I said that is wrong; the coon has come up here in this tree; let's wait a while and see if the dog will come back directly. He came back to the tree, but seemed

to be bothered, that being the first coon he had ever found in its den; but I knew the coon was in the birch for I saw dogs tree them in their den before Scott trailed back down the creek and then came back to the old birch again. I did not understand how the coon had done. I went out and hissed him up the tree; he seemed to believe I knew where the coon was and began to bark up the tree. We chopped the tree down and when it started to fall I saw the coon jump as far down the hill as it could; the dog went into the lap of the tree before I could get him to where the coon struck the ground. The coon went toward Bear Creek. When Scott started after the coon he did some fast running and the coon went under a rock above the falls of Bear Creek. When I got to the dog he could nearly reach the coon; he was lunging against the rock until he knocked the blood out of his head. I caught the dog with one hand and punched the coon with the axe handle with the other. The coon started to run out and the dog caught it. Scott being a stout dog he soon mashed the coon to death. When Van got to me I was trying to get the dog loose from the coon; he was the hardest dog to control when he caught a coon I ever saw. I put his collar on him and let Van start on with the coon before I could get him to leave it alone. Van and I went back up Bear Creek to camp. Soon after we got to camp Jeff came with the provisions. Van showed him the coon and told him what a time we had catching it. We skinned the coon and cooked some for supper. Next morning we started for Noland Creek coon hunting. We went out to the benches toward the buckeye log. Old Scott began to trail a coon at the head of a little drain and went toward the mouth of Clingman's Creek, crossing Noland Creek, and turned back up Clingman's Creek. Van and I hurried after him as fast we could go. He left the creek

and turned across Meshie Ridge. Before we got to the creek we heard him tree. After we got down to the creek we could not hear him, and we started to climb Meshie Ridge. When we got up the ridge a little ways I could hear him running. I said listen, I hear Scott coming toward us; we were in the thick laurels and heard something running by us. I said he is after some big animal. Van said I saw something shaking the laurel. By that time the dog was passing us and I went out to look at the sign of the animal, and I said he is after wolves. Van said I thought he was after coon. I said he treed a coon and the wolves have come to him for a fight and he has whipped them away. By that time Scott had stopped the wolves and they were in a fight. Van was carrying a gun and I was carrying the axe. I asked Van to give me the gun and I will try to kill the wolves. Van handed me the gun and took the axe. Scott held the wolves until I nearly got in sight of them. They would go a little piece and then turn on him for a fight, or he would catch them, and when I would get close to them they would move on until they almost ran me to death. I saw the wolves were going to kill the dog from the amount of blood in the trail he had gone. I began to call him and he came to me, but turned and went back to the wolves. By that time Van had come to me and I told him the wolves were killing my dog and the laurel was so thick I could not get in sight of them to shoot. By that time the dog was satisfied. I saw him coming toward us and I said yonder he comes; he has quit fighting the wolves. Van said I thought I heard you calling him. I did call him a while ago and he went back. He knows I want him to quit. When he came to me a while ago he was bloody all over where the wolves had chewed him. When he came back this time he was almost given out. I spoke to him and said come on, old boy; he

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came up to me, but laid down. I said, Van, I am afraid he is killed; we picked him up and took time about carrying him to the top of the mountain. When we got on top I said now I will put him down and see if he will walk. I put him down on the ground and we rested a while and started on. We called the dog; he made a trial to get up but could not; then we carried him again. He was heavy to carry but we soon got to camp. I had lots of coon grease at the camp and I greased his wounds with coon grease. Jeff had stayed at the camp and had cooked some fresh pork. I gave Scott a good feed of the meat and he rested; he seemed to be better. Next morning we packed and went home, planning to take my brother's dog and Scott and go back to the Round Top Camp again soon.

### Story Number Forty-Six

This coon hunt was planned by Van Hunnicutt and myself after we had come from Round Top, when we had the wolf fight, to get my brother's dog and go back. One morning we got ready to start, planning to go across Pull Back and up Burnt Spruce Ridge, my son going along with us; he was going up Elliott Ridge and out the mountain to the camp with a load of provisions; Van and myself going by way of Burnt Spruce Ridge. Scott began to trail. Van asked what is Scott after now; I do not know, but it must be a small animal. He trailed along while going in the same direction we wanted to go; he treed in a groundhog hole and when we got to him he pulled out a skunk (pole cat.) Van asked what is that; I said it is a skunk; then Van began to run, saying I do not want to get the scent on me. By that time Scott had turned it loose and began to rub himself on the ground; it made him sick. Van asked what is the matter with Scott; I said the skunk has made him sick. We got him away from the skunk and started on toward camp, as it was getting late. Jeff beat us to camp and had something cooked for us to eat. We spent the remainder of the evening getting wood to do us during the rest of the hunt. We had a good axe and soon got in a lot of wood.

The next morning we started to Noland coon hunting, leaving my brother's dog at the camp, as he was part cur and he and Scott could not get along. We went to Double Spring Branch and Scott began to trail. I told the boys it must be a coon. We went to the head of the branch and there could see sign of the coon. Scott seemed slow getting the track straightened out. Soon he started down the branch; we followed him. When he got down near Noland Creek he turned to

the left and crossed the ridge of Bench Branch, down Bench Branch to the creek, down the creek to another little branch that came in on the same side of the creek; out to the head of the little branch and above the head of this little branch the leaves seemed very dry, and Scott seemed to be having trouble keeping the track. After while he came back down the little branch, opening up his voice same as he did coming up. Van said he is going back down the branch on wrong end of the track. I said no, the coon has been feeding up the branch and has turned back, for coons often do that. We followed Scott back down the branch and by the time he crossed the creek and began to trail on the other side, I said he is right, the coon has come back down this way. He turned up a little drain out through the flat laurel; I looked over the laurel and saw him climbing up a maple tree; I said look yonder at that dog on that stooped tree; I guess he will tree there. He scented up the tree as far as he could and then got down and circled all around the tree. By that time we were close to him; he looked at me and then reared upon the tree and gave the tree bark. I said there is Mr. Coon alright. The laurel was thick around the butt of the tree; it took me a little while to trim out so I could cut the tree down. When the tree fell it hung on some logs that were laying on the ground, and Scott run in under it, trying to find a coon. I told Van to catch Scott and not to let him get hold of a coon, for it is so large it will hurt him; but I can shoot it and save a fight between it and the dog. By that time Scott had found a place where he could go in the hollow of log and had gone in and was fighting the coon before I could turn around. The dog and the coon took hold of each other and held their hold until I chopped a hole in the log and got the coon by the hind legs and took it loose

from the dogs. I told them to reach in and twist the dog's ear and make him turn the coon loose and I will pull the coon out; when the dog comes out we will let them fight. I pulled the coon out, and when Scott had come out I threw the coon on the ground and Scott caught it and soon killed it, and we went to camp. When we got to camp there were some bear hunters there and they wanted us to go bear hunting with them. I told them they had come too late to bear hunt, for the bears have all gone to house. One of the hunters said he thought bears stayed out later than this. I said no, you can hardly find a bear after Christmas. Some of the hunters were looking at the coon and asked me what I would take for it. I told them I did not want to sell the coon, but will cook it and we will all eat it; so I put the coon in a kettle to cook and we all ate it for supper. The next morning the men who had come to hunt bear decided I was right about us not finding any bear, and they decided to coon hunt. I let them choose the course to take, and they wanted to go back to Noland Creek. Van and myself and the boy went to Bear Creek. We had not been gone long until we treed some coons on Bear Creek in a small box-elder tree. We caught three coons and got back to camp before twelve o'clock that day. I suggested to Van that we move camp to the Board Camp at the winter range, on the head of Rattlesnake Fork of Deep Creek; so we got ready to move. We went out through open woods of Bear Creek, through the Bear Pen Gap and down Round Top Branch to the left hand prong of Rattlesnake Fork. This was the first time we had turned my brother's dogs loose. They began to run down the creek, and I said they are after a coon and it has been out today. We hurried on down the creek and soon reached the camp. The dogs had already passed the camp, going down the creek. Jeff

said I am tired and I will stop at the camp. We followed the dogs on, and when we got in hearing of the dogs they were treed in a hollow birch tree that stood on top of a cliff. There was no chance to fell the tree and keep it from pitching off the cliff. Jeff held the dogs at one end of the cliff and when the tree fell and before the dogs could get to the tree the coons had gone under the cliff and there was no chance to get them. We went back to camp; it was dark when we got there. We ate supper and went to bed.

The next morning I told Van and Jeff to go to Cage Drive and stand for bear, for there is a bear in this section that kills stock and does not house during the winter; he may be on Cage Drive Ridge now; one of you stand at the branch at the edge of the laurel and the other out at the far side of the open woods next to Fork Ridge and if the bear is in here we will get him, and if he is not you will hear the dogs come up over the falls of Cage Drive Branch after a coon. Van said I do not know how to get to the stand, but I told him Jeff would show him where to stand, and I will lead the dogs down to the mouth of Cage Drive Branch, and when I get there I will turn the dogs loose. When I got to the mouth of Cage Drive Branch I turned them loose and my brother's dog went upon the ridge and treed a squirrel; Scott went to him, and I went on up the branch. When Scott found the other dog was after a squirrel he came to me and began to trail a coon. He trailed around above a large cliff where the coon had come down a crevice of a rock to a little a flat place about the size of a dining table. I saw Scott slide off the rock to this place and then off to the ground; it was thirty feet or more. Up by the rock was a little hempine tree; I saw Scott scent the coons on the limbs of the tree where they lay out on the offset of the rock. I knew the coon had come



Portwood and Black Bear Hide

down the little hempine tree from the rock. I saw Scott start to come off the rock and it scared me, for I knew if he jumped off of the rock it would break every bone in him, but he knew enough not to jump off the high rock; he turned and tried to go back up the crevice where he had come down, but when he got back to the offset of the rock he failed to climb it. I saw he had got in a place he could not get out of. By that time my brother's dog had come to me and found the trail of the coon at the root of a little pine. Then I thought Scott would jump off any way. Then it came to me how to get him down; I climbed up the tree and got Scott by the back of the neck and carried him down. He started a coon track again and soon passed the other dogs and went up over Cage Drive Falls. They soon passed Van and then up by White Rock Branch they passed Jeff, and across Fork Ridge, Jeff following them; Van got lost when the dogs crossed to Rock Creek. When I got to the top of Fork Ridge I heard them treed; I hallooed as loud as I could and Jeff answered me over where they were treed. When I got there Jeff was working up the den; the coon had a den in the ground. We soon caught the coon, and I told Jeff he must hurry back to the Cage Drive side of the ridge for Van is over there and he cannot get out. He hallooed to me and said he was lost, as I came up Fork Ridge. I told him to wait until I came back and I would take him out. We went back to the top of Fork Ridge; I hallooed but did not get an answer from them. We went by where he stood for the bear and found tracks where he had gone up the branch; we went on after him. I told Jeff if he has found the cut-out he has got out alright. When we got to the cut-out we could see tracks where he had gone the cut-out where the trail was cut through the laurel across the Cage Drive Ridge. I knew he was alright; he was

in camp when we got there and began telling us about getting lost. I told him very often men get bothered in the laurel that do not understand how to get through it. Jeff laughed and said if you had gone to the dogs where they had the coon treed you would not have got back at all. Van said it could not have been any worse than where I was. Jeff said certainly, Van; papa calls that open woods where you were. Van said it did not seem like open woods when I could not see at all. We fixed a fire for the night, I skinned the coon, Jeff and Van got wood and supper.

Next morning we came down the creek toward home. When we got below Deep Gap the dogs started a coon. I told the boys for one of them to take the camping outfit down to the Bryson Place, and the other one go with me to follow the dogs. Van wanted to go with me, and Jeff took the camping outfit to the Bryson Camp. The dogs were going up through the Little Cove. By the time Van and myself reached the top of Deer Bed Ridge the dogs were in the head of Wess Cathey Cove. We turned off into the Little Cove and that put us out of hearing of the dogs. We kept going around the side of the hill; we stopped to listen and heard the dogs coming down Deer Bed Ridge toward us. Down on the ridge just above us they treed in a large chestnut. We could see the tree from where we stood; we went to the tree and began chopping on it; the tree was hard to chop down. Van was holding the dogs above the tree to keep them from running under it when it fell. As the tree was falling a puff of wind began to blow the tree up the hill; I called to Van to look out the wind was blowing the tree that way; but the wind ceased blowing and the tree went back the other way; when it struck the ground Van turned the dogs loose and they ran into the lap of the tree; my brother's dog caught the coon;

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it was a very large one and the dog turned it loose. By that time Scott took hold of it and soon put it to squalling. I made the other dogs stand back, and Scott killed it. I had to choke him loose from the coon. We got the coon and went on down Wess Cathey Cove to the Bryson Camp. Jeff had dinner ready; we ate dinner and I planned to go home. Van wanted to rest until night and possum hunt as we went home. We went up the Pull Back trail and had not gone far until old Scott started a possum and treed it up a sourwood tree. I shook it out and went on. Before we got home we caught another. Possum hunting seemed to please Van as much as coon hunting. We stopped at brother's and stayed all night, and next morning went home.

### Story Number Forty-Seven

A camping trip by Lee Stinnett, Dan Hunnicutt, Henry Stinnett and myself to the middle forks of Little River, shooting small game and fishing. We took one dog with us; he belonged to Lee; his name was Lead. We planned to go one morning early, leaving from John Stinnett's, on the north fork of Little River, by Line Spring Station. We went the Meages Mountain Road, three miles around the Kerrhe Mountain, to the Lowe Gap; leaving Lowe Gap, going down Lowe Gap Branch, and then up Meages Creek to Buck Horn Gap, through the Spruce Flats to an old improvement known as the Spruce Flat field; then down Copperhead Branch to Deer Bed Camp Branch; then up the ridge between the river and Deer Bed Camp Branch until we got even with Deer Bed Camp Branch, and then we turned off to middle forks of the river to the Tar Paper Camp. There we unpacked and got dinner, all taking a hand in getting dinner. After dinner we left the camp and went to the Effer Hollow Camp. This camp was on the Thunderhead prong of the river. We packed and started, crossing on the right side of the river until we got even with Sams Creek and then went up through what is known as the blow-down cross, the mouth of Shut End Creek, to an old field known as the blow-down field, then went across the creek to the camp, unpacked and prepared to stay at the camp. By the time we had unpacked, Old Lead had treed a groundhog. Henry and Lead went to catch the groundhog, Dan went squirrel hunting, and I went fishing, but I did not stay long, for I saw the fish would not bite; so I came back and went over to the old field. There was an orchard in the field and I discovered there were apples on the tree

yet. I gathered my pockets full of apples, nearly a half bushel, and went back to camp. Old man Henry Stinnett and Lee had caught the groundhog and brought it back to camp. Old man Henry asked me if I liked groundhog meat; I told him not so well. Lee asked what I had in my coat. I said some fruit. By that time Dan had come back to camp; he had a nice bunch of squirrels and cartridges and we began to clean the squirrels and groundhog. When we got our meat dressed I suggested I would cook some fruit; the old man Henry said the fruit is good but mighty sour. I said I can cook that fruit so you had rather eat it than anything. I cooked the fruit and the others cooked the remainder of the supper. We enjoyed supper very much. Old man Henry asked me how I cooked the fruit, for it was fine; I told him I first poured the grease, then put down a layer of apples and then a layer of sugar; I continued this until I almost filled the pan; then I sliced some bacon and spread over the top of the apples and cooked it fast. There was more groundhog and squirrel left after supper than there was fruit. After supper we talked about what we would do the next day. Old man Henry said we have plenty of meat for tomorrow; let's hunt the Quill Rose ginseng patch. I said alright, that suits me, for hunting ginseng is as good sport as hunting game. I asked old man Henry about the Quill Rose ginseng patch, and he told me that Quill Rose was following some bear hounds that were fighting a bear and he followed them from Thunderhead Knob to Thunderhead prong of the river, across Briar Ridge by the Little Court House Knob, to the head of Sams Creek, to the Cow Ridge, and on his way after the bear dogs he went through a patch of seng that looked to be a half of an acre or more and he has never been able to find the patch again. I told old man Henry that I had heard

the same tale about the Quill Rose patch. I said Lee and myself will find the patch tomorrow. Next morning Lee and I planned to go to Chimney Rock Branch, and old man Henry went to Effery Hollow to hunt ginseng; Dan went squirrel hunting; Lee and I went up the river to the mouth of Chimney Rock Branch. There was falls at the mouth of the branch, the water pouring off into river above the falls. There had been an old hempine tree fell from the top of the falls and stood on its tip-end at the foot of the falls; the tree was leaning and we climbed up it on top of the falls and went up through the laurel flat until we got to the forks of Chimney Rock Branch. At the mouth of the branch we found some ginseng. We hunted through the laurel everywhere vegetation grows for ginseng. We started up the left hand prong of Chimney Rock Branch and kept going up the branch to the open woods where laurel did not grow and the ground was thick with vegetation. We searched through this very carefully, Lee going up the right hand side and me going up the left hand side. Lee called and said I have found the seng patch; I thought it was the Quill Rose patch and went to him. When I got there we looked to see the size of the patch, and I said no, it is not the Quill Rose patch, for it is not big enough, but it is the best patch of seng I ever saw. By that time Old Lead was baying a bear up above us. We dug the seng and moved on up the cove. I called Lee to me and said, Lee, here is the most bear sign I ever saw. He said it is all over the ground here where I am; they have worn off all the weeds around this log. I turned and went back and up a little cove, and by that time Old Lead had got bluffed at the bear and came back to us. Lee went on up the Cove and by that time Old Lead had treed something else he was after under a rock. I thought it was a coon, but I knew it was not the time

of year to catch coons and I went on up through the Cove searching very closely through the weeds for ginseng. I heard a bear run and I called Old Lead to set him after it. He came near me, but something got after him and ran him back the other way. I got up on a log and looked down the hill toward the dog to see if I could see what scared him. When I looked across a little ravine I could see the tops of some ginseng. I could see the tops of the seng up one side of the ravine for fifty yards, then from the top of the ravine out to the laurel was about fifty feet and the seng was standing thick out to the laurel. I said to myself I have found the Quill Rose seng patch. By that time Old Lead was doing some barking at the animal that had scared him. I hallooed to Lee, but he did not answer me, so I decided to dig the seng. Old Lead just kept barking; I called him and he came to me. Then I heard Lee halloo, are you finding any seng? I said yes, I have been digging on the Quill Rose patch for a long time. Old Lead went back down to the rock where he was treed; he would work awhile under the rock and then he would come out and bark at the animal he had treed. Lee came to me and asked what was the matter with Old Lead. I said he treed some coons down there and I did not want to fool with them and I called him to me to put him after a bear I heard run, but before he got to me he got scared and run back down that way; I was looking to see what scared him and found this seng patch. I did not pay any more attention to him for a while and then I called him to me again, but he went back to the rock where he has the animal treed. Lee asked what do you think it is. I said I believe it is a panther.

Lee helped me dig the rest of the seng, and by the time we got it dug, being late in the afternoon, we filled our hunting coat pockets full of seng and started

back toward camp, looking along for signs of the animal that Old Lead had been after, but we could not see any sign except bear signs, and we knew it was not a bear, for the dog was not afraid of a bear. When we got to camp old man Henry was there; he had found a lot of seng; he asked how we got along. I said fine; we found Quill Rose's patch and we showed him the seng we had; it seemed to please him more than anything; we told him where we found the seng and about the lot of bear signs we saw, and how Old Lead acted. By this time Dan was coming in sight and I said look, he has a fine lot of squirrels; when he came up to us we showed him the seng we had and he said you boys have dug fifty dollars worth of seng today.

We then cooked supper; we were all very hungry and enjoyed our supper. Our plan for next morning was to go up on Chimney Rock Branch and look around. We went back the same way Lee and myself had gone the morning before, except we went higher up on the branch next to the Chimney Rock. We did not stay very long before we came back to camp; we came back to camp by the way of the New World and down through the blow-down. Dan and Lee killed some squirrels that afternoon, and I gathered some more fruit. We had a good supper, and planned to go to Edens Garden the next day. We went up through Effery Hollow, across the Defeat Mountain, down in the Edens Garden. Just as we reached the edge of Edens Garden I found a big patch of ginseng. Henry and Lee went to the dog where he had a groundhog treed, and Dan went up to the upper part of the Garden looking around. After while Henry and Lee came over to me; they had caught the groundhog. We did not stay in the Garden much longer until we decided to go back to camp that afternoon. We went to Coffee Pot Hollow and up there we killed another ground-

hog and a lot of squirrels. The next morning we planned a trip to the West Fork of Little River. We went up to Coffee Pot Hollow, through the Hollow, and out to the top of Defeat Mountain, from Defeat Mountain to the Chimney Rock and down the Devil's Nest Branch. Lee said it is the Devil's Nest sure enough, for you; we had to crawl through the dog hobble and the green briars. When we got through the Devil's Nest we turned back through Edens Garden, came through the Effery Gap and down the Effery Gap to camp. We were all tired, and rested the remainder of the day. The next day we planned to go to Court House Ridge. We got separated; Henry and Dan went to the mouth of Shut End Creek; Lee soon went back to camp; I kept going until I came to the head of Shut End Creek. I was not carrying any gun that day for we were just looking around. I came back down Shut End Creek and at the forks of Shut End Creek I saw the tracks of Dan and Henry. I hallooed, but they did not answer me. I decided I would go back across Court House Ridge as I went to camp; when I got to the top of the ridge I looked ahead of me and in the top of a large chestnut tree I saw a bear breaking chestnut burrs. I watched the bear lap the chestnut tree, and then was when I wanted a gun; I promised myself the next time I went into the Smoky Mountains I would always carry a gun. I thought I could go to the foot of a tree and keep the bear up the tree and perhaps get the attention of the men at the camp and have them bring a gun. I took a club and went to the foot of the tree and began to halloo for a gun. I saw the bear was getting uneasy, and after while it jumped out of the tree and ran off. I went on to camp. When I got there I began telling them about seeing the bear in the chestnut tree. Old man Henry got in a big way to make a bear drive next morning.

I did not have much faith in trying to drive a bear with one dog, but the old man knew of a good stand and he insisted to make the drive the next morning. We got up early to start and called the dog, but he was gone. We just left him loose, not thinking Old Lead would leave us, but for some reason he went home. Henry said he believed he could go to the stand and we could go through Bear Ridge and run a bear to him without a dog. We got our camping outfit ready and started down to the Tar Paper Camp, and when we got to the mouth of Long Hollow, there had been the largest bear in the trail that any of us had ever seen the track of. We decided to go on to camp and waylay it that night, so we went on to camp. I went fishing and the others were hunting for small game; I caught fifteen nice rainbow trout, they would average weighing a pound each and gave us all the fish we needed for two meals. The fellows killed some small game. After dark Dan and I went out to waylay the bear; it came pretty close to us and then left the trail. We saw it was no use staying any longer and went in. Next morning Henry went to the stand; Dan and myself went to the point of Briar Ridge and scared out several bears, but none of them went by Henry. We did not stay long on the bear drive. Lee went fishing that morning and caught a large rainbow trout. That afternoon I went with him fishing and caught a nice lot of trout. The next morning we left Tar Paper Camp to go to the home of Dan and Lee's father. It took us nearly all day to make the trip.



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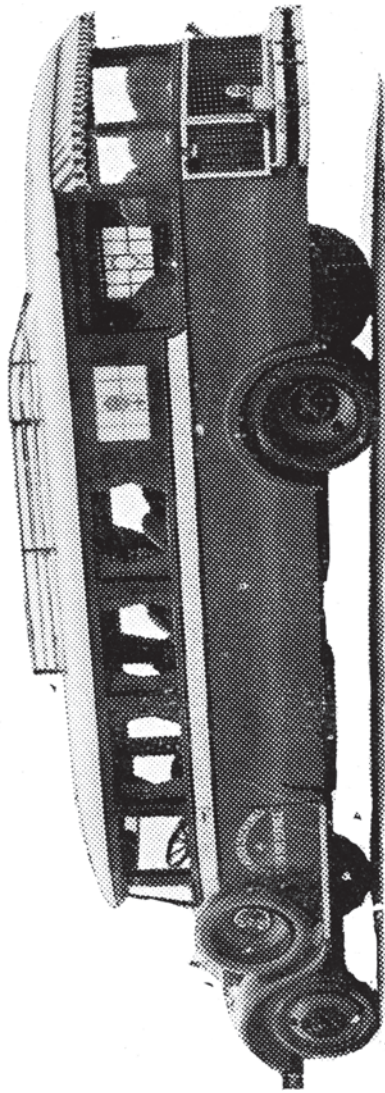
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is the General Manager of the  
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