

man. Have you got any turkey in camp?" We probably will have when we get back but we didn't have any this morning, though." He says, "You shall have some of my turkey." And talking all the time, he didn't stop talking after he found out. He got out his old knife and went after the turkey, parted the feathers on the turkey's breast and gave the turkey a stroke with his old dull knife and liked to have knocked the turkey off the stick he had it hung on. I says, "Keep your turkey, We'll have turkey down in our camp, I don't want your turkey." He says, "I tell you you're going to have some of my turkey." And I says, "Here, take my knife then." He give her a jab with my knife and it went clear down through, it was sharp. "Oh" he says, "If I had ~~###~~ this here knife I never would leave these woods." He cut the both breasts out. I says "I hate to take your turkey." He says "I wanted you to have some of my turkey." I thanked him and put it in my coat. He says, "How long are you going to stay here?" "I don't know" I says, "perhaps two or three days." He says "Would you look at my bear traps?" and I says "Yes." He says, "I want to go home and round up my hogs." Now I says, "Let us have a little understanding about this bear trapping." "All right," he says. "If I'd go to one of your traps and find a bear in it I wouldn't kill it with a club (he grinned). I'd shoot him through the head, then I'd skin him, I wouldn't cut the hide, I know enough to skin a bear, then I'd hang the hide up on a tree, put it on a limb, then I'd take one hind quarter, and then I'd hang the rest of the meat up in the tree, and I'd take that hind quarter and I'd go to camp just as fast as my legs would take me." He jumped right up and pointed his finger at me. "He says, "I don't think I ever wronged a man in my life. You'll take the hide and half the meat or else not any." I looked at him a minute or two and I thought if I'd jew him a little

ark

I saw
 giving
 turkey

I find
 bear

109. he'd through in the trap (the trap and chain weighed about 50 lbs.),
but we wasn't lucky enough to find a bear in his traps. There was
one thing about those old settlers there if they liked you the did
and if they didn't you better keep right away from them. He had
three traps and he told us near where they were, give us a good
description of the ground, so that we would know somewhere near
where they was and if a bear got in them you would know right where
they was. He picked up a trap and says, "Come on boys, I want to
set this one down the hill here." and took the remains of the
turkey, want down quite a ways. He had a nail in his pocket and an
axe. He hung that turkey up on the side of the tree about five
feet, I should say, from the ground, drove the nail through his
head and into the tree and let him hang on the nail. Then he set
his trap. The trap when it was set had a spread of the jaws of
about 12 or 15 inches across and they had three spikes, one in one
jaw and two in the other so that when it sprung the single one
would go between the two and would go through the bear's leg so
that it would hold, the bear couldn't ever get it off, It was a
double spring trap, that is it had a spring at each end, and a log
chain to fasten it with. When he went to set it he ~~###~~ cut a stick
six or eight feet long and as big around as your arm, he took the
trap out by the side of a log and he took this stick and run one end
under the log and then pried the spring down and he had a clamp he
put on that spring when he got it down, then he would pry the other
spring down, then he'd set on the stick to hold it down while he
set the jaws, then he'd get off from the pry, take his axe and knock
the clamp off from the other spring and there the trap was ready for
business then. Then we went to work and gathered up sticks 5 or 6
feet long, some longer, some shorter, and some brush and set them up
against the tree where he had the turkey hung, and a circle clear

Ark.

*Trapping
Bear*

110. around the tree, set the bottoms of the sticks out away from the tree and left an opening on one side just under the turkey. Then he set the trap in the opening. Then he took some little sticks about a foot long, such a matter, He laid them down about a foot or eighteen inches in front of the trap and then covered them with leaves, the idea being that if a bear would come he would step over this little pile of sticks and into the trap. He also had the trap discovered with leaves so that the bear couldn't see it. He chained the trap to a little sapling off to one side, probably six inches through, but he said he usually used a clog. He said that maybe a bear would go a half a dozen or a dozen times around the tree investigating everything before he would go in after the turkey, would have to find out that everything was all right first. We never got a darned smell while he was gone and we were looking after the traps. Well, Rob and I started for camp. We got part way over to our camp We came to one of the little open draws and back of us was heavy timber and rocks and brush ahead of us but open on each side. Rob says, "We'll have one more call here." And we heard a turkey way down somewhere, sounded a long ways off, answered. And Rob jumps up and hits me a slap on the back. He says, "We'll have a turkey yet before we get to camp." And he called again and they was pretty close then, coming right along. We set there and they didn't come and Rob kinda leaned over towards me and whispered to me and says "Where in the devil are they?" and just then I heard a turkey behind us holler "put" and there was two old gobblers, they'd went clear around us and coming back. I jumped up, it was thick brush and trees. I shot at one on the ground and then the other jumped and I waited until he got to the top of the trees, then I cut loose and down come Mr. Turkey and Rob hollered "Jump onto him with both feet.", he'd

Ork

*Trapping
bear*

*Rob
C. Clary
Turkey*

*Rob
Turkey*

111. heard him strike the ground. And it was a nice specimen, a great big, old gobbler. We had probably a couple of miles to go. I got that turkey over my shoulder, had hold of his legs, and I thought his wings covered a territory of about ten feet for they would catch on the brush and everything and I was tired too. Now, Rob says, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'm going back to Mena tomorrow and I'll put that turkey in a box and mark it 'Electric Light Supplies' and I'll send it to Bigelow's at Alden" and the Bigelows got it.

We didn't hunt on Sundays. The four boys were playing cards in the tent and I was setting in the opening. Isays, "Boys, we got company." They wanted to know who and I say a pack of hogs was coming down the path there. One fellow says, "We'll have pork for supper sure." They grabbed their rifles and a butcher knife and instead of going out where the hogs were they went way round the path. I stood there and listened to hear a gun and pretty soon I did hear one. Then I went to work building fire. After a while here they come with everything about the hog. They had skinned him and wrapped everything up in the hide. I had a good fire going and quick as they got there they threw the hide, head, feet, guts, and everything on the fire. As quick as the hog got cold they cut it up and put it in a barrell, way down at the bottom. That fresh pork tasted pretty good. Next day we was all out hunting except one man and there was a stranger rode into camp. He asked our partner if he had seen any a hog around there. He says "I think they are here for I've seen a mighty heap of signs of 'em." This fellow says he was glad when that fellow rode away for I had a big chunk in one of the ducth ovens roasting it for dinner. The old fellow said he had turned the hogs in there six months ago and he hadn't seen a hog since. He was looking them up so that he could round them up later to sell them.

Ask
Rob
shipping
turkey
to
Alden

111

112. There was a very strict law against anyone killing hogs running loose that didn't belong to them and if you were caught killing them they would confiscate everything that you had, teams, wagons, guns, everything that you had.

ork

hogs

I was going along the trail one day there and I saw an old sow and four or five pigs coming down the trail to meet me. They were feeding along the path picking up beechnuts and other nuts along the path. The pigs I would say weighed around 75 lbs. apiece and they were nice ones too, white ones. I stood still and they got down probably to 30 or 40 feet from me and they hadn't seen me. I says, "Hello, pigs." and the old sow jumped right up into the air and come down across the path and every hair on her back stood right straight up and she let a "woof" out of her and every pig took a different direction into the brush. Now I says, "Old lady, you stay right where you are and I'll stay here, I'm not on the warpath but if you ever undertake to dispute the right-of-way here I'll kill you if I can shoot straight enough." She stood still for quite a little bit and the hair begun to drop down on her back and she gave one good, big grunt and away she went into the brush, and that is the last I saw of her. As I stood there I thought to myself that around there were wild cats, wolves, bears, and other animals and I don't see how in the devil you can raise a family away out here all by yourself.

sweet briar

One day Rob says to me, "Let's go and get some sweet briar root," that's what the briar pipes are made of. I had been making pies and my sleeves was roiled up and Rob says, "Come on" and he grabbed an old mattix we had there, We went just a few rods from the camp across a little creek and there was quite a patch of sweet briar there. It is a running vine and it has a saw-tooth briar on

112 it. It is a climber and will climb up a bush and then down into the ground. It has a little root about as big as a lead pencil and it will run along five feet and then there will be a knot in it and maybe it will run only a foot before there is a quirl in it and that is what they take and then put them in a turning lathe and turn them down and bore them for the pipe bowl. They run in all shapes, criss-cross and every other way and it is almost impossible to get through a patch of them. I lost a turkey in one of them one day. We was digging to get the little roots, following up the roots to get the knots and we was working there faithfully and all at once Rob says, "For God's sake look there." And the way he spoke I didn't know but what there was a flock of deer was going to run over us. I says, "What is it, Rob?" and he says "Look a there" and I looked. About eight or ten feet from us there was a copper head snake. He was all curled up and his head was about a foot from the ground, right straight up. Rob cut a little beech sprout four or five feet long and he took a swing at that snake and cut its head off slicker 'n a whistle. He grabbed the old mattix and says "No more roots for me" and away he went on a run for camp. I wanted to see the snake, I wanted to examine it. It had a spot of copper color a couple inches wide on its back and run to a point on its belly and a light colored strip about the same width run to a point up on its back. That copper color looked to me as if it had lain out all winter and then had been scoured up with a rag to make it bright. I didn't want any more sweet briar root and I went to camp.

Rob

*Copper
head
snake*

In our neighborhood there was a lot of chinkapin nuts. They are about the size of a buckeye nut and have a burr like a chestnut. the deer are very fond of them and will tromp the burr off to get the nut. They are not as sweet as our common chestnut but are good eating though.

*Chinkapin
nuts*

Snake

The old hunter and I started out one morning. We got part way up the hill, mountain, and I run onto a rattle snake. I hollered to him and said "Partner, I've got something over here I don't want." So he got a flat stone, six or eight inches wide, and he got right around to the side of that snake, it was all stretched out probably sleeping there in the sun, and instead of throwing the stone at him he reached over and hit him on the head with the stone he had in his hand. He killed him the first whack, smashed his head all to pieces. That night coming into camp I run onto a rattle snake and he was going the same way I was going. There was a lot of stone there but I didn't propose to hit him on the head with a stone, so I shot his head off. He squirmed and wormed around there quite a little but I got hold of his tail and pulled his rattles off and when I got him so he would lay still I laid my gun down beside of him and he was longer ~~###~~ than my gun barrels and my gun barrels are 32 inches long. I said I've blowed your head off and pulled your rattles off and now you can go your way and I'll go mine.

Rattle snake

One day I rounded a corner of a bluff and saw a whip snake lying on a big flat stone. I should judge the stone was eight feet across it and then his tail had dropped down in a crevice and out onto another flat stone lower than his body. He was blacker than the ace of spades and his body was only about an inch through. I stood there looking at him for a while and then picked up a little stone and threw at him and he whipped out of sight at once. The natives tell me that they are a harmless little snake and anything they catch the squeez before they swallow it.

Snake

We were camped on Beech Creek and Rob had been over on Pigeon Creek that day and shot a deer. So the old gentleman says "George, you and Rob and me will go over there and get that deer. So in the

morning we each one of us put us up a lunch of some bread and a piece
 of venison, put our lunch in our pocket and started, and we got over
 where Rob said he had shot at the deer but he couldn't tell where he
 saw the deer, couldn't find no trace, so we turned off to the left
 and struck the ridge between Cow Crick and our crick, Beech. Now, the
 old gentlemen says, "we are about eight miles from camp and I'll go
 over into Cow Crick and George stay on the ridge and Rob, you follow
 up Beech, and don't go to cutting the bends off for if you do you'll
 get lost." I wrapped my lunch up, what I didn't eat and put it back
 in my pocket. Rob ate part of his'n and throwed the rest of it away.
 I says, "Don't do that, Rob, save it until you get to camp." Rob
 says, "O, the devil with your snack, I don't want it." I had never
 been down in that country before but the old gent says it was about
 eight miles to camp and I walked along the ridge and I kept my eyes
 open. The old gents says to Rob, "We, either one of us, might jump a
 flock of turkeys down here in the valley and George may get a shot
 at them on the ridge." I walked along down until I thought I had
 gone about eight miles. It was quite a heavy timber and brush, bad
 walking all over that ridge. I says to myself that here is where I
 leave the ridge and I don't believe I am fur from camp, and I turned
 there and started down the ridge. Before I got to the crick I saw
 our tents and they looked good to me because I was tired. Probably
 I had put in 15 or 16 miles that day from early morning to night. I
 got into camp about 5 o'clock and my partner got in about six and Rob
 didn't come. We worried about him, didn't know but what maybe he
 had slipped and hurt himself. Along in the middle of the night I
 heard a panther way up along the mountain. I knew Mr. Oliver was
 awake and I asked him if he wanted him and he said "I sure done want
 him in the dark but in the daylight I would like to meet him." We got

Rob

*hunter
along
ridge*