

reality we sympathize with you.

Have you shot rabbits ahead of a short legged hound or followed the pointer or setter of uncanny intelligence? Perhaps the unexpected has happened and you have flushed a flock of preasants and winged a pair of them, if so, swell up brother for you are entitled to all the elation that you feel. Have you sat on the sandy banks above or below the big bridge in the gentle warmth of an April sun and with birch pole and red worms just fished for suckers? Perhaps, you have carried a torch and oil can as you waded the Sock far into the wee small hours of an August night gigging for eels or have dry hooked perch through the ice on a zero day, inviting pneumonia that seldom came to men and boys as reckless as all this. Then again brother or sister maybe you have or have not experienced all of the adventures. The unanswered questions are, if not why not? Where have you been living? What kind of a guy are you anyway?

This may or may not give you proper respect for men whose names appear below but if red blood flows in your veins, you can not keep from envying them, though their fame is purely local.

Almost every one could catch trout where there were plenty, but Dan Graffius and his nephew, Geo. Chapman, artists with fly and rod could catch them where other fishermen said they a'int.

John and Reno Green, Al Cumberly, John M. Darby, Homer Peck, Steve Vroman, Mart Quick, Billy Gumble, the Starr brothers, Joe Morgan, with scores of disciples of Isaac Walton, stars of lesser brilliancy but equally proficient with the gun.

All of the folks reared along the Sock did not hunt and fish successfully. There are stories of human beings hunted unexpectedly and quite humorously by black bears, those clowns of the forest which seem to posses a sense of humor and get a whale of a lot of fun out of frightening a human being out of seven years' growth.

We relate a few of the unexpected appearances of black bears in the

days of long ago when bears were somewhat numerous in the valley. Many men and women living in the land watered by the Sock have been picking black berries on one side of a bush and were suddenly startled to discover a huge bear picking berries off the opposite side. Perhaps when they read this reference of their experience will notice their hair will be standing on end or at least the few hairs that are left have risen just as it did on that August afternoon so many years ago.

A slap stick experience with one of these four legged black faced comic artists, tragic at the time but grown into a comedy with the passing years was participated in by a boy of eighteen years, a cookee at Henry Holtzhower camp in the very warm September of 1896.

The youth with a barrel stave basket strapped to his back, containing the tin ware used by the lumber jacks at their noon meal was returning to the camp along a very rough and steep mountain side dug-road. He was startled by the apparent land slide and glanced up the roof like side of the hill to see a bear which seemed to be several times as large as an elephant. The bear had evidently lost its footing for it was sliding down the hill and at its present rate would meet the youth in the road just a few feet farther down. Did the boy turn and flee up the mountain? Not on your life, he was too scared for that, with pans rattling by his head long flight he charged straight down the hill and he did not stop or look to see whether he passed the bear or the bear passed him.

A teamster returning to camp with a crippled horse witnessed the incident and while he made a rag of the kid, he admitted that the bear appeared to be as frightened as the young man and jumped over the road running through the brush as though the devil was after him.

A genial young man, without whom the patrons of a popular theatre in a city far away, just could not be happy, tells a similar experience in which he and his father came suddenly upon a mother bear up an