

apple tree throwing apples to her three cubs. He has seen a million miles of film yet never experienced thrill that his race from that bear gave to his boyish mind which his imagination led him to believe was only one jump behind him.

Then there was the aged citizen who came to town the latter part of April of each year for a hair cut whether he needed it or not. He told the same bear story that every generation since the "Minor Prophets" has told to the succeeding generation.

Cold type gives his words but it takes real imagination to witness the look of sincerity and truth that illuminated the old boy's face. He had told the story so often improving upon it each time until he had convinced himself of its veracity.

"Tracking snow fell late in October and a bear had carried off one of our sheep, Dad said, "Take the gun and git Em", I loaded the old side pan flint lock with all the black powder she could carry and two extra bullets just for luck. Tracked the bear up the High Knob and lost the track at a fallen hemlock, struck and peeled by lightning, was pulling myself up along the tree when Whoof! a six hundred pound bear jumped up on the other side of the log. I raised the gun and without aiming pulled the trigger, the kick knocked me to the end of the log and six hundred pounds of roaring, kicking, scratching, bleeding black bear landed on top of me. After what seemed a long time he kicked his last kick and I crawled out from under more dead than alive.

I tied a stout raw hide behind the bears teeth and dragged him to the bottom of the hill on the snow and wet leaves. Hollered for Dad, he came with team and stone boat and dragged the bear home. The neighbors helped us hang him up and before skinning him Dad looked him over carefully from nose to tail and then when we opened him we found his back was broken by my bullets we never did find a break in the skin where the bullets had gone in—"Now laugh that off"!

Two brothers Frank and Charley

had made a trade securing an old army musket, they were only boys but in those days of old, boys were brave and they toted their burden to the woods and came unexpectedly upon a coon which showed fight and Frank said, "Here, Charley hold the gun and I will get a stone and kill the darn thing".

Last, but not least, the nonchalant exploits of Clifton Rheinbolt and Dan Gilbert in their skunk trapping experiences which is vouched for by Weldy Sadler and best told by that friend of our boyhood days.

"A very strange looking track showed up near the hen coop one morning, Clifton said it was a panther and set all kinds and sizes of sling ups and dead falls, also a few bear traps for the rare monster. Early one morning I woke to hear Clift shouting my name excitedly on Round Hill very near the house. I ran to the window and asked what was the matter, Cliff shouted, "Come up here I have the Darndest looking animal you ever saw in a trap". I called the dogs and ran up the hill to find that Clift had been caught in his own trap and hung by his legs about six feet from the ground. I helped him out and was sure that Clift had at least told me the honest truth about something he caught in a trap."

#### INNS

The first tavern in Hillsgrove was a crude house of logs, built on the elevation across the Sock in the late sixties. Its last proprietor was Joey Snell of whom it was said, "He was as honest as the day was long," but tradition tells of his buying small barrels of whiskey stolen from Lyon's Wild Cat still and carried or rolled through the woods a distance of twenty miles by men living at the time, who would do strenuous feats to get out of work. This inn burned down in the early seventies.

Colonel Biddle built an addition in the form of an L to the old house now owned by Mr. and Mrs. John Watts and run it as a tavern for two years. He built the Hillsgrove hotel in 1878 and conducted it as a tem-