

D: He was a character. Little bitty man, long white beard. When we first knew he lived in a cabin two, three miles beyond us, up by Valley Center. He had a cabin where Dixon's were at, anyhow, we'd see his old red Jeep and a trailer with building material on it, old tin and such. We were down at the creek getting water for our garden. Here Andy comes, and he stops and he says, "You folks like bear meat?" You don't know, we've never eaten bear meat, but meat is meat. "Well," he says "I shot a bear today. All I want is the hide. If you want the meat, I'll go back and get it." So he went back and got this nice young cub and we took it home and hung it in the crawl space under the cabin.

Andy told us how he got that bear. He'd gone out that morning and the blamed bear had gotten into his cache and got all his groceries. So he decided before he got anymore groceries he'd better get a bear. He strung a wire out around the yard and ran it in through a hole in the end of the cabin and hooked it on to clothes hangers up over his bunk. "I figured, pretty soon those hangers would go, so I dozed off. I woke up and those clothes hangers were just agoin'. I jumped up, grabbed my rifle and as I stepped around the corner of the cabin, here's that bear. He saw me and he raised up like this, made a perfect shot. I guess that bear was just as surprised as I was. He probably never saw a man without clothes on before."

Transcribed and edited by Bruth George

We agree to share this information with other interviewees and others interested in local history.

*Alice N. McKee*

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