

→ Fred Weaver

FW: I trapped years ago, but that don't look like me. I had quite a lot of furs. I used to trap a month or two in the year, in the wintertime in the snow, trapping --

SE: And what was it you trapped?

FW: I got coon, skunk, and mink once in a while. I would make [wages?] for the traps and go back in the hill on horseback on the river, I used to [treat?] fence, so I had to go afoot. I'd take two days, [instead of mending them during the?] week. I would make eight to ten dollars ... around, hides. I caught hides, I caught ten one night, skunks. You skin them out. I'd skin them where I found them and pack gunny sacks and put the hides all in it. Rem Fate come out there, he smells -- "what you got in that sack, Fred". I said, "I got skunks" and dumped them out and he said, "My God, what a [pile of skunks?]". I had ten hides.

SE: Do the hide of skunk smell? Do they smell?

FW: Yeah. You can dump them in water and drown them, they shoot them right down and break their back [and they don't stink?] -- I don't do them like that because you lose furs. I used to trap for the fur. I'd shoot them in the head. They had a stink. Some of them just stink like -- Oh, I guess ... all skunks.

SE: And how would you skin all those skunks if it smelled like that?

FW: Oh, I'd just get used to it. Didn't make me sick. I come down to Ed Matthews here and I had chickens out there, a skunk got in there and come down, I was going to upset him out, set him up. ... I started down after it. I couldn't find a rock, couldn't find a club so I run and kicked him. I kicked him up in the air and oh God, he did stink! I pulled all my clothes all off and come in and my wife looked and said, "What the devil you [laughing] ... fool coming in here naked for?" I said "I left my clothes outside".

[End of Tape 2, side 2]

[Start Tape 3, Side 1]

SE: Now, who is this?

FW: Jack Carson, right here.

SE: Jack Carson.

FW: Yeah, that was a load of lumber. That's an awful pile of lumber for two horses to pull, ain't it? He generally had four horses behind the wheel, I notice he's only got two there. He went to Grants Pass up on Applegate and hauled in to Grants

Pass to the railroad to be shipped. He hauled from that mill out there.

SE: Which mill?

FW: I don't know. On Applegate out near Grants Pass. I don't know the mills. He used to be around in here. He used to hitch his wagon, he used to come and meet me on the Table Creek Road.

SE: He was half black?

FW: Yeah, he was half black. His mother was black. She was named Tish, his name was Carson.

SE: And he grew up around here?

FW: Yes, he did. He was a man, though, when I knew him. He lived up at Myrtle Creek, south Myrtle. Her name was Tish. She married Carson, I guess. I don't know which was first, Tish or Carson. She married both of them, but I don't know which one was first. I knew him, though. I was down at Myrtle Creek I seen a right black nigger down there and I was about, oh, seven, eight years old, and I go home and every bed was full, so they put me up with that old Jack to sleep. So that night I tell them I seen the darnedest black nigger in town [chuckling while saying something incomprehensible] ... when I get home and talking about it he kept pushing his elbow ... got all dried up ... I remember that ... his elbow ... trying to tell about this black nigger ... see, he was a half-nigger.

SE: And that was this person you saw, huh?

FW: Yeah, I didn't ... him, he wasn't too black. He showed it though, he was half-nigger. The one I seen was as black as tar. ...

SE: That was unusual for a black person to be around here. Why was he here?

FW: He was raised up on the creek. I don't know when they come there. He was up there when I was a kid. In the early days, I guess Tish or Carson, I don't know which was first, but he was a pretty old man.

SE: Is he still alive?

FW: No, he's dead too. He worked out there all summer long; then he gone out there the next year tried to [save?] his money; and he dug a hole in his heater and buried it up in his heater. Then he come home, built a fire in the heater and forgot his money and just burned it all up. All summer work hauling lumber. God, that was an awful joke. Burned his money all up. He was living in Canyonville then. He done every



summer, he didn't work though the winter. He went out there and worked through the summer hauling lumber. He had a good time, he had four horses, then ride one. He's only got two of them [missing?] there. But that was a big pile of lumber. That weighs several pounds, I'll figure.

SE: Now, look at this road that he's on, it's a wooden road --

FW: That's ... not the -- what d'ye call it?

SE: Is that a corduroy road?

FW: Yeah, corduroy, that's what it is, lumber. But that's coming out from the mill close, I think. There used to be one of them come from the Coast over the old mountain, Brewster Mountain had a lot of that. I come across there once and that bridge at Myrtle Point had burned out and I had to go over Brewster Mountain, that stuff had pushed up in piles and I had to ooze up over it. We went up there to the foot of the hill and poor old pop pulled them up and the water run down there. There were cars up and there were some drummers at the bottom said "Well, you better go up there and get that feller he was going to leave go down and get some hay, says he can't get up here". I said, "I got a big car and chains on and got plenty of gas. ... I've got the power". They said, "Well, we'll help you". One fellow got on one side and one on the other and, by gosh, I west right up there. That fellow looked at me and said, "You're the first that ever come up there this year". ... But I had a big outfit, though. I had an extra can of gas in there, too, 15 gallon. It was shaking all around.

SE: What kind of car were you in?

FW: It was a, nothing but a ... what the hell was the name of that car? I can't think of anything; I'll think of it pretty soon. Old age!

SE: So, he's taking this lumber from Myrtle Creek here to Grants --

FW: No, he's hauling up there from Applegate. That's where the Applegate River comes in the other side of Grants Pass. He come from up [side?] down to Grants Pass. It's shipped out of Grants Pass. That's where he worked every summer. He come in here in the winter and stayed here in the winter.

SE: What's this picture over here? Is that Myrtle Creek?

FW: No, I don't know just where that is. I got some of Myrtle Creek here. Myrtle Creek pictures shows a great deal of the whole town. That's not here in Myrtle Creek. I don't know where it's at. [Recorder turned off and then on again.] Kate Miles.