## Medford Was 'Master Bear Hunter Of Balsams'




THIS PICTURE of Wid Medford is from a painting of him
done by Hal Morrison in the '80's at the request of James R.
Thomas, Sr. Morrison was a Hotel where Medford often acted as guide for the tourists. The painting is now in possession of william Medford.
 was irresistable. Because thes
deep and distant solitudes had but
one meaning one meaning, one voice for Wid
Medford; in the language, to a
to te the center of attraction) or
until some wearied member hunter born, they were always
whispering, "Come! Come!" It party might say, "Wid, that's
enough for tonight-for hispering, "Come! Come!" It
was the voice of his enchantress,
enough for tonight-for goo netnes
sate turned one must On the hunt of the Campfire sightseeing, or acting as tourist partides,
is old mountaineer at home"; for, after all, was he
ot living the glorified life of the By the ligtainger and of the caide?
hese hunting trips, on hese hunting trips, after that su

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yes sir-ee.
Medford's Narrow Escape The hunt which he liked best to
tell about was the one the time he leill about was the one the time he he to drop his rife and use his
hau to
hunting knite hunting knife on the "t'ar."
It seems that the shot from Med-
fords long-barreled fint-rock rife Yord's long-barreled dilnt-rock rifie
failed to stop the on-o-mog bear.
"He's a thick-skulled varmint. 둘 -didn't pay no more tention to
me than if Tde been a stump. So
L dran in I drapt my gun and pulled my my
kinfe. I drawed back h tiep, an
as he brashed by me as he brashed by me I lent over
him, rrabi, the bar on his seck
with my lef hand - as Istaubed the bar deep in the side with my
knife in tother hand knif in tother hand. That's all I
knowed for a long time," he con-
cluded. cluded.
asked you faint, wid?" someone "Faint" sneered the old hunter.
"You reckon Ide taint Womer "You reckon rde faint? Women
faint. Ireekon I was ist knocked
ront out fer a while. You see, all the
blood in me fumped over $m y$ heart an' Anto my head, an' ${ }^{\text {o' }}$ 'course, hit
finished me fer a time." finshed me fer a time".
But Wid Medford bad finished

## Wid died about 1898 or '99. He was buried on Allen's Creek. And, as Stevenson says: "Here lies the hynter, home from the tils." as Stevenson says: "Here lies the hunter, home from the hills."

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