

then I killed one right out there. And I was right here.

(Have you seen any this summer?)

I hadn't seen but one and it was just inside the fields, in the big gate. It was just so long, about my finger.

(Kind of a young one.)

I was just going along there and just start down that path going along, and just went like that and there he was. Just like that. Sticking up there. I always carry a stick, to cross them rocks down there. I just noticed them. Now when the branch is up you got to step up here; muddy, you have to step up this way and then cross you know. Then these glasses I got, when I look down here why this rim's in my way. I don't like them.

(Are those new ones?)

I've had them about a year. No, I don't know. Yeah, got them new early this spring.

(They have bifocals, don't they?)

Yes. Uh-huh. But you know I wear them other kind that don't have no bifocal, and I never have gotten used to these. But I don't--they're not as good to see through either. But this bothers me here. And when I look down, then it's just right in the middle of my foot then. And so I carry the stick there to the gate so I won't miss them rocks.

(Why sure.)

After that I never did pay any attention.

(What did you do, just scare him off?)

No, I just turned around there; I went a little step and I turned around and I said, "Well!" And I had my stick; I said, "I think I'll just hit you." Looked down there and he was just standing there and looking right up at me. I went over that way and I whacked him that way, and do you know, I hit him right in the center of the head and he just twisted like