

hurt him--he said it had both of his paws around his neck, like a person, loving him! He said, "Oh, I'm so glad to see you!" That dog must have made all kinds of noise--just loving my father and licking his face! It was his dog that he had left way back there. And he said he just loved him too, and petted him, and said, "I'm glad. But how did you know I was coming? How did you know I was way over here?" That dog was trying to say something to him. Of course you can't understand, but he knew he was trying to say something. So he followed him going back home. When he got home that morning his mother told him, "We lost your dog, son." He said, "No, he found me! You didn't lose him. He was just out hunting for me." She said, "I held on to him for two days after you were gone, and then about so many nights after you was gone a mad dog came." I guess when they hear these mad dogs fighting somewhere they know it was a mad dog, and good dogs beat it. They just scatter. Until maybe when everything's all right these good dogs come back. But the little ones--scrubby little dogs that don't try to run--they don't have sense enough. And he said that's what his dog done. He said the minute he hear there was a mad dog around he beat it. He disappeared. She said, "We lost your dog." That's when he told her he came to him while he was out hunting.

(Was that the same dog that was later poisoned?)

No. That was another dog.

#### RABBITS HUNTED BY OLD LADY WITH HELP OF DOGS

(You were talking about him using the dogs to hunt deer. What other animals or birds could the dogs help in hunting?)

Well, the little ones, the women would take their dogs down to the timber and while they were gathering wood--I know my grandmother,