

pretty good shot, but I'm gettin' outta practice now, I don't have any-- I did kill a pussum right up there one Sunday morning--no, it wasn't Sunday, it was one Monday. One morning the dogs kept a barkin', I woke up one morning, they just kept a hollerin', barking, barking, so I got up to see what it was. Well, it was a possum right over there--sad looking one. And I said "You get outta here," when I went over and kicked him, he fell over. I said "You're not foolin' me." I went in and got the gun and shot him, fell dead. And the next few days, I woke up again and there's another possum right there in the same place. That was on Sunday morning though. I said, "I don't do any killin' on Sunday, you go on your way." (laughter)

(You'll have to wait till Monday, huh?)

So, I kicked it around and it played dead. After a while I kept a watchin' it, walked over that a way, jest slow kinda draggy, got out there in the open and here he went running down the road.

(Well, are you bothered with coons up here?)

No, but my nephew is right up here, oh they are just eating up his corn. Fact, he's got two good dogs.

(Well.)

They're both German police dogs and they tree them coons pretty good. His wife said here a while back they had one treed down there by the pond somewhere. And then after that, they went and brought a young one up to the house and killed it. They found it out there in the gully.

(Well up on this mountain here, you've probably got deer too.)

Oh yeah. There's deer all over the place, and sometimes they eat up our garden. One year, here about, oh, two or three years ago, I had some beans planted right out there and we went out on a picnic--my sister's kids you know, they always take me when they go anymore. Went out on a picnic one Fourth of July. Their daughter that lived out in Missouri someplace and