

that. And I hit him again and that was the end of it. I said, "I conquered my enemy." (Laughter.) That's the first one that I had saw this summer.

(What kind was it?)

It was just a little old striped king snake, I suppose. It's colored, you know, striped. I just took it for a king snake. You're not supposed to kill them.

(You aren't?)

I do though. (Laughter.) My husband used to have--well, one year is all I remember--out there in the corn crib. He'd say, "Now I've got me a pet out there in the corn crib, and I don't want you killing it." I can kill every one I can get a hold of. I said, "If I go out there--and I'd help him out; I'd get dinner ready and he was a little late about coming in, why like when he was plowing or something--why I'd go out there and shuck his corn for his horses. Four heads, you know, took quite a little pile, shucked. And so he told me about the pet he had out there. I said, "Just sure as I see that thing out there, I'll kill it." "Huh-uh, Don't kill my snake. He'll eat the mice out of there." Keep the mice eat out. So went on for several days and there he was. And I saw him get in there; I said, "Now he said not to kill that." So I let him shuck his own corn and I come on back to the house. And he come out there and he hollered out to me. I was outside, I don't know when he come up, though. And I said, "You'll have to shuck your own corn now tonight, at noon here for the horses." He said, "Why?" I said, "You said not kill that snake." He just laughed and went on in there and shuck his corn.

(Did you finally get it, though?)

No, I just quit. I just quit going out there; let him shuck his own corn. Now that's the way we got along. No, I wasn't going to fool with