

(In other words, he wasn't scared anymore.)

Right there. He was just standing with his head up so high and his tail. And then every once in awhile he'd flip his tail like that. And I said, "Oh my goodness!" I tried to scare him but I couldn't. So I throwed the hoe down and run in there and grab my gun and come back out here. Got the hoe and he was just standing right over there-----

END OF SIDE A

SIDE B

-----right over there, and he was just laying there all coiled around there. And I fired it. And I took the hoe, put it under my arm and I had the gun. And I saw him go as I went. And I went on and he just stopped out there. I slipped up on him there best I could. There's an old cellar out there now; I've got it filled up, about where those flowers are. And so he just stopped right there and he just laying all that way. And I got up pretty close and I cracked down on him and just liked a little bit of shooting him in two.

(My goodness! What kind was he?)

He was one of them there coach whips.

(Coach whips. That's why he was flipping that tail.)

They'd jump on a fellow. That's what scared me so when I seen him do that. I says, "Oooh!" But I wasn't giving an inch. I (inaudible).

(Uh-hum. Now he was going to fight you, wasn't he?)

He'd jump onto a man. Oh, he just scared me to death! But I wasn't going to let him get away. (Words not clear) get away. I shot a limb off of that tree there. There's a little knob sticking out where I shot the limb over there on that tree, where one went up there. You can't see it from here. It's right over there. I just shot that thing in two.

(What kind of gun do you use?)