

HUNTING WITH BOW AND ARROW:

As I was a boy, as I stated, my sister by the name of Togee was the one who raised me. So we used to get on horses and I'd get behind my sister on horseback to go hunting, and I'd use bow and arrows mostly for hunting. And that one time when Dad and I went out together looking for bees. And finally we located a bee tree which they cut the tree down. I remember distinctly, as we got a tremendous amount of honey. Which I think something was great that I have done as far as hunting is concerned.

I remember on several occasions that the family would take us on a hunting trip, which was known as Standing Rock, ~~Catchstone~~ ^{Cuto-hoite, he}, or which is better known as Chimney Mountain, which is located about two or three miles west of Butner. And on this trip we used to stay about three days. And there where my dad and many others, neighbors that were in this hunting party, had killed many deer, wild turkey, and some other game that I did know was killed during our hunting trip, at that time.

JAILING PRISONERS--TRIAL AND PUNISHMENT:

I remember, and we're going back to days of my father, when he was a lighthorseman, I remember him bringing the prisoners into the house. And at that time he had a chain locked around from one tree to the other, laying flat on the ground. The prisoners that were brought in wore leg chains which were tied to this chain from one tree to the other. And there they were, sitting there on the ground and they would ask me for a drink of water or something, and I'd take them water or whatever that was permitted for me to give them, in assistance some way to keep them comfortable. And my father keep these prisoners chained up until the time to take him to the court,