

And we take 'em and we go up, I call it Coon Mountain. Up there where /not clear/.

(On Coon Mountain.)

I think I named that. There was an old man that used to live up there where my dad used to live. And I went in the /static/. I hadn't seen him in a long time. Just as quick as I come in, he come running up there and shook hands with me. I hadn't seen him in a long time, I guess. Where you live at now? Well, I live way up on the hill.

What's the name of that hill? Well, I just call it Coon Mountain.

He put it down on the newspaper. Got to call it something. 'Cause you're going to be in the newspaper. Since then, they call it Coon Mountain. /laughter/ Well, it's awful rough place.

(Oh yeah, I guess it's rough, now.)

CATCHING CRAWDADS

(Still have any crawdads in this Mulberry Creek?)

Not many.

(Yeah, keep 'em pretty well giggered out, I guess.)

Yeah.

(Robert been catching anymore?)

Yeah. Caught few.

(Well. At night time is the best time to get 'em, I guess.)

Yeah. Well, if you ever kill a chicken and get all the guts out.

Pitch 'em in there in one place there'll be a bunch of 'em. You gotta gig, and get 'em right there.

(Yeah, just gig 'em right on the spot.)

Get all you want right there. There's some in there, but they don't come out.

(Don't want to come out.)

They're scared of somebody. Robert or somebody else. /laughter./

(Yeah. Well, I guess they know what would happen.)