

a pine knot for light. I carried a light, and this other guy did too. If we was to see a fish, you know. Old Jim, he giggered at it as hard he could. Boy, he was good. So we got off the barge. He said, "Let's rest a bit." We did. Sit down awhile, and we started again. We didn't go over 40 steps, I guess. Somebody said, "What's that?" he said, "Is that an eel?"

This other guy said, "No, it's just a stick."

I looked down in there, I said, "Not a stick either." The water's about that deep. I reached down in there. It was a shot gun down in there.

(Well, a shot gun.)

Yes, a shot gun. The wood part rotted, and I said, "There you are."

It was filled with water, but the inside wasn't hurt at all. I gave it to (name not clear) to the house. That's the way it was, and I looked and looked and looked. The trigger was a little bitty short thing on the side. I said, "Look through there."

And he said, "Oh, that's good. It ain't hurt." He said, "You got shells, 12 gauge?"

I said, "I just got one!" I handed shell. He gonna wittle it downly hand. He put in like that, and pulled the trigger and it went off.

(It still worked after being in the water.)

I gave it to him. He had the gun until he died. Probably, his boy's got it now.

#### FISHING

(Probably, his boy still got it. I guess when you're giggering down there, you find all kinds of fish, find eel.)