

That's all.

(And there was lots of grass here at one time.)

Oh, yeah. Oh, it'd get up about that high. One night I and Walter Bluejacket and two other fellows. One fellow was working for them and one was working for us. We went possum hunting. I had to go possum hunting, you know. Right off down here that night. Went off down here in the woods and we stopped and built a fire. Oh, I had a pocketful of shells and I'd just reach my hand into my pocket and brought me out a handful of shells. Threw them in that fire. Started to running and set the whole damn woods afire. (laughter.)

(I bet you had lots of activity then.)

Darn right. There wasn't no roads in this--oh, they was roads but they was just trails.

(Yeah.)

Wound around, you know.

#### EARLY NATURAL RESOURCES

(Well was there some good hunting in this country at one time?)

Well, I guess, I remember one deer that my dad killed after I was--oh, five or six years old. They was good many deer in here now. I seen three right down in there in them brush right there last winter. One of them was a young buck. If I'd had me a twenty-two, I'd tried to kill him.

(Well, I guess, they're starting to come back in this country now.)

Yeah. And my body was coming from Seneca here awhile back. Oh, it was along in the summer. And that old deer--it's near, about a mile or pretty near two miles. Young buck come out in the road, you know, walking on down the road. He didn't give an inch. Boy, hit him with the car. He wasn't driving very fast. He broke his back. Got out and looked at him and didn't have nothing to kill him with. So he left him. He