

stop and set. And everytime it would, that durn rat terrier would run and grab that panther by the tail, bite it. Kept that up till she got to the house.

(Boy, that was some experience, wasn't it?)

Well, I had an uncle same thing happened to him, except he'd take his clothes off. He'd part of his clothes off. Thrown it back to the panther. Panther would tear it up and he walk fast, you know. When the panther would get up, he'd slow down. Panther would have to get set to spring. He'd throw. Only thing he had on when he got in was a pair of shorts.

(Well, in this wild unsettled country, I don't doubt that they had wild animals.)

Oh, I laughed one time. I still laugh about it. Dad had shipped in a bunch of long horn cows from Fort Worth. And he'd sold the calves off of 'em. Lord, they just scattered all over the country. I found some of 'em up in Kansas. Went up there and they was in a fella's corn field. I was just a kid, or course. But I did have a durn good cow horse. He was fast. I went up there and I told this farmer, I said, I understand you got some stray cows. Stray cows, hell. Damn tigers. Lord, said I can't do anything. They was over there in the cornfield. I said, well, open the gate, I'll get 'em out. What kind of a damn fool man would send a kid up here to get a bunch of wild cows. There's twelve or fifteen of 'em. Well, I knew I was coming out first. So, I said, well, open the gate. Stay out of sight. That was all that was necessary to tell, stay out of sight, but I did. Well, I went around these cows and got 'em after me. They did. They come right on out at me.. I stayed just about, oh, I would stay over fifty feet in front of 'em. Got 'em out. Started down the road. Well, I knew if I ever got 'em in the road, they'd go back to pasture. So, first section