

I tell you how you can tell, you can see where this scratch. You see a scratch about this long, you know that's panther. He's just down the road. Just waiting for you. Used to do a lot of coon hunting. And there used to be kind of simple fella lived down the creek here and everytime he'd hear the hounds, he'd go to 'em. They treed something we never did know what it was. But this fella, he got to the hounds first. But whatever it was, he said, it was white. Jumped out of a tree and whipped the dogs and took off. Now, if he hadn't come up there, we would have got to see it. He came up and beat us to it. We came up there where he was. The dogs were still there. Call my brother and fellas wasn't there. That's all they bothered. They went up there to the cabin where they sixty-sixty bridge is now. They caught a possum and skinned it. Went on down and caught another one. Went to get a pocket knife, didn't have it. Well, Charley Morris said I know right where it is. Said, I'll take the lantern and go back up there, 'course they was quite a bit older than Bruce, my brother. 'Course he wanted to still have a light. So he went with him. And while he was up there, he hot the knife all right. So, he said, I thought I heard something up there. Charley said, oh, you didn't hear anything. Just thought you did. Came on down. Skinned that possum and went on skinned another possum. Bruce said, I know I heard something back there. Allen and Drake said, oh you just imagining. They told him, you're just imagining things. These fellas, they were kinda making a straight line for home then. And they caught another possum. God darn this lion came down there. Hell, we heard him up here at the house. Let out a squall. And about that time Drake look back over his shoulder, one of these big old hounds, had a great big old hound stood about that tall. Had that old thing. Had a bob tail. Hey, son-of-gun dog, one of 'em, them dogs got a bob tail /laughter/.