

and this one was--I don't remember what kind--and this other one was a chow dog. They have a black tongue and are kind of brown-colored. And they were all mean. And they wouldn't let those colored kids come close. And even the colored men couldn't come near unless we held them. If we knew who he was, we'd let them come. And this bulldog, we used to call him "Lousy." He was a friendly old dog.

(Interruption)

--save them from this poison. One night these niggers, I guess, came around and threw meat down that had poison in it. And this one I called Lousy, he was the most greediest thing! He wanted the other dogs' share. He must have eaten most of it. And he's the one that died first, I guess. When we got home he was already dead and this old chow mother dog was still alive. When I called her she was just hitting her tail like this. She was still alive. So I went and done the same thing what this man did to my father's dog. I heated up bacon grease and had a handful of salt and stirred it in there and I went and got a pipe. And I said, "Come help me. Come and help me." And he said, "Oh, why don't you just let that old dog go? He's just a dog, let him go!" So I stuck the pipe in his mouth and I had a funnel. And I poured the grease into this funnel and it went down his throat and she just swallowed it and kept swallowing it, and that morning she was just walking around, stiff-legged. It reminded me of my father's dog. And she pulled through.

(How did you ever think of using a pipe--?)

See, her mouth was just tight. So I just stuck it in there where the teeth are missing. I just put it in there and then used this