

(Dogpatch is a rural community near Clinton.) And there were a lot of civet cats. (Probably a local term for skunks.) And you know how poisonous they are. And then my father went and put this saddleblanket in front of the door and he said he woke up and this dog was making funny growling sounds--and kind of chewing at the same time and making this sound and growling at something. And my father wondered what it was. He had caught something and was fighting it. He didn't holler, but they could smell it--it was a skunk. Next morning that dead civet cat was laying there. I guess it was going to come in the tent. He said lots of times his dogs have helped him. Another time he went way off. I guess some boys used to go way off with a bunch of boys to hunt deer. He said there were so many people here they just drove the deer away and all this wild game. Of course there was no more buffalo, and turkeys. They had to go a long ways. And my father was coming back by himself. And he passed a creek where I guess they had watered their horses on their way out. He said it was kind of rocky and this creek was a clear creek. And over here was a big cliff, with trees and bushes all around it. And he said, "I'm going to stop there and drink and water my horse." That's what my father said. He was travelling by moonlight. And he come to this creek. And he got off to rest--stretch out. And he drank. My father drank and his horse drank, too. And when this horse got through drinking he kind of raised his head up. And my father was standing right by him waiting. All of a sudden something jumped from the cliff. Well, my father was thinking it was a wolf there or something, and he said it just jumped at him like that! He just liked to fall. He got scared and when he looked down to see who it was when it didn't bite him or