

the men down there.

(He hunts a whole lot.)

When I was growing up at home--well--one morning, all of us was eating dinner together. I said "Well don't let me have a hound," I said "When I make my own home," I said, "I'm going to have a yard full of 'em." I always did like a hound. The first time I ever did have one and put him on trail, I nearly went crazy. I had to holler at him too many times. But he would mind good most of the time. Went on across the creek. He finally found them. I went over there and hunt 'im up. I like to go hunting.

MANY KINDS OF BIRDS IN EARLY DAYS

(I don't know what became of the whipoorwills. They just seem to have disappeared.)

Yeah.

Mary: And another thing you hardly ever hear this summer is ~~a~~ ^{the} screech owls.

(That's right.)

Mary: 'Used to be up here on the hill side you know, soon as get dark, but anymore you hardly ever hear them.

Ralph: Hoot owls, you hardly ever hear them anymore. Used to hear 'em down on the river. And we used to always have a bunch of bluebirds in here. I never saw a pair of bluebirds this summer. They always used to raise down here among those posts down there in the corner of the yard. I didn't know they raised three times a year? Did you?

(No.)