

(Uh-huh)

All wood, Lot of wood. Fellow lived over there, his name was Hines. Run the store up there, beside the lake over there. And he had some wild hogs running around here. And one day I went squirrel hunting. (not clear) was here then.

(Uh-huh)

You know this place right up here, up the street. That's where I used to live.

(Yeah)

That's where I was raised. Went a squirrel hunting. I run across some hogs out there. Right up there at the old house there, corner there. They was rooting around there. Had a big lot of them. I knowed they was wild hogs. I thought I'd give them a little scare. And I run up to them. And I just started flapping. Boy they took off. And three of them run together, about like that, you know. And I just watch them run down there. I just didn't really care about shooting one of them.

(Yeah)

But I shot the one that was running right in the middle you know. Go to moaning you know. Squealing. Boy that scared the life out of me. I sneaked way afterwards. Come way from the hill and then back home. Long time, I wouldn't say anything to nobody. That evening there was a man stay with us you know, a boy. I told him about it. Said, "I shot a hog out there." I told him. "I thought I killed him." He said, "You go back there and if he's till there yet." "We'll go get him," he said, (not clear)

(Yeah)

So I went back out there. I couldn't find him.

(Hum)

I guess he done took him.