

Same old hounds--lead dogs.

(Yeah)

Young dogs take off, and follow the old hounds. They train 'em. My dad like to hunt with his dogs. He blow that horn where a coyote or wolf can hear it.

And they'd go to howling.

(Yeah)

Everytime. I didn't know how that at first.

(Well)

He went out there and stood around. He said I'll go-- he tried to get me to go with him. I guess (not clear) He said, "I hate to go and stand around out there by myself." (Not clear). I said, "Take them dogs with you." (Not clear) All hounds. He blowed that horn and that wolf he went to barking, was far over there. That old hound didn't ever bark. He go to it. Hit the trail where he was. Called the rest of the hounds in. And down the road we went. (Not clear). Boy they started trailing. They went on and found that old wolf. When they all came in they were all cut and bruised. Couldn't hardly walk. Dogs just come in. Lay down awhile and then dad would just go down and put some turpentine on the bruises, it kinda cover it up. That old dog just as good as new.

SECONDINE FAMILY

(What was your daddy's name?)

John.

(John that's what they said up there. Secondine family they're pretty well scattered aren't they?)

Oh they're everywhere.

(I run across them way over around Dewey.)

Oh yeah.