

(Uh-huh)

And old Uncle Earl Ketchum, when I was a young fellow, about sixteen or seventeen, why he was ninety years old when he died.

(Well)

HE AND KETCHUM HUNTED WOLVES TOGETHER

And me and him would run wolves all over this country. (Laughter)

(Run wolves all over this country.)

That's right. He had a little yellow pony with a black streak down his back. Little Spanish pony. And that thing could just run all day. Beat anything I've ever seen. He had a little switch about that long. He carried that.

(Yeah) (Laughter)

I was riding just an old ragged black horse. You know. Oh it was could beat that pony -- make look like it was jumping up and down in the same place to me. But he was coming home. And we had some black wolves, and them big grey wolves.

(Yeah)

And we had another kind they call the timber wolves, kind of a big grey wolf.

(Yeah)

MANY WILD TURKEYS - GEESE - DUCKS - PASSENGER PIGEONS

(I guess there was some deer at that time too.)

Oh Lord yes.

(Lots of deer.)

And turkeys too.

(Hum-m)

You could step out here in the timber anywhere and you could kill you a turkey.

(Uh-huh)