

(Well)

Yes. Their head kind of blue looking, you know, can't hardly see 'em.

(Yeah)

Old Man Carew was out one day. (Not clear). One old gobbler he took right across the creek. It was icy. He up and shot him. He hit right on that ice and just scooted across on the other side.

(Laughter.)

I told him, "I ain't go get him. You'd have to wade that water." I wasn't going to wade across that ice. It couldn't hold you up. He said, "You can get it." "You're lighter that I am." I went down close to bank and looked at it. Cut a hole in there with a butcher knife. To see how thick it was. I seen that it was about six inches thick.

(Uh-huh)

So I went. Walked across there. Went over there and got him and bring him back across. Shot him through and through.

(Well)

KILLING A MOUNTAIN LION AND A BLACK WOLF

One year down in here in the canyon, we went to hunt a mountain lion. I seen where he tore up the sand. Moved around. He seen me but I can't see him. He just stayed to far ahead of me. I can't (not clear). They use those little old hounds. Field hounds. They used them to trail them with.

(Hum-m.)

And they'd train 'em. He'd climb a tree. A tree. Where a couple trees there.

(Yeah)

And they slip up there. And shot him out.

(Uh-huh)

That's the way they got them.