

falling flock. I could get the spent shell
 out I try with my finger nail. When
 I did get it out the racoon was long
 gone that was a 22. shot in the main time
 the dog was chasing a rabbit. But I
 call her guy and to my surprise she
 stop the chase and come to me. I took
 her over where the racoon was and
 push her nose down. Within 15 minutes
 she was packing. She threw it in a small
 palm tree. Now the sun was shining
 on the side that the coon was on, and I
 could see that the out line behind that
 large palm fan. I shot threw the fan
 and the coon fell to the ground and the
 dog grab it behind the neck and shake
 it. When I try to carry it home it was
 so heavy. I was only 12 or 13 years old.
 My uncle was a trapper and moonshiner
 he skin it for me and took the hide
 to Saponiak La. and got \$2.50 for
 it. that was on Daufuskie Island S.C.
 I went down to Daufuskie in 1970 to hunt
 I too my Remington 243 Win caliber rifle
 with a scope with me for deer and a 22 long
 rifle Winchester model #74. same name.