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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. This was a 22. shot in the main time  
the dog was chasing a rabbit. But I  
call her any 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 minute  
she was parking. 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 owl line behind that  
large palm fan. I shot down the fan  
and the coon fall 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 Savannah Ga. and got \$2.50 for  
it. This 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 semi classic.