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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.