

and it was about that wide and sometimes he would hit right on the edge of the sand and have to wiggle to get back in the water. That old bass would turn right around and go around over there and he go to stalking him again. I watched that three or four times and I said, "Well, I am going to eat him for dinner."

P: The bass?

R: Yes, I come to the house and I got the rifle and I told Quinn I said, "There is a big bass in that holding creek down there below the bog." I said "Let us go down there and get him." So about the time we got there an old friend of mine, Mr. Nickels, come up and he said, "Ray, I see two bass out there." I said, "Well, I have not seen but one." I said, "The one I have been looking at weighed about six pounds." He says, "Well, there are two out there." But I never did see the other one. I tried to get him to shoot him with a rifle; he was afraid he would miss him. But he come on up and I put a bullet through his head. He come on and eat dinner with us; I butcher him and we had him for dinner.

P: That is great.

R: We got several big ones. I found one in the creek down there that weighed eight and a half pounds. Well, he looked bigger, you know, in a small body of water that away. Gee, that bass looked--I was sure he would weigh twelve pounds or more. And I found him one afternoon and I tried to catch him. I tried everything in the book and I even caught a little bass out of the creek about that long. I said, "That just might be what he would bite." So I put that out there and he just come up there and he nuzzled all around that little bass; he was wanting to spawn. He would lay kind of up on his side. Here I could have killed him