

This is a day I will never forget, not sure about the date. We had weeded the fences around the farm and Daddy wanted to start breaking land ready to plant. He asked me to go burn the trash that had been raked up from weeding the fence. The sun was shining—fairly warm that afternoon. He was in what we called the house field, right back or side of the grapevines was a cross fence dividing the fields. I had burned a few piles of trash. Squatted down to set this pile of trash afire and out ran a snake (black runner). I took my pitchfork and I threw him in the fire before I had time to think. That was the first snake I have ever killed. Daddy came along plowing around the field and wanted to know what I was doing, going around the fire. I told him how the snake frightened me and I wanted to make sure he did not run away. I was almost afraid to burn the other piles of trash. So I was very careful how I set the fire.