

“The Great Coon Hunt”

By Lex Shuler

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Nearly fifty years ago I went on a coon hunt with my grandpa, dad, brother, cousin and a friend and after the hunt, grandpa sat down and wrote a short story detailing what had transpired that night. The story was written in pencil on the back of a flyer advertising brooder equipment and an envelope that he had unfolded to make it larger. I have had the story for a long time and was going through some of my papers and discovered that it took place on the night of January 14, 1956. The last line of the story prompted me to post the transcription of grandpa’s story here.

The Great Coon Hunt of 1956

It was the last night of the coon hunting season. It was a fair night for Mister Raccoon to be making tracks. Well, it was dark and time to be going and away we went to Jim Creek bottoms with one old red dog named Sue and one old yaller dog and an old dog named Shaky.

I almost forgot. There were some boys, all young coon hunters raring to go. The boys’ names were Lexie, Jack, Michael and Roy, all great coon hunters. Down the creek we went, Arvle and Grandpa, the boys through brush and briars. The dog starting trailing and treed in the ground. Well, we thought it was coon number one but to our surprise the dog pulled our mister Opossum number one. He was a big fellow with his mouth wide open and that possum grin all over his face.

We went on down the creek and over the hill and the dogs hit on a hot trail. Over the hill the men and boys go and now the chase was on. We were getting close to Mister Ringtail and the dogs were barking up a large hickory tree.

Several shots were fired and old Mister coon started draining blood and coming down the tree with two big bright eyes looking down at us. The shooting was faster till there was a great cry from one of the boys that we were out of cartridges. A silence came over them as they looked at one another. They felt in their pockets to try and find another cartridge, but there were no more cartridges. I will never forget the look on their faces. There was a great silence and then a smile on their faces as Grandpa handed them a box of cartridges. Then another shot rang out and down came coon #2.

As we picked up our game, the last for the season of January 14, 1956, I thought, “Some of the boys 50 years from now will be telling their grandchildren this coon hunting story.”

Our grandson is visiting us for the holidays and I made sure to tell him the story.