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to know where they were: if you had to fire, you wouldn't shoot somebody. So an3rway, we were standing there talking. I stood my rifle against a tree and he stood his. Puffing on a cigarette. And by gracious, I thought I saw something moving up in the clearings, in the hardwood: a big white spruce, about so size. Here she was standing directly behind that. And every once in awhile she'd peek the head out behind, watching for us. I said, "Gosh, Bill, look at her looking." So I reached for the rifle. And I took a shot. And I hit her right on the peen of the head. Right here in the high skull. Down she went. Bill said, "You got her." Well, the words were no sooner out of our mouth, when up she come, "and she headed down for us! We didn't have too much cov? er. My gracious, she made her right for us. We ducked in a bunch of little bushes and stayed quiet. I was trying to get a bead on her. I wanted to get a head shot and put her down. But she veered off, and she went down (the road). And she didn't come 20 feet from my son and his uncle, sitting down on the road--they were making a cigarette. And she jumped pretty near over them--well, the noise, you know. "Well," he said, "she's gone this way." Danena's Restaurant and Take-Out LICENSED OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK (Home Cool