

PAGE 3 OF THE STORY OF
LAURITZ NIELSON (HUNE)

This cold wintery day Grandpa went out with his shot gun and after tramping over the usual game trails, with out success he finally spied a cottontail under a bush all huddled up to keep warm. Bang, bang. reload bang, bang. still the rabbit sat there, didn't keel over. Grandpa wouldn't fire again until he investigated. The rabbit was dead, It had frozen to death. It was stiff and cold and hard as a rock. He went home empty handed. But he could laugh at himself shooting a dead rabbit with four shots.*

Another hunt he spied an owl sleeping the day light hours away. He shot several shots at it. It still sat there in a redberry bush. Then selecting a stout stick long enough to reach it grandpa crept up on it. A sharp jab, wham a dead owl tumbled down. It had been dead a long time, but Grandpa "made the feathers fly" with the stick.

Lauritz Nielson had fine horses on his farm, but he seldom rode one. He preferred to walk the four miles to town. to emery. Often he walked to Ferron and Molen 18 to 20 miles away. One day Grandpa saw a branch of the apricot tree loaded with nearly ripe fruit beginning to break. In a hurry she tore a strip off an old dress and tied the limb up to another limb. Leaving the ends of the string dangling. Grandpa was with the bees and had to pass under this tree on his way to the house. He had taken off his bee cap. As he passed under the tree limb the strings dangled across his face. He ducked and ran. He was sure a snake had switched over him. When he came back with his faithful 41 410, which he had taken to kill the snake with, He could laugh at "being afraid of a string". Grandpa hated snakes.