

Us cousins in Coalfire, Al had some real sportsmen to show us the ropes on hunting and fishing. The top bass fisherman on Coalfire Creek was Uncle Buck Young, Herman Young, grandfather of Jennifer Young Dickerson who makes daily contributions to these pages. He would fish the creek from below the Hodge place all the way up to Coalfire Bridge on Highway 82. He would also fish south for a ways. He did an excellent job fishing and always had a nice stringer of fish. Uncle Dee (Woodrow Bonner) was also a very good fisherman. He was more of a crappie or white perch fisherman, always catching a bunch of fish, him and dad taking Cecil and I on a lot of fishing trips to various rivers and lakes around that area of the state.... When it came to hunting, Uncle Buck Bonner, (Malvern) was the best coon hunter in that area of Alabama. He took all us cousins from time to time and it made for some exciting times for us. He trained coon dogs. He trained other folks dogs or he trained his for selling. Of course, he had those dogs that were not for sell also, dogs that were special to him, and he loved them. He often said, "Don't mess with my dogs, my women or my money, and in that order" and of course would laugh about the statement after making it. Some of my fondest memories were nights spent around a "cold" fire in the Coalfire Creek swamp listening to the dogs run, chasing coons and sometimes, rabbit, deer, panthers or other unknown animals around the swamp. Uncle Buck claimed to know what they were chasing by the sound of their bark. He knew when they were treed or bayed. He knew when it was time to go after them or when we should just wait. One night he told us boys to go see about the dogs after they had treed a coon. Now, Virgil, the fastest and biggest of the cousins at the time, wanted to always be first and usually was. We had our rubber boots on and had to wade a pool of water or two and after this one pool, we were close to the dogs, who were keeping us posted on how they were doing by the continual barking at the coons, we stopped to empty our boots which had filled with water. Virgil had emptied one boot by raising his leg to dump it while Cecil and I pulled our boots off. We started again, but Virgil started first because he only emptied one of his boots. There was this skinny log over part of a swampy area and Virgil came to it first, Cecil and I close behind. He got on the log with one empty boot and one boot filled with water. Cecil and I were closed behind and now on the log as well, Virgil got off balanced with the heavy boot, got the skinny log to shaking, Cecil and I were trying to keep up with the shaking also, but soon the log won, dumping the three of us into the backwaters of Coalfire Creek swamp.....Well, it seemed like fun....It was, later...Uncle Buck helped make several boys the men they became.....He was special....[1](#)

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