

## **Katharine DuClos - Skunk Bait (Duration 2:46)**

**Gregory Sharrow:** You told me a story the other day about your husband and some skunk bait. Was that a story you'd be willing to tell now?

**Katharine DuClos:** My husband used to love to hunt skunks. In the summer he would go down to the river and catch some fish and bring them home, put them into a jar, cut them up into pieces and put the cover on and put them up on top of the roof of the milk house. And the sun would heat that up and decay it. And it would kind of turn to oil. Of course, the bones didn't turn to oil, they were all in through it.

We had an old red cow that was noted for getting out. You couldn't seem to fence her before she'd get out. Every time he'd come home from working on the road, maybe she'd be out, he'd have to go and get her in. Well one day she got clear up onto Uncle George's potato piece and tramped around a good deal. Uncle George stopped and told me about it and he wished we'd keep her home.

So when Gene came I told him and of course he didn't have a great deal of time at noon. So he took a truck and he went up, and he went around her and got her headed for home. He made her trot right along. And he got down to the house where she came in the gate. He jumped out of the truck, and he made up his mind that he would give her one good last lesson, he'd throw something at her and give her one last lesson. Well the old hen, when that fish bait had got really ripe, he had set the jar onto a shelf in the

milk house. And an old hen had got in there and scratched around and she got it down onto the floor and the cover popped off. But the stuff didn't run out of it. And he happened to see that on the ground, and he grabbed that, and he thought he would throw it at the cow. And as he did so, putting his hand up over back to give it a good throw, all of that old oil and fish stuff came right down on top of his head. He was all through being mad at the cow! I begun to laugh of course, I couldn't help it. And it smelled terrible. And he'd say well help me! He tried to get his shirt off, and I'd go to try and help him and it smelled so that it would nauseate me and I had to get away. Then he begin to beg me to help him again, and I try to help him and I'd be sick again and I'd have to get away. And we had quite a time, cleaning him up, that mess of fish bait.