



Times Remembered
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Camping at Copperas Creek

Several years ago when Bob and I first married we spent the weekend camping at his great aunt's cabin located in Powell County on Copperas Creek. The quaint, rustic little cabin sat close to the creek. No phone, no

TV, no indoor plumbing; just the six of us, his two sisters and their husbands. We were camping in a small cabin just enjoying each other's company and creating memories.

Bob spent a lot of time of his younger years on Copperas Creek. He told about the time he and some of the kids from his family built a contraption made of card board that they used to slide over the cliff; until they just about killed themselves coming over. Slate rocks, sediment and dirt covered their bloody knees and elbows. Thankfully, no broken bones. So much for that ride!

The inside was an open floor plan with two beds, a couch and table with a few cabinets and a wash pan for washing hands. There was no indoor plumbing, therefore, we went to the outhouse. It was a scary walk to the outhouse. Bob told us there was a woman buried in the outhouse sludge. She fell in and drowned and they just left her there. She walks in that open field at midnight and on a clear night with a full moon, just like tonight. Yeah, right!!

More importantly, the cabin's heart consisted of the recollections of childhood events that made the place just being there special. Bob had hunted, fished and run up and down those ridges and hollers. He and his cousin killed deer, caught fish and killed many a rabbit and squirrels on those over-grown fields.

We arrived in the afternoon and began unpacking all of our camping gear. The girls put clean sheets on the beds, swept the floors and checked for spiders, wasps and other critters, while the guys gathered firewood and rocks for the fire pit to start the fire.

Bob, the former Boy Scout, built a log cabin type fire to cook our hamburgers and fried potatoes. The square shape acts like a chimney, allowing heat and flames to escape through the top in a somewhat uniform fashion and is more conducive for cooking food than a tepee formation. IAW Bob!

After cooking the food, and devouring all the fried potatoes and delicious fixings, we were ready to kick back and enjoy the camp fire. The sun was beginning to set, and the cooking utensils were scrubbed and put away.

Now then, we were getting settled all warm and comfy into our chairs, when someone mentioned that there sure was a lot of traffic racing up and down the creek that passed by the cabin. Where in the world were they going? There were four-wheel drive trucks and four wheelers.

Deer season was fast approaching, but wasn't out yet; were people looking for deer to spotlight? That is against the law! Or perhaps, deer poaching could be a possibility; which is even worse. This went on

for several hours.

About 11:00 p.m., the Powell County Sheriff pulled up while we are enjoying our camp fire. They begin to ask us questions like, what are you doing here, had we seen any people going in and out? Duh! Only a dozen or two. They explained there had been reports of deer poachers in the area. They proceeded on up the creek to check on the situation.

We decided it was time to go inside and lock our doors (there was no lock), and check our weapons; just in case we might need them. The guys were sleeping close to their guns. We thought it was funny because every now and then one of them would holler, "Did you hear that?" "No, what?" "Sounded like a door slammed."

Then, all at once we heard this screeching sound; maybe like a scream . . . it sounded close but very faint. Everyone raised up in bed and looked around, all except Bob. Where was Bob? We all start looking for him when we heard him burst out laughing. He was hiding outside the window with a large coffee can with a string in the middle of the can. He had made a noise maker, he was pulling the string back and forth that made the scary sound like a scream. He was trying to scare us; well, he succeeded! We made him sleep outside for a while! By the way, the sheriff caught two poachers that night.

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