

## Another Alligator Story

By Traugott Schoppa  
Winchester, Texas

After reading in the July 9th issue of the Giddings Star about Mr. Hugh Milburn's experience with the alligators, I remember the interesting experience some of my friends and I had.

It was back in the year 1894 when my brother Christian, Mat, and John Buscha, William Graf and myself, also a few others, I don't remember their names, went on a wild cat hunt one Friday afternoon in the Falke's woods. Without any luck we started back home by the Falke's lakes. The others went along the road and I decided to go straight on through the lakes. I came to a place where I saw a pile of fresh dirt pushed out near the water. I picked up a pole which was lying nearby and pushed it down into the hole, something grabbed it. I tried to pull it out but I couldn't move it.

I called for the other men; they were about 300 yards away from me. They came as soon as they heard me call. They knew I must have found an alligator in there. Mat and John Buscha tried to pull the pole out but couldn't. We worked there a long time. We knew that it can't breathe in that muddy water very much longer. Soon we saw bubbles rising; finally the snout came to the surface. All the men that had rifles fired at

the same time. So we all waded in the water and pulled it out on the bank. We were thinking how we would get it home. I said I would go home and get my wagon and horses. Meanwhile, while I went home the men pulled another alligator out of the same hole. The biggest one was 14 feet 4 inches and weighed 240 pounds and the other one was 10 feet 8 inches and weighed 196 pounds.

We hauled them home to my house where I skinned one and the other one we hauled to the store in Warda where it was sold to a beer distributor from La Grange. He had it stuffed and mounted and had it hanging on

the wall of his store for many years.

Although we didn't get much out of them, it was still an interesting adventure that I haven't forgotten.