

## REBECCA McMAKEN'S chickens murdered by coon

Source: Crawfordsville Weekly Journal, 2 May 1891

At 4 a. m. o'clock Thursday the wild clouds scurried across the sky in which the waning moon hung like an antiquated half cheese. The inhabitants of south Washington street "lay wrapt in the second slumber" dreaming the dreams of childhood and second childhood. Suddenly the silent neighborhood was aroused to wakefulness and action by the piercing shrieks of a lady. There was a lively scrambling from beds, a hurried putting on of clothes, and a frantic rushing out of doors by the now wildly excited neighbors. The cries were finally located in the yard of Mrs. Joseph McMaken and when Jas. Evans, Sam Symmes, John Galey, Jim Galey and other excited denizens arrived upon the scene of action, they found Mrs. McMaken armed with a large club standing at the foot of an apple tree in the branches of which perched a large fat coon over which she was valiantly standing guard. Help having arrived the situation was explained in it few words. Mrs. McMakin had been awakened half an hour before by the affrighted squawks of a hen which had been tied to a stake in the back yard with her ten small chicks the evening before. Going out of doors a scene of destruction met Mrs McMakin's eyes. At one fell swoop that wicked coon had killed every chick and was now after their pretty dam which had broken the string which bound her to the stake and was frantically rushing about the yard followed by his coonship. Mrs. McMaken at once armed herself with a club and rushed to the succor of her pet. The coon thought discretion the better part of valor and started to retreat but was closely pressed by his avenging adversary He dodged behind a small outbuilding and played an exciting game of "bo-peep" for a few minutes. He was finally routed out and took refuge under Evans' woodhouse and then in an apple tree. Mrs. McMakin did not go after him there but proceeded to rouse the neighbors. When they arrived, a campaign was mapped out and John Galey obtained a double-barreled shot gun. He and Mr. Evans obtained the honor of firing it and after two shots the coon was finally hit and fell dead upon the ground. It was it fat old coon and is probably a neighbor's pet, but he was a destructive fellow for all that. Besides Mrs. .McMakins chickens, he had killed 17 for Robert Larsh on Tuesday night and 8 for Sam Symmes a few evenings before. Others had also suffered, so no tears were wasted over the remains. The campaign over, the regiment disbanded and the soldiers returned to their several homes to wash the stains of slaughter from their hands. - thanks to Kim H