of those animals, bobcat, wild cats and things like that out there. And there was a kind of little black bear, not balck but people said it was black, you know. Mama said she never did see one over there. Anyway, there was a lot of those in there when they came there. And my brother was always running off, you know, and she put these red dresses on. And one time--Oh, he was pretty good size little boy, about four years old, still had to wear them red dresses so he could run and Mrs. Reynolds had a grandson that was quite a big boy--big enough to go huntin' and everything. My brother was always wanting to tag along and he wouldn't let my brother go with him and he was settin' traps. This Reynolds boy set traps. But my brother followed him one time. He saw where set traps, and he didn't do anything about it. He just studies where he--and you know, he went up there one time and my mother missed him and she didn't know where in the dickens he was. He left in afternoon, see and all the older kids and everybody got out and the whole neighborhood huntin' for 'em. And little after dark he come draggin' a coyote in and he had a big tap--my father had this big blacksmith shop, you know, all kinds stuff. And he had a big top about so big square and he had stick a stick in it for a hammer. And he had knocked this coyote in the head with this thing, and he wasn't big enough to go to school. He had knocked that. And my mother was just scared to death, you know. She didn't know what in the world. She said, "Jake how did you get that?" He said, "I didn't like the way he looked and I just knocked him in the head." Only he used a little fancy word, you know. Before that though, when he was quite small, I think about two and a half years old, he run