

down again, looked around, said, "There's nobody here but myself. How is he going to know how many times I've pulled my eyes out of my sockets." Third time he through them up said the magic word and they popped back in. Went down further, down the river. Boy he was sure happy and glad. Nobody else could do them things but him., and yet, there was just one more chance and he didn't think nothing about it. He thought he had it all to himself, but there was somebody else greater than he was. He looked for the highest tree, cottonwood, tree, the last chance he had. So he wanted to know how far he could through his eyeballs. He threw them to the highest limb and he said the magic word and them eyes didn't show up. His eyes wasn't there. Them eyeballs stood right up.

(Another story.)

All right listen, I'm gonna leave the dirty part out. Another one about a white man who came to a place where there was a lot of ducks. I guess about that time there was a coyote after those ducks too, but this white man said, "Well, you ducks come here. I've got something for you." They all come to him. He said, "You get in a circle here. I'm gonna make you dance." All those ducks were eager to learn to dance. And he started singing. Those ducks started dancing around in a circle. "All right now I'm gonna ask you to keep your eyes closed. Keep them closed up tight." While he started singing a little faster. Every time a duck came by, he'd ring it's neck. (A song that goes with this story was sung here.) Every time a duck would come by, he'd grab it and ring it's neck. One just had a squint eye on him, one eye just