something extraordinary--. Suddenly I heard birds coming to me, and I dodged there like that. And he's coming straight at my head, and I dodged and I put my hand up to duck behind and I caught it and it was a live hummingbird.

(My goodness. Well, what did you do with it?)

And I looked at it and it's pretty--pretty rainbow color. So, it tried to get out, but I had a hold of him when he tried it, and just leave his head sticking out. And I went back to show it to my wife, Nellie. And I said, "Nellie, look what I caught!" And she said, "What is it?" "Hummingbird," I say, "It's pretty, let's take it home." So instead of getting the water, I put that bird in that fruit jar. I put the lid on it. And then I went down and took a cup and got a little water and come back and took it home. We got home, it's dead. It smothered. It didn't have no air in there. So I took it to a man here in Apache. He's a taxidermist. I wanted it mounted. I told him to mount it for me. Mr. Patterson is the taxidermist. Patterson mounted it and give it back to me. He had cut a twig and set him up there. He looked like alive. And I put it in my house in my room up there for a long time over there at that rock house that blew down. And one day somebody thought it was pretty, I guess, and carried it off when I wasn't home. And it's gone.

(Well, you said they used to use the whole bird?)

Yes. That's Indians. They peel it. Well, I done that to one, just lately. I put him out to dry over there. I don't know whether he's in the room yet or not, but I laid him up there to dry. I leave just his skull on there--let his head and eyes and nose stay on the skull, and from his neck on up, I open him and just take