

He went over there and put his hand between these two trees.

They were rubbing against-- "Now, squeak again! Now make a noise again! I told you you was going to get me mad!" These cottonwood

trees had locked his hand in. He try to pull it (out) in every

way, trying to separate them. They were so big and he just had

one hand. Oh, he stood there. His hand was caught. "Well, he

said, "Turn me loose! Turn me loose!" He get after those trees.

He looked back and saw a coyote come trotting down the hill. He

said, "Now, you stop where you're at, you old sharp-nose, long

ears, little eyes! You stop where you're at." He got after this

coyote. He called him just the way a coyote looks. "You old

bushy--fuzzy-tail, stop where you are! I know what you're up to!

You smell my food. You're not going to get it!" And then he said,

"Turn me loose! Turn me loose!" He tell these trees and these

trees won't turn his hand loose. This coyote come over there and

he kind of smelled around that fireplace. He ate one of those

little prairie dogs. One by one, till he ate all of them. And

then this White Man said, "Ho, ho, ho!" He laughed. "There's

something I got hid under those ashes. That old--" he called him

a name again. "He's not going to find it. He thinks he's smart,

but there's one thing he's not that smart to find what I got under

there that's still better than what he ate!" And then he said,

"Turn me loose! Turn me loose, now you trees! Please turn me

loose!" He was talking to those trees. While he was fussing at

these trees this coyote dug into that thing he was baking under

there. He ate it so fast and then he just put ashes back in there

and stuff it where it was. And this coyote was so full he couldn't

hardly walk, and he just had to start walking. And after this