

That's the song he sing on it. So he pulled all the feathers off, you know, and the black one had run off, got away, so he cut all the wood, got the wood, you know, and roasted these ducks in there, all around up in there. He got some sticks, you know and stuck in the neck, after they're all cut up you know. He roasted them. I don't know how many he had. So he got them all lined up in timber like this you know and the timber had their limbs crossed this way and when the wind blows you know it sounds like somebody holler up there, you know. "Quit that," he hollered at them trees. "Quit that. I'm going to eat good stuff." he said. The wind come up, you know, and when the wind come up the limbs, "Who-o-o-o-o," you know, since them limbs was stuck together. After he has roasted them and had a good fire going, he climbed up there. He wanted to hold them up, you know. That way he got his hand in the curved trunk, you know. He sat down on this top one, you know he couldn't get his hand off. He couldn't get his hand off, so that wind come up, and he had his hands between that, you know, he couldn't get his hands off. Pretty soon a fox passed around on the way the wind goes out, you know, he smelled something, you know, that fox smelled something was roasting. He came up, you know, but this fellow was up there trying to hold down these limbs, you know. He got way up there and got his hands between that. And he couldn't get his hands off. Pretty soon, you know that fox came up, you know and he hollered to the white man, "Hey, you better get away. I'm going to eat them ducks all myself," he said. Well, that white man was way on top, he had his hand in there, and he couldn't get his hand off. He couldn't hardly he was on the top one, you know, and he couldn't hardly hold it down,