

put them in his sack and start walking down to look for a place where he was going to cook them. Finally he come to a place where there was green grass. Over here there was kind of trees around one side, and this other timber--trees that grow along the timber--all kinds of trees--cottonwood and elm--and over here were two tall cottonwood trees. And he put--I don't know what you call it, but there's a big something (probably a section of intestine) where you stuff these--like how we do this tin foil when we bake something--potatoes or something--how it cooks tender. He used something like that. You put them little prairie dogs in there, and he buried them under the ashes and they just cooked tender under there. And these others, he just opened them up and just stood them around the fire and he said, "Well, I guess I'll just take a nap while they're cooking. They'll be done by the time I wake up." So this White Man went to sleep. And while he was sleeping, something woke him up. He opened his eyes and looked all around. I guess the wind had come up. These tall cottonwood trees standing over here were rubbing against each other, making a terrible loud-screeching noise. "Oh, keep quiet," he said, "You're just jealous of my food," he said. "You just want to keep me awake and not give me no rest. You know that I'm going to have good food." He was talking, getting after those cottonwood trees. He laid down again and closed his eyes and them things would keep rubbing again and squeaking. "Hush, I told you! Hush!" He got after them trees again. "You're going to make me so mad I'm going to have to get up and do something to you!" this White Man said. So he tried to lay down again and closed his eyes and them things kept a-going--squeaking. He said, "I told you you was going to make me mad!"