

Indians used to camp along the rivers or creeks. There was an Indian. Just one tipi. There was an Indian living there and he had a lot of meat hanging out on the trees or where he had fixed a place. Fresh meat. Some of it was already dry. And then further on down the river here come a white man. There's always a white man in the story. And he seen this tipi and he wanted to know who lived there. He was pretty hungry, too. Then he come up on this Indian couple. He talked to this man and told him he was looking for food. They was hungry. And this Indian man told his wife to feed him. So this woman fed him and when he got ready to go, they gave him some meat--fresh meat and some dry--and told him to take it home to his family. And he had a bunch of kids, I guess. They said, "If you need some more, you can come back." So he went home and told his wife where he got that meat. And when they ate that up, he went back. And again this man had a lot of meat. And he was just wondering--he was a little bit too old to hunt. He just wondered where he got that meat. And then he would just sit and talk with him. "Where do you get your meat?" "Oh, I get it some place." He got curious. And he came back several times. And then he told this Indian man, "Do you be afraid of anything? Of any animals or anybody?" And this Indian said, "No, I'm not afraid of nothing. Not anything." And this white man just kept on, you know, coming there. And he'd question him. And then his wife said, "Oh, yes, he's afraid of something." And this man said, "What?" And she said, "Owls with drums." And this white man laughed. "Are you scared of them?" And this Indian man said, "Yes, I'm scared of--owls with drums." And so he went home and he got busy and made a drum, and he practiced how an owl would hunt. He used to just holler, "Hmmm, hmmm, hmmm?" And then he'd beat on that drum. And one night he went to this tipi and he hollered that way. Boy, this Indian man's wife took off.