

Old <sup>Joe</sup> ~~Joe~~ Crow and his fiddling son used to be famous as the greatest drunkards and the greatest musicians in the tribe. They could draw music from anything. Usually they manufactured their own fiddles. When a bow was needed a piece of barrel hoop with a few horsehairs drawn across would serve them. They were a jolly reckless pair, usually hunting in couples, and usually drunk. Very often they quarrelled but they seldom hurt each other, being rarely sober enough for that. Once the father was seen lying drunk on his back in one gutter, the son in a similar condition in the other and the fiddle also drunk on a woodpile.

The old man's favorite inquiry was, "You been seen anythin' my fiddlin' son?" At last he killed the other in a drunken quarrel.