

they use it for, but they only get it somewhere out west, in Mexico-- Taos, New Mexico. Upon the hill they get this. And they call it 'sweet root'. And my little granddaughter here, her name is Sweet Root Woman--Agnes. And Sweet Root Man is I guess the way you would translate his name.

(How do you say his name?)

modzi'iyoi'vhi (Final syllable is whispered.)

Birdie: And the girl name-- modzi'yoni' --the ni' indicates it's an Indian woman's name.

(Are there any more stories about Sweet Root Man?)

Birdie: Oh, lots of them. He's the one that appeared to them long time--see, he just appears all of a sudden. He must be walking through a camp at night. And he peeked in an old wigwam, sitting back there--I think I told you about it--It was an old widow's tipi. And when he come to the door, he said, "Grandma. I'm here, Grandma." And the old lady says, "Come in, grandson. Come on in." Not knowing who he was--if he was her own grandson. But it was just the name given to all the old ladies--grandma--they were all--no matter what child it was, it was her grandma. All the old man, they call them grandpa. Oh, he's a grandpa, or he's a grandpa, just like that, but in Indian you say, "My--" and you claim this old lady as "my grandma" and "My grandpa." That's the Indian expression, what they use on these old people. But the white man, he just calls them grandpa or grandma--he's a grandpa now, or she's a grandma. It's not like that. They should claim them. And she says, "Come on in, my grandson." And he went in. And she offered him--you know I told you the best place was over there where the young people sleep--the children--opposite from the door. So he went and sat down over there. And she must have been cooking something in a little kettle--some kind of pot. And when these men heard about some kind