

something to eat." "I don't want to take this old hog." He said, "I'll tell you," he said, "Get up and just say--just say, 'I don't feel so good'"

And then I would be lying--I was feeling good or I wouldn't be dancing.

He said, "I don't feel good, so I am going to give this to my uncle."

And I said, "All right, I'm going to do that." I hollered, I said--

finally I said--I was just kind of young--I didn't have much to say--I said,

"I just want to say something--" Oh, I got out of my seat, out of my seat

I said, "I like to dance--" in Indian, I said, "I like to dance, but I

can't eat this meat. It's too, too much for me to eat." But I said, "I

am going to give it to my uncle (?)" I said, "Maybe he'll get more out of it than I could." I said, "I don't know what to do with it," I said.

They said, "Hoh!" All of them said, "Hoh!" I did, and I just took the dish

and he was glad because I did that. There I left my supper without this.

I had to eat my bread up.

(What was your uncle's name?)

Old man--he had a funny name. Old man McGlashin. They always called him Graystone. That's what I was trying to think of. Graystone.

(Is he Omaha?)

No, he was Oto. I'm getting to it.

(Well, maybe we ought to go. It's after 10 o'clock.)

Yeah.

(End of tape. Side 2 is blank.)

Note: Statements in the above anecdote are not too clear on tape, but concern a situation in which the informant was served a hog's head at a feast. She could not bear to eat it, but was afraid not to. The man sitting next to her advised her to say she didn't feel well. She was afraid this wouldn't be believed since she had been seen dancing. Finally she got up enough courage to explain to the men in charge that she could