

This white man took his undershirt off, I guess. It was just greasy. He tried to do like the Indian chief did, you know. He told his wife to put that pot on. He cut up his sweatshirt and put it in there. It didn't even turn into meat. Boiling grease out of it. The Indian said, "That's all right, my friend, that's right." This man got up and he stirred it. He stirred that undershirt. It turned into meat, dry meat, like it did at his own place, cause he was a medicine man and he could do anything. "Well, I think we'll go on back. You go ahead and feed your family." So they went back home. And this Indian man said, "You come over, my friend, and eat supper with us again." So this white man and his family, they went over. They say, "Come on in." So they went in. He got a knife. He said to his wife, "Get a knife." He took his buckskin shirt off. He cut himself. He put a pot there. All that corn, you know, dried corn. He told his wife to boil it and feed that white man and his family. This white man told this Indian, he say, "Well, my friend, you come over some time. Come eat with us again." He say, "Yeah, we'll be over." The Indian guy and his family, they went to visit this white guy. He tried to do the same thing. Get a bucket, cook pot. Put it right there. So his wife get a knife. He cut himself up on his stomach, all his guts there. And this man, this Indian man, he had to eat this stomach like that. Went back together, not to bleed to death.

(remainder of this side is singing)