

over there and brought a bone to them. When he give it to them, it turn into red, fresh bone--these what we call soup bones--marrow bones. He broke it with another bone. And this--what we call Indian butter that's in there--this marrow--he give it to these little children. And he went over there where there was a pile of manure and he just grabbed it, like that. When he grabbed it, it just turn into meat. He shook it and give it to them. It was part of--what the Indians eat raw--it was the white part of--goes somewhere in the stomach.

(Is that the part that looks sort of like waffle--?)

Birdie: No, it's this big round one. It's thick and white. It don't look raw. It's just white after you peel it and wash it. They call it tripe. He give it to these little children, and they start eating it with that Indian butter. And when they got enough-- I think he just hang around these little children--he got up and start walking away, following this crowd--the trail. And when they got over there they said, "When we were coming a young man walk up to us and he give us something to eat." And they told them what he gave them. "He went and pick up an old dry bone, and when he hand it to us, it was fresh (unintelligible word)"--that's what these little kids said. "And he grabbed something in manure and it turned to--we ate that. We ate all we want." This man used to appear to the Cheyennes every once in a while.

(What was his name?)

Birdie: Sweet Root Man. That's not exactly the way they call him. They don't hardly ever--I don't think it's ever told to the white people. Maybe this is the first time--maybe you're gonna be the first one that's ever heard a story about him. In the past they're forbidden to tell these things, what I'm just now telling you. There's a medicine that's called 'sweet root'. I don't know what