

Alice: Yeah, he drew it.

(And this old man was telling him what to draw?)

Alice: Yeah. He told him to draw and dry trees there for winter and the green is for summer and spring.

Howard: Reckon Blanche (Dautobi) would know?

Alice: I don't think so. She's getting too old. She don't know nothing anymore.

Howard: She's pretty sick.

(How about somebody like Guy Quoetone--somebody like that--)

Alice: I don't know. They might know how to interpret it.

(Do you know the story of any of these pictures yourself?)

Alice: No, I don't know. I don't know where they happen or when they happen, either. I don't know nothing about it. All I did was to--my mother told me to keep it after my brother died. She told me to keep it and then I kept it since. Nobody ever, ever asked for it, so I still got it.

(Well, if somebody hasn't studied and copied it, I sure wish the university could do that. If it would be all right.)

Howard: Well, them people that came with Bittle that time, they said they were gonna have that done. The university do it--somebody would have university people do that. But they never did come back.

(Would you let me get it done?)

Alice: Yeah. You can.

(Our project that I'm working with has a little bit more money for this kind of thing than the Field School and I think--)

Alice: Yeah. He wasn't no artist, but he drew all that. My mother could interpret it, but she's not living any more. She's about the only one I know of that could interpret it.

(What I'd really like to find out, is the name of the old man who advised your brother.)