

(Mrs. Curley: Uncle Joe was telling me that--)

No. I tell you how it was. When Kickingbird lived over there he lived about 100, 200 or 300 yards from Haitsiki's house. He had lots of chickens and turkeys. Haitsiki and family live over here and they had two boys, (Kiowa names not clear). One time Kickingbird had flock of turkeys. Somebody been killing some of his turkeys and eating them up. So one day Bobohone (?), Haitsiki's grandson got in late and they was eating dinner and he came in--his brother whipped him I guess--and he came in crying. And Kickingbird Junior was sitting at the table eating with his grandpa. And he came crying in there and he tell Kickingbird how come--Kickingbird I'm going to tell on grandpa and Burt. You know your turkeys that you've been missing, grandpa and Burt's been killing them and eating them. (Kiowa words--laughter)

(Mrs. Curley: Well Uncle Joe was telling me that somebody died and something or other--)

He said he saw something move below him and he looked out there and it was that old man in mourning and so he had no business singing the love song. So before he found out who he was he said he beat it. (laughter) And another incident happened that Kickingbird and Haitsiki was sitting out there under the trees in the summertime. There was woman barbecuing meat and they're waiting and they telling old time stories. Kickingbird and his father and Haitsiki and his son-in-law and all the women folks sitting there telling stories and a little boy was about 12 or 14 years old. He wanted to show off. There was several big trees right there in the yard. So this little boy, he climbed way up there to the top, kept going up to the top and so his grandpa Haitsiki said, "Bobohone, you better get off there. You going to fall off and break your neck." And after while everybody admired what a good climber he was. So the old man commenced to bragging on him. When they got to eating, they start to eat and something fell and I guess some leaves--