

(I just wanted him to tell me who's in that picture)

Trina: Now grandpa, there's a horse, and there's a little boy riding on top of the horse. And then there's Haitseke, and I remember you telling me that Heitseke was all dolled up. He's got all these pretties in his hair. And there's a little boy looking up toward Haitseke. And then there's another old lady by Haitseke. And then there's another one that you said was your mama, that looked like Blossom. And then there's another one--there's another one--there's another little boy. Or it's a little girl--sitting between your daddy. Now your daddy--is this? Yeah, this is his daddy (referring to man holding staff and gourd) and this is his mother. The one that holds the fan in his hand is his daddy. The one standing here is Haitseke. He's his grandfather. Now there's another woman that's got a cradle. And no doubt there's a little baby in that cradle.

Bert: There's bound to be one.

Trina: So, I don't know who that woman is. But do you remember the ones that took this picture? Now there's two more women sitting over here at the bottom. From where Haitseke was standing. Then there's two little girls sitting on this buffalo robe. Now, you tell the names of these so we can get these down right.

Bert: Yeah, well, there's a boy on horseback. That it, too? That's Póbohón (pó.bohón.dw.yat) (Conversation in Kiowa about little boy looking up toward Haitseke)

That's my cousin, dw.yote wkw-- Yellow Hair (speaks in Kiowa--maybe saying this was Yellow Hair's boy--I don't think preceding term means yellow hair).

(Which one is he?)

The one that's the little boy looking up toward Haitseke.

(Bert speaks in Kiowa).

Trina: That's his mother's sister's son, Yellow Hair. This one right here.

Bert: dō.g'í a .kō. -- "coming-to-hole" dō.g'í ai. (speaks Kiowa)

Trina: There's two girls sitting on this buffalo robe.

Bert: I think one of 'em's w.dlpaldé.