

Bert: Póbohón aw.yat

Trina: And who's his mama?

Bert: 'é giag'ahón

Trina: All right, there it fits in, right there-- 'ég'ig'ahón

(And that's this woman sitting under the tree here?)

Trina: Yes. One of them, no doubt.

(She's the mother of the boy on horseback?)

Trina: Um-hum.

Bert: (asks question in Kiowa:

Trina: He wants for you to put down and put it with the picture--the exact age that he is today.

(O.K. What is your exact age?)

Trina: 1881 is when he was born--

Bert: 1881.

Trina: August 26.

(How old were you in this picture?)

Bert: Well, I tell you--I was pretty small, I guess.

Trina: About seven?

Bert: Yeah, about seven years old. Seven or eight.

Trina: Now there's one more that we can't--what's Póbohóne's mama's name?

Bert: 'égiag'ahón They was there sitting there

Trina: Yeah--and 'aisémah's mother?

Bert: Well, they got the same mother.

Trina: Oh, I see--'aisémah and Póbohóne, they got the same mother.

Bert: Yeah. Same mother. Póbohón and 'aisémah--same mother. That crazy man on horseback--he's wild. He's bad, that fellow--he got me beat. He goes over there and ride a bronco. He bad. He tough. When the horse is asleep he take a rope and he put it on and then he jump right in. Boy, he's a big man, too. And the mare jump up, and bucking, bucking--he'd be right on there, hollering, hollering--he's crazy, that man. Lot of time I take a club and beat the stuff out of him. I don't