

want him to fall down and break his neck.

Trina: (to me) He's talking about their old times.

Bert: Pobohon--that's Frank. His name is Frank Pobohone.

(Wait a minute, I think I'm sort of mixed up. He said Pobohone's mother and Aisemah's mother was the same, but up here I think we've got Aisemah's mother--or at least I wrote it down as being this other woman--)

Bert: (interrupting) I don't know why my dad ain't there. I think he don't like it. You know some Indians are very funny. They don't like picture.

Trina: This one is the neighbor--the one with the short hair. Oh, he says his dad didn't want his picture taken.

Bert: --And I think he's one of 'em, you know. And every time somebody come, Mr. Mooney, or somebody come, take a picture--he hide out. Yeah.

Trina: His daddy didn't want to take his picture, but Yellowhair did, see. Evidently, this must be his wife, and that's his mother's sister--grandfather's mother's sister. Now this one with the short hair, that you have that name down--she was a neighbor.

Bert: Yeah, there was a old woman in there--that was their mother. If there's a woman in there, that's very old, that's their mother. (speaks Kiowa, piata is a name he mentions)

Trina: Beantop. There is an old woman by the tree.

Bert: Well, that's the one!

(O.K. Whose mother is she?)

Trina: Whose mother is Beantop?

Bert: piatap is--I believe--(speaks Kiowa)

Trina: Whose mother is Beantop?

Bert: piatap is--I believe--(speaks Kiowa)

Trina: He says his mother, and Aisemah's mother--that's this one-- that's a mother to this boy and this one--their mother is in here, too--which is a old lady. I guess it's this one (indicating woman on far right, next to trunk of the tree.)

(What did you call her name?)