

(Well, back there when you were a little boy, could you tell me the names of the Kiowas that used to attend peyote meetings?)

(Trina translates question into Kiowas. He answers in Kiowa, finishing with--)

Bert: --I ain't got no sense.

Trina: He was too young to remember. When did you start remembering?

Who do you remember when you started?

Bert: Oh, I started sometime way--maybe about ten or eleven or twelve o'clock years old--(laughs with Trina, over using the term "o'clock")

Trina: I'm gonna tell you something (to Bert) and I want to you to tell her the truth-- you're the only Kiowas that's living yet, and even those that are dead--you hold the high record--you tell her how much peyote that you have eaten at one time.

Bert: I eat two hundred and twenty-eight. Two hundred, twenty-eight peyote. And that old peyote put me in the dreamland and I go--pretty near go crazy. And that's where I learned that peyote ain't nothing. I said, it ain't nothing. You never get anywhere. You never learn. Yeah.

Trina: But anyhow, you were the only one that has eaten that many?

Bert: Oh, yeah.

(How old were you when you ate that many?)

Bert: Oh, I must have been something like thirty years old.

(Was that the first time you ever went--?)

Bert: (interrupting) Oh no, no, no! No. I never eat it when I was a little boy, though.

Trina: He's only give it to him like when he's got a cold, and used