

(Bert sings another song)

(I want to ask you another question. Did you ever know this man they call Old Man Chibato?)

Bert: Comanche?

(I think so.)

Bert: Oh, I don't know him. He's different tribe. I don't know him. I wouldn't know his way. But I heard the name, Chibato, that's all. But I don't know his way.

Trina: (to me) He can speak Comanche; he can speak Kiowa; he could speak 'Pache; he could speak Osage. He could speak Crow. He could speak Spanish. He could speak seven languages.

(I just wondered if you knew anything about that old man's history.)

Bert: No, he belong to different tribe. We live in different places, you know, and we wouldn't know it. Pretty hard:

(Did you go to school?)

Bert: Yeah. I go to Washita boarding school--Kiowa school. Long time ago.

Trina: The Kiowas School. By the Washita River.

(Did you ever go to Haskell or Chilocco?)

Bert: No. I don't know why I don't get away. Stay down there at Kiowa School.

Trina: He graduated from Kiowa School.

Bert: I was graduated when I was five years old.

Trina: No, you wasn't five years old--what grade was you in?

Bert: Fifth grade.

Trina: You graduated from the sixth grade, didn't you?

Bert: Uh-huh (agreeing).