

(Mrs. McDaniels: I don't either.)

(But this is what she calls pàpè. ?)

(Mrs. McDaniels: Yeah, pàpè. )

(What about this one right here? What kind is this?)

I can't tell you, my dear. I don't know.

(What is this, right here?)

That's a medicine (referring to little buckskin sack). You gonna have red nose.

(Sack probably contains red paint.)

(Eugenia speaks Kiowa)--I wish he'd make me one so I could these in.

(Mrs. McDaniels: You ought to put this one in there, too. I wonder how old this one is (shaking the bell).)

(Now does that go with the buffalo medicine--that bell?)

(Mrs. McDaniels: That's buffalo medicine, um-hum.)

(How is that used--that bell?)

(Eugenia speaking Kiowa and Mrs. McDaniels replies but hard to understand.)

(Bell is being handled--makes sound. Mrs. McDaniels is probably putting things back together now.)

Oh, we left one. (long pause) This is--I don't know how you call it--put a coal in the ashes and burn this grass and smell the smoke. That's what it's for.

(What do you call it in Kiowa?)

W. son (sweetgrass) It's to make a smoke, this one, just like cedar. It goes with this buffalo medicine. When you're going doctor somebody you got to make a smoke and smoke them feathers like that. It smells good.

(Does that bell go with the buffalo medicine?)