

Yeah. Now. Everybody thank--"Thank you. Thank you. Thank you." (speaks to her daughter in Kiowa) What's that mean? That time they don't know to worship God or Lord, they don't know--they say pábédldŭ.kí ---they pray to God. That's what it means--

(Mrs. McDaniels speaks at same time: They were giving thanks to God. They were just meaning it.)

--and that girl began to talk. She said, "I want a drink." Brave thing! It's awful. Lots of old folks (are) dead. I wish Bosin were living. He know it. They know him. No old people--just me and Myrtle and Anna Corn-head--

(Myrtle who?)

(Mrs. McDaniels: Paukei, I guess.)

All the old people's dead.

(Did you watch your father doctor this girl?)

Yeah. I was outside. I never go in there. They won't let me. No childrens go in there. But I was over there. I was listening. Everybody quiet. Nobody make noise nowheres. Everybody just around outside. And that woman was singing. --everybody gives thanks. "ahó' ahó' abédldŭ.kí" They said that. And that girl got all right (speaks in Kiowa).

(Mrs. McDaniels: That belong to the Komalty family. She's a Komalty--that girl.)

(Do you know what her name was?)

(Mrs. McDaniels talks to her mother in Kiowa.)

kí.komah

(Mrs. McDaniels talks to her mother in Kiowa, maybe asking her for another story.)