

rough bark--into the wood, he smelled something. And he picked it up. It was that sugar pine. He dropped his ax and come and looked for me. He said, "Hey, brother-in-law, come here. I got something to show you." I said, "What is it?" "Come on." I went out with him about from here to across the street. "Look here," he said. He picked up one of those slabs that he chopped off to make a point. "Smell that." I smelled it. It smelled sweet. "Listen," he said, "let me saw you off a little piece about so long. You take it home. Don't tell anybody. I'll put these chips in my car and when you come to my camp--you come and eat dinner with me--you can have these others." So I said, "All right." So he give me that stump--about that long and about that big around. I went on back to camp. I put that under my bed. And he took another one of those poles. He didn't use that sweet pine. He said, "I'm going to take it home." So he whittled that down to where it was--and they used it as a flag pole for that lodge. They use the American flag. They have a song for the American Flag during the Sun Dance. In the morning. So I still got it. When I came home I hewed it down and I went to a carpenter here somewhere and told him to make me about two or three round pieces about that big around and about that long. I still got them somewhere, I think,--either at my daughter's home or my other folks' home. I got a little piece of it left. Kind of shaved off, and I use it with that mixed perfume. Oh, it's sweet. And you dampen it and I don't care how long you've had it. I've had those sticks of sugar pine almost ten years. Six, seven or eight years, and they still smell good. I've got them here somewhere.