

finally all at once, from different directions, then birds flew in and got on that meat and they ate it. He said, "Untwist! Untwist!" That tree wouldn't untwist. It just hold him up there. Oh, he done everything he could. But he couldn't get loose. So they ate up everything. Just left the bones. And they all flew away again. Then he said, "Untwist, tree!" And it did. It untwisted and here nothing was. He said he got off. He was so mad that he done like that with his fist and hit that tree hard. Well, he hurt himself. You know that tree didn't get hurt but he hurt himself. And they all say the tree--when you see a tree, they say, I don't know how it would be called. The Indians always chop them and make a bowl, wooden bowl out of them. They always do. Something like that on a tree. They all say that's where Sainday hit that tree and that's why all trees became with his fist on there.

(Oh, that's wonderful!)

Jenny: And that's the end of it.

(That's some kind of a knot on a tree?)

Jenny: Yeah, that's some kind of knot and the Indians, they use them things. They cut them off with an axe, like that. And they pick out the inside and it's kind of bowl-shape outside. Well, they use them for bowls to pound meat.

(Oh, they do?)

Jenny: Uh-huh.

(For heaven's sake.)

Jenny: We got about two or three of them like that. He went down Medicine Creek and got about two and he fixed them. He really fixed them good and he sold them. (speaks in Kiowa) What kind of tree was it?