

# LITTLE GROWLING BIRD IN WINDEGO LAND



Last week you were told how Little Bear and Aundak, the Crow, paid what they owed at the little "Play-Store"; and how the sudden rainstorm came, but failed to wet them in their snug shelter. Well, after such a nice warm shower the grass sprang up so fast you could almost see it grow, the trees began to put forth their leaves, and the early wild flowers shyly peeped through the carpet of dead leaves in the woods. One bright morning the children went out to pick some, and, of course, their "faithful followers" went along, too.



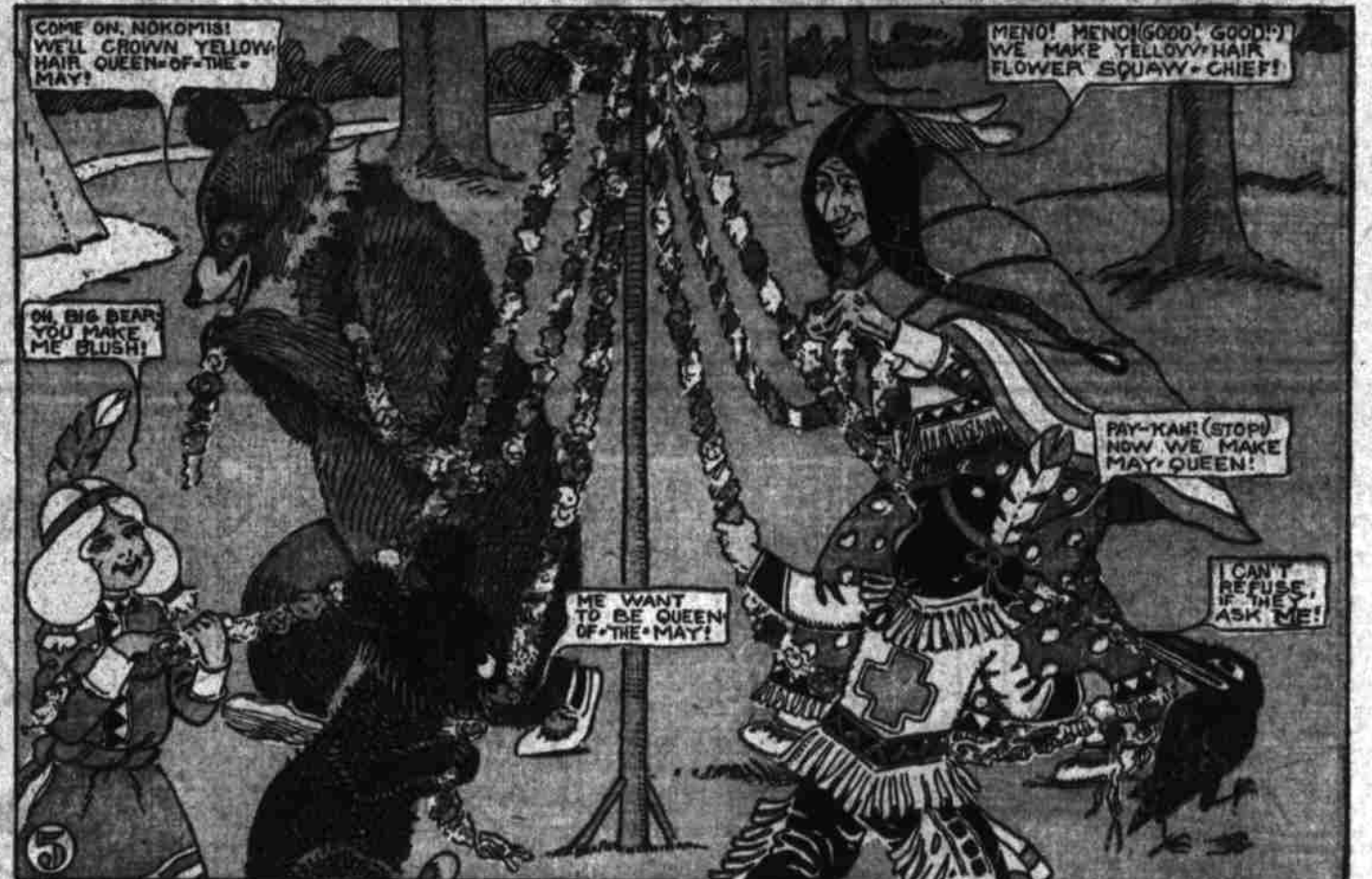
They found the Swamp-Willows covered with the little white fluffy buds that children call "pussy-cats," or "pussy-willows." Growling Bird cut off a lot of the small branches, but not enough to injure the bushes. Meanwhile, Yellow Hair ran about picking the pretty wild Lilies, the red, the white, and yellow ones. She gathered bright blue Larkspurs, and the pink and white Mayflower, or Trailing Arbutus. But Aundak and Little Bear hunted for ROOTS! They cared more for eatables than for the prettiest kind of flowers. Well—



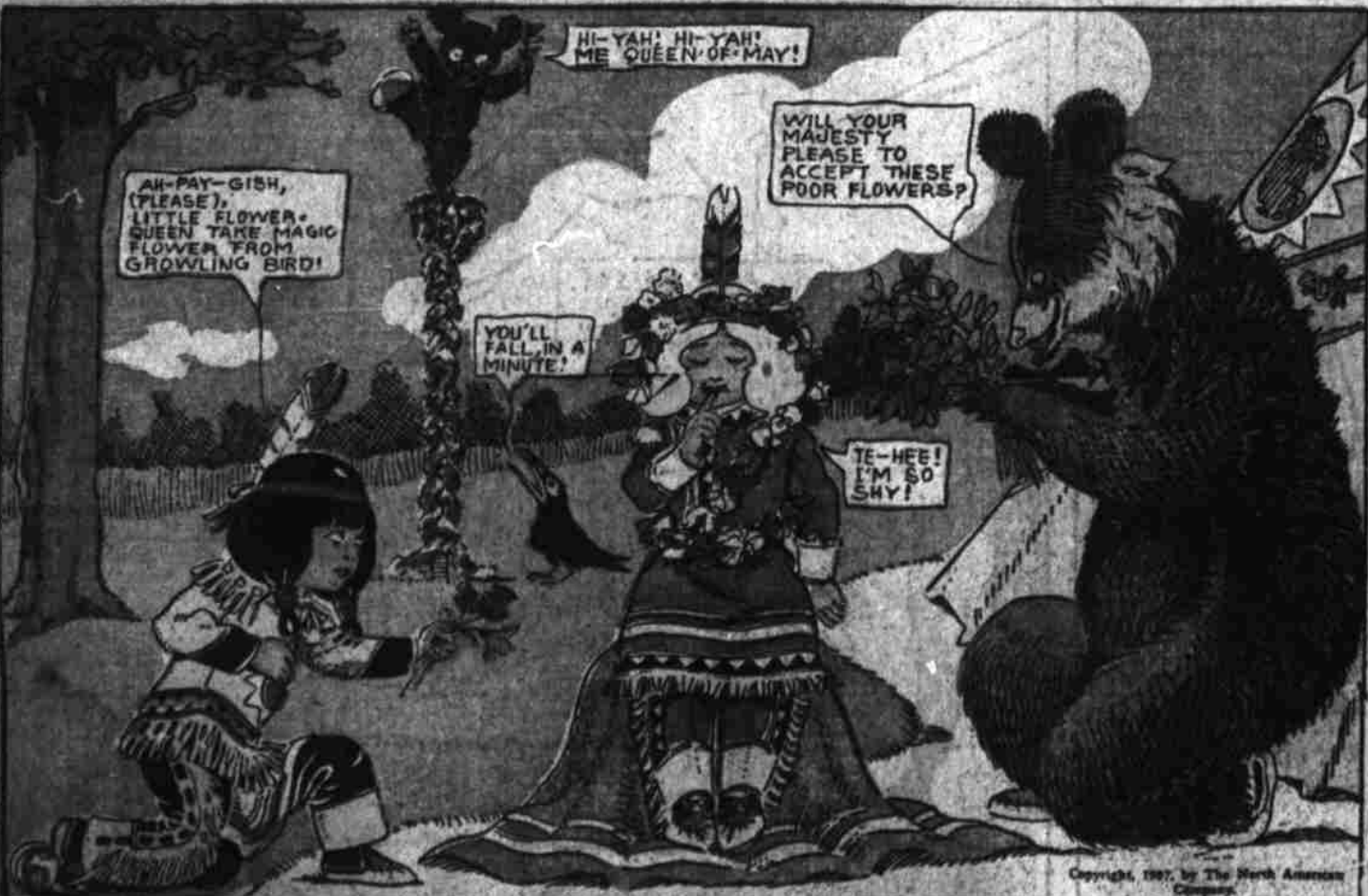
While Yellow Hair was gathering the flowers a bright idea came to her. She said to Growling Bird: "Why not let us have a May-pole, like the Paleface children? We have plenty of flowers and vines, and, if you'll cut a smooth pole, I'll show you how the game is played!" So Growling Bird cut and trimmed a smooth birch pole and then they all started back to the Wigwam. Yellow Hair carried the flowers, and even Little Bear "toted" an armful. But old Aundak stole a ride and tried to eat the "pussy-cats" that Growling Bird carried.



When Fanny Yellow Hair told Nokomis and Big Bear how the Paleface children set up the May-pole and crowned it with flowers and hung long streamers of ribbon on it, they looked puzzled. THEY did not know there was so much ribbon in the world. But when Fanny said that festoons, or flower ropes, would do just as well, they set to work and twisted vines and flowers together until they had finished six streamers—one for each of the party. Yellow Hair told them also how they sang the "Flower-Song" as they danced around, weaving in and out until the ribbons were nicely plaited down the whole length of the May-pole. "After that," she said, "they choose a little girl to be the 'Queen of the May'! They crown her with flowers and kneel to her—just as if she were a REAL queen, or princess, you know!"



When Yellow Hair was telling about choosing a little girl to be "Queen of the May" she couldn't keep from giggling. You see, she knew that SHE was the only little girl in the Refuge Ground, and they'd just HAVE to choose HER to be the "Queen"! Pretty soon everything was ready, and Growling Bird dug a hole in the ground in which to set the pole. Then he and Big Bear raised it up and every one took hold of a flower-ropes, and around they danced till they were dizzy. Finally, Big Bear spoke up and said: "Come on, Nokomis! We'll choose Yellow Hair and crown her 'Queen of the May'!" Of course, all the rest agreed except Little Bear. He said HE wanted to be "Queen of May"—as if such a silly thing were possible! And Aundak, too, had an idea they might choose HIM! Well, well! The conceit of some people is something to wonder at!



When the flower-ropes were all nicely twisted around the May-pole, Big Bear and Growling Bird crowned Yellow Hair with a wreath of flowers and wound garlands of the same around her waist and shoulders. Nokomis brought out Uh-kih, the Big Kettle, and, turning it upside down, covered it with her best blanket. Then they seated Queen Yellow Hair on her Throne while Big Bear and Growling Bird knelt and made polite speeches to her, offering bouquets of the choicest flowers! MY! But it was a great day for little Paleface girls—wasn't it? But in the meantime, Little Bear—who was a pretty good climber—clawed his way up to the top of the May-pole, and now stood there on one foot, "showing off" and making a great noise. He must have thought he was the "King of the May," or the "King of the Castle"—or something like that! But—



You can easily guess what happened next! The flower-crown on top of the pole tilted suddenly, and—Whis-s-!—Bang—down came the "King of the Castle," which on the top of his head! It is a lucky thing for the Bear People that their heads are so hard and thick, else Mukoons, the Little Black Bear, would have cracked his skull long before this! The children thought he would be killed, but Big Bear knew better. So after they had bathed his head with cold water, they put him to bed—but he complained of a headache the next morning! Now, of course, the May-pole game did not begin in the Refuge Ground, but this was the first time it had ever been seen in Windego Land! And ever since, this time of the year is called by the Indians, "WAH-BE-GOON-EE KEE-ZIS," the FLOWER MOON, because—well, just BECAUSE! A. T. C.