COLUMN THE GROWLING BY DOWN DEGO LANDA



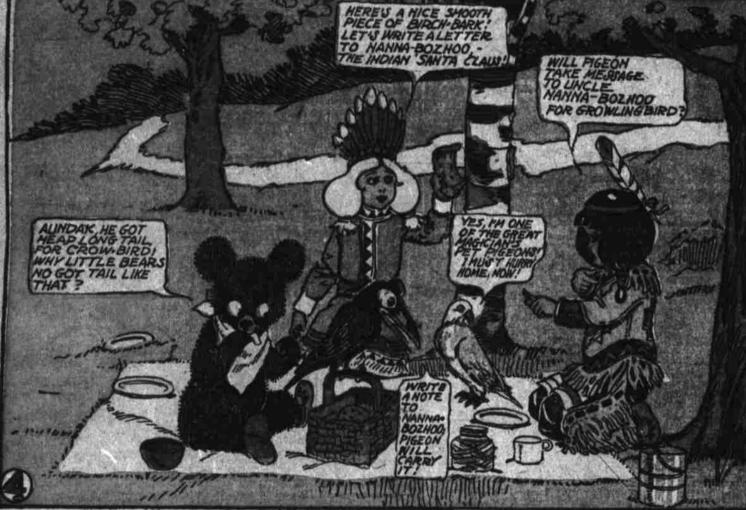
Early one morning Nokomis and Big Bear set out for a distant part of Windego Land to get a fresh supply of salt from a Salt Cave in the Medicine Mountains—where the Giant Windegoes were supposed to live. Before leaving, she put up a basket of nice lunch for the children, which they carried out to the woods, intending to have a little Picnic under the trees. Of course, Little Bear and Aundale, the Crow, were invited?



Little Growling Bird picked out a nice dry spot under some big trees, near the place where he had shot Geb-waunuhses, the Wicked Hawk, the week before. (This time, however, Yellow Hair left the Dolly safe at home in the Wigwam!) They took the clean, white cloth that covered the lunch and spread it on the grass. Then they unpacked the
good things the basket contained and set them out on little plates made of basewood. There was "Indian bread," or
Corn Cake, spread, with Maple-Syrup instead of Butter; there was Jerked Venison, and cakes of Acorn Meal; MapleSugar, Raspberry Pie, and a jat of Huckleberry Jam; while Aundak had a bowl of boiled corn. All at once there came a
sound of "cooing" from the biggest tree, and all looked up in surprise—except Little Bear, who was too busy just then.



Aundak was the first so discover the cause, and cried out:
"Fluilo, O-me-me, the Pigeon! Why are you hiding in that holflow trast?" It was pretty Pigeon, and he was half-hidden in a
round hole in the tree-trunk. But when he saw Growling Bird
the knew that it was ease to come out, because the little boy
trever hurt the harmless birds—only the bad once. So Pigeon
fluttered down and pretted on his hand, then he raid the size of



"I am one of Nanna-bozhoo's Pet Pigeons," said he. "I fly all over Windego Land in the daytime, and in the evening, when I return to Nanna-bozhoo's lodge, I tell him all that's going on in the woods. Last week I hurt my left wing, and, as I was resting it, Geb-waun-unece, the "Pirate Hawk," swooped down on me and seized me by the sore wing and tried to kill me! I managed to get away and fluttered into that small hole in the tree. He couldn't get in, but I've been afraid to come out all week for fear he was waiting around to pounce on me. If it hadn't been for a small hoard of beechnuts a squirrel had groved in the hollow tree I'd have STARVED! As it is, I'm nearly dead for a drink," said Pigeon,

Growling Bird gave him some water in a cup and then told him that the Wickel Hawk was dead.



As Pigeon's wing was now quite strong again he was anxious to get home, but, because Yellow Hair said she would like to send a message to Nanna-boshoo, he waited a while. She tore off a thin strip of bark, from a birch tree that stood nearby, and proposed to Growling Bird that they write him a letter and send it by O-me-me, the Pretty Pigeon. "If I had some ink and a quill pen I could write a fine letter on this nick, smooth bark," said Yellow Hair. Growling Bird knew how Huckleberry juice stains the lips and fingers, so he easily provided the ink. He just mixed some water with the Huckleberry Jam, and, to and behold, there was a half-cupful of fine purple ink! When Little Bear beard a quill pen mentioned, he, conhad a bright idea! (You can see by the picture above what the idea was—AND FIGW HE PROVIDED THE PENIM)



Because Yellow Hair had gone to school when she lived with the Palerace People, she could write pretty well. So SHR did the writing, while Growling Bird humped his back to make a "desk" for her to write on. .But he had to stand very still; because Yellow Hair had placed the cup of ink on his head—to be within reach—and if he "joggled" or "jiggled" it was likely to spill all over his hair! This is what she wrote; "DRRE NANNY BOZHOO:—

"Me and Groling berd send you our best boy and hope You will com and see unagans serry Soon from guillelists."
Frends. "FANNY YELLOH HAIR AND GROLING-BERD HIS MARK-X."



Then they collectup the light birch-bark letter in a small roll—so not so impede his flight—and tied if to Pretty Pigeona leg. Then after bidding the children good-bye and promising to come again and visit them, O-me-me darted away toward the Malliches Lodgers Names-bozhoo. (Meanwhile, Little Bast gobbled up the rest of the lunch!)

And that is how to annowhent that the SWIFTEST of the O-me meeg, or Pippon People, are made to carry messages But they will are presently ONE way, because, no matter how far they are takin from their home lodge, they always seem to know the many to the common of the co