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steadily for longer distances". The birds foolishly accepted the Hinhan's suggestion. "Now," said Hinhan "I designate the coarse of this race be between this Council Grove and the top of the Bear Butte (a distance of about 60 miles). I shall start you from here and my brother, Hinhan-Makotila, the screech owl, be the judge at the outcome". Two pigeons shall accompany my brother - one to go half way and wait for the return of the other, and the other to go clear to the outcome with Brother Makotila and turn back half way and as soon as both pigeons ^{the one at this end} meet, ~~they~~ shall fly back here." All birds were satisfied.

Hinhan had all the birds in readiness for the flight. Many were over anxious while others were cool headed about it.

And now everything was ready. Hinhan ordered Bob White to give the signal to start. Bob White said: "Hops!" "Let's Go!" and the birds took flight instantly - some from trees, some from the ground, some flew high, some flew low. Some flew just so far and then alighted, some flew out of sight. It was a most peculiar kind of a race.

Makotila looked very anxiously toward the approach of the flying birds. Much to his amazement he saw Hakala, the magpie, in the lead. He was so disgusted with the outcome of the race, seeing the most awkward and much-hated bird in the lead that he threw up his ^{rest of the} job and did not take any notice of the ~~other~~ birds that