The points brought about by the two speakers caused quite a commotion among the birds. After a long heated argument Hinhan said he did not know how to deside the case and asked the Tribes for suggestions. Little wren cried out, "leave it with Hinhan." All the other birds were satisfied that this should be done. After a long hesitation, Hinhan said, "I have a plan by which every bird involved in this matter shall have a chance to prove their endurance whether berry, sead and insect fed or flesh fed. I suggest that the birds have a race -- a flying race. Some of us can fly very swiftly for a short distance only, while others can fly very 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 40 miles). I shall start you from here and my brother. Hinhan-Makotilu, 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 Makotilu and turn back helf way and as soon as both pigeons meet the one at this end shall fly back here." All birds were satisfied.

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

And now everything was ready. Hinhan ordered Bob White to give the signal to start. Bob White said: "Hope!" "Let's Go!" and the birds took flight instantly some from trees, some from the grounds, 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.

Mush to his amazement he saw Hakala, the magpie, in the lead. He was so disgusted with the outcome of the race, seeing the most awkard and much hated bird in the lead that he threw up his job and did not take any notice of the rest of the birds that followed be ind him. oon some of the birds