

Zintka zee, the canary, perched on the ^{top} of the sun-flower. Skanyecha, the cat-bird, sat on the lower part of the elm tree. Chanheya, the wren was singing away on the top of a box elder tree. Shunzeecha, the yellow hammer was rounding the tree to find out ^{if} it is fit for abode of birds. Zintkato, the blue Bird sat on the top of a dead tree. Pishko - the night hawk, sat on the ground, unnoticed, evidently sleeping after a very hard night work - prowling round. Nupa-wanbler, the snow bird sat restlessly on the ground. Teechaneecha, the curlew, flew up from the ground into the air and sang Oheeyu! Oheeyu! Minneshbu! Minneshbu! meaning "Leaky! Leaky! Water Drops! Water Drops!" Kangi, the crow sat in a dignified manner, flapping its wings and greeting the audience by saying "How! How!" Sheebiebee, the chickadee, sat on a low bough and said, "Sheebiebee! Glichio! meaning "Have they (birds) returned!" Wabloska, the bobolink, flew up from the weeds and while flying upward in the air, sang: Ska! Ska! Ska! To! To! To! Zee! Zee! Zee! Shaw! Shaw! Shaw! - ^a descending scale.

Now, Hinkau, recalled the council and as soon as they were seated in their respective places, he began to make ^{the} following address: "Brothers and sisters of the Bird Tribes, we are here to determine what birds are to remain in the North, especially, here in this beautiful Black Hills Country during the cold season. I know every bird here today and others, wish to remain but owing to the fact that the Black