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Birds at the Dawning

Tiny throats throbbing,—
That mimic the sobbing,
Sweet song of the eve;
Happy hearts bursting—
More joy ever thirsting
Than angels believe!

Paler the azure sky—
Brighter the day's soft eye
Beams ever clear;
The magic spell is o'er,
All the world hushes for
The sun rides near!

—Chip, '23.

The Legend of the Sleeping Giant

"When I awake," shouted Kitche Gamma, "there will be no white men upon the shores of the Big Sea Water, nor upon the wide stretches of the Prairie."

And out he strode from the meeting of the Indian war gods. He tramped heavily, striding over hills and at last came to the shore of his inland sea. There he made himself a bed upon the great bare rocks and stretching full length, he folded his great arms and lay still. The Half-god, Kitche Gamma, of the North Shore Indians was asleep.

The war gods and the chiefs of the medicine men came from the council fire to which they had not invited the great half-god. They had therefore seriously offended him. They followed him to the shore and saw him lying, his strong features set; and for a time gazed upon him.

"Kitchie Gamma," they said, "the loudest thunders of the Bay of Thunders will not waken him."

And they left him, the half-god whom all had offended by failing to ask him to their council. He had come and had announced himself with a voice