

Mrs. Reid has for her faithful, loving companion, a Cocker Spaniel, fifteen years old. This dog, then a pup, was formerly owned by Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Jamieson of Ohsweken.

Another story will appear about a "bird feeder" in a later issue. This time, it's going to be about a wonderful lady.

What about those bird-houses? I hope you Juniors are all busy making them. One boy, who is now a man, used to make a bird-house from a 4" flower-pot, enlarging the hole at the bottom to the size of a quarter and attaching it to a piece of board with nails all around to hold it in place. He nailed a round twig from a tree to the board on which the bird could perch before going into its cozy home. The board was then nailed to a tree - very inexpensive! Good-bye. Ed. C.P.

Whispering Pines

by Burton Anderson

Have you ever stopped to listen
To the gentle whispering pine,
Who ever seeks to tell you
Of the heritage that is thine?

How these Pale Face came with Hurons
To destroy and take our lands
But the Hurons died in anguish
All along the Georgian sands.

Oh it tells of the glory
And honour of the past
How our warriors fought for freedom
And died that it should last.

And our warriors with the British
Drove the Frenchmen from our shores
And still later fought more Pale Face
Where the great Niagara roars.

Then they tell how Dekanawidah
Joined the tribes so war would cease
And Hodeshohneh live forever
Underneath the "Tree of Peace."

Till the sound of 'hitman's thunder
And the war whoop all did cease
Then the Iroquois lived contented
Underneath the "Tree of Peace."

How the eagle screamed a warning
High above the ancient trees
And warned us of the Pale Face
From across the Eastern seas.

So if you ever stop to listen
To the gentle whispering Pine
Listen closely and it will tell you
Of the heritage that is thine.

"SPEAK TO ME - NOW"

I hear the distant heart-beat like heavy tears on a drum,
I hear my people crying for something they have not done,
My soul is with the ancient and the things that they have done -
My beloved ancestors. You who were so glib of tongue
Who could speak of things to come.

Speak to me -

Must we find the paths ourselves like eagles in the night,
Our will the stars guide us to things that are just and right
My beloved ancestors, you who were so glib of tongue
And could speak of things to come.

Speak to me -

Speak to me of the glories of the past,
Let my heart swell with pride
And tell me tales of love and truth
and of battles won and lost.

My beloved ancestors, you who were so glib of tongue
and could speak of things to come

Speak to me -

Teach me in the long-forgotten ways,
To listen to the sounds of stone and wood,
To listen to the soft rustle of sweet grasses and winds that blow,
To listen to the restless and calm waters

Teach me to listen -

My beloved ancestors, you who were so glib of tongue,
and could speak of things to come.

Speak to me -

Have we lost to a history? Is our culture dead?
Oh my beloved ancestors, you who were so glib of tongue
And could speak of things to come -

Speak to me - now!!

(Louis Harold Bodnar)
