Mitigoog, ono gaye Nawaponan
Logs and Lunches
An Ojibwe SayITFirst Book

Story Told by Dixie Francis
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Acknowledgements

I am always appreciative of educators and parents who are building literacy in our youth. You inspire me.

Rose Tuesday from Anishinaabeg of Naongashiing First Nation facilitated the audio recordings and was responsible for the translations which accompany this children’s book.

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Go to the www.anishinaabemodaa.ca or www.wakingupojibwe.ca websites to find the recording for this book and other resources. Also look for directions how to load a free app to allow the video of this book to play on your smart phone or iPad.

How to use this book

There are three different versions of each sentence as described below:

1. Ojibwe translation in bold white letters
2. Simplified phonetic pronunciation of Ojibwe translation in white italic letters. The bold letters in italics need to be spoken just slightly longer than the other syllables.
3. English
“OK guys, get going to our log stand and peel that bark. After breakfast, I’ll be on a train bound for Perth to start the pulp drive on the river,” Dad says.


“We need to get that wood moved down the river to St. John,” he says.
“Naniizaanad ogiji-mitig gii-bimibatoong gii-okwaakoosewad igi miitoog, onzaam igo iwidi Big Snowshoe.”

“Running across the top of the logs to move the jam is dangerous, especially at Big Snowshoe.”


“Anyway, I just finished boiling water for tea. Today, you can feast on sardines and bannock with jam and molasses.”


“Your sisters will be working in the community garden this morning. Later, they will go picking strawberries,” Dad shouts.
“Nih-waw-gaw-kwud nin-guh-uh-buh-jih-toon
mih-tih-goo g nin-guh-guh-wih-boonawg, geen dush
ih-guh-nih-bih-shuh-gaw-koebih-toon ih’-ih-way wuh-nuh-geck.
Oe’-oe-maw uh-kuh-weh ih-guh-oe-kwaw-koesihmawn-uh-nig.”

“I’ll use my ax to get chopping,” says Dixie.
“I can cut some trees, you can peel the bark.
We’ll stack them here for now.”

“In the winter, the team of horses and sled will move the wood to the river,” he continues.
“Wenen gaa-dibenjige’ik?”
Dave gagwedwe gii-apaginidiwad
Dixie imaa mitakamig.

“Wen-nen gaw-dih-ben-jih-geh’-ick?”
Dave guh-gweh-dweh gee-uh-puh-gih-nih-dee-wud
Dixie ih-maw mih-tuh-kuh-mig.

“Who made you boss?”
Dave asked as he and Dixie wrestled to the ground.
“Let’s make enough money this summer to afford a second pair of jeans,” Dave told Dixie.
“Gegaa niibawii’itizowag gidaasinaanig onzaam miziwe zhingobii-bigiw ayaa,” niizho-bapiiwag igi gwiiwizensag.


“Our pants nearly stand up on their own from all of the pitch on them,” the two boys laughed.

Dixie oe-di-nawn ih-nih Dave-yun.

"It sure would be nice to have another pair so we didn’t have to wash these every night when we get home,"
Dixie told Dave.
“We need gasoline to wash the pitch off of our skin; I wish the tree sap would come off with soap.”


“Ya, I wish we had running water like in the city, instead of carrying buckets of water from the well,” says Dave.

“Eya, Ambegizh nibi-gaa-bimibidemagak ayaa’ingiban dabishko gichi-odenaang gaa’ayaag, apiijwiin niibiwa nibi owidi onda’ibaaning wenjiig gii-miji-naanaanisikamang imaa akikoong, ikido Dave.

“Ji-okosidoo’ing ini misan imaa mishtadimo-odaabaanaakoong. Iwidi ishkode-odaabaan-wiikobijiganensing oga izhii’idoonawaa.”


“We need to stack the wood here for the horse drawn sled. They will take it to the boxcar.”
“Dad asked me to bring some wood home on our hand sleds so our house stays warm.”
“Ahaaw, iga-gagwejikaanin.”

“Uh-haw, ih-guh-guh-gway-jih-kaw-nin.”

“OK, I’ll race you.”
“Betag!” Dixie obiibagimaan Dave-yan.


“Look out!” Dixie shouted to Dave.
“Aandi eyaad Dave?” Nindedé ogagwejiman ini Dixie gii-bigiiwenid.


“Where’s Dave?” Dad asked when Dixie got home.
“Gii-gonabidaabii imaa mikanensing mii dash noopiming gaa-anii-izhi-ipizod.”


“He tipped his load on the trail and flew into the bush.”

“Well, go back and get the wood,” Dad yelled, then he smiled with a wink. “You might as well bring Dave home too, but make sure you get the wood.”
This story was written to show what life was like growing up on a First Nation. This is Dixie’s story.

A critical step to improving the vitality of Anishinaabemowin is to increase the sounds transferring from the parent to the child at an early age. This book is designed to allow both speakers and non-speakers the ability to pass the Ojibwe language onto their youth. The translations and simplified phonetic pronunciations in the book give parents the ability to practice and to read this book to their children in Anishinaabemowin.

The Rainy River District area is undergoing an effort to put Anishinaabemowin back into the homes of the Anishinaabeg. Anishinaabemodaa – Let’s speak Ojibwe, is the Ontario Ministry of Education sponsored partnership between the Rainy River District School Board, SayITFirst and 7 Generations Education Institute with support of the ten area Anishinaabe Nations to help Wake Up Ojibwe within individuals in our community.

Each book in this series has audio support found on our website. These videos can be viewed on a cell phone or iPad by hovering the camera over the front cover of this book or viewed directly off of our site. A free app will need to be downloaded.

Downloading instructions and videos provided for audio support can be found at:
www.anishinaabemodaa.ca and wakingupojibwe.ca