

Sergeant-at-Arms	- -	Albert Griffin	Sixth Grade	
Reporter	- -	Frank Gorbet	William Jones, Alaska	- - 90
Advisory member	- -	Mr. Fickle	Turner McDonald, Oregon	- 90
		Excelsior	Tillman Holliquilla, Oregon	- 90
President	- -	Patrick Varrney	Seventh Grade	
Vice-President	- -	James Evans	Gertrude McCoy, Oregon	- - 97
Secretary	- -	Kiutus Jim	Jeanette Buckles, Montana	- - 96
Sergeant at-Arms	- -	Robert Downie	Lavina Wilbur, Oregon	- - 94
Reporter	- -	Gideon Hanbury	Lizzie Dahl, Alaska,	- - 93
Advisory member	- -	Miss Lecrone	Eighth Garde	
			Rachel McCoy, Oregon	- - 93
			Howell Breeden, California	- 93
			Willie Service, Oregon	- - 92
			Luther Clements, California	- 91
			Junior Class	
			Patsy Barrett, Alaska	- - - 90
			Senior Class	
			Paul Kininnook, Alaska	- - 98
			Frank Johnson, Alaska	- - 97
			Nick Hatch, Alaska	- - 97
			Irene Martin, California	- - 93
			Maude Lowry, California	- - 93
			Ethel Roberts, California	- - 90

HONOR STUDENTS

The following are honor students for three months, having made an average percentage of 90 or more:

		Fourth Grade	
Marial Billings, Oregon	- -	96	
		Fifth Grade	
Jesse Logan, California	- -	90	
June White, California	- -	90	
Ernest Copeland, Oregon	- -	90	
Frank Fisher, Montana	- -	90	

STORY OF AN AREWE

Away up at Bering Sea there lives a bird that is called an Arewe. It is not a beautiful bird, but none of the birds in that region have brilliant plumage. This bird is about as large as a chicken and it has a white breast and a black beak; its bill runs out to a sharp point, and when it flies it travels fast. It lives among rocks and on high cliffs.

There are thousands and thousands of these birds that live there in the summer time. When it is time for them to lay eggs they go to some quiet place among the rocks and high bluffs.

An Arewe knows its own eggs. Some of these birds have two eggs, but most of them have only one. The color of these eggs is green, with black spots on them, and are very large, being about as big as a goose's egg. Arewes' eggs are good to eat and every summer the natives who live in that region go and get them, bringing two or more boats full of these eggs.—Alex Melovidov, Sixth Grade, A.