

tions, be accomplished for the tribe. May this account of the pathetic and simple faith of these people carry a message to all who are indifferent to the missionary cause,

When the summer work was over I wanted to go back to Carlisle, but my people would not allow me to do so. They thought five years schooling was enough for me. But I could not be content with so little. One day I found a "Chemawa American" at my uncle's house and read it. Since I could not return to Carlisle, I wanted to go to Chemawa. My parents refused to let me leave home. I talked with them earnestly and tried to show them how conditions were changing. I told them that in the future white men would come more and more into our country. We would not always be able to make a living by hunting and fishing as we had in the past. In our industries we would have to enter into competition with the white men. The coming generation would need education to enable them to cope with their rivals. At last my father gave his consent and I came to Chemawa. Last summer when I was home there was a strike and hard times among the fishermen. The number of canneries is increasing, the fish are getting scarce, and the fishermen are not making half the profit that they made ten years ago. I told my father that these were some of the changes that I had predicted, and he saw that I had been right.

I came to Chemawa in October, 1910, and have been attending school here ever since and visiting home every summer. During my first year here I did not take an interest in anything except my books and the engineering department where I worked. But last year I took an active part in the Young Men's Christian Association and this year I have the honor of being its president. Under the direction and with the help of the young men and women of Willamette University, we have studied the Bible during the past winter. To them and to my teachers at Chemawa I wish to express my gratitude. The only way I can show my appreciation for what I have received is by trying to teach others what they have taught me.

I intend to take up my literary studies and to continue the study of the Bible at Willamette Preparatory School next fall. In order to get money to cover my expenses for the year in school I will go home this summer and work three months with the fishermen.

To those who are not familiar with ocean fishing a brief description of the work might be of interest. The fishermen leave for their camp about the middle of July. Some old man, who, from long experience in that part of the deep, knows the habits of the fish, is chosen foreman of the expedition. The cannery which fits out the expedition with boat, seine, ropes, provisions, etc., sends each day for the catch. The