

FROM THE GRADES

8th

All old students and employes, as well as many friends in Salem, are glad to welcome Frank Johnson and Paul Kininnook, who are back among us after a three month's vacation spent fishing in the waters near their home in Alaska. Both boys are of the class of 1913. They left us with the avowed intention of earning money to pay their expenses in school at Salem this winter. We perceive that they have stuck to their purpose, presume that no "inclement weather" prevented a good season, and predict that their aspirations will be realized. Such worthiness of purpose, such strenuous effort against trying circumstances cannot fail to be rewarded.

Frank Johnson, who was graduated from Chemawa last spring, is back from Alaska and is attending high school at Salem.

The order of reversing details in school has been changed this year. Instead of the industrial and school detail changing each morning and noon, as formerly, the same detail that goes to school in the afternoon also goes to school the next morning. At noon, the detail changes and the industrial details take their turn of an afternoon and a forenoon at school. The children like the new way of changing much better than the old.

The ice plant installed at the school last summer has long been a necessity. Before the installation of the plant special trips were made to Salem for ice when it was required. Now all the ice needed is furnished to the kitchen, dairy, and all other departments requiring it. By its use the meat room can be kept at a temperature of twenty-six degrees Fahrenheit. Ice is also supplied, at the cost of manufacturing, to employes keeping house.

Several of the pupils in the different grades have subscribed for the paper called Current Events. It is a weekly paper and is published in Springfield, Mass., and Chicago, Ill. The little paper is used over the country in different schools for the benefit of the children. It contains the most important news, briefly told.

Girls Hop-Picking

On August the 31st, eighty-five girls went out for hop-picking, about two and a half miles from school. Monday morning we started picking hops and for the rest of the day all that you could hear was, "wire down" and "box full." After supper we all went down to the creek and a number of girls fell in.

Most of the girls went crawfishing; Maggie Johnson was the chief