

being especially interested in Y. W. C. A. work; Cora Zieglar, from the Golden State.

This completes the class register with one exception—the humble speaker, whose duty it has been to give you these few rambling bits of history concerning his classmates. My experiences on the journey here were thrilling, having been ship-wrecked and stranded on an island for a week, until I almost despaired of ever reaching my destination. After many trials to reach Chemawa I arrived here from Kodiak, one of the Aleutian Islands, in February, 1912. To my surprise and pleasure I found that Michael MacLeod was not regarded as a stranger, but was well known, the officials having formed his acquaintance through the many letters that were exchanged in the years previous to his arrival. I consider myself fortunate in being privileged to be a member of the band and a pupil-assistant to the office force. Aside from this, I deem it an honor to have my name on the roll of the Reliance Literary Society.

In listening to this history you doubtless have recognized that this class as a whole has shown diversified talents, and all have grasped the opportunities which are so freely offered at this training school. To many of us the education we have obtained here will be our only capital in beginning life, and whatever of wealth and honor we may hereafter win in the world, we shall be largely indebted to our dear school at Chemawa for the means of success.

CLASS PROPHECY

CORA ZIEGLAR, *New River Tribe; California*



DREAMS are elusive. They slip from the memory and cannot be recalled. Neither their stability nor their correctness can be relied upon. The facts I shall relate come from the only source from which accurate information of events of the future may be obtained—from the place where the future is foreordained. This account is authentic and covers the entire life of each individual.

The first whose secrets will be revealed is the heavyweight and champion athlete of our class. He is noticeably a good looking fellow, broad shouldered, and neither too tall nor too short. With his rare smile, he proves that dimples are not altogether unbecoming to boys. His present occupation is painting in oils—linseed oil and white lead. He will have a large house, beautifully painted, situated on extensive grazing lands in Montana. He loves to rest at home with his wife and children