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NO EXCUSE FOR IGNORANCE

Ignorance in this day and generation cannot be excused on the plea of lack of opportunity. Our splendid school system, the multitude of cheap books, newspapers and magazines, make it easy for every person to become familiar with what is going on in the world. But it is to the boy or girl who desires to become proficient in some special line of training, or in one of the mechanical arts, or thinks he cannot succeed through some deficiency in his or her education, that these suggestions may be helpful.

The first place, if your progress in any line is hampered by lack of knowledge on any particular subject you can remove the difficulty to a great extent by self-study along that line. For instance, if your inability to make calculations retards your progress in carpentering, engineering, farming, dressmaking, cooking, etc., you will find it profitable to start at that branch of mathematics with the determination of mastering it. If you regularly devote a few minutes each day to this work you will be amazed to find how much knowledge you can acquire in a short time. Haphazard study or reading, however, brings but little result, but the systematic, well directed blows will remove the greatest obstacles.

Did you ever see great rocks or boulders upon a mountainside, seemingly firm and immovable, and wonder whether they could ever be moved from their setting? Then just a flake of snow, a drop of rain and a little hoary frost, then another drop and another flake and another and another. Months and years pass and a few more agencies are at work, until at last the huge boulder is so nicely poised that it requires only the flutter of a bird's wing to start it crashing down the mountainside. Can you ever remove the obstacles from your way? A little lesson learned here, another there, and a printed column or a book mastered from time to time and the obstacles in your path will disappear as if by magic,

THE STORY OF A BITE OF FOOD An Impersonation

I was put into a little girl's mouth and there I was chewed by her sharp little teeth while I was moved about in her month with something called a tongue. A

juice called saliva poured out all over me. I know it was called "saliva" because I heard the teeth and tongue call out: "Come, Saliva, and help us." It came from its home under the tongue and back of the lower jaw and back of the cheek under the ear. The salivary glands are its home.

Then the tongue crowded me down into a long narrow way which was called the throat. From the throat to the stomach there was a roadway called the esophagus.

Then what do you think happened to me? I was in a place that looked like a great store house, where I stayed for a long while. This store house is called the stomach. Here I had another juice poured out on me. I was told that it was called the gastric juice. By this time I was getting pretty thin, indeed, almost a liquid.

When I left the stomach, I went to a place called the small intestine. Here also several juices poured out on me. There was one from a duct that emptied into the small intestine. This one came from a very large organ weighing nearly four pounds and which lies on the right side of the body opposite the stomach. It secretes a juice called bile, which is greenish-yellow in color. The duct from the liver empties into the small intestine.

There is also another juice flowing through a duct which joins this duct. This juice is called the pancreatic juice. Its home is a long, flat organ that lies under the stomach and we call this organ the pancreas.

The small intestine also poured out juices on me. These were called intestinal juices. Here I saw an old friend of mine, a tough fiber of meat, and I asked him what he intended to do. He replied: "I am going on with my journey. I am going to a place they call large intestine." I asked him why he intended to go to that place, and he said: "Because I am too tough to be digested—good-bye."

I was now in a liquid form and the next thing I knew I was slipping through the cracks in the small intestine into very fine tubes called blood vessels. These kept growing larger and larger and kept running about all over the body till I lost track of myself and the first thing I knew I awoke and found it all a dream.
—Maggie Bennett, Sixth Grade.