

**VALEDDICTORY**

Catherine Reed

There are times in the experiences of everyone when "Farewell" seems the saddest of all words. There are other times when around this sadness there lingers a touch of golden hope and joy, and today is one of those times of mixed emotions.

We, the class of '18, have now closed an eventful year of work, during which we have made good progress in our studies and industrial training. Each recitation has made us stronger and better and each new subject in turn has developed our mental faculties. In looking back we have only to regret that the past cannot return.

Chemawa, our Alma Mater, deserves the earnest support of all, because of what the institution is accomplishing in educating the young people of our race. The joys and privileges of being one of her students will ever be remembered by us, for we have spent many pleasant and profitable hours.

Superintendent Hall—to you and Mrs. Hall, who has truly been a dear mother to us, we tender our sincerest thanks for the many encouragements you gave us and for your earnest efforts to maintain for us the pleasant relations here, for when a student is surrounded by comfort and plenty, progress is more rapid.

Dear schoolmates, it is my lot to bid you, in the name of the class of '18, a "good-by." We are soon to separate, but we shall ever bear tender recollections of our school days here. At this point we wish to pay public tribute to the more than a hundred Chemawa boys who have shown their courage and patriotism in responding to our nation's call.

To you, dear teachers, who have worked so faithfully with us, we are exceedingly grateful. The hour is at hand when the pleasant relations we have developed must be suspended. This is an occasion to which we have looked forward with joy, but now that it has come we feel regret. We rejoice that the time has come when you deem us competent to be graduated; we regret that the associations of the schoolroom and industrial departments must cease to exist except in fond recollections. Although we may never again be placed in the relation of teacher and pupil, distance and time will fail to erase you from our memories, for in each we found a friend and counselor. We are unable to render compensation to you for your zeal and faithfulness, but as you have been faithful to us, so will we be faithful to others. Your example shall be our guiding star.

We wish you to feel assured that you will always be preserved in our memories, and we, as your affectionate pupils, beg that as you think of us, you remember only our virtues. With sincerest wishes that He, who is the author of all good, will grant you His choicest blessings, we bid you all an affectionate farewell.

And now, my dear classmates, comes the sad duty

of reminding you that our final separation must take place. Well do we remember that autumn when, with 18 loyal members, this class was first organized. Now, as our gaze wanders over the faces of the class we see that a number of its members are missing, but in their places we have the stars in our service flag.

Lingering around this altar of friendship, together with the memories of those who are absent, we hardly realize that the time has come when we, as the class of '18, separate forever. Though, by chance, we may all meet again, it will never be the same. As we pass out where duty calls us let us see that the class of '18 furnishes no drones in the great hive of human industry. With that noble purpose which is born of true genuineness of character, and that inflexible determination which knows no failure, let us pass out the gate that now opens and enter into the field of life's activities. Now that our school days at Chemawa are over sad indeed is the thought that all our sweet relations as classmates must be severed, and the pleasant intercourse that existed between us and our instructors and school friends must be broken. In going forth, my dear classmates, let that motto which is inscribed in red and black, mark our efforts and conduct. Let us each act our parts as noble men and women, that when we finish life's journey, each may truly say, "I Have Lived for Service."

**THE GIRLS' OCTETTE**

Early in February last, on the initiative of Supt. Hall, there was organized at Chemawa a Girls' Octette—a party of vocalists. Miss Gertrude Brewer was the teacher and pianist of the organization and her energy and interest, together with the splendid talent of the girls, made this one of our foremost—if not the foremost—musical attractions of our school.

The first public appearance of the Octette girls was on the 22nd of February—Washington's Birthday. This was after a series of but comparatively few rehearsals and it was at once apparent that the girls had a fine future in the field of vocal art. From that date until after our commencement was over never a week passed but this body of singers contributed one or more numbers for the pleasure of our people and our guests. This has meant a tremendous amount of work for both the girls and their teacher, but it was given, and the results fully justified the expenditure of time devoted to the rehearsals necessary.

Several weeks ago the Octette girls sang publicly in Salem and created an absolute surprise of a most pleasing character. The papers spoke highly of them and their art. Their appearance in the capital city more than justified our hopes and pride. They also were one of our most pleasing attractions during commencement and their contributions were a joyous surprise to the large crowds present on the occasions on which they sang. The girls are of splendid talent and have, by their art, given more pleasure than they realize and thanks are due them.

The personnel of the Octette is as follows: Agnes Swanson and Rose Deschamp, 1st sopranos; Mae Adams and Sarah Adams, 2nd sopranos; Rose O'Brien and Marie Shaishnikoff, 1st altos; Mary Motanic and Julia Gromoff, 2nd altos.