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## ORIGIN OF OUR FLAG

Reproduced by Peter Gardipe from Mr. Humbert's talk in chapel.

Once upon a time, when our country was young, there were three fairies who wanted to give the people of this new country a gift, and they came together to discuss what would be the best thing for a gift. At last they agreed upon taking a journey throughout the world to find the best gift.

First, Fairy Red Lips came to a place where a house was on fire. She saw the firemen rushing with ladders; they scaled the wall and rescued a mother and child. Then again she came to the ocean and there she saw a wreck, and life boats going to the rescue. So she decided that bravery was the best thing in the world for a gift. Soon she came to a red rose and she took it and a red bird came and said, "Let me help," and she gave the fairy one of her feathers and Fairy Red Lips took a piece of red cloud and she wove and spun until she had a streamer of red cloth.

Fairy White Cheeks came where a mother was bending over a child, so she said that purity was the best gift of all. She used a feather from a dove, a lily and some crystals. She wove and spun until she had a streamer of white made.

Then Fairy Blue Eyes came upon men working in a bank keeping money for other people and taking none for themselves and she thought that honesty was the best gift. And again she came to a school where children were playing outside. She saw a boy doing something he should not do and the teacher asked who did that and the boy stood up and said, "I did it," and he took his punishment like a man. Fairy Blue Eyes took a piece of azure sky and a blue forget-me-not and the feather of a blue bird and made a rectangle. And when the fairies came together they put the stripes and the rectangle together and brought it to a group of woman who were working, and an unknown hand showed stars upon the field of blue.

This is the way our flag was made and it means, Courage, Purity and Honesty.

Next Sunday is Easter.

## A WAR STORY

Several months ago when a company of English soldiers were marching out to the first line trenches in Flanders a private named Philip Impey found a little girl of about four years in a ditch by the roadside. As no-one could go back then, the soldiers took the child with them into the trench and made her as comfortable as possible. Within a short time she recovered from the effect of the cold and exposure and was running up and down the trench, thoroughly enjoying herself, having won the affection of every man in the company.

Within about 150 yards lay the German trenches. The ground between the two lines of course was exceedingly dangerous. Any man who ventured out onto it from either trench would almost certainly be killed before he had gone more than a step or two and not even the most reckless man would expose himself at all above the parapets if it could possibly be avoided.

One morning the Englishmen, looking out through their periscope, were horrified to see their little protegee standing above the trench on the German side of the field. They heard the German soldiers calling to her and realized that their cries were friendly; the Germans, touched at the sight of the child, were making friendly overtures, offering her chocolates and inviting her to come and see them. From that time on the child went over the parapet quite frequently and she was as safe in the zone between the two hostile trenches as if she had been miles away from any battlefield.

When the company's eight days of trench duty came to an end the little girl was taken back and was not allowed to go to the fighting line again. Some time afterward the men decided that she ought to be named. Impey, the man who had found her in the ditch, was dead but they gave her his surname, with the name Phyllis, as the nearest feminine approach to Philip they could find.

After she had been with the company about six months one of the officers was wounded and when he returned to England for treatment at a hospital he took little Phyllis with him. At the hospital she soon became the pet of patients and nurses. The officer later adopted her as his daughter and had her placed under a woman's care where she would remain attached to his regiment. The child's parentage and the manner in which she came to be deserted in the ditch near the battlefield remain shrouded in mystery, but that makes no difference to her adopted "daddy" or to the soldiers who are devoted to her.