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# The Chemawa American

Printed at Chemawa, Oregon, and Devoted to the Interests of Indian Education

Vol. XXII

Wednesday, May 5, 1920

No. 30

## AN EAGLE OR A SNAIL

Why not aspire to great things? To fail in striving for the best is to get but a tithe out of life. It is only by effort that any one develops. Latent capacity will always remain latent unless developed. Do not dare to hope that some morning you will awaken with capacity for large things, unless while you are awaiting the coming of that eventful morn you are willing to buckle down to a careful and earnest development of yourself and every natural talent of which you may be possessed.

The two great extremes of life and the possibilities thereof may be illustrated by what the eagle and the snail typify. The great bird, emblematic of the qualities of freedom of our fair land, rises up into the ether ever higher and higher and wings his flight through space unhindered, unaware even of the possibility of the obstruction of his course. By his own strength and effort he ascends into the sky, but once up it is comparatively easy for him to sail on and on through space. He is above the trouble of the world, the air is pure and the view grand and he is free—he has room, high up as he is. So it may be said of human beings, the rise is what requires strength. It is what gives you pure air (pure thoughts), it gives you room, it gives you vision of the world and of your fellows, it puts you out of bondage—it makes you free. However, you must pay the price; but considering the value of things higher up the price is reasonable.

The snail, on the other hand, is typical of things that are lowly. It creeps along slowly from day to day. It is down on earth in the slime and ooze of things. It just lives and plods. It is ever creeping—it never gets anywhere. It has no vision—its home is in the dirt of earth. It is a snail and a snail it will always be. It rests, eats and sleeps in slime. What effort is required for an existence of this nature? What a life! No aspiration, no development, no sensing of latent strength either mental or physical that many be utilized in the achievement of things truly great. Dead, indeed, to possibilities. The souls pictured by Dante as damned have as much hope as a snail and as many possibilities.

Let our young readers ponder these matters and decide which they desire to emulate—the eagle whose

course carries him into the very heavens, or the snail who forever creeps in the slime of earth? You may be that which you decide to be. You can be a human snail with little effort, but to be an eagle you must be out under the heavens winging your industrial flight from rosy dawn until the dusk of evening, and you must mount high enough to see over all obstructions. That is the Chemawa way. We want eagles at Chemawa.

## WILLAMETTE UNIVERSITY DEFEATED

George Berry's line drive over shortstop in the ninth inning started the rally that defeated Willamette here last Wednesday afternoon 4 to 3. Bettles followed with a clean hit through the same position and Jackson sent the two men across the plate that won the game on his three-base hit to right field.

It was the closest game we have had this season and was interesting and hard fought. The score stood 2 to 1 in our favor until the sixth inning, when Demick drove Page home on his three-base hit and was scored by Brown's hit to center field.

Failing to hit in the pinch showed up more in this game than any previous one this season. More men were left on bases. It was not over-confidence that caused this, but over-anxiousness instead. The team has several hard games still on the schedule and will give an account of themselves in these as they have in those already played. So far we have lost one and won three.

Score by innings:

Chemawa	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0
Willamette	0	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	0

## SEEING ONLY THE GOOD

It is a great thing to learn to see only the good in people, to look for the man or the woman God intended, not the burlesque of the man or the woman which sin, discord, hatred and jealousy have made. When we see God's image in a human being, we cannot hate him. We can only sympathize and love. But so long as we look for the distorted man or woman—the crooked, the ugly—we call out the corresponding qualities in our own nature, and sooner or later express them outwardly also.