

**LOCAL**

This is great weather for falling leaves, making business unusually good for the yard details.

Carpenters are busy at the task of building a new porch on the north and east of Small Boys' House. Improvements everywhere!

Supervisor W. W. Coon arrived at Chemawa a day or so ago for an official visit to our school. We are always pleased to have him with us.

Really, we've had mighty nice weather this fall and an immense amount of crop seeding has been done in this part of the valley—Chemawa doing her full share.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Freeland of California and Mr. and Mrs. Hall of Portland and also Mrs. M. A. Freeland were recent visitors of Mrs. Brickell. This is Mr. and Mrs. Freeland's first visit to one of the large Indian schools and they were delighted with the atmosphere of the place.

Among the changes on the map at Chemawa which so far have not been mentioned is the fact that all of the cottages on the road just south of Mitchell Hall have been moved back just west of our big gymnasium. The reason for moving these buildings was to make room for the large brick dormitory, construction of which is to commence soon.

Mr. Greene was in Monmouth Sunday trying to secure a basketball match for both the girls' and the boys' teams, but the general opinion among basketball fans was that the Chemawa boys' team was a little too strong for the Monmouth players. However, President Gooding spoke quite favorably of a match with the girls if a gymnasium could be secured for the game. Mr. Greene will try again next month.

Aside from the song service in which all participated during chapel exercises on Sunday evening the orchestra played "Chapel Chimes" by Greenwald, Eva Martin sang "I Love You Truly" by Bond, Mr. Bruce played as a clarinet solo "My Old Kentucky Home" with variations by Fisher, Mrs. Riddell, vocalist of Salem, sang two numbers, Albert Orsen gave the "Reply of Spartacus to the Roman Envoys," the choir sang "Beautiful City" by Cook, and Supt. Hall gave a talk on "Thrift." It was a most interesting occasion for all. Supt. Hall has never given a better talk in all of his splendid chapel addresses than the one of last Sunday evening. There was practicability and common sense in every word he said. The lesson he gave should have benefitted all who were so fortunate as to hear him.

**SENIOR NOTES**

Robert Johnson, Reporter

Is there a rumor of a senior play? Can't tell! It's our most guarded secret.

Plane geometry! It's nothing that the name implies. We wish it was "plain."

The class of '23 is growing like a "lil' ol' pup." There are 18 seniors enrolled already and we expect some more.

(Oka) "My! Addie is sure a good cook."

(Cicelia) "Yes, but she uses the rolling pin too extensively."

We have at last discovered another great orator, Albert Orsen. So that makes two, counting our dear friend, "Garcia" Frank Johnson.

The senior boys are expecting something. What is it? Oh, nothing! Just waiting to be invited to come and eat at the Domestic Science, that's all.

Since the saws and hammers have quit there is still a great racket going on, but do not fear—it is only the seniors singing and yelling their new songs and yells.

"The seniors are happy," sang a small voice in school one day. The reason, it seems, is that our school paper, The Chemawa American, is back on the job doing more good than ever.

We have all received our new classic entitled, "Tale of Two Cities. Every-one is confident that he or she can recognize it anywhere by the secret markings of our teacher, Mrs. Risser.

Every-one seems anxious to have Frank Johnson come back and resume his studies. He has been working at the new power-plant fixing steam pipes so that we will not all be icicles this winter.

Morning, noon and night, nothing but seniors are found in the laboratory pressing specimens of every kind of weed to be found and learning their names. Seems funny though, the smallest weed has the biggest name sometimes.

Miss McDowell is surely puzzled. Every class that comes in the room is as quiet as a mouse. Especially the seniors. Sh-h-h! We'll tell you why. Two long switches were put up in the windowbox for some of the plants to climb up. But everybody has mistaken them to be for something else. See?

The seniors were quite scared one day last week when they went into Miss McDowell's room. Just think, readers, they had to study "snap-dragons" for botany. But we all came out with a little more knowledge in our craniums than we had when we went in, so no harm was done.

**NOTES FROM THE ENGINEERS**

The engineers are very proud of their honor man—Frank Johnson.

Students, listen for the new whistle when the new plant starts. It is a chime whistle, and a treat to listen to. Specially adapted for coaxing folks out of bed on winter mornings.

The engineers have been growing gray-headed trying to keep people warm these nippy fall days. They feel they must have succeeded pretty well, for the other day one of the teachers sent in an S. O. S. call for a plumber to come and turn the steam off.

This department has been working very hard lately installing the new oil-burning plant. They were anxious to have it running before cold weather arrived. If all goes well, steam will be on the new plant Sunday week, Oct. 29. And incidentally the engineering force is looking forward with delight to the time when the dirty drudgery of shovelling coal and ashes will be over, and they can come to work clean and spruced up like their fellows. If anyone is at all inclined to doubt this, let them try shovelling coal an hour or two.