

LOCAL

Our new power plant whistle is being tuned up. It is a trifle below concert pitch, but its vibrations are strong. All in all, it is some "whistle."

Last night was Hallowe'en. If Chemawa was turned upside down we've not yet heard of it. It may have been a little "spooky," but at present all is well.

The addition to the girls' industrial building gives much needed space to the domestic art and domestic science departments and adds to the efficiency of the work.

A lone wild goose attempted to homestead one of our school's grain fields a day or two ago, and, although fired upon a couple of times, he was still "holding the fort" when we last heard of him.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruthyn Turney very charmingly entertained at dinner in their cozy bungalow on the school campus with Superintendent and Mrs. Hall, Mr. and Mrs. Aldrich, of Salem, as their guests. For several years, at Hallowe'en time, Mr. and Mrs. Turney have given a dinner as a memorial of their first dinner party in their home soon after they were married, in which Supt. and Mrs. Hall were their first guests. The host and hostess were so gracious that a most delightful evening was spent.

Chapel exercises last Sunday evening were of a most interesting character. The orchestra played the "Home Circle" overture by Schlegel, Lloyd Clements sang "The Clang of the Forge" by Rodney, Millie Bennett recited "Kentucky Philosophy," a sextet of girls sang "The Trail of Gold" by McDermid, the choir sang "Come Unto Me" by Thomas, and Supt. Hall closed the exercises of the evening with a very fine talk. He chose "Being Happy" as his subject for discussion and he made many features of life unusually clear. Many valuable hints were given.

On Wednesday evening the Senior Domestic Science class gave a dinner honoring Supervisor Coon. The attractive dining room was made even more beautiful with large baskets filled with Autumn flowers. The table was centered with a silver basket of pink rosebuds and pink tapers. The guests were Supervisor Coon, Superintendent and Mrs. Hall, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Canfield, Mrs. Brickell and Mr. and Mrs. Iliff. Addie Merrill did the serving and the whole class assisted with the dinner. This is the first class dinner given this year. It was such a splendid demonstration that we wonder how it can be improved upon in later demonstrations that are to come.

Our new steam heating plant just completed and put in operation Monday morning has given more real joy and satisfaction to Chemawa's large family than any material improvement ever made at Chemawa previously. The big chime whistle awakened all Chemawa on Monday morning for the initial performance

and in this way notified all that our splendid new system was in operation. Mr. Mantle, chief engineer, and his force have been working faithfully day and night for some time to make necessary connections to change from the old plant to our new system. Every one at Chemawa is rejoicing, especially the McBride Hall girls, who suffered the most discomfort in the past, and the coal and cinder shovelers of boys who will no longer have to shovel coal, as fuel oil is now being used.

SENIOR NOTES

Robert Johnson, Reporter

We are sorry to say that some very urgent business has taken Miss Hattie Smith to her home in Alaska.

In peeking over our class we have discovered a new student. John Pesterkoff has returned to our class to resume his studies.

Our current event period is too short. We have several members who are interesting speakers and we don't have time for all of them.

We have heard that there was only one grade below a 2 on our English note books at a recent inspection. Let's have some 1's and no 3's next time.

Two of our most prominent classmates, Carrie Anderson and Sadie Gowen, have been absent the last few days owing to illness. We are hoping they will be back soon.

With two official buglers in the class, of course we are always on time. The trouble is the buglers seem to have a hard time keeping up with us—they are the only tardy ones.

On senior-news-item day one pupil was heard urging another to go to the orchard and swipe an apple or commit a murder or something so there'd be some news. But they didn't. So there isn't.

There has been quite a tug-of-war in the senior class. They were racing to see whether they would have more girls or boys. But there is no hard feelings, as we break even. There are nine boys and nine girls.

When the Southern Pacific trains roared by we used to sit and think unkind thoughts of the person who located a school building so near a railroad—now we have learned to use the time as a rest period. We just relax until the noise is over and then go on with our work.

(George)—"What's the use of going to the trouble of proving something that anybody can see is true?"

(Carney)—"You've been trying to get your geometry. You'd better try again and remember things are not always what they seem."

(George)—"I suppose not. In geometry nothing is what it is unless you can prove it is."

The Room 9 pupils were very curious about the strange combinations of letters and figures which appeared on two sides of their black board space on Thursday morning. When the mysterious hieroglyphics again appeared on Friday an investigation was made. It was discovered that the markings were the records of two important business meetings of the employes.