

CHEMAWA HONORED

(Continued from page 3)

Of the tables which were not curved
 In C. I. S.
 The school is now worthy of mention,
 And is a great surprise,
 How the pupils pay attention,
 When they take morning exercise
 In C. I. S.
 Forty-five years ago
 This school was very small,
 But it continued to grow,
 'Till now its the best of all—
 Watch C. I. S.

CHEMAWA

Senior—Boys

Out beneath the western skies
 Old Chemawa stands,
 With red and white in glory,
 She's the best in all the lands;
 Chemawa at its present place,
 Has risen up so fast
 That taken in comparison
 We can hardly note the past.
 Our students come from East and West
 To the dear old school we all love best;
 We show our loyalty to our school
 By keeping true the golden rule.
 Chemawa is nearly a thousand strong
 Gathered since eighteen eighty,
 When our school was started at Forest Grove
 And ruled by David and Katie.
 Chemawa puts out a great number each year,
 To play their part in the game,
 And from everyone we hope to hear,
 Of success and rising fame.
 The days when Chemawa was just a small school
 Have vanished forever, as is always the rule;
 The first graduating class of 1885
 Was a class with a number of eight,
 But has risen so fast since the days of the past
 This year we number thirty-eight.
 Today we're going to celebrate
 Chemawa's day of birth
 And hope she'll be a candidate
 To the highest things on earth;
 We wish the school many happy days,
 In the future years to come
 May the red and white forever wave
 O'er this, "Our happy Home."

JUNIOR SONG

Boys

Our birthday wish we bring to you,

We hail your natal day,
 We raise our song, we march along,
 Oh happy be your way.
 Each year's return with duties stern,
 But make you seem more strong,
 So now we raise our song of praise,
 Of praise to C. I. S.
 Oh here's to you so good and true,
 Oh here's to Mr. Hall,
 We'll sing our praise thru all our days,
 Oh, you will never fall,
 And when we're done with Chemawa fun,
 And all its carefree ways,
 Our all we'd give once more to live
 In dear old C. I. S.

CHEMAWA

Poem, Boys

Over to the west of the great United lands,
 A home, a school for the Indian stands,
 A school which ranks so high,
 A beautiful school 'neath the western sky,
 Here's to happy birthdays when we go by.
 Out in the west Chemawa lies,
 Near the great Pacific ocean roars,
 Through Chemawa the S. P. flies,
 And o'er it the airplane soars,
 O here's to the school the redman adores.
 Many great things at Chemawa have been done
 With skill, pleasure, school spirit and fun,
 Things heard throughout the land,
 Things accomplished by the Indian head and
 hand,
 O here's to these happy days, long may you
 stand.
 O'er two score years have past since the day
 you began,
 To teach and to help the American redman.
 Forty-five years of work and play,
 Have you taught ere this day,
 O here's to Chemawa a greeting and happy
 birthday.

JUNIOR GIRLS' CLASS YELL

Wifty, wafty, wen-die diddle-doe
 Walla Walla Walloper John-a-mika
 Diddle-doe
 Ben-a-go buff and a bow-wow-wow
 Wow, wow, Juniors!

JUNIOR BOYS' CLASS YELL

Gazolla, Gazolla, Gazolla, Ga-zay!
 Get out, get out, get out, get out of the way,

(Continued on page 6)