

CHEMAWA HONORED

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Revo, Rivo, sis boom bah,
Chemawa Juniors, rah, rah, rah!

TRIBUTE TO CHEMAWA

Neath drooping branches of fragrant pines,
Midst roses in the summer time,
And sunshine of the purest ray,
Sheds light on a peaceful yet busy school, our Alma
Mater,

A supreme tribute to our kind.
Yea! wondrous and beautiful,
Her tutoring ever helpful and useful,
The key to success is to stick to the duties assigned,
For if you don't you won't succeed,
And 'tis true that you'll recede.
Our Superintendent, worthy of all praise,
Brisk and jolly well beloved by all
Who grace the campus green,
Always encouraging never discouraging,
Interested ever in all that we do.
Pines of lofty demeanor,
Stand hard by his home,
Almost foretelling of those who live
Within of high ideals.
As those of the lofty pines,
Our school 'tis grand,
Pride of our western lands.
The pebbles on the beach are small,
Yet they out-number the school and us all,
But 'tis all only in quantity, never in quality,
As from this school we leave to sail on life's broad
sea;
'Twill not always be fair sailing, nor strewn with
flowers gay,
Yet what each student learns at this great school
Will help you to guide your craft aright
To reach the port of fame.
How did you learn to pilot your craft?
Through our great school, Chemawa!

SOPHOMORES' SONG

We are the Sophies,
The Sophies so gay,
We are the ones who are going to stay,
We'll do our best in whatever we do,
We will not quit until we will get through.

CHORUS

P-r-o-g-r-e-s-s
We'll sure reach success,
We'll do our best in every test,
As we will reach the goal,
Goodbye forever the old "24,"
For we will never see you anymore,

We'll cheer them,
We with our talent and our fame
Will win '27's' name.

BOYS' YELL

S-O-P-H-S
Sophies, sophies, rah, rah, rah,
Red and black, rah, rah,
Red and black, rah, rah,
Red and black, rah, rah,
Sophies, sophies, Rah, rah, rah.

SOPHOMORE CLASS SONG

Girls

It's struggle we know to get to the goal,
But it's worth while after all,
For we still stress to our motto "Progress"
That's why we're leading on.

CHORUS

P-r-o-g-r-e-s-s we're striving for the best,
We're aiming in our life to be of some success,
We're trying harder every day,
Till we reach the goal as we will all say,
We'll keep our banner high,
Just like the years roll by,
And show the means of our '27.

CLASS YELL

16 and 11—27
10 and 6 and 1911, oh the class of '27.
Sixteen eleven twenty-seven
Twenty-six and nineteen eleven
Oh the class of twenty seven.

THE FOUNDING OF CHEMAWA

A few who saw,
And dared to try,
To meet the need,
Of a school nearby,
Made thee—Chemawa.
In those far days,
In this fair clime,
They fixed the ways
That we who came
Might find a home
And found thee—Chemawa.
These then we men
Who seemed inspired
And in their zeal
Their actions fired
To better things
And founded thee—Chemawa.
In all past years
The scope is wide
Of those who came

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