

CHEMAWA HONORED

(Continued from page 6)

And buried fears
 They may have had
 By founding thee—Chemawa.
 We who are here
 Would gladly be
 Mongst favored ones
 Who sing of thee
 And voice our thoughts
 In songs of thee—Chemawa.
 In years to come
 If need be great
 We pledge our all
 To our good state
 And none the less
 To thee—Chemawa.

CHEMAWA POEM

(Supposed to have been written by a fellow years after graduation)

I am thinking today of a school,
 That I used to attend in the West,
 And I know for a positive fact,
 It's the greatest and also the best.
 They take you right into their hearts,
 And make you feel quickly at rest,
 They give you a wonderful training,
 Lifting you to the ranks of the blest.
 There's no other place you can live in,
 Where the folks take your interest to heart,
 And welcome and guide and protect you,
 Till it costs many tears to depart.
 Chemawa, I'll tip my hat to you,
 Whenever folks mention your fame,
 For it's only because of your training,
 That I've managed to win such a name.
 In my heart, there's a love for Chemawa,
 Tho' I left there a long time ago,
 That will last just as long as the mountains
 Of Alaska are covered with snow.

FRESHMEN

Ever climbing up as each day goes by,
 Ever striving onward as the moments fly,
 Holding up the banner so each and all may see
 The banner of the freshie our pride and boast will
 Be.

Our motto, perseverance,
 Our colors, red and gold,
 Mean the class of '28
 An emblem strong and bold;
 With each fleeting moment
 We trudge along our way,
 We struggle nearer to our goal

We hope to reach some day.
 To dear old friends and schoolmates,
 To our dear old C. I. S.,
 We extend our grateful tribute,
 You helped us to do our best.
 So we give you birthday greetings,
 Chemawa and schoolmates dear,
 Our wishes to you is happy days, yes,
 Happy days through every year.

OUR SCHOOL

In all the west
 This school is best,
 No matter where you go,
 You will always find
 Students of the best kind
 Wherever you will go.
 They all will learn
 When it's their turn
 In this dear school of ours,
 We will try our best
 In all the west
 Among its pretty flowers.
 We have studies of every kind,
 And lessons that are fine,
 And I know that they all wish
 To be a scholar here,
 Where everything is dear,
 But we don't have to wish.
 So we'll all stay here
 In Chemawa dear
 And always keep in mind
 That in all the west
 This school is best
 That you can ever find.

DOMESTIC ART NOTES

Yeo, Ho! Who is it? Just we Juniors. The little girls' blue serge uniforms which we have been working on the past week are nearly completed.

Last week being "Children's Clothing Week," we made a number of little children's dresses and rompers. Each girl designed her own style of pattern.

Those who did not make white uniform middies in their Sophomore year, are now making them.

We are all very anxious to start our construction dresses, which we hope will be under way by Monday. Each has to choose her own pattern and select it according to her type.

We, being a large class, there are not enough sewing machines for us all to stitch at once, so each one of us have fancy work on between times.

Look for us again next Wednesday.

JUNIORS.