

CHEMAWA HONORED

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Hoorah, rah,
S-E-N-I-O-R-S,
That's the way to spell it,
Now we're gonna yell it,
Seniors, Seniors,
Rah, Rah, Rah,
Chemawa!

TO CHEMAWA
Senior Poem—Girls

Here's to the school we love so well,
Chemawa tried and true;
Here's to the ones who will retell
Of the memories which the day renew;
But the best we have to you we will give
Chemawa, that long may you live.
Ever in our hearts' memories of you shall dwell,
No matter how far or near,
And ne'er shall we forget your praises to swell,
Tho of us you may never hear,
When here or away Success we gain,
It is none other but you who fame.
Our banner of Red and White
Symbolizes our duty to stand for the right
In honesty, love, loyalty and leadership we are firmly united forever;
There is nothing in the world that can this unity sever,
Therefore, with cheer and mirth
we joyously greet this day of your birth.
Because you have lived for us,
And because for us you will continue to live;
In all things we will strive to be victorious,
And only the best of our noble race,
Loyalty to you we give;
In whatsoever things that are good and true
We are for you, through and through.
For all the aid which you have lent,
Our grateful tribute we extend,
And when we leave this life of love and care
To drift in the world alone,
Like others our troubles and burdens to bear,
Our thoughts will even return to the happy home,
There where joy and peace with us will rest,
Back to Chemawa the best in the West.

CHEMAWA
Senior poem, boys

In the heart of Oregon, the pride of the West,
Stands Chemawa, considered the best,
It was on the twenty-fifth of February in the year
eighteen eighty
When the institution was ready for duty.

There were eighteen students first to enroll,
There was work for them to do, both young and old,
They worked day and night with full determination
To find themselves a place in this great nation.
Year after year more students rolled in,
All came to get an education and a tenacity to win,
From the north, south, east and west they came,
To be one of the many of this great school of fame.
The first building to be erected was Brewer Hall;
There was room for boys and girls both large and small.
Various industrial buildings were put up for boys,
The Tailor shop is where we get our suits (the corduroys),
The carpenter boys learn how to use the saw and square,
These boys are always looking for something to repair,
The blacksmiths are noted for their continual pounding,
The printers are not only good boys—they're astounding,
The boys of the power house are all good workers,
And the painters were never known to be shirkers;
The yard boys keep the campus clean,
While the truck crew continually uses up gasoline;
The plumbers see that the buildings are heated,
Not one of these boys are known to have cheated;
The laundry is where we send our clothes when soiled,
We mustn't praise them too much for fear they'll be spoiled,
The girls are nearly all nurses and cooks,
Some are getting so good that they don't need their books;
The school owns four hundred and forty acres of land
A lot to be done fellows, lets all lend a hand;
Chemawa is now nearly a thousand strong,
'Tis good to hear them when they sing the school song;
So here's to Chemawa! The school we all love,
May her red and white colors forever float above.

In C. I. S.

Seniors—Boys

In the latter part of the nineteenth century,
Is when this school first started,
Not far from Oregon State Penitentiary,
At first the trees were parted

For C. I. S.

And then the buildings were erected,
Some trees were not cut down,
By which the buildings were protected,
And left the campus a pretty gown

In C. I. S.

The school did then commence,
And for meals mulligan was served,
The children were for defense,

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