

**HOW MT. HOOD WAS NAMED**

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The question from whence came this name is solved by a book published, "Vancouver's Discovery of Puget Sound," by Edmund S. Meany.

In May, 1792, Captain Gray of Boston sailed into the mouth of a great river at 46 degrees 10 minutes N. L. and named it Columbia after the name of his ship. He had communicated the existence of this river to Vancouver and it brought about the sending of Lieutenant Broughton, commander of the ship Chatham, one of Vancouver's fleet, to explore it.

"In October, 1792, while Lieutenant Broughton was exploring the Columbia river he saw a fine mountain and on receiving his report, Vancouver wrote in his Journal as follows: 'The same remarkable mountain that had been seen from Belle Vue point, again presented itself bearing at this Station S. 67 E.; and though the party were now nearer to it by seven leagues, yet its lofty summit was scarcely more distinct across the intervening lane which was more than moderately elevated. Mr. Broughton honored it with Lord Hood's name; its appearance was magnificent; and it was clothed in snow from its summit, as low down as the high land, by which it was intercepted, rendered it visible. Mr. Broughton lamented that he could not acquire sufficient authority to ascertain its positive situation, but imagined it could not be less than twenty leagues from their then Station.' The Station referred to is now occupied by the City of Vancouver."

**THE CROW'S EYES**

We are securing many Indian legends as a result of our academic tests in English, and they represent to us much that savors of the fantastic and mysterious—and the supernatural powers of the genii of the "Arabian Nights" tales. The following story was written by Flora Dexter:

Once the crow was a white bird with beautiful white eyes. Every time he rested or slept he would set aside his eyes on a stump or rock. He always told his eyes that if any one should try to run away with them to call him, no matter if he was fast asleep.

One day he laid down to rest, laying aside his eyes as usual. On this particular day the eyes got tired of lying still, so they called to the crow that someone was trying to steal them. The crow woke up very much excited and put on his eyes to see who was trying to steal them. To his surprise, there was no one in sight. He scolded his eyes for deceiving him and put them aside and continued his sleep. Twice his eyes fooled him, but on the third time he paid no attention to them. When he finally awakened he found that his eyes had been stolen.

He did not know what to do with himself for a while, but finally he went to the hillside where all the different berries were growing. "I must have eyes," he said, so he tried on two cranberries. He was not satisfied with them as everything looked red. Next he tried blueberries, but still he was dissatisfied. Finally he tried on two small blackberries. These were the only ones that satisfied him, so he kept them.

"Now," he said, "everyone will laugh at my white coat and black eyes," so he went to a certain tree and took some bark and made himself some black dye. This he rubbed all over himself until his beautiful white feathers had disappeared.

Ever since then the crow's eyes and feathers have been black.

**THE SNAKE'S ORIGIN**

Following is an Indian legend written by Lillian Marion as a study in English:

Long ago, during a war between the Cree and Sioux Indians, somewhere in the extreme north of the Dacotahs, or in Canada, a massacre by the Sioux caused the death of many Crees. They were cast into a lake and the decaying bodies worked themselves to the edge of the water.

The Great One told all creatures of the earth not to make food of the bodies. But a pair of beautiful and proud birds defied the "word" of the Great Spirit and began to eat the bodies. The Great Spirit said to them: "You unworthy creatures, for disobeying my word you shall forever be enemies of man. You shall never be beautiful; you shall never be loved by man. You shall do nothing but writhe at the feet of man."

And thus the snake has been with us since.

**LOCAL**

The old porch on the north side of Brewer Hall has been repaired and much improvement is evident. It is necessary at an institution of the magnitude of Chemawa to keep everlastingly at the matter of repairs, and we venture to assert that this seems to be one of Supt. Hall's specialties—repairing, and building, too.

Not living in the land of perpetual sunshine it is quite important that we have good roofs over our heads—particularly in the rainy season. This reasonable statement makes clear the motive for repairing the roof of the boys' industrial building. New shingles became necessary here and there on the roof and the work is being done properly.

Mr. Bent has again fenced off his "reserve" in the foreground of Brewer Hall. We have lost count of the number of times he has attempted to "reclaim" this little plat of ground, without success. We think he is in the class with the spider who made seven attempts to hang his web before succeeding. Mr. Bent is no quitter, himself. Success to him!