

SONG AND YELL CONTESTS

Chemawa celebrated her 46th birthday with its usual class contests for the best song, yell and poem given. In the first division the Junior boys, dressed in all white with red sashes and their blue and gold caps, carried off the song and yell cake, while Evelyn Whitebear of the Sophomore class won the cake for the purple and white.

In the afternoon, the Seventh Grade girls, in their colors, black and gold, marched onto the stage and formed the letters C. I. S. and sang their song and were after awarded first prize. They also won the cake for the best yell. The Eighth Graders won the cake for the best poem. Special mention should be made of the excellent yells given by the Sophomore and Eighth Grade boys under the leadership of Jacob Atkins and Allie Smith. The Junior girls dressed in all white, with their red and white dunce caps, made a splendid appearance and sang in a great way. They came out second in the song contest.

There was not a single class that did not make a creditable showing and their work spoke volumes for the ability possessed by the Chemawa student body. Following are the winning contributions of the contest:

When lights are out and all are fast asleep
You cannot hear a sound,
Though sometimes soft and sometimes loud
The shrill wind howls around;
The slender curtain whisper "Hush,"
And, while it sways and swings,
A student comes and leans outside
And listens for the Spring.

The day draws near when we celebrate
With poem, yell and song,
The day when class shall vie with class,
And show their courage strong;
The winds will pause to listen, too,
As echoes all resound;
Our classes all, in every hall,
With joyous strains abound.

The birthday comes, and, wakening, one hears,
A thousand miles away,
The robins singing loud and clear,
Their happy morning lay;
They shout the cheerful greeting out,
East, west and north and south;
And soon the fir trees above
Re-echo messages of joy
And put all grief to rout.

Chemawa! 'Tis a school and home
From which no boy or girl should roam;
From near and far they come to Chemawa.
A royal place is our Chemawa!
Graduates go, new students come,
Alumni call it their "Old Home."
"What a happy place," they always say,
"How glad we should be on its birthday."

Chemawa, the dear old school in the west,
The school and home we love best,
And when her birthdays come and go
We do our best our love to show.
Boys and girls rush here on the train
And, here, forge many a golden chain.
We hail the banners of Red and White
Always flying and leading aright.

—EIGHTH GRADE

Hark ye, all to a tale so dear,
To Chemawa's birthday all give ear—
In 1880, her start was made,
At Forest Grove her foundation was laid,
In 1885 the school was moved here,
A very fine place with Salem so near,
Her students were few but loyal and tried,
They work hard for Chemawa, their school and
pride.

Thousands have graduated from here
They have all come from far and near
From Washington, California; North and South
Dakota,

Montana, Alaska, Idaho and Minnesota;
The girls have taken interest in cooking
and sewing,

The boys in carpentry, engineering, and made
a good showing;

In sports they have excelled in glory
and fame;

Proud of Chemawa, they boast of her name.

Through the hardships and toil of Mr. Hall
Many favors from congress are enjoyed
by all;

Along with securing a large appropriation
We have four years of high school education;
Chemawa is now at her forty-sixth year,
And thousands claim her both far and near;
Let us honor her wheresoever we roam
And love her, Chemawa, "Our Happy Home."

—TENTH GRADE

Yells

J—U—N—I—O—R—S
Boom chicka boom! boom chicka boom!
Boom chicka ricka chicka ricka chicka boom
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hoorah Rah!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Rah! Hoorah Rah!
V—I—C—T—O—R—Y
That's the way to spell it!
Now we're gonna yell it
Juniors! Juniors! C. I. S!
Chemawa!!

—JUNIOR

Go back! Go back! Go back to the woods
Go back! Go back you haven't the goods.
You haven't the pep, you haven't the jazz,
You haven't the team-work, Chemawa has.
O-O-O-O-O-O-O Rah! Chemawa!

—SEVENTH GRADE

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