

SOMETHING TO REFLECT UPON

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this stream for those to follow. He would "build a bridge for him."

The workers in Indian Education have had experiences that follow closely along the lines of this poem. They are all constructing bridges at different points along the highway of life. We are building a bridge. Our bridge is this splendid school, Chemawa. The early workers here had the same vision and the same motive of service as had the old man of the poem. They saw the need and gave the best in themselves for the foundation of the present structure. Some of them have passed on, others are with us today, and to all of them we owe a debt that can never be repaid.

Perhaps you are not all familiar with the efforts of Mr. D. E. Brewer and those associated with him who came to this site when it was covered with timber and brush. They felled trees and built log houses in which to live. Do you know that the land on which the building stands in which you are seated at this moment was bought and deeded to the Government by the students of Chemawa? They picked hops and did any other work they could find to do to raise the money to buy the land. Is it any wonder that they love Chemawa? Why does it mean so much of life to them? Because they put so much of life into it. We may take out of life only as much as we put into it. We may get from our education only the corresponding benefit proportionate to the effort expended.

The Superintendent who is retiring upon the arrival of Mr. James H. McGregor, has done much toward the building of this bridge. I well remember the first Christmas I spent at Chemawa, six years ago. I remember what a joyful time it was for all the students. It seemed to me that no effort was spared to make the season one to be remembered. Each succeeding year has brought an even fuller measure of joy and it has been through the efforts of Mr. and Mrs. Hall that this has been possible. They have never failed to keep in mind the spirit of this poem: "I am building this bridge for him."

HOW SNAKES BECAME SHORT-HEADED

Following is an Indian story written as an English test by William Wall:

Once upon a time many snakes lived together in one place. At this time their heads were four or five inches long and very fearful. They killed many people and animals. Finally an Indian who was very brave decided to find some way to get rid of those fearful snakes or do something to keep them from killing people.

One bright spring morning this brave Indian was

ready to make a journey to where the snakes lived and kill every one of them. It was afternoon when he arrived at the place where these snakes were in a big Indian tepee. As soon as the brave Indian approached the tepee the chief of these snakes came out and asked the Indian what he wanted, looking fiercely at the Indian. The Indian was not afraid and said, "I'm here to talk over an important subject with your tribe."

Then the chief of the snakes invited the Indian into his tepee to talk the matter over. So he went in and started to tell stories.

This brave Indian could put anyone to sleep by telling a certain story. He finished the first story, but the snakes were only interested and did not get sleepy. So he continued to tell his second story, after which some of the snakes were sound asleep. The brave Indian would not take any chance, so he continued with his stories. At this time the majority of the snakes were asleep. After he finished his third story he started his fourth story, telling it so forcefully that every snake went to sleep. Then the Indian arose and started cutting off the snakes' heads. The last snake woke up and the Indian grabbed the snake and ground his head against a rock until it was almost worn off, and then the snake begged him to quit. Finally the brave Indian let loose and from that time the snake became round faced and short headed.

THE DARK DAY

An English test written by Percy Woodcock, as follows:

This is a story about a tribe of Indians a great number of years ago who were fishing on the Columbia river. While on this trip there came an eclipse, but known among the Indians as "The Dark Day."

This tribe had their wigwams pitched on the north side of the Columbia river. They were having a good time on this trip and also storing a large quantity of dried fish for winter.

The chief's daughter, a very beautiful girl, was in love with a cripple. This was against the ideas of all the other tribes. They said, "She is made for a brave warrior, not a cripple." One of the tribe prophesied something would happen on account of the chief's daughter being in love with a cripple. Even the chief could not change the mind of his daughter.

There came a "dark day"—the sun did not shine. Something had made the sun god angry. The people said, "He is so mad he will not show his face." So a council was held to decide the guilty parties. They decided it was the lovers—the chief's daughter and the cripple.

Their fate was very sad. They were bound and placed in a canoe and left to the mercy of the strong tides that would carry them to the broad Pacific.