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GETTING THINGS DONE

By Berton Braley

FROM the time of man's beginnings in the dim primordial ages
Through the chronicle of progress in its slow, unfolding stages,
Man has fought and toiled and struggled, under captains,
under kings,
For his hopes and for his longings and a world of better things,
And whenever his achievement has been near to what he planned
You will find it grew from slogging at the task he had in hand,
Holding always to the maxim—though by time and chance perplexed—
“If you do the job before you, you'll be ready for the next!”

EVERY leader, every prophet, has his secret of success;
Some are plodders trudging forward, some are gamblers, more
or less,
Bucking fate, the hard-faced master of life's never-ending game,
Risking hope and faith and knowledge as they play for wealth
or fame.
But whatever be their method, one of safety or of daring,
There's a common homely virtue in which all of them are
sharing;
Though beset by difficulties and by circumstances vexed,
Yet they do the job before them—and are ready for the next.

MAXIMS of success are many—you can boil them down to one!
That the man men choose to lead them is the man who gets
things done;
Who will take the job he's given, be it trivial or sublime,
And will give it all that's in him till it's done—and done on
time!
This is “copy-book palaver—worn and wearisome and trite”?
Well, you'll generally notice that the “copy-books” are right!
“Lives of great men all remind us” of this homely little text,
“If you do the job before you, you'll be ready for the next!”

THE RAVEN AND THE FISH-HAWK

By William Shelton, Tulalip, Wash.

On the banks of a beautiful river lived a Raven and a Fish-hawk and as they were neighbors they were very friendly and congenial. Now, as winter drew near and the fish in the river became scarce and food of all kinds was very difficult to find, they began to experience some rather hard times. The Fish-hawk was noted for his skill in fishing and he was also known for his honesty and truthfulness throughout the country, while on the other hand, the Raven was unskilled and poor and a great deceiver. This the Fish-hawk did not know and he always believed that

his neighbor, the Raven, was a very good man.

The winter became even more severe and the Raven found very little food indeed, in fact, he was very nearly starving to death. The Fish-hawk, however, did not fare quite so badly for although the fish in the river were scarce he managed to get enough to keep him comfortably in food. He would climb a tree, one limb of which overhung the river, and then would let himself fall down on the ice, breaking through it and so enabling him to get at the fish. It required great skill to do this stunt, but then we know that the Fish-hawk was very skillful.

The Fish-hawk was under the impression all this time that his neighbor was getting along quite well, until one day he heard that the Raven was starving to death. Fish-hawk walked around the bend to his neighbor's house that day to see for himself how the Raven was getting along and he found that it was really true that the Raven was starving to death, so he invited the Raven over to his house the next day for a feast. Raven was greatly pleased with the invitation and the next morning he made ready for his visit and started off bright and early. As he approached the house of his neighbor he noticed particularly how beautiful everything seemed and how well taken care of the grounds were. The Raven came to the house and was very cordially received by the Fish-hawk. Here the Raven began to look around for something to eat, for he had not eaten anything for several days and was feeling rather weak. To his dismay, he could see no food and he began to wonder why he had been called over to the house of the Fish-hawk if the Fish-hawk had no food for him; yet he noticed that the Fish-hawk built his fire and made ready for the feast.

Then he bade the Raven sit down close to the fire so that he might warm himself. The Fish-hawk then excused himself and went out doors; the Raven watched him and saw that he went down to the stream, that he climbed a tall tree, one limb of which was overhanging the river, and when he reached this limb and got away out on the end of it he sang a weird song that the Raven could not understand. Then suddenly he

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