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OUR YESTERDAYS

The farther mankind travels on the road of life the dearer become the scenes of youth. Few, indeed, of the older generation but hold fast to some remembrance of the dear past and of the loved ones who figured in it. The more remote that past the more tenaciously we cling to it, and the actors of it. We recall, vividly, those dear ones who, lo! many years ago may have passed from things earthly; but fond memories bring them back to us and again we live with loved ones amid the scenes and joys of life. These faculties of ours are God-given—they differentiate man from the beasts of the field. To be capable of memories, of sentiment, of the love of kind, is wonderful in itself and is something to be truly thankful for, but reflection carries us farther afield in the mysteries of life. We ask, Why? To answer, one must be divine. But—we all have our "yesterdays."

Not so very long ago Collier's Weekly carried a cartoon which emphasized the force, the power, of our "yesterdays." The cartoon represented the figure of an old man of gigantic stature dimly seen on one of life's by-ways turning back toward his "yesterdays." He is faced backward, whilst traveling in the opposite direction great masses of the younger generation pass in a maddening throng, blocking his way and tearing him from the goal he seeks. He is swept from his "yesterdays." He can never get back to the time of youth. The irony of fate, of destiny, renders it impossible! There is never to be a turning back of the hands of time. "Now" is the time—the only time we really have, or can know—and "now" is uncertain, so make the most of it. Youth seldom realizes that it is happy, but when the experiences, the trials, the "acid tests," of later years have maimed and scarred us, and ripened us as well, we turn to our dear "yesterdays" and realize that they were happy days.

Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day. It is our Present, but in the years to come tomorrow will for many become a "yesterday." It will mark a dear memory—it will remind some of those who survive the battles of life of some special event and will be mentally tabulated and arranged as an "exhibit" in the dear "yesterday" which is certain to come. Tomorrow is Thanksgiving Day, and let all be thankful. Thankful for the

present and its bounty, and also for that God-given ability to create our own "yesterdays."

Ten thousand times ten thousand of us would give all we possess to turn time backward and live again the days of our youth—our "yesterdays." It can never be! For many of us that dear one whom we learned to call "Mother" has gone on before "to prepare the way." We see her gentleness, her love, her self-sacrifice, no more—except in our "yesterdays." That fine, upstanding man, whom we fondly called "Father," has also gone hence into the great hereafter. Were the wealth of the world ours we would gladly give it all to call them back—how the vain thought! The mother and the father are of our "yesterdays." Do you, reader, any longer wonder why "yesterdays" are dear? It is only in glancing backward over the vista of time that we can see in our "yesterdays," the many dear ones who long since have gone on before us and whose dear hands are now folded across breasts that know no beating hearts.

ACCOUNT OF THE CUSTER MASSACRE

The following most interesting article was written by Donald Smith as a study in English:

On June 23, 1876, the Bismarck Tribune sent a special message by Gen. Terry. Kellog's last words to the writer were: "We leave the Rosebud tomorrow and by the time this reaches you we will have met and fought the redskins, with what result remains to be seen. I go with Custer and will be with him at his death."

On the morning of the 22nd Gen. Custer started on the trail of the Indians. Gen. Terry, apprehending danger, urged Custer to take additional men, but Custer, having full confidence in his men, and their ability to fight with the Indians in whatever way they might meet them, declined the proffered assistance and marched with his men alone.

He was told to strike the trail of the Indians and to follow it until he discovered their position, and then to report to Gen. Terry, who would reach the mouth of the Little Horn by the evening of the 26th.

At 4 o'clock on the 24th Custer's scouts reported the location of the Indian village. Custer was then twenty

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