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THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS

"When it's Christmas man is bigger
And is better in his part;
He is keener for the service
That is prompted by the heart.
All the petty thoughts and narrow
Seem to vanish for awhile
And the true reward he's seeking
Is the glory of a smile.
Then for others he is toiling
And somehow it seems to me
That at Christmas he is almost
What God wanted him to be."

—Edgar Guest

This is December, the month of the year in which we date the birth of Jesus Christ, the Son of God. It is the month of Christmas, which brings with it the joys of living, of doing good deeds that others may share the joys we feel. It seems to us that the history of the race has proved that ever since the dawning of conscience there has been an urge to better things. The work-a-day old world has a superabundance of strife, of toil, of sorrow, of heartache, and of calamity and evil; hence, it is fitting that we should know a period of calm—a period when strife shall cease and hatreds be forgotten. Christmas is a sort of armistice day for many people, only better. It is a day universally observed for making people happy. It is a time for presenting gifts to friends; a time of good wishes and cheery greetings, a day when friends and neighbors, yea! even strangers call to one-another, "A Merry Christmas."

It is not the value of the gift in money that should appeal to us. It is the spirit that prompted the bestowal of it. It is the friendliness, the love, back of it that thrills us with inexpressible joy. For one whose heart is right, and who has the true spirit of Christmas, a costly gift, a card of remembrance, or a modest token of love and good will, all are on a common footing in our appreciation—each is a spark from the God-given image. They, the gifts, regardless of value in coin of the realm, cry the gladsome message, "Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men." Whatever makes for peace, for good will to men, assumes a place in the hearts of all of us which cannot be treated lightly. There is a Santa Claus today just as there was fifty years and more ago. We find Santa just as

real as he ever was, but he has grown less material and more spiritual. There will always be Christmas, the spirit of Christmas; there will always be Santa Claus. In the spirit of things it shall be so.

Many of us drop all thoughts of the "Christmas Spirit" after New Year's Day and return to a state of strife. After the holiday season too many of us begin to enlist in industrial, commercial and financial wars; we begin to think more of self and less of the other fellow; the "square deal" idea goes into the discard and we deliberately promote a condition of "root, hog, or die." If we could but remember that the "Christmas Spirit" would be as delightful in July as in December we would certainly have made a wonderful advance in those beautiful features of life which attach to the joys of living. Let us try.

FROM THE FAR NORTH

At Sitka, Alaska, is located the Sheldon Jackson School for the natives of the Far North. For many years the school has published a paper. We have read the paper for a long time and from it have formed a most favorable opinion of the capacity of the institution. The *Verstovian* is the name of the paper in question. In a recent issue is an article on Eskimo life before and just after the appearance of white people among the Eskimos. It was written by Flossie George, an eighth grade pupil, and is really a most interesting and instructive narrative. We believe its merit justifies us in making a reprint, as follows:

Before the white people came to Barrow the natives there did not know of the other people. They thought they were the only people on this earth. They lived mostly by hunting. The houses in winter were made from the driftwood covered with grass or moss and a window in the center of the roof was made by stretching sealgut over the wooden frame.

There were no dogs until they began to train the little wolves. Before this, boys and girls as soon as they were old enough were taught to pull the sleds. Boys were taught to hunt, while the women stayed home and did the heavy work. They had to chop wood, get ice and do the cooking. When the men got home from hunting they were greeted with a drink before they entered the house. After entering they sat around the fire while their wives waited on them

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