

SEATTLE'S TOTEM POLE

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floated up on the beach, the people cut a hole in his side and out hopped the raven and the mink glistening with oil. The mink dried himself by rolling in rotten wood and that is why he is oily-brown to this day. He is the fourth figure on the pole.

They landed at Yakawan, a Haida village. The world was still dark, and the raven longed for the box in which the chief kept the sun. He married the chief's daughter and their son soon asked his grandfather for the box. The little fellow took out the sun, rolled it around the house and then ordered it out of doors and up where it belonged. We have had daylight ever since. Then the lad changed into a raven and flew out away. He is the raven on the top of the pole. He eloped with Gadak, the Princess of Kadokgo, a quick-sandy spot on the map. Her father, the chief, was furious. Years later a frog called on him one day. "Whose child are you?" asked the surprised chief. "Gadak's" replied the frog.

The chief then concluded that the frog must be his grandson transfigured. He bade him to go bring his mother and father. The frog hopped behind the house and plunged into the pond. The following day Gadak arrived with her frogish husband and her frogish child. Presently the chief became ashamed of his frog-in-law and grandson and ordered both of them slaughtered. From then on his daughter Gadak remained under her father's roof in peace. In the form of a frog she is the third figure from the bottom of the pole.

Thus ends the fantastic Indian legend carved upon the memorial pole that once stood in front of the chief's residence at Fort Tongas commemorating the courageous spirit of his wife, "Shining Face of Copper."

Today this totemic column stands in Pioneer Place, the gateway to Alaska. In the autumn of 1898, a group of prominent citizens of Seattle rescued this pole from the deserted village of Fort Tongas, purchased it from its Indian heirs and presented it to the city of Seattle as an emblem of Indian totemism in that magic land in the North.

A LEGEND

The following interesting "Indian Story" was written by Daniel B. Ann, one of our students from the Umatilla Country.

Years and years ago all the animals used to live as people are living now. Among these animal people was a Fox who had traveled nearly around the world without being defeated in a footrace. These races were for the following reason: The winner was to kill the loser, and then turn him into some kind of an animal.

One day the Fox and Lizard met. The Fox said, "Where are you going so slowly?" The Lizard replied, "I am training for a race." The Lizard was going to water and was very tired of the journey. The Fox did not believe the Lizard could run. "Well, let me see how fast you can run," said the Fox.

"If you want to see how fast I can run, I'll run you a race over to that little brook," said the Lizard.

They prepared for the race. The Fox said "Go!" and started without delay and looked back and saw the Lizard standing there at the starting place. The Fox did this several times. Finally the Lizard said, "You are a cheater to get the advantage that way on the start," and proposed to the Fox that both of them should close their eyes and when the Lizard said "Go" and hit the Fox they would both start. When the Lizard said "Go" and hit the Fox he grabbed hold of the Fox's tail and hung on as if his life depended on it. Every time the Fox would look back he would see the Lizard just behind him. When the Fox had almost reached the line, he looked back and saw the Lizard still at the same distance in the rear and thought that he had defeated the Lizard in the race. The Fox swung around to face the Lizard and as he did so the Lizard let loose his tail and was thrown over the line. He looked at the Fox and said: "Mr. Fox, you are fast, but not fast enough for me."

The Fox became angry and "ducked" the Lizard, and the Lizard turned into a crawfish. Since that time the Fox has had a white tip on the end of his tail to remind him that he was not defeated and to beware of tricks. And that is the reason the Fox today is so wise.

YOUTH AND LATER

As people grow older they see more and more clearly where they "missed it" in their youthful days. Longfellow says "Youth is Fiery, Age is Frosty." Very Truly. Youth in its fire is not reflective, is not cautious—it jumps at conclusions, good or bad, and takes a chance. Youth chafes at restraint and rebels against law and order and the traditions of the past. Sad, but in the main true. In the experience of later years—years which have brought responsibility and toil—the mind returns many times to the days of youth and reflects on what might have been—but there is great joy in living one's youth. It is wonderful to be absolutely care-free.

Later in life we begin to lament our shortcomings, for we are then cognizant of the fact that we have many, and we are at loss to explain why in our youthful years (our school days) we did not see things differently, why we did not act differently. But it is then too late—there is no calling back the days that are past. It is useless to ponder the mistakes of former years except to profit by the lessons they teach. The past cannot be changed, but the present may be, and changing our present course will change the future for many of us. We beg of our students that they give heed to what is told them by people of greater experience in life. Let each do his utmost every day in the struggle for an education, and resolve to be good and clean and worthy in all things.