

# The CHEMAWA AMERICAN

Published Weekly at the Salem Indian Training School Chemawa, Oregon. Please address all communications to Ruthyn Turney, Manager.

JAS. H. MCGREGOR - - - Superintendent

SUBSCRIPTION - - - 50 Cts PER ANNUM

### ATHLETIC NOTES

Our team branched off the well-beaten path last week and went to Siletz, which is way out on the coast, to play the Siletz high school. So far as we know, this was the first appearance of a Chemawa basketball team in that little city. The folks there gave the team a hearty welcome and hoped to give it a trouncing as well, but our boys came home with a whole hide and on the long end of a 34 to 9 score.

After the game the team was served with delicious refreshments by Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Larsen, and also remained overnight as the house guests of these fine people. Mr. Larsen, a former Chemawa student and one of its leading athletes, had many interesting pictures to show of early Chemawa teams and some of a more recent date, many of which had made remarkable records and were awarded championship honors. Mr. Larsen was the first president of the Willamette Valley League, which was comprised of the colleges throughout the valley and of which Chemawa was a member. During his tenure of office the league flourished and was recognized as one of the finest and smoothest working organizations of its kind.

Getting back to the game, we must give the Siletz boys credit for the snappy brand of ball they play. The first part of the game was close, but finally Captain DePoe and his corps of basketeers, Dewey Matt, Eldred George, Peter Rassmussen and Roy Peratrovich, got their rabbit foot working and they rapidly widened the gap that separated the two teams.

At Toledo the team called on Robert Service and his wife, both graduates of this school. "Bunny" a former member of our printing staff and of the class of 1914, is now working on the Toledo Herald. His wife graduated with the class 1922. They have three fine little kiddies and are making for themselves a fine little home. "Bunny" is a former athlete and a center that was hard to beat. He also played first base and used the bat with telling effect.

Columbia University came down from Portland last Saturday with all their war clothes and the scores of an enviable record to their credit and very much

bent on doing business with our bunch of hoopers. But our team had gathered in a comfortable record since the season opened and the nine out of ten victories our boys had dangling from their belt loops was not to be sneezed at and caused the C. U. team to be a little dubious as to the outcome and they naturally waited for us to fire our big guns. In fact it was "tit" for "tat," as both teams sent out feelers and played safe, sane, basketball for the first few minutes. Finally, Dewey Matt, our shining light in finding the basket, with 24 points to his credit, drew first blood and converted a foul. From then on the battle was on and the stalling, standing type of basketball at an end, for our team was now one point in the lead and played with a determination to keep it. Speed was put on speed and our team increased the lead until at one time the score stood 16 to 3 in our favor. Columbia tried desperately to overcome that lead, and just before the half ended made a dash and closed up the gap to a 16 to 10 score.

With the opening of the final period Peter Rasmussen was removed from the game on account of personal fouls. Captain DePoe was then switched to center and Eldred George to running guard and Jesse Prettyman entered the game at forward. With this change and the score 28 to 25 in our favor Columbia started with a "now or never" spirit to overhaul our lead, but that little spurt was the breeze that fanned the flame and our five unleashed a burst of speed and the finest basketball we have seen in a long time. DePoe, Matt, George, Peratrovich and Prettyman were everywhere and their superb playing kept Columbia on the defense, and to them goes the credit of winning a splendid victory over Columbia, 41 to 29.

It had been some time since the home folks saw the team in action and the big crowd that assembled to see the game filled the gym to the brim. They were all set for just such a game that ensued and they were in a continual uproar and on their feet to the last minute.

Last night the team played the Salem Black Cats a return game. The Black Cats are the only ones that have succeeded in taking our measure so far this season. The Cats played the O. A. C. varsity a 28 to 29 game just last Saturday, so our readers should not be surprised if they read in the next issue of a setback for us. Tomorrow we go to Portland to play an old rival, the B'nai B'rith team. This will be another battle which we will try to chronicle in the next issue.

The splendid tribute paid Mr. Sanders through the sport columns of the Morning Oregonian of last Sunday's issue is well deserved by "Our Rube." He was rightfully placed with the greatest football men of his time and a fullback that had no peer. Those who saw Rube in the heyday of his prime can relate some wonderful tales of his strength and ability. It was long after Rube played his best game that we saw him actually stop eight of Pacific University's eleven men on an over-tackle play. Rube was an all-around athlete and starred in them all.