

FREDERICK ELY PARKER

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Geneva H. Criswold, a teacher on the Cattaraugus Reservation, and to them three children were born—Arthur C. Parker, Edna L. Harrington and Dorothy G. Parker. Arthur is an archeologist and museum authority, and Edna is the wife of M. Raymond Harrington the explorer. Mrs. Parker died in 1923, and Dorothy remains as her father's companion and comfort.

Mr. Parker retired from the railroad office in 1827, to continue his work of organizing and solidifying a patriotic society. His present home is in Peekskill, N. Y. He is a native red man by birth and ancestry, but his larger sense of civic responsibility leads him to see that he is first of all an American. He is a firm believer that individuals as well as races must work out their own destiny without props or crutches, and that the red race will only achieve its place in the sun when it casts aside its reservation shackles and assumes a free and constructive course in the greater humanity. It was his philosophy and his love of nature that inspired his son Arthur to give the Indians a new interpretation, and to draw from their teaching and their customs those worthy things that would make the world hold the red race in greater esteem.

Mrs. W. O. Johnson, daughter of Mrs. Brewer of Chemawa, arrived here last Friday from her home in South Bend, Wash. Mrs. Johnson is in bad health and is expecting to submit to a surgical operation within a few days. She will probably go to Portland for the operation.

BY THE WATERS OF MINNETONKA

By CECILE PEPION, Chemawa Student

All lovers of Indian music have heard the beautiful song, "By the Waters of Minnetonka," but few who admire it so much know the legend connected with it.

Indian tribes in primitive days were jealous and fearful of each other, therefore they forbade inter-tribal marriage.

A Chippewa maid once chanced to meet a handsome brave from another tribe. Then happened what modern people call "love at first sight." The parents objected. The lovers were disobedient. The parents then threatened to punish if the tribal laws were not obeyed. But these lawless children kept up their secret meetings until the angry parents were forced to punish them.

The maiden's parents were harsh and unkind. She had to suffer in both body and mind. In fact, the whole tribe rejoiced that a disobedient, unruly daughter was being corrected for the violation of so sacred a law.

While the girl's parents were chastizing her, the handsome brave was suffering no less. The more cruelties they heaped upon him the more determined he was to find happiness in marrying this dark beauty.

A strong characteristic of the Indian is to accept reproof graciously. This the two did until a chance came for them to leave their tribes and teepees behind

and hunt a place far away where they could make their own home and never be found. Knowing they would be hunted, and possibly discovered, they agreed to die rather than be captured and returned to an angry home and an angrier people.

They started. The parents, wrathful and determined, pursued. They hid like hunted animals, but were overtaken on the banks of Minnetonka. The noble brave drew his lover to his side and turned to make his escape only to find they were surrounded by the hunters. Behind him were the furious parents. Before him was Minnetonka, wide and dark. To make their escape was impossible. He planned for a minute, looked around, waved a last farewell to his tribe and leaped with his lover. The angry water closed over the two.

The song commemorating the two determined lovers, is the composition of Thurlow Lieurance, who has spent a great part of his life with the various Indian tribes in an effort to preserve their legends and lore in music.

John Dexter surprised all of his Chemawa friends by dropping in on us last Sunday evening. His home is in Golovin, Alaska, and he took the last boat out. John says that he was so busy at his home during the summer that he had to neglect his violin practice. However, he is still on the map with his old "Hornsteiner."

CHEMAWA



Oh hear my song, oh redmen hark!
My song of old Chemawa;
We're near the half a century mark,
Chemawa, dear Chemawa.
Here braves from every tribe are found
On our ancestral hunting ground;
From North, East, South they gather
'round,
They who defend Chemawa.
Oh, could our ancient sires but speak,
They'd bid us higher knowledge seek;
They'd bid us climb the highest peak
For the honor of Chemawa.
Then let our council fires burn,
Let flames of high ambition yearn,
Oh, welcome every brave's return
To our old home, Chemawa.
Once more let old victorious cries
Ring out in old Chemawa;
Once more let fearless spirits rise
And shout for old Chemawa;
Our colors red and white enroll,
The highest aim shall be our goal,
And thus our ancient race extol
Through our old home, Chemawa.

—JAMES CURWOOD OLIVER.