

LOCAL

Merry Christmas!

And A Happy New Year to all of our readers.

Jack Frost has had his icy fingers on things around here of late. Personally we are not anxious to cultivate his acquaintance.

Verne Wilson of Chemawa was violin soloist in a concert given in the Grand Opera House in Salem last Sunday evening, and reports reached us to the effect that he acquitted himself as a real artist should.

Josephine Sommers, one of our former students, came up to Chemawa last Sunday from Portland for a short visit with friends. At present she has employment in a private home in Portland and is getting along nicely.

Mr. Bént was in Portland for a day or so the latter part of last week doing business with Santa Claus. We are not any too well informed on Santa's business affairs this year, as he seems to deal quite largely in mystery, but we are certain that his heart is in the right place.

There is a movement on foot to organize a high school orchestra from the best musical material to be found in the high schools of four states of the Northwest. The organization is to be effected in Spokane, Wash., in April. Our interest is centered in the particular case of Verne Wilson, a Chemawa boy, who will represent Salem Hi in the orchestra, Verne being a talented young violinist.

Supt. Lipps, at the request of the Indian Office, is this week attending a conference of reservation Superintendents and the State Game and Fisheries Department at Olympia, Wash. The purpose of the meeting, we understand, is to endeavor to arrive at a co-operative agreement between State and Federal authorities with respect to fishing rights claimed by the Indians of the State under the provisions of their old treaties with the government.

During chapel exercises last Sunday evening Supt. Lipps gave a splendid talk on the necessity of right living and making an effort to acquire an education, for after all, on the development of the mind depends all great things—all human possibilities. Mr. Lipps also spoke of various members of our graduating class of last year and told of the great satisfaction it was to himself and others of us to know that so many of the class are doing so well—standing so high in the opinion of those under whom they work. He drew attention to Walter Eagle, who recently secured his chance as disciplinarian at Warm Springs and who is upholding the standard of his class. In addition to the talk of Supt. Lipps there was a good choir number, Malda Whiteagle gave a recitation, and the orchestra played 'a' and 'b' numbers.

In a letter received from Walter Eagle, disciplinarian at the Warm Springs School, he states that he is enjoying his work there very much. His boys have started basketball practice and he says that all are happy and contented. We are indeed glad to know that another member of the class of 1928 is making good.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert N. Service motored out to Chemawa last Sunday from their home in Toledo, Oregon. "Bunny," as Mr. Service is known to all of his old-time friends, reports that all is well with himself and little family. He is connected with a printing and publishing concern in Toledo and his standing is high as an all-around printer. "Bunny" started on his career in our shop and we are certainly proud of him both as a man and a printer.

Owing to the various holiday events we will not be able to issue The American next week, but the week following we will tell of the many delightful "things of joy" which engaged us during the Yule Tide period. Here at the school, Monday, Dec. 24th, will be a whole holiday, as of course will Christmas day, but for the remainder of the week work and school will be the order of the day during every forenoon. Regular routine duties will begin with Monday, Dec. 31st, but New Year's day will be observed as a half-holiday. Now, isn't this arrangement just as it should be?

THE GHOST DANCE

By IRENE DIAZ, Chemawa Student

Once upon a time in the Mohave desert in California, there lived a tribe of Indians who cared for nothing but to have a good time. They spent most of their days in dancing and cared little about providing food.

One day, while they were celebrating, they heard a voice warning them not to spend all their time in dancing and laziness. They called a council and decided this warning was only through their imagination, as they were all giddy and dazed from dancing so long. So they did not listen, but kept on dancing.

Time after time they met and danced while their crops were dying for lack of irrigation. Soon they heard a warning again. This time it was a great roaring noise. They all looked up and saw a wall of water coming down upon them. They cried, "We failed to heed the warning. We are punished. This is our last dance."

They joined hands and continued to dance in a circle. The flood passed, leaving behind it a circle of ghosts still dancing.

The barren flood-swept area is still there, and people who think they know, still point out the very spot and tell the story of the dancing ghosts.