

A LESSON FROM THE ANT

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of wisdom. From this story we can learn a valuable lesson.

The dictionary gives as a definition for the ant, "A social insect." Does it not seem strange after all that the insects can teach us valuable lessons? Even though sometimes we think of them as pests and often destroy their homes that they have built through so much toil and industry. If one watches he will find that these homes are immediately repaired. This is a most valuable lesson. They never falter, never give up.

Any boy or girl armed with the qualities possessed by this little insect will never be beaten down by the many hard lessons to get and the difficult problems to solve.

THE CHIEF WHO HAD TO FLY

By AGNES SCOTT, Chemawa Student

Once upon a time there was a certain tribe that camped by a big hill with a river flowing by it. There was in this tribe a chief who had been sick for a long time. As he was not able to go on the tribe had to camp at this place. In those days an Indian had to do the thing he dreamed he did or something serious would happen. One night the sick chief dreamed that he had to fly. This worried him very much, as he didn't know what to do.

He was getting better and thought possibly this dream meant he could fly to good health. He was a good chief and desired to live for his tribe, so he set a day on which to fly.

The sun came up brightly that morning and all the people of his tribe, being hopeful that he could actually do as his dream bade him, prepared a great feast. His wings had been made by two pretty girls who spent days gathering eagle feathers and hunting the colored plumage of the smaller birds.

After the feast the chief spoke to the tribe, telling them how he had led them and now this impossible thing had been required of him, and he believed it was for some great good that was coming to the tribe.

They then ascended the hill, feasted again, and sang songs for his success. Climbing to the highest point, he told the maidens to put his wings on. They did so. Sick and weak, but fearless, he leaped. The river was too wide. The opposite bank was too far off. His body was too shattered and he plunged into the middle of the stream. He was never seen again.

When I see flying machines passing over my head I wonder if that dream did not, after all, have its meaning? I wonder if all our great inventors did not at some time dream dreams?

The story is of course an Indian folk tale that has come true through some white man's dream. I still wonder more what the drowned chief would think if he saw one passing over his Happy Hunting Grounds?

THE BIRTH OF THE CASCADES

By LUCILIA WINNESHUTTE, Chemawa Student

Once upon a time there lived at the foot of the hill we now call Three Finger Jack a lovely Indian maiden. She was so beautiful that she shunned the rest of the tribe. Her father, Yohmush, was very proud of her and kept a close watch over her while she lived away from the tribesmen.

Suddenly she disappeared and for seven years the people wondered where Lamet Cowish—Blue Water—had gone. This was her name, because she dressed in blue grass and swam in the blue water of the Deschutes.

After a long search she was found. She became very angry to think the tribe had hunted her when she had tried so hard to keep away from them. She warned her people that for this the evil spirit would come and turn them into rocks, hills and trees.

Another seven years passed and all this time the tribe waited for the change. Finally, one day Yohmush went hunting with two warriors, Thunder and Sun. Suddenly a strange feeling came over them. They could not move and the three of them became the three enormous hills shaped like three fingers.

This is the Indian history of this strange-looking mountain, Three Finger Jack. All the other hills around represent the tribe of chief Yohmush. They are banded together in one great line extending north and south, now known as the Cascade Range, instead of Yohmush's people. Today sportsmen go chasing and hunting over these hills that were once real people according to the Indian legend.

Mount Jefferson, the highest and noblest peak among them all, situated in Central Oregon, was once the beautiful Indian maiden, Lamet Cowish.

LOCAL

Mr. Downie, our athletic coach, was in Portland on business last Monday.

Dr. Sisco and his corp of nurses have seen heroic service of late attending those ill with flu. All are getting well on schedule time, too.

We are willing to wager that 90 percent of our recent "flu" victims will be able to take nourishment in the school dining-room at 12 m. next Tuesday.

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