

TWICE-TOLD INDIAN LEGENDS

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tention at the gambling table. They had some one stationed at intervals along the trail to catch the fire as it came along. The last one was the turtle.

When the owner saw them running with it he ran after them to get the fire back. When the turtle got it he was about to jump into the water when he was caught. The owner of the fire smashed his back up on some willows and since then the turtle bears the scars upon his back.

After that the Indians got the fire by rubbing small willow roots together on a large, rough stick until the flames blaze. That is the way the Indians made their fire before they got matches.

BRIGHT SKY

By GRACE PEPION Chemawa Student

In years long past, when Indians were governed by chiefs, a tribe once lived in the valley of the Niagara River. They were ruled by a chieftain strong in character and body, and very truthful. Bright Sky was his only child. He loved her more than his life.

The laws of tradition taught them that one of their tribe should die each year in the Niagara Falls. This sacrifice was to prove the love of the tribe for the Great Spirit. The one who was chosen was put in a canoe without paddles and set free in the angry waters to float down over Niagara Falls.

The time had come for them to hold their annual meeting to select the person who was to give his life. Who should be chosen but Bright Sky, the chieftain's daughter, his pride and joy!

All the tribesmen thought that he certainly would have them cast lots again since it had fallen to his daughter to be the sacrifice. But not so. All through his life he had never taught his people through word or example either dishonesty or cowardice. The result of casting lots had fallen to his daughter and it would stand.

In the evening when shadows were lengthening, Bright Sky was trodding the path to the river. As she left her wigwam she bid farewell to her pony, to the squirrels that had chattered in her pathway when a child, the birds that cheered her when she was lonely, and all the intimate little animals of the wood that came near her when she rested from her daily duties.

Bravely she marched down the shore to start her death journey. Multitudes darkened the shores to give their last farewell to her.

Bright Sky seated herself in the canoe, and smilingly turned to wave her last adieu to her father. As she quickly glanced over the throng, she spied his stately form nearing her. When he approached he took the seat by her side. Swiftly they glided down the rushing current, then vanished in the angry falls.

Neither had a fear of death, because they had served the tribe honestly, taught only the right things, had lived nobly, and now they would die together bravely.

ORATORICAL CONTEST

Last Friday evening the annual oratorical contest for vocationals took place in our auditorium. Excite-

ment ran high and the occasion was in every sense both interesting and profitable.

Among the girl contestants Cleo Plasteur, a senior, took first prize and Malda Whiteagle, a junior, took second; the first place for boys was taken by Lawrence Crofoot, a senior, and Aaron Sookum, a junior, placed second.

The judges were all from Silverton—Messrs. Goetz, Hardy and Dunn, the former being the superintendent of schools of that city. Thanks are due these gentlemen for their time and kindly and able service. The band furnished music and all in all the occasion was a lively one and Miss White, acting principal, should be well pleased with her success. The list of titles and contestants follows:

Processional	- - - - -	Band
Jerry, The Bobbin Boy	- - - - -	Lucy Craig Ninth Grade
The Soul of the Violin	- - -	Melda White Eagle Eleventh Grade
When Class "A" Gave Thanks	- -	Serena Twiggs Tenth Grade
The White Hands of Telham	- - -	Cleo Plasteur Twelfth Grade
The Rider of the Black Horse	- -	Claud Parazoo Ninth Grade
A Vision of War—Memorial Day	-	Fred Sandberg Tenth Grade
A Plea for Patriotism	- - - - -	Aaron Sookum Eleventh Grade
In the Toils of the Enemy	- - -	Lawrence Crofoot Twelfth Grade
Music	- - - - -	Band
Judges' Decision		
Recessional	- - - - -	Band

LOCAL

Once in a while a "good item" comes to us unsolicited and rejoices us almost beyond reason; for instance, the following note from Supt. Neal of Warm-spring Agency to Supt. Lipps regarding some printing that we did recently for the Agency: "The Superintendent wishes to take this opportunity of expressing his thanks to the printers of the Salem Indian School, Chemawa, Oregon, for the excellent work turned out by that department for this Agency. The above printed matter is just as neat, clean and artistic as any commercial work heretofore contracted by this Agency."

Messrs. Samuel VanPelt and Frank Lowry, members of the Curry County Indian Association, paid Chemawa a business visit the past week. These people are working on their claims against the Government for compensation for lands taken and to which title has not been extinguished. Mr. Lowry is a former student of Chemawa, having entered school in 1889; he married a Chemawa girl and took her to his home at Gold Beach, Oregon, where he has been U. S. mail carrier for the past sixteen years. He also acts as a guide to tourists, and all in all, he is making good and Chemawa is proud to know that Mr. and Mrs. Lowry are still loyal to Chemawa.