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FROM OUR OWN QUIVER:

We shall succeed in benefitting the Indian only as we succeed in getting him to do things for himself.

An Indian school to be effective should be something more than an orphan asylum and reformatory with feeble educational attachments.

Indians who prefer the dance house and the tom-tom to the school and the plow are headed for Nemesis on the high speed clutch.

While it is true you may lead a horse to water but you can't make him drink, it is also true you may send a boy to school but you can't make him think.

If the Indian taught us the small vice of tobacco smoking, we have taught him the greater vice of drunkenness; and if he sometimes substituted the bark of the willow (kin-i-ki-nick) for the real article, we have gone him one better by manufacturing a favorite brand from the leaves of alfalfa.

As long as the Indian secludes himself and refuses to discard his old prejudices and traditions for better and more enlightened aspirations, just so long will his progress be slow and unstable. He must cease to look backward and turn his eyes to the future if he would advance—yea, even survive.

No race in the history of the world has ever made any progress or advanced to a state of enlightenment and independence except through its own efforts, and it is not reasonable to suppose there will be any Divine intervention in favor of the Indian. We should, therefore, teach him to pray, not that his just burdens be lightened, but rather that he be given the strength to bear them.

WHO WAS HACHO?

We fancy that we do not see many hands in the air signifying a readiness to answer our query. We did not expect an answer off-hand, for it is an unusual question. A very unusual question. The story of Hacho's life is full of "food for thought" and carries a lesson for all of us. A careful reading is worth while. We shall attempt briefly to tell the story, which we trust may prove both interesting and profitable.

Hacho was a Lapland king of the very, very early times and during his youth was the most renowned of all the Northern warriors of his day. It is said that a record of his martial achievements is engraved on a pillar of flint on the rocks of Hanga. Furthermore, it is stated that to this day they are solemnly caroled to the harp by the Laplanders, at the fires at which they celebrate their nightly festivities.

Many and wonderful are the tales told of his remarkable prowess, of his intrepid spirit, of his great physical powers and his equally great mentality. It was stated that "his eye was so piercing, that, as ancient chronicles report, he could blunt the weapons of his enemies only by looking at them." The story is told of his having at the age of twelve years carried an iron vessel of prodigious weight for the distance of five furlongs in the presence of all the chiefs of his father's castle.

He became celebrated for his prudence and his wisdom. Some of his proverbs are still remembered and repeated by Laplanders. To express the vigilance of the Supreme Being he was wont to say, "Odin's belt is always buckled." His temperance and severity of manner and habit were in truth his chief characteristics. In his early years he drank no wine, nor would he sip from a painted cup. He slept in his armor constantly, and with a spear in his hand, nor would he use a battle-ax whose handle was inlaid with brass. Alas, he did not, however, persevere in his contempt of luxury, nor did he close his days with honor.

One evening while hunting the gulos, or wild dog, he became bewildered in a solitary forest, and having spent the entire day in the chase he was much fatigued and in need of refreshments. He discovered a large store of honey in a hollow pine tree. This was a dainty he had hitherto denied himself, but being hungry and faint he fell greedily upon it. From this unusual and

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