



CHEMAWA LOSES TO ORANGE ROOKS

A host of O. S. C. Rooks soundly trounced our team at Corvallis last Saturday 33 to 7. Their four big teams bore down upon our moleskinners with tremendous weight, speed and power in the first two quarters and scored four touchdowns and succeeded in converting two tries for extra points. But not for an instant did any one yelp or call for help, but stayed right there and played ball.

Our left wing played hard but not what could be called smart football, allowing themselves to be blocked in or out while the rooks paraded through and around them for long gains. On the other hand the boys of the right wing were too aggressive and everlastingly on their toes to permit such consistent gains through their side of the line. As a result the Rooks did not try their side very often.

As for the thrills of the game our ball players furnished the bulk. Though the score would not indicate it they made three marches to the goal line that failed because of a bad play or a costly fumble. Repeatedly our team crossed up the Rooks with a drive through a hole in the line when they expected a run or a pass. Meachem and Franklin, the two smallest men in our backfield, were our big ground gainers through the line. Our backfield functioned so nicely that their double and tripple passes left the Rooks holding the sack. The tripple pass on which Wallace Hosie, our left half scored, put him out in the open before a single defensive hand could be laid on him. Wallace carried the ball 35 yards on that play for our score. On a play from fake punt formation Albert Miller, our right end, repeatedly gained considerable ground.

"Buck" Smith, our quarterback, used excellent judgment in the choice of his plays in building up an attack that repeatedly threatened the Rook goal line.

Alonzo Hoover, our center, received a knee injury early in the second quarter and was taken from the game. While in the fray Hoover played a fine game. However, his understudy, "Pa" Perkins, was not so dusty himself. Isaac Curley, our husky right guard, and his side partner, Bill Jones, were easily our most outstanding linemen. It is not unlikely that one of these two boys will be switched to the left wing to bolster things up there in general.

SOPHIES UPSET SENIORS

The hottest battle in the inter-class football league so far this season was played last week between the seniors and the sophomores. Boys, how those fellows did smack 'em. Both went into the battle with a percentage of one thousand. For almost two whole periods they battled up and down the center of the field, nothing to nothing. Just in the final minutes of the second quarter Arnold McKay, senior signal barker, booted to the Sophs' three yard line. From this bad position the seniors blocked the sophomore's attempted punt and recovered. Two

tries at the line resulted in losses and then a swing around the end scored McKay for the first score of the game. The try for the extra point failed. In the final quarter the sophs got red hot and "Goose Egg" Weaver, their "Jim Thorp" of the day, aided by a couple of penalties, slashed and dashed his way to a touchdown. That drive was just as spectacular and as hard fought as the biggest on the coast. "Egg's" try for the extra point was blocked.

Just before the game closed David Bears Ghost, sophomore center, picked up a blocked punt and scored the winning touchdown. This game credits the sophomores with leading the league. Wilder, Franklin, Gouley and Curley, officials; handled the game efficiently.

Schedule for the week: Juniors Vs. Freshmen. Chemawa Vs. Medford at Medford. Hotshots Vs. Parrish Junior high here.

AN ALASKA LEGEND

By VICTOR K. SMITH, Chemawa Student

"We hear very little of the Indian festivals these days," said Mr. Bagelly, of Craig, Alaska, as we sat conversing one evening during the time my injured foot kept me in the hospital. "Some of those old customs were both entertaining and instructive. I recall one, especially, that gave a name to an Alaskan berry of peculiar flavor." My interest being assured, the old gentleman, who is a judge and a United States customs officer, rambled on with what proved an interesting story:

"Long ago, perhaps before Alaska was even thought of by the white man, the Indian witch doctor ruled a country of overwhelming wealth; a land where wilderness was plenty, where beauty was divine, but where superstition was enormous. In this place, among other gracious products, the different berries yielded a healthy yearly crop. These were blueberries, huckleberries, chokeberries, all growing profusely in many varieties, and with them, a particular berry of delicate tang."

Ascertaining that I was following him with attention, the judge continued:

"You, with your knowledge of the Indian 'Poltatch,' can readily understand those great gatherings of the tribes, where friend feasted with friend. They always filled a big place in primitive life.

"In this part of Alaska gatherings and feastings were carried on at the edge of the land where the tides visit the beach, and fish being the chief food, was prepared in a certain artful manner. Between the high and low tide marks upon the beach a trench was dug in the damp sand. Each brave had his special task to perform about the trench, but women picked berries. The salmon were placed on a mat of sticks and lowered into the trench with a heavy layer of berries over them.

"Continuing this process (a layer of fish and a layer of berries), the trench was filled. On the top, leaves, moss, and sticks were arranged and held carefully in place by huge stones. The 'Potlath' was, of course, a stately meeting of braves and women, but the uncovering of the great trench was the signal for young and old to gather on the beach and indulge in the lavish feast. The salmon was delicately flavored by the berries, and the sauce of hunger was supplied by the sea air.

"From the fish feast, as I have pictured it," concluded Judge Bagelly, preparing to take his leave, "our Alaskan salmonberry derived its name."