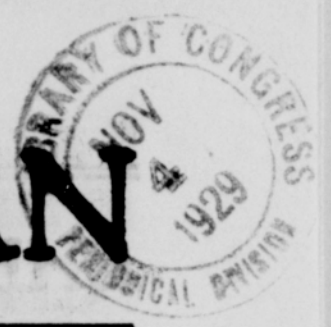


# CHEMAWA AMERICAN



Printed at Chemawa, Oregon, and Devoted to the Interests of Indian Education

Vol. XXXI

Wednesday, Oct. 30, 1929

No. 8

## AUDUBON AND HUMMING BIRDS

John James Audubon was in a sense a truly great man. He was the first great nature student born in America. He had a wonderful sense of the beautiful and he was able to write most entertainingly of the many phases of "life in the open."

Audubon was a product of the South, having been born near New Orleans, May 4th, 1780. He was educated in France and studied art under the great painter, David, gaining such skill as was later to win for him world-wide and enduring celebrity for his "Birds of America."

It is interesting to note that his "Birds of America" was written after journeys into the wilds of the country, from Mexico to Canada, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific—a tremendously difficult undertaking at that time. A great love of nature sustained him in the work. The result of his exploration of this continent, "Birds of America," as before mentioned, was published by subscription at \$1,000.00 per copy. One is impressed with the fact that not only was Audubon willing to sacrifice years of his life, to endure hardships, but that there were those living in his day who appreciated his work so highly as to be willing to give \$1,000.00 to possess a printed copy.

This great lover of nature died in New York in 1851, on the 27th of January. It will be well worth while for our students to read some of the wonderful word sketches of Audubon. The writer of this little article cannot resist the temptation to at least outline his "Humming Bird," as it seems to us to be one of the most poetic descriptions that it has ever been our good fortune to read. We quote:

"No sooner has the returning sun again introduced the vernal season, and caused millions of plants to expand their lives and blossoms to his genial beams, than the little Humming Bird is seen advancing on fairy wings, carefully visiting every opening flower-cup, and, like a curious florist, removing from each the injurious insects that otherwise would ere long cause their beauteous petals to droop and decay. Poised in the air, it is observed peeping cautiously, and with sparkling eyes, into their innermost recesses, whilst the ethereal motions of its pinions, so rapid and so light, appear to fan and to cool the flower without

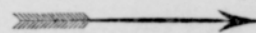
(Continued on page 2)

## ARROWS *from the* LONG BOW

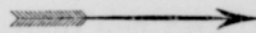


FROM THE QUIVER OF "LIGHTNING LINE."

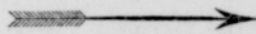
The wise man attaches the parachute of prudence to the balloon of enthusiasm.



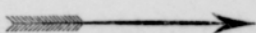
It isn't what you ain't, nor it ain't what you may be, but it is what you is that counts.



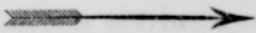
One good thing about telling the truth is that you never have to remember what you've said.



Great projects are built on dreams—plus the practical knowledge and ability to make them come true.

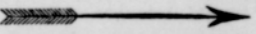


There are some opportunities you may have to wait for, but there are some you can make for yourself, and others that you can go out and get.

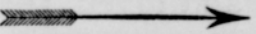


A successful man is one who has tried, not cried; who has worked, not dodged; who has shouldered responsibility, not evaded it; who has gotten under the burden, not merely stood off, looking on, giving advice and philosophizing on the situation.

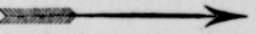
(FROM THE QUIVER OF AN INDIAN CHIEF)



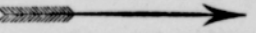
Doubt always travels on snow shoes.



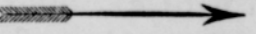
The Paleface's arm is longer than his word.



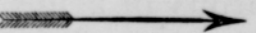
When the fox walks lame, old rabbit jumps.



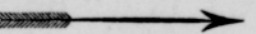
A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.



Before the Paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's Corn.



The Indian takes his dog to heaven; the Paleface sends his brother to hell.



There will be no hungry Palefaces as long as there are Indian lands to swallow.