

CHEMAWA AMERICAN

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"RED HEROINES OF THE NORTHWEST"

(Continued from page 1)

faced no severe hardships, other than that of guiding a party of miners into the gold country by a devious route to escape hostile Indians. The latter years of her life were those of a white woman—her two sisters died as they had lived—Indians.

Mr. Defenbach has blended accuracy with fascinating romance. "Red Heroines of the Northwest" is a charming story and should appeal to employees in the Indian Service and to others who are interested in Indians and the part they played in the development of the great Northwest.

The book is attractively bound in cloth and contains 300 pages and 16 half-tone engravings. It is published by the Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho, and the price is \$2.50.

THE THUNDER BIRD

By MATTHEW JAMES, Junior

Once, in the long ago, Toe-oo-lux (South Wind) travelled to the North. There he met Quoots-hooi (The Giantess). The two held conversation, during which Toe-oo-lux said, "I hunger. Give me something to eat!" Quoots-hooi was most disdainful, and answered, casually, "I have nothing for you. Get your food by fishing."

South Wind dragged a net, and in it he caught Tanas-eh-ko-le (Little Whale). With great delight, South Wind took his stone knife and prepared to kill Little Whale.

The proud Giantess, looking on, said, "You should not use a knife. Use a sharp shell and slit Tanas-eh-ko-le down his back. Never, never, should you cut him across!" South Wind felt sulky, so he pretended that he did not hear, and went on using his knife and cutting the Little Whale across its back.

And then! Little Whale changed into an immense bird whose body darkened the Sun and the flapping of whose wings shook the Earth. Lo! It was the Thunder Bird!

Immediately the marvellous Thunder Bird flew to the Very Far North and alighted on Swal-al-a-host (the Mouth of the Great River).

Toe-oo-lux and Quoots-hooi, filled with a great curiosity, travelled, too, in quest of the Thunder Bird. They were not successful; but, one splendid day, while picking berries, Quoots-hooi discovered the nest of the Thunder Bird—and the nest was filled with eggs.

Curiosity prompted the Giantess to break an egg. It was not good, and Quoots-hooi threw it down the mountainside. Looking carelessly after it, Quoots-hooi beheld it on its way, but, before the egg reached the valley it became an Indian!

And now the Giantess was consumed with a mighty interest, and hurled egg after egg down the mountainside, to see each, before it touched the valley, turn into an Indian.

So—the Chehalis Indians were created! And so came the belief that to cut the first salmon crosswise will cause the "little whales" to refuse to "run."

ESCORTS

Sat., Nov. 23—To Salem	- - - - -	Miss Peters
Sun., Nov. 24—McBride	- - - - -	Mr. Klein
		Mrs. Klein
Winona	- - - - -	Mr. Fisher
		Mrs. Herlits
Hawley	- - - - -	Miss Gunn
		Mr. T. Turner

Assistant Superintendent Mote was in charge during our chapel exercises last Sunday evening and his remarks, and his readings, were given close attention by all. He laid great stress upon character and character-building in relation to the present and the future of our student body. He reminded all that our great school is nearing the half-century mark of its existence and that as it grows older its traditions become more and more sacred. He admonished all to so live and work that the passing of years would prove them a credit to themselves and their school and an asset for the nation. It was a splendid talk in every sense.



Red Man's Harvest Prayer

GREAT SPIRIT, teach us the way of the truth; help us, thy children, in the way of righteousness; lead us by the straight trail; let thy breath and thy voice be within our hearts. Great Father, thy harvests have been plenteous and we have succor; we will not want; thy care and thy mercy surround us and we enjoy thy protection; let peace be in all the world. Let the sun continue to shine upon us that grass may grow for our animals and that we may have food.

Thou knowest best.