

CHEMAWA AMERICAN

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THE VERITIES OF HUMAN CONDUCT

(Continued from page 1)

be defied or ignored. By hanging together they protect each other—their pledge of honor is only to protect fellow scamps. It is hard to say just who is at fault. Many such are human chameleons, good in the company of the righteous, but far from it in the company of their own kind.

Our students should know these things, as there is nothing so baffling as human nature. Man's greatest enemy is man—often himself. The first precaution of a young person should be to keep aloof from bad company and the very appearance of evil. There is nothing more incongruous than to witness the spectacle of well-meaning people following wildly and unthinkingly at the heels of some low-bred scamp who is using them to further his own ends. Do some thinking for yourself on every proposition and if your conscience tells you it is right you will not need a mob leader. Keep close to your true friends—listen to them and thank God that you have them.

LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT

By ROLAND BOOTH, Chemawa Student

In a deep, dark forest, near the heart of all wildness, there once dwelt, lovingly inseparable, an Indian maiden and one who had been her lover from early childhood. Their pure devotion was well known throughout the haunts of their tribe, as they wandered together, day by day, loving all nature because of the great love that was between them.

One crystal-clear day, as they walked contentedly through the forest, they came to the shore of a small lake, in the center of which was an island, blooming like a garden, with wonderful flowers. How the two young lovers admired it from the distance and how like a bouquet it seemed!

The little maiden expressed a wish that she might reach the isle and pick flowers from the abundance there, especially did she admire those florets of a heavenly blue that grew close to the water's edge. Her lover was not a strong swimmer and there was no boat at hand, so he bade her be content without the island flowers. Such an admonition would ordinarily have sufficed, but there must have been something

magical about the island, for the maiden continued to gaze longingly at it.

Seeing his gentle companion in this frame of mind, the youth made a quick decision. Perhaps he could last in a swim from shore back to shore! He plunged into the cool, clear water, and swam to the island. Reaching it, he hastily gathered a handful of the heavenly-blue florets and started back to his beloved.

Alas! It was not to be. He had not the endurance to complete the task he had set himself. His strength did not last, and within an arm's reach of the agonized maiden, he sank beneath the water. But, before he left her, he called out to his beloved, holding the flowers at arm's length, "Forget me not!"

Thus the small blue blossom, the color of the sunlit sky, received its name.

A NOTE OF APPRECIATION

On Armistice Day our band, under the direction of Mr. Hermann A. Kunkel, participated in the parade in Salem and it is quite evident that they distinguished themselves to the credit of our school. Mr. Bent accompanied the band as one of the leading cornetists. An unusually fine luncheon was served our boys on the termination of their assignment by the Salem American Legion Post. All went just splendidly in every particular.

Just a few days ago a very nice letter was received by Supt. Lipps from Colonel Carle Abrams of the Salem Post, as follows:

I wish to express my appreciation and that of the American Legion of Salem for your appearance and participation in the parade. It added greatly to our appearance, and the music was enjoyed by the general public, both while marching and your music on the streets afterward. I sincerely hope that you fared well and reached home safely, and that it was a pleasant day for you as well as for us.

The annual Thanksgiving joint meeting of the Y.M. and Y.W.C.A. was held Sunday afternoon in the Protestant chapel, attended by about one hundred members of the two organizations. Aaron Sookum, president of the Y.M.C.A., presided over the program which had been well prepared and was a credit to both organizations. The President's Proclamation was read by Dorothy Green. Six boys and girls conducted the devotional service, and the discussion program centered on our reasons for thanksgiving, personal, national, and group. Special musical numbers for the afternoon were provided by the Y.M.C.A. quartet, the Y.W.C.A. chorus, and Aaron Sookum, who played very beautifully on the double bass the "Blue Bells of Scotland," accompanied by Mrs. Turney at the piano. Decorations of autumn fruits and flowers made an attractive setting for the program.