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ARROWS *from the* LONG BOW

(FROM OUR OWN QUIVER:)

→
We must struggle forward or slip backward.

→
You can't recall your past, but you can redeem it.

→
Youth cannot be with us always. The oldest dog was once a pup.

→
When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit Thunders and the Evil One laughs.

→
Always attend to the demands of the present and the future will take care of itself—and you.

→
Righteous living leads to honor, wealth and power; riotous living to headaches and heartaches.

→
Helping the Indian consists in doing something more than hurling hunks of altruism at him from a-far off.

→
We might pour all the gold in the United States Treasury at the feet of the Indian and forever exempt him from all toil and effort on his part and he would soon vanish from the earth.

→
There are those who say that if we but scratch the skin of the Indian we shall still find the savage there. If we would believe James Harvey Robinson, the same thing is only a little less true of the white man.

→
In our dealings with the Indian we have too often made the mistake of assuming an attitude of superiority and regarding him as a child and an object of our pity and solicitude, whereas he desired nothing so much as to be treated as a man.

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When an Indian parent is told that his child is not entitled to attend public school because he lives on a reservation and does not pay taxes, it is little wonder that he thinks "if the white man's milk of human kindness were churned the product would be limburger cheese."

SUPT. LIPPS IS HOME

Supt. Lipps returned to Chemawa on the evening of the 15th, from a four-weeks trip to Washington, D. C., where he was called on official business in connection with the school. During his absence Mr. Lipps visited Hampton Institute, the Albuquerque school and Sherman Institute, in addition to spending two weeks in the Indian Office. He reports a hopeful outlook for larger appropriations for the Indian Service and speaks very highly of the ability and earnestness of the new Commissioners of Indian Affairs. He believes that next year our school will be able to broaden its educational program and more closely tie up the school's activities with the industrial and home improvement programs on the reservations located in the Pacific Northwest. To that end short courses for selected adult Indians may be offered next year and Chemawa may also undertake some type of extension work on the reservations in co-operation with Directors of Agriculture, Home Demonstration Agents, Field Matrons, etc. We are to have a new gymnasium costing \$60,000, and a small special appropriation to cover the cost of the short courses and extension work if everything works out as planned.

LEGEND OF THE BOILING SPRINGS

By WARREN WILDER

On the original Santa Fe Trail there was, formerly, a small Indian trading post known as the Pueblo, from which the present city received its name.

The Arkansas River at this point is a clear, swift stream, about one hundred yards wide. In the old days its banks were heavily timbered with cottonwood. On either side of the river rolling prairies stretched for hundreds of miles, gradually ascending toward the mountains. The entire magnificent country, it is claimed, was once owned by the Shoshone Indians (sometimes called the Snake Indians), with whom the Comanches of the southern plains affiliated.

Centuries ago, the Shoshones and Comanches had been one people—tho' there were many separate bands or tribes—speaking one language and observing the same religious ceremonies.

Less than a hundred years ago, they, together, composed the most powerful Indian nation on the

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