

CHEMAWA AMERICAN

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FOOTBALL BANQUET

Despite all superstition which is commonly supposed center in thirteen, and especially when coupled with Friday, the football boys' banquet of last Friday, was a great success. The affair was staged at the Wigwam, which is an ideal place for such a function, and the dinner was served in courses, under the direction of Mrs. Stewart, assisted by Miss French and the girls of the domestic science department. The courses were wonderfully prepared and splendidly served—a credit to all who had assisted in this work.

Mr. Mote, our principal, proved an ideal toast-master and at the psychological moment he took matters in hand and the Wigwam began to hum with wit, humor and facts, relating to periods of time from the remote past to the present—even mapping out the future. It was all in all very interesting and most enjoyable. In the order named those who responded to toasts were: Mr. E. R. Mason, James McKay, Robert Perkins, Mr. Charles E. Larsen, Julian Smith, Mr. Geo. W. Bent, Mr. Silas Moon, Mr. R. G. Downie and Supt. O. H. Lipps. And thus another memorable evening has become history.

LEGEND OF THE BOILING SPRINGS (Continued from page 1)

North American continent.

The Pueblo fort was situated only a few hundred yards above the mouth of the "Fontaine Oui Boville," or Boiling Springs River, called so from two springs of mineral water bubbling up near its source.

There is a story to account for the presence of the springs which pour forth, the one, sweet, clear water, and the other, water bitter to the taste. This legend shows that these springs are linked up directly with the separation of the Shoshone and the Comanche tribes.

When the prairies and forests were crowded with game and the cottonwoods were no higher than arrows; when the Red Men were hunting the buffalo and deer; when the Shoshones and Comanches were speaking the same language and smoking the same peace pipe; two hunters—a victorious Shoshone, with a fat deer across his shoulders, and an unsuccessful Comanche, with a bad humor in his heart—met on the banks of the stream.

The Shoshone threw the deer to the ground, and before quenching his thirst, went through the beautiful ritual—a tribute to the Great Spirit! He dipped a little water into the cup of his hand and elevated his arm toward the sun, then, reversing his palm, he allowed the water to fall upon the ground.

The Comanche, in a rage, had thrown himself prone and had plunged his face into the water, but upon witnessing the act of the other hunter, he grew more angry and reproached the Shoshone for daring to drink before a Comanche!

Calmly the Shoshone replied that Manitou had given the crystal spring to all his children, no matter what tribe might be concerned, and with that he stooped to drink more of the free-flowing water.

At that moment, blind with rage, the Comanche threw himself upon his fellow hunter, and, forcing the head of the Shoshone under the surface of the water, held him so until he was drowned. The Comanche then dragged the body away from the spring. Immediately the water became strangely disturbed. Bubbles oozed to the surface and escaped as a hissing gas. A thin vapor arose, in the midst of which appeared the well known totem of the great Waukenago, Father of the combined Shoshone and Comanche nations. Trembling with fear, the hunter heard Waukenago addressing him: "Accursed murderer!" thundered the mighty one, "While the heart of a brave Shoshone cries for vengeance may the water for thy tribe be rank and bitter in their throats!"

With an avenging hand Waukenago crushed the Comanche to death and threw the body into the spring. Ah! The bitterness of that water! To this day even those who are half dead from thirst cannot drink it.

Waukenago had not yet finished. Turning to a flat rock overhanging the river, he smote it a terrific blow. Instantly a circular basin was opened and into it gushed the sweet cold water of a new spring.

And now the two mighty tribes elected to remain apart and many bitter wars were waged before they again smoked the pipe of peace.

ESCORTS

- Sat., Dec. 21—To Salem - - - Mrs. Kirk
- Sun., Dec. 22—McBride - - - Miss White
- Ass't Matron Winona
- Winona - - - Miss Earlougher
- Ass't Carpenter
- Hawley - - - Mrs. Coddling
- Mr. P. Carrow

A CORRECTION

Last month a poem was published in The American for which I was given the credit of authorship. Ever since publication I have felt badly in the matter. Miss Ruth Hopkins, of Bacone, Oklahoma, wrote the poem. I am very sorry for what has occurred.

ROSALIA GROUNDS.