

# CHEMAWA AMERICAN

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## LEGEND OF THE COWARDLY HUNTER

By VICTOR SMITH

Sitting before an open fire, watching its comforting blaze, alternately dozing and listening to the autumn leaves as they scurried around the corner of the house, out of reach of the chill November wind, I recall a legend told me by my father.

Long ago, in an Indian village located on the Northwestern Coast, lived a wicked brave who hunted and fished, not from necessity, but in order to pass away the time. He often killed deer, only to leave them for the crows to feast upon, and he considered that he enjoyed such ungracious "sport."

As may well be imagined, the Great Spirit soon heard of this. There was a summons and the wicked brave appeared before Manitou, who asked, "Why are you so cruel, killing when you are not in want of food? You shall be punished."

The selfish brave became uneasy and drew out his knife to sharpen it upon a smooth stone. In doing this he sharpened the anger of Manitou who thundered, "For your sins you shall become a deer, and your people shall hunt you!"

At this the hunter dropped his knife, which, as it fell, split his foot. With incredible and merciless speed antlers sprouted upon his head and when he made an effort to protest, he found he could only mumble; even the skins he wore for protection became permanently attached to him.

Terribly frightened, he dashed from the lodge of the Great Spirit and sought refuge in the forest. But this availed him nothing, for he had become, as Manitou had ordered, a deer, with a deer's meekness and timidity, and doomed to flee, sadly terrified, before the hunters.

To this day, the deer cannot remain long in one place, but must wander far, fearing man, and realizing that it is a hunted creature.

Somehow, I believe, while I am "reminiscing," that my father had a purpose in repeating this legend to me—at least it taught me never to kill wantonly.

## STULL MAKING

By THERESA NEWMAN, Sophomore

The making of mining timber around Wallace and Kellogg, Idaho, is less formally called "stull making." Stulls are made from white pine, yellow pine, red or white fir, and tamarack.

Some operators, who have timber to cut, employ only one or two helpers and pay according to the "piece," which means by the foot.

In the making of stulls, a good ax and crosscut saw must be used. Trees are selected with regard to soundness and straightness. A tree is first cut down, then it is sawed into the proper lengths—from six feet to twenty-four feet. Some trees will yield four to five good logs, while others only produce one or two.

After the sawing, the logs are ready for "peeling." In the spring, stull-makers sometimes use what is called a "spud." It has a head much like that of a small spade. In size the spud is about four inches across and from three to four inches in depth. Spuds are made of steel and are filed to a very sharp edge. With this tool, and at the right time of the year, 600 feet of timber may be peeled in a day. During the fall and winter months, all peeling must be done with an axe, for during those months the bark is tight.

The stulls are, at last, either skidded down the hillside (in summer), or, after packing them with snow, down ground chutes (in winter). If this is done in winter the snow hardens and freezes, then a great lot of logs are let loose from above. In this way they are brought closer to the landing.

In spring the logs are hauled out on trucks to the lakes or the Coeur d'Alene river, and there they are dumped into booms, which are themselves made of large stulls 40 feet in length. Boomsticks are chained together to form a corral.

When the booms are filled, they may be valued at several hundred dollars. The buyer will very likely come with a tug boat and take the booms to his own landing and load them on cars to be shipped to the mines in Kellogg, Wallace, and other mining towns.

## WE EAT ONCE A YEAR

Our entire force, following a custom of many years' standing, had "big eats" in the shop last Saturday noon. For years the last Saturday before Christmas has been known with us as "our day," the time when we feast and make merry with some of our invited friends. Well, to cut a long story short, last Saturday was the day and from "devils" to ye scribe we dined, not wisely, but too well. The memory is still with us but our appetites are a little shy—we are not yet eating quite up to our standard; that is, not all of us.

## ESCORTS

- Sun., Dec. 29—McBride - - - - - Mr. Ratzberg
- Miss Peterson
- Winona - - - - - Mrs. Mote
- Mr. Berry
- Hawley - - - - - Mr. James
- Mrs. James