

LOCAL

Ice skating was one of the sports here last week, and the ice was plenty thick.

Miss Alice Judd was called to Astoria recently on account of the serious illness of her father.

Our shoe repairers have had a lot of extra work of late, owing to the ravages of snow, etc., on the students' shoes.

The students here have excited our admiration recently by their solicitude for bird life at Chemawa. They could not possibly have done more for their "feathered friends."

Mr. Teter has had a most serious time of late with an infected hand, being compelled to go off duty, and George Meachem is now in sole charge of our dairy herd and all that pertains to it.

During our recent cold weather our engineers were a busy lot, as the oil got so heavy it would not flow. It is reported to have acted like "molasses on a frosty morning," and that's pretty bad.

Drosalina Cimino, a graduate with last year's class, until recently has been employed in Portland, but a week or two ago she went to Fort Lapwai, Idaho, to join her mother who is employed at the government school there.

Mrs. Steward of the domestic science department says that the girls of her classes prepared and served four dinners last week, honoring members of the eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh grade classes. This was no small order, we fancy.

Miss Elizabeth Coddling is here at the school visiting her mother, Mrs. Daisy Coddling, who is a nurse here. Elizabeth was a member of our graduating class of last year. We understand that she has employment at Oswego, Oregon.

The open session of the Winona Literary Society took place last Friday evening in our auditorium. The girls gave a program that was in every way pleasing and their efforts met the hearty approval of all, as it was in every sense free from the slap-dash idea. Mrs. Herlits is the advisor for this society of girls and to her as well as the young ladies themselves must be given thanks and the credit for a memorable evening.

The Junior boys' class in the Presbyterian church of Minot, N. Dakota, recently sent two pictures to the boys' club room of Chemawa, located in our Protestant church building. One of the pictures is of Colonel Lindbergh of aviation fame, and the other is of "The Last Supper." This is a courtesy appreciated by all of the boys and those who are interested in their work and advancement, and we desire to add The American to the list of those who return thanks.

Last Sunday afternoon the forces of the school were divided and for an hour or so there was a battle royal on the school campus. Snowball throwing, face-washing, and rolling each other in the snow provided mirth and merriment for nearly all of our students. It was just one grand time. Ordinary weather conditions here in the Willamette Valley do not often permit winter sports such as we've had lately and when the opportunity comes our young folks certainly make the most of it.

Supt. Lipps returned last Saturday from Fort Lapwai, Idaho, where he attended the funeral of the late Dr. Geo. O. Keck, who died suddenly of heart failure on the evening of January 11th. Dr. Keck was buried in the Masonic Section of Normal Hill Cemetery at Lewiston, Idaho. He left no children, but left surviving him a wife whose people live in Oakland, Calif., and a brother who lives in Pennsylvania. Mrs. Keck plans to come to Chemawa soon and spend some time with Supt. Lipps' family pending the settlement of her business affairs in Idaho.

During chapel exercises last Sunday evening Supt. Lipps started his discourse with the weather as his theme, as he said it was the most interesting subject in the country at the time. From weather to settled climate he found an easy step, as he did in going from zone to zone, in speaking of the effect of climate in the development of the human family. His observation on the development of man were of far more than ordinary interest and we believe that our students profited largely from the address. In addition to the Superintendent's address the choir sang a pleasing number and the orchestra played a standard overture.

Last Saturday night at about the hour of ten, Principal Mote fancied he heard cries of distress and investigation proved that his ears had not deceived him, for one of our agile lads was discovered to be riding the roof of our auditorium. He had sneaked inside (up in the loft) in order to witness a "movie," and not wishing to chance being discovered when the show was over, he went out through the roof, expecting to drop off into the snow at a certain point. But his calculations failed, owing to the icy condition of the roof, and he slid the wrong direction and realized that his life was in jeopardy, hence his vigorous and continuous S. O. S., which, fortunately, was heard by Mr. Mote. Getting him down safely was a feat taxing to the combined skill of an able seaman and a first-class Boy Scout, especially as it was dark. Let us hope that the lad has had a good lesson, and that others, too, will profit from his experience. It is better always to pay your way as you go through life, or "stay home."