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ARROWS from the LONG BOW

(FROM THE QUIVER OF EVERETT DEAN MARTIN)

→
Men make a virtue of their faith when in fact they are victims of it.

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If our education is to proceed we must get over our delusion of infallibility.

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Our existence is not measured by what we can get or what we can do, but what with our getting and doing we may become.

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While a bachelor's degree is not exactly a social necessity, there are many who would have something like an inferiority complex without it.

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Whoever leaves an institution of learning with the same outlook on life that he had when he first came might well have employed his time otherwise.

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One does not get an education anywhere. One becomes an educated person by virtue of patient study, quiet meditation, intellectual courage, and a life devoted to the discovery of service and truth.

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The habit of reading good books, ability to know the good ones from the inferior, capacity to enjoy good books for the beauty and wisdom that may be found in them, are essential parts of a liberal education.

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Many enter institutions of learning with the mistaken notion that it is education they desire, when what they really want is a good time and a little training in what they think are the manners and ways of speech of polite society.

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Anyone who does not continue his studies through the years of a busy life and thinks that the brief introduction to the tools of scholarship which he received in his adolescence is education, should apologize to his college, not criticize it.

WOUNDED FOOT'S STORY

We are indebted to Katie Looking, a granddaughter of Wounded Foot, for this interesting story, as related by her grandfather. Katie is now a student at Chemawa.

Wounded Foot was one of the warriors of the Assiniboine tribe which combatted with the Piegan Indians in January, 1878, near Little Rock Mountain, a few miles west of Zortman, Montana. His story follows:

"We (Assiniboine Indians) left our homes near Wolf Point, Montana, in the hope of meeting our adversaries, the Piegans, who roamed far to the west near Little Rock Mountain. Our party consisted of fourteen men. Walking Bull was appointed as medicine man.

"Four days after leaving our homes, Walking Bull, as was customary with us, sang a medicine song to render himself worthy, and then went into a trance to receive vision of where our enemy was located and what would happen the following day.

"Next morning one young man volunteered and was sent forth to try to spy out where the Piegans were located and how we could best approach their encampment.

"Hours passed while we were awaiting his return during which time we were mending our moccasins and preparing for the coming battle. All of a sudden we heard a sound similar to the barking of a coyote which we recognized as a signal from our spy that he had detected the Piegan camp. At last he returned and informed us that our foes were situated a half-day's journey further west. So we continued our march.

"That night when we drew near their camp we stopped to prepared ourselves for whatever might happen. Several of our braves went into the camp while the rest of us waited on the outskirts.

"It was only a short time until our men returned and brought with them some horses they had stolen, but they reported that the Piegans were aroused, as they had seen lights in the several tepees. This gave us warning that the Piegans were aware of our approach to do them mischief.

"In order to save ourselves we thought it best to hide on the mountain where the forest was dense enough to conceal us. Meanwhile, the seven who had stolen the horses went on their way home, toward the East.

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