



CHEMAWA DEFEATS FRANKLIN HIGH

Last Wednesday evening enough of Franklin high school's basketball team arrived here through the sleet and snow to play a basketball game. The first half, which ended 7 to 5 against us, was a sad but furious struggle. Both teams tried their level best to pass the ball and team-work but only succeeded in staging the poorest exhibition of basketball ever seen here. But the second half was as good as the first was bad. The boys acted like veterans. They zipped the ball here and there and it always seemed to hit its target. One could hardly believe it was the same two teams playing. Our five-man defense kept Franklin pretty well covered so their close-in shots were rather scarce. But a couple of their boys had their sights set for the long ones and they converted several pretty baskets from almost the center of the court. While they were making one of these, comparatively speaking, we were making two close ones and as a result the game ended 33 to 22 in our favor. John Marsden was taken from the game early in the second quarter after scoring three points for his team and three personal fouls for himself. However he managed to register sixteen more points in the second half before the fatal foul was committed. Marcus Simmons and Leonard Vivette scored six points each. Julian Smith accounted for the other two. The floor work, accurate passing, and maneuvering that opened up the way to the baskets, coupled with timely basket shooting was what shoved our team into the lead early in the second half never to be threatened again during the game.

After that second half exhibition we entertain hope of our hoopers rounding into a real basketball team before the season is over.

This evening our team plays Dallas high at Dallas. On Friday West Lynn comes here—both boys and girls. It will be the first time this season for our girls to romp into action. They have been practicing for quite some time and are anxious for a contest. Only one veteran is in the line-up. Margaret Hoptowit played a running center last year but Mrs. Downie, the girls' coach, has placed her at guard to strengthen that department.

CREATION—AN INDIAN LEGEND

Adapted by JAUNITA YOUNG, Sophomore

At the beginning of Time, Twashtri (God) created the World—a wonderfully quiet sphere with nothing moving about upon it. Twashtri was not satisfied and, to remedy the situation, he created Owinch (Man), exhausting, in his enthusiasm, all human materials.

This would never do! Therefore the Great God fell into profound meditation, lasting many days. At last he emerged with the solution of his problem.

He took—

The roundness of the Moon,
The curves of the Snake,
The clinging of climbing Plants,
The trembling of Grass,

The slenderness of Rose Vines,
The velvet of Flowers,
The gaiety of the Sunbeams,
And the tears of the Mist,
The lightness of a Leaf,
The glance of a Fawn,
The inconsistency of the Wind,
The timidity of the Hare,
The vanity of the Peacock,
The softness of the Swallow's Throat,
The hardness of the Diamond,
The sweetness of Honey,
The cruelty of the Tiger,
The warmth of Fire,
The chill of Snow,
The chatter of the Jay—and
The cooing of the Dove.

Thus did Twashtri form Woman, after which he presented her to Man.

Eight days later Owinch came to Twashtri and said, "My Lord, take this creature from me! She poisons my existence. She chatters without cessation and takes up all of my time. She laughs at nothing at all and is continually complaining and ill!"

Twashtri took the Woman. After awhile the God again beheld the Man supplicating.

"What is the matter, my son?" asked Twashtri.

"My Lord!" answered Owinch, "My life is solitary and lonely since I returned to you the Woman creature. I remember that she sang songs to me, danced for me, glanced at me from out the corners of her eyes. She played with me, teased me and clung to me!" Owinch bowed his head sorrowfully, but Twashtri understood and returned the Woman to the Man.

Twashtri wanted happiness for these creatures of his creation, but three moons, only, passed and Owinch came again, saying, "This creature you gave me causes me more annoyance than pleasure. I beg you to relieve me of her."

Twashtri shook his head. "Not at all," he replied. "Take her, go your way and do your best."

The Man besought piteously, "O, I cannot! I positively cannot live with her!"

And the God queried, smilingly, "Nor without her?"

Owinch sorrowfully bowed his head, "Ah," he wept, "Woe is me. Not to be able to live with her nor without her!"

And this is Life.

LOCAL

Dr. Sisco addressed both sessions of our general assembly in the auditorium last Thursday and gave most excellent advice to all. He emphasized the importance of good manners, a fine address, neat appearance, and so forth, calling especial attention to the lasting value of fine conduct. It was a fine talk.

We regret to report that the death of Mr. E. T. Judd occurred in Astoria, Oregon, a week ago yesterday and his remains were interred in a Portland cemetery. He was 80 years of age and succumbed to an illness three weeks' duration. He was the father of Miss Alice Judd, one of our academic teachers, and The American joins in sympathy for her in her bereavement.