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MORE EARLY HISTORY

We believe that many of our readers will be interested in an addition to our article of last week on the early history of our school. Mr. Chas. E. Larsen has supplied us with some further data, as follows.

The first class that Chemawa sent out into the world graduated from the 5th grade in 1885, as did the class of 1886, and no doubt the class of 1888. The records indicate that the classes of 1897 and 1898 graduated from the 9th grade, strange as it may seem in view of the fact that shortly after this date, and for a period of many years later, all classes graduated from the 8th grade. It is of record that from 1918 until and including 1924 classes were graduated from the 10th grade. From 1926 to the present all classes have graduated from the 12th grade.

Including all who have graduated from the various grades to the present time 535 have secured their coveted sheepskins—299 boys and 236 girls. It is a noteworthy fact that the number of boys and girls who have completed the full high school course offered during the past few years is equal—56 boys and 56 girls, or 112 all told.

The first portion of our present farm was donated to the government by the good citizens of Salem. And later on the boys and girls picked hops and paid for a certain 40-acre tract which they donated to the government.

Our school was first known as the "Forest Grove Indian Training School," and it was also referred to as the "Normal and Industrial Training School." During the administration of President Harrison it was known as "Harrison Institute," and later changed officially to the "Salem Indian School," by which name it is now known in official circles, but it is ever "Chemawa" in the Northwest.

Since the founding of the school we have had a total of eighteen different superintendents—a couple having served on two different occasions. The shortest term served was for a period of one month and 28 days, and during the trying period from February 15, 1894, to November 14, 1894 (a period of eight months), there were five different superintendents in charge of the school.

From the student body of 18 pupils in the beginning of the school we've grown to a body of about 800, and at one time had in excess of 1,000 pupils enrolled. As

to the total number of boys and girls who have attended school here at one time or another it is safe to say that they will approximate 8,000. They are now to be found doing nicely on the whole and engaged in everything, from the common pursuits of life to the professions.

The name, "Chemawa," should inspire our students with a feeling of greater reverence for what it is doing for them—and what it will continue to do.

JAZZ

We believe that "Jazz," so-called, represents a state of mind. If such is true, what an indictment of the American people! Jazz is not only represented in music, as the result of a state of mind, but we venture the opinion that whoever is wild over musical jazz will be found of not over-serious mind in regard to other features of the life they live. It appears logical to assume that as our minds are supposed to govern all of our acts that where one revels in barbaric music (deficient in all the laws of harmony and musical form) some vital cell in the brain must fail to function. Jazz is strictly the product of "Yankee Land" and came from the African jungles with the importation of slaves to the United States.

Not long ago we read an article by a noted European authority in which he stated that in his opinion jazz would never take root in countries like Germany, England, France or Italy, etc. He gave as a reason that the people as a whole were too thoroughly imbued with a love and reverence for the classic master-pieces in music and literature ever to get in sympathy with a craze which has a tendency to destroy all sense of beauty, of art, and the fitness of things generally. Here is food for reflection, surely. The author went on in a vein that suggested that jazz of any character could flourish only in a country where it was supported, hence it is plain that jazz must be supported by a "jazzy people." Not so very complimentary, is it?

It is more difficult with each succeeding year to find young people who have a worth-while purpose in life. They live not for genuine and legitimate pleasures that are born of noble aspirations, but for sensations and experiences that tend to wreck mind and body and leave them as so many human derelicts strewn on the beaches known as "blasted possibilities." For such

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