

TEN ACRES OF INDIANS

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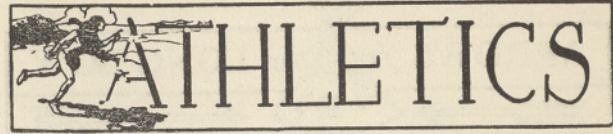
such picture is discussed long after seen. It has been their privilege to attend in a body two matinees with whites and I am glad to report that the owner of the theater came to me and complimented them on how well behaved and interested they had been, as well as making mention of their cleanliness in attire. It all helps. I was surprised to learn, actually how much they had gleaned from one of these pictures, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

Although not all results have been attained that we had desired, I will never give room to any other thought than that there is a chance and a future for Paiute Indians at Burns. I like to quote W. David Owl of "The Native American": "It is not strange that Indian boys and girls who spend most of the most impressionable years of their lives on a reservation, acquire the attitude that the reservation is a sovereign state, law unto itself, restricted to all but Indians and under these circumstances, become provincial and local, an object of pity and often a victim of cheap benevolence." Lack of contact with the lively stream of activity beyond the borders of the Reserve leave the important forces of inner life unimpressed and make improvement difficult and often shows in later years.

Because the average Indian is young and only partially trained in the real business of life, he is easily discouraged. Idleness, drifting, incompetence are his lot and unless he comes to himself or is led by some interested agency, he becomes a detriment to the forces of constructive betterment, a critic of government control and policy and suspicious of his white neighbors. This element of Indian youth largely constitutes the group upon which the race is judged.

The modern Indian boy, never the less is a dreamer, a builder of castles. In his imagination he tramps vistas more beautiful, more perfect, more abundant in resources than those visioned by his ancestors. The hand of ages with its achievement and challenge has touched him, and beckons to him with such force and attractiveness that he has become co-partner with the architects of a new hope. With his feet upon the earth, his heart above the clouds, he steadily, courageously, often falteringly, wends his way into the intricacies of a nation's life.

Indian young men have come to recognize that being an Indian is not of major importance. The fact that they are human beings, members of a great family is of utmost consequence. Indian boys of today desire to be and are going to be, kindred to the general population of the Nation in ideas, attitudes, intellectual and cultural attainments, home life and usefulness. They are coming to appreciate the meaning of being thoroughly educated. They take great pride in doing something difficult and worth while, they are fast losing the characteristics noticeable among many of the older Indians, of waiting, watching and wishing for some unearned wealth. The red-skinned boy goes forth to conquer environments, to enrich his heritage and to take his place with folks who make a Nation great. Who knows what good may come out of Burns?



WILLAMETTE RESERVES OUTSCORE REDSKINS

Once more our footballist took one on the chin and this time for a 19 to 13 count by the Willamette university reserves. All three touchdowns were made on long runs. The first came on an intercepted pass. Early in the first period Wallace Hosie, Roy Meachem and Warren Wilder carried the ball to the reserves' six-yard line where Charles Motchman's pass was intercepted by Ted Allman, who tore up the sidelines for 105 yards and a touchdown. The other two were dashes from the kick-off by Hiram French, All-star northwest conference halfback. Except for those three long runs our forward wall was a wall the reserves were unable to penetrate. It took our team a little while to get warmed up on account of the sudden let-down caused by the postponed Astoria game, but by the time the second quarter rolled around Roy Meachem, fullback, and Hosie and Wilder, halfbacks, gathered enough steam to start for a couple of touchdowns. In the final quarter Elmer Kalama was turned loose and was headed in the direction of another touchdown when the timer stopped the game.

"Biff" Jones and George Thompson, tackles, and Lonnie Weeks, center, were on top of every play and allowed but a scant few to get their noses past the scrimmage line. Our guards, who have been our chief worry this season, did not show up so well on offense. Too many times our ball carriers had to run over them to make yardage.

Albert Miller, speedy right end, was not even in a suit because of a very sore ankle. No chance being taken on further injury prior to the Astoria game. So far the games we have played neither count for nor against us in the valley championship standing, but the game Saturday with Astoria is likely to mean something. Dowd Franklin, quarterback, was hurt in the reserve game, but is fast rounding into shape and it is hoped he will be ready by the time the team leaves to tackle the Astoria Fishermen. Two full teams will be taken along and those who stand out as tacklers and blockers will get the first call. The team will leave here early Saturday morning.

The juniors' pile-driving attack, with David Little Swallow doing most of the driving, accounts for another victory and this time over the freshmen 13 to 0.

Thirteen to 0 was the score by which the fifth licked the sixth graders. Harold Willis, the passer, Alfred Pepion, the receiver, and Robert Underwood, the ball carrier, were the fellows who did the big-league playing.

We are only too glad to mention the class pep that is increasing with each game. Believe it or not, that's the spirit that wins. We need lots of it. Let's have it!