

CHEMAWA AMERICAN

Printed at Chemawa, Oregon, and Devoted to the Interests of Indian Education

Vol. XXXII

Wednesday, Nov. 19, 1930

No. 11

TAKE TO THE AIR

Why should we not aspire to great things? To fail in striving for something worth while is no discredit, no disgrace. Not to try for the better things is to sentence one-self to a life-long realization of only what is commonplace. We should all endeavor to make progress, no matter where we are located or how we are situated. If we make no effort the probabilities are that we will go to our graves with forces within us undiscovered, forces which might have proved a power for good had we but have made the effort to develop them. There is always within us some latent force awaiting development. Our duties in this respect are clear—we owe something to ourselves and others.

Do not allow yourself to imagine that some lovely morning you will awaken with a capacity for large things, that you will become famous over night, and all without effort, without preparation on your part. Such things are never heard of save in "fairy tales" and the trashiest of "dime novels." While you are awaiting the dawning of the lovely morning that is to bring you fame you will be wise if you prepare to assist "Dame Fortune" in arriving at your door by a goodly dose of well-mixed study and industry. Buckle down to a careful and earnest development of yourself and don't overlook any natural talent of which you are possessed, for few of us have too many talents—none, in fact, which we should not develop.

There are two great extremes of life and the possibilities thereof may be aptly illustrated by what the eagle and the snail typify. The great bird, king of the air, emblematic of the qualities of freedom in our fair land, rises into the ether ever higher and higher and wings his flight through space unhindered, unaware even of the possibility that anything could obstruct his course. By his own strength, his own effort, he ascends into the sky and sails on and on through space. He knows no petty annoyances, he is above the troubles and dangers of the world; the air is pure and the view is grand—there is no competition where he is, for he is above it. He has all the room he needs. As it is with the eagle so it is with man—proper effort will place him above his fellows, where he may know the freedom and peace longed for by all of us. High up there is "elbow room."

To rise requires strength of will, but in the effort you receive pure air (pure thoughts), your view of the world and of all things contained therein is clearer and you are the better for the effort. The effort makes you free—puts you out of bondage. However, like everything else that can come to you, either in guise of a blessing or a curse, there is a price which you must pay, and in the long run the price paid for that which is a blessing is always less than the price paid for that which is an evil. If we have anything at all it will be what we prize the most—generally we value it the most because we have to labor to attain

it. All things considered, the price we must pay for the better things cannot be termed unreasonable.

Who among us is so lowly mentally or any other way as to be satisfied to be classed as a snail? Let us pause and consider: The snail is typical of things that are lowly. It creeps along from day to day, leaving a trail of slime behind it. It is down in all the filth of earth—in the ooze of things. It just exists—lives and plods. It is forever creeping, but getting nowhere. It has no vision, no hope—the slime of creation is its home. It is just a snail and it will always be a snail. It rests, eats and sleeps in the ooze—the slime. No effort is required for such an existence. What a life! No aspiration, no development, no sensing of latent strength, either mental or physical, that may be utilized in the achievement of any good thing. Dead to all possibilities. Dante's picture of souls damned is portrayed in the life of the snail.

We are drawing near the end of our picture of two extreme views, and in closing we admonish our young readers to give heed to what we are trying to get them to see. Let one and all emulate the eagle whose flight, or course, carries him into the heavens, and leaves the lowly snail to creep along on his course without competition. It is easy to be a human snail, but it takes effort to be an eagle. We advise all to be eagles and get out in the industrial heavens and wing their flights from rosy dawn until the dusk of evening—mount so high that you can see above obstacles. That is the way at Chemawa. We want eagles. Now preen your wings and go aloft.

SENIOR ROTATERS

The November meeting of the Senior Rotaters will be held on Wednesday night, November 19, at 7:30, in the Business English room at the High School building. The program bids fair to be of unusual interest and the Rotaters wish to take this opportunity to thank the members of the Faculty who have so kindly consented to assist the club in its efforts to be worth while. The activities of the Mystic Quartette may be observed on the campus today—Grace Marshall, Pat Kelly and Fred Sandberg are being initiated into club membership. The Rotaters offer the following program:

Remarks	- - - - -	President Frank Johnson
Song	- - - - -	Senior Trio
	- - - - -	Jim Scott, Victor Smith, Roland Booth
The Golden Rule in Business	- - - - -	Miss Gertrude Eakin
Distribution	- - - - -	Mr. Kirk
Song	- - - - -	Girls' Senior Quartette
	- - - - -	Serena Twiggs, Mabel Halsey, Grace Marshall
	- - - - -	and Martha Decelles
Business and Home Making	- - - - -	Miss Merle French
Comedy in One Act, "Shot at Sunrise"	- - - - -	Senior Rotaters
Typewriting Contest	- - - - -	Rotaters
	- - - - -	Nedra Galbreath, Mary M. Williams, Ida Pellican,
	- - - - -	Louis Parazeau, Matthew James and
	- - - - -	Lawrence Pete