



**CHEMAWA WILTS IN SECOND HALF, LOSES AGAIN TO SALEM**

Once more Salem high school has humbled our basketball team. This time by a 36 to 21 score. The game was played last Friday evening at Willamette as a preliminary to the Willamette University-Whitman College Northwest conference championship series. Though we were somewhat shaded by numbers the contest was by no means one-sided nor without thrills. Prettier nor faster passing than was registered in spots of this fast fracas is seldom seen. Twice during the first half the score was tied. At the end of the first period it stood 9 to 9, and again 13 all in the second quarter. Though the red and black team led us 19 to 15 at the end of the half our five seemed to be just opening up and ready to burst forth in full bloom. And we impatiently awaited the seconds of the ten-minute intermission to tick by, expecting them to pick up right where they left off, but for some reason or other they must have left all their fire and dash in the dressing room. Though they tugged and pulled their feet refused to move with the speed of only a few minutes before. And as a result Salem steadily forged into the lead and we were unable to catch up. Anyway it was a thriller. Our five looked so good at the close of the first half many expressed their belief that Salem would taste defeat. Leonard Vivette and Andrew Hatfield, forwards; Vincent Pratt, center; Dominic Dog Eagle and Isaac Shoulder Blade, guards, comprised our starting line-up. Though our quintet played fine ball during the first two quarters we are reminded of an old saying, "It's not how you begin, but how you end that counts."

In the "B" team game Salem again came out with the big end of the score, 33 to 20. Burrell, the red and black lanky center, scored basket after basket from beneath our goal while our guards continued to overlook him. In all he scored 18 points. Robert Thomas and Philip Corbett tied with 8 points each.

Last night our team played at Molalla. Earlier in the season this team nixed us by a single point—26 to 25—in the last seconds of the game. It is believed that we have developed, improved, and changes have been made for the better. Anyway, the outcome of last night's game should prove or disprove that belief.

Our last scheduled game is played. Those that come now are of the elimination or championship calibre. Then comes the district tournament which will be held at Willamette University on March 13 and 14. From all indications this tournament will be bigger

and better and tougher than ever. Every day some new contender blossoms forth to upset an already strong team.

For the past two weeks our undefeated wrestling team has remained idle. But this week it is expected they will resume their attack. Either Willamette, Monmouth or Tillamook will be taken on.

It will soon be time for our inter-class cross country run judging by the runners hiking out over the country each afternoon. Every day the number seems to increase. It is hoped that at least two of these will be held before our annual race with Washington high of Portland takes place.

**THE TROPHIES OF MILTIADES**

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who became prominent leaders in their day: Benjamin Franklin was a poor candle-maker's son. John Wanamaker started in business on a salary of a dollar and a quarter a week. Andrew Carnegie began his career on a weekly salary of three dollars. Abraham Lincoln was a poor farmer's son. Andrew Johnson was a tailor's apprentice boy and learned to read after he was nineteen years old. James A. Garfield was a poor widow's son and as a barefoot boy drove mules on a canal boat between Cleveland and Pittsburg. H. H. Rogers, future master builder of great industrial organizations, as a boy did odd jobs for the neighbors and earned on the average only fifty cents a week. David Starr Jordan, for many years President of Stanford University, was a poor farmer's son and earned his way through Cornell University by waiting on table, husking corn, taking care of lawns, digging ditches and tutoring. Bunyan found opportunity in the Bedford jail to write the greatest allegory the world has ever known. Michael Angelo once found a piece of discarded Carrara marble among waste rubbish beside a street in Florence, which some unskilled workman had cut, hacked, spoiled and thrown away. "He saw an angel in the ruin, and with his chisel and mallet he carved out from it one of the finest pieces of statuary in all Italy—his young David."

All cannot become great, but every student in this school can resolve to make the most of his or her opportunity. You are now in training for the Marathon of life. Before entering the arena be sure you are well prepared and equipped to do battle. Success is rooted in preparedness. Those who are heedless and unmindful of their opportunities in youth, are headed for failure and disappointment. They will seek in vain the trophies of Miltiades.

**ESCORTS**

Sun., March 1—McBride	- - - -	Mr. Lobdell
		Mrs. Lobdell
Winona	- - - -	Mr. Mason
		Mrs. Mason
Hawley	- - - -	Miss Richardson
		Mr. T. Turner