

CHEMAWA AMERICAN

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LOCAL

A portion of the flooring in the blacksmith shop was repaired last week by Mr. Berry and his detail.

Mr. Teter, our dairyman, was called away last week on account of the sudden death of his brother.

Mrs. Brickell arrived back at Chemawa the latter part of last week after some days spent in Portland in Outing work.

Hildred McCarty, who returned to her home in Idaho last February on account of illness, is again enrolled at Chemawa.

Sargent Brown of Klamath, Southern Oregon, informs us that last fall he discovered a gold mine in his section of the country.

Dr. H. J. Warner, District Medical Director, with headquarters at Spokane, made an official visit at Chemawa last Wednesday.

A birthday party was given by Lottie Dewey recently honoring her friend, Francis White. Miss Bissell and Miss Burrell were guests and there were six couples in addition. It proved a delightful occasion for all.

Chas. E. Larsen, Victor Smith, Peter Levay and Chas. Huber, who are playing in the Junior Symphony of Salem, acquitted themselves most creditably during the concert played at the armory in Salem last Friday evening.

Last Sunday was known as "Blossom Day" in this section of the country. The weather was not favorable, but thousands motored about the country just the same to gaze upon the beauties of nature all dressed up in the creations of Spring.

Honoring Miss Black with a birthday dinner last Monday evening, Mrs. Ryan was hostess on an occasion that proved memorable in every particular. At table were Miss Black, Miss Burrell, Mr. Melovidoff, Mr. and Mrs. Ryan (host and hostess) and Paul Lee from Corvallis.

The four literary societies convened in joint session last Friday evening. The Reliance and Winonas met together in the Catholic building, sang, talked, had refreshments and enjoyed a happy time generally and the Nonpareils and Excelsiors did likewise in the auditorium.

Mrs. Middleton and Miss Cruise celebrated their birthdays jointly last Thursday at the domestic science. Miss Lundquist, Mrs. Walker, and Miss Mountjoy were the hostesses. There were two birthday cakes and other delicious refreshments. Bridge and similar "indoor sports" were indulged in the by ladies.

"If it rains on Easter there will be seven rainy Sundays"—so runs an old saw, and we've had two of them!

One of Chemawa's three ancient boilers at the laundry terminated a useful career when it was condemned last week to be replaced by a "bigger and better" one, more modern in every way, recently purchased by the school.

Owing to the death of his father in a railroad accident, Mr. Francisco, Southern Pacific agent at Chemawa, was called to Southern California a few days ago to attend the last sad rites for the deceased. We extend sympathy to Mr. Francisco.

Supt. G. E. Peters of the Flandreau Indian School, South Dakota, seems to be about two jumps ahead of all of us in the matter of school annuals, as Supt. Lipps of Chemawa has already received a copy of the 1931 Flandreau "Bow and Arrow." We have had the pleasure of looking over this annual and we have no hesitation in declaring it a fine piece of work, a credit to any school, and we are pleased to extend both our compliments and congratulations.

Quite a number of people from the "outside," many from Salem, attended the concert by our orchestra given in the auditorium last Sunday evening, and they were all quite lavish in praise of the work of the organization. The orchestra personnel is as follows: Mr. Melovidoff, 1st violin; Mr. Shepard, clarinet; Mr. Bent, 1st trumpet; Mr. Gouley, 2nd trumpet; Mr. Larsen trombone; Mr. Turney, double bass; Mrs. Turney, piano; and Mr. Pepion, traps. The program rendered appeared in The American last week.

THE LEGEND OF SPIRIT LAKE

By JAMES KELLY

Many years ago, before the coming of the white man, there were two powerful tribes living on opposite shores of a beautiful lake in Northern Idaho. Meat and food of every kind were plentiful, perhaps too plentiful, for in their leisure hours, of which they had many, the younger warriors of either tribe made fierce war on each other. This caused an undying hatred.

It happened that a young warrior of the Northern tribe, while hunting alone in forbidden territory, met and at once fell in love with the beautiful daughter of the chief of the hated Southern tribe. And she returned his admiration enough to make many secret meetings with him; every meeting only showing them how impossible it was to live without each other. So things went for the whole of one summer.

Finally the young warrior could wait and scheme no longer, so, screwing his courage up to the utmost, he boldly entered the hostile village and asked for the chief's daughter. He barely escaped with his life!

Now to marry without the sanction of the elders was considered impossible by them, so, it seemed, nothing was left but death.

Accordingly, late one night he called softly from his canoe and she came to meet him. Then, paddling to their favorite spot in the lake, a beautiful inlet, they bound their hands together with rushes in the symbol of marriage, and, tipping their canoe, drowned.

Even now, it is said, they may be heard whispering on the Lake, so it is called "Spirit Lake."