

THE ORIGIN OF FIRE AMONG THE INDIANS

By HAROLD MASTEN

There are many legends about the origin of fire. However, I will try and write one that was told me by an old Klamath Indian. This legend also tells how the turtle's shell became cracked.

There was once a witch who lived by herself away in the depths of a great forest. She could fly as fast as the swiftest of birds and much farther.

One day while a young Indian was hunting he passed near the home of this old witch, and, to his great surprise, saw her cooking something over a pile of sticks, through which leaped red flames. This fire being the only one in existence, she guarded it very closely and was very careful not to let it die out. As soon as the young Indian saw this he returned home and told his chief all about it. Immediately the chief tried to discover a way to steal a part of the witch's fire. He knew none of his braves were fast enough to escape from the witch if she once found out that one of them had stolen her fire, so he called six of his fastest birds together and placed them in line according to swiftness. The swiftest bird was to steal the fire and relay it to the next bird, who in turn was to relay it to the next, and so on down the line.

When everything was ready the swiftest bird waited until the witch's back was turned and then flew in and took a flaming stick from the fire and flew out of the door with the stick in its claws. When the witch discovered that a part of her fire was missing, she looked out of the door and saw the bird with a flaming stick in its claws flying swiftly away. She immediately hid her fire and took up the chase.

By the time the witch had almost caught up with the bird it relayed the flaming stick, which was getting smaller every minute to the next bird who took a fresh start and relayed it to the next, and so on down the line, each getting a fresh start on the witch, and making it to the next bird a little ahead of its pursuer.

By the time the fire reached the last and slowest bird it was nothing more than a large coal. The last bird placed the coal in its claws and started on her way quite swiftly. But it wasn't long before the bird began to tire and the witch started to gain on it. The bird came to a large, steep and rocky bluff, on which was a turtle. The bird put the coal inside the turtle's shell and the turtle drew in his head and legs and rolled down the bluff.

When the witch reached the bluff and saw the bird but not the coal, she was quite surprised; she thought perhaps the coal went out. But it wasn't long before she discovered that the bird gave the coal to the turtle which was now almost half way down the bluff. The turtle reached the bottom of the bluff where a frog was

waiting. The frog put the coal in his mouth and dove down to the bottom of the lake just in time to escape the hands of the witch. The witch, seeing that she couldn't dive to the bottom of the lake without drowning, returned home to see that no-one else tried to steal her fire. The frog then came up from the bottom of the lake and coughed up a live coal which the chief immediately took and used to start a fire.

The turtle got the worst of the deal because it cracked its nice new shell when it came rolling down the bluff so rapidly. That's the reason that the turtle's shell has a cracked look in appearance.

LOCAL

Sergeant Brown, after a visit of some few days at Chemawa, took his departure last Thursday for his home in the Klamath country. He intends to return to Chemawa in time for our coming graduation exercises.

Mr. VosBurgh and his bandsmen played a concert in the auditorium last Saturday evening. It was quite a pretentions program and among other numbers the world-famous "William Tell" overture of Rossini was rendered. These concerts are always greatly appreciated by all and are of greater educational and cultural value than many people suspect.

Acting Superintendent Ryan, Mrs. Mary McGair, personal representative of the Commissioner, and Mr. Larsen made a trip to Siletz last Friday. They made just a hurry-up-tour of inspection. Yesterday at the time of going to press the same party were due for a conference with the Toledo Chamber of Commerce at which there probably were a number of Lincoln county officials.

Our people tried in many ways to honor Supt. Lipps on the eve of his departure for his new field of labor. On Tuesday evening of last week he and Mrs. Lipps and family were guests of the employees at the Club building. It proved a most delightful affair in every respect. On Wednesday evening Supt. Lipps sponsored a lawn social and luncheon, honoring the students and employees generally. This, too, proved a memorable occasion. On Thursday when Supt. Lipps boarded the train to depart the student body and the majority of the employees were present to wish him God speed and to show their respect to him as a gesture of appreciation of his wonderful work here in their behalf. The students sang the school song and the band was in attendance to speed him on his way with martial music. Such was the departure of our good friend. Good wishes follow him and loyal hearts as well.

ESCORTS

Sun., May 10—McBride	- - -	Miss Lundquist
		Mr. J. S. Kunkel
Winona	- - -	Mr. Sanders
		Mrs. Sanders
Hawley	- - -	Mrs. Hauser
		Mr. Ross