

Chemawa American

A tri-weekly paper devoted to Indian education. Published and printed on every third Friday during the school year by the students of the Chemawa Vocational School, Chemawa, Oregon

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—EDITORIAL—

Perhaps some of the reasons for the school's failure to win some of the close games can be attributed to the entire student body. Many of us who have played in by-gone years know how much spirit an organized student body can put in a team.

When the students are apathetic and merely sit at the games and do nothing, the team loses heart. Ragged yelling makes ragged playing. Why shouldn't Chemawa have a pep squad other schools have and most of us still have our "when do we eat," voices left.

We are now entering a period of athletic activities where organized yells will do more than anyone realizes. So come on students lets realize, and really back the teams.

—PRESSLEY LABRECHE

Do you realize the full meaning of Christmas? To you is it merely a holiday pertaining to good times to enjoy the gifts you receive on this particular day?

Most of us realize part of the meaning of Christmas: happiness in each person's heart. Why? It was at this time long ago when the whole world was rejoicing. Joy was everywhere. The King was born, Christ the Savior! In each individual's heart came joy and happiness. At the height of all happiness, a song was heard: "Glory to God, peace on earth good will to men."

This celebration, Christmas was instituted when Christ was born in the little town of Bethlehem. From far and wide people came to offer gifts to Him. The people were overflowing with happiness. They began to exchange gifts and started the custom of exchanging gifts in high spirit.

So prepare yourself to rejoice and be happy during this time, the Christmas Season.

—MATILDA SOCULA

I resolve to be good, quit all my bad habits, and work hard and try to attain a useful life for this coming new year.

That is a typical resolution usually made every New Year's day. It is generally thought of with a great deal of reverence and with perfect assurance that it will not be broken regardless of any obstacles that may arise.

But are these carefully made "transformers" usually kept very long?

Personally, I believe that rarely if any are usually kept from a few hours to perhaps one or three months.

Each and everyone of us should try and make a set of resolutions to start the coming New Year with. Make them simple and beneficial. It isn't necessary that they be the medium by which complete transformation can be brought about. You and only you are the subject of the resolutions you make. So make them significant. Above all try and keep and put into use whatever you have resolved to accomplish.

—MARJORIE WYNNE

CHIEF BIGMAN

By MAJORIE WYNNE

With the characteristic grace of movement of the Indian, Chief Bigman rose from his chair and faced his audience. The audience consisted of over three hundred and fifty students and employees of the Salem Indian School. He was attired in his native costume of beautifully beaded and fringed buckskin. His black hair was neatly hanged in two braids.

After a brief hesitation Chief Bigman addressed his audience and started with an interesting and amusing narratives of his life and beliefs.

He recalled the days when his parents fought against officers that were trying to put him to school and how he mourned the parting with his braids when school officers cut them off. As he talked he used the familiar Indian gestures freely. He rather appealed to the young Indian boys and girls to keep the Indian Legends, ways and habits and not to lose track of them. In other words not to be totally influenced by the whites. He told of how in the early days the Indian had been very close to Mother Earth. And as he was drawn away by the strong influence of the whites, he began to ail and get all sorts of diseases.

Chief Bigman chuckled and related an incident of a young boy coming to him and saying that he had been told that an Indian was a descendent of an ape. He said that he believed apes were apes and could produce only apes and not Indians.

Chief Bigman ended his interesting speech by playing a sad, beautiful tune on his crude home-made flute.

As he played one could imagine pine trees swishing mournfully as the earth gets dark. And on the prairies the long buffalo grass slowly swaying in the twilight as a soft wind blows. As he continued playing his flute, one's imagination went on wandering also. The audience was deeply moved by his flute playing.

With a cheerful smile Chief Bigman put his flute under his arm and left the platform.

Happy New Year