

Chemawa American

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—EDITORIAL—

Music to various people is a beautiful art. It brings to the worlds enjoyment, happiness, pleasure and if it were possible it would bring peace also.

Have you ever watched a musician as he played? Can you catch the rhythmic sparkle in his eyes? When a musician plays, he is altogether a different person; gone are his troubles and worries and in its place there is a peaceful feeling. His music is so full and beautiful because all his feelings are drawn into it without his knowledge. To the listener, sweet music gives an atmosphere a feeling of peace and tranquility. It brings happiness or sadness depending on the sort of music being played. Music, is then something in the way, a blessing to the people of the world. Without it, the earth would be a sad destination for us. It would also be a rather dead place to live in.

So it would seem that we should appreciate music when we hear it. There are of course several types of music but the one that we care to listen to, should not be the only kind. It would be more enjoyable to have more than one type of music to listen to. Music is not then only a beautiful art but it also brings happiness and peace to the individuals.

—FLORENCE BOOTH

Be courteous at all times—this is one of the Girl Scout rules that can be observed by everyone. Courtesy is a characteristic that is always admired. We are judged by the impressions we create in the minds of people when we meet them for the first time. If we are polite, a good opinion of us is formed; discourtesy causes one to be ill thought of. Often we become thoughtless and accept favors with out returning them. We can show our appreciation in many different ways.

When a person is in his own home he seems to take every thing for granted. This should not be, for courtesy should be shown everywhere. Now in this school of ours, we meet and become acquainted with all kinds of people. By our courtesy, let us leave with them a very high opinion of us.

—VERNA RIGGS

Even though your enthusiastic campaign for self reform didn't "pan out" there is no cause to disregard all of those much needed resolutions you planned.

If you are in doubt about whether to give up until next New Year or to try again, merely stop and consider the relation of improving oneself to that old adage, "A stitch in time saves nine." Don't think that if your character is faulty now that fault will be easier to curb next New Years resolutions for you sincerely know it won't.

Then let's refrain, hereafter, from limiting our resolves for improvement to the beginning of a New Year. Make an attempt throughout the year to succeed in keeping resolutions that will develop a good character.

—BARBARA WHITE LAW

INDIAN LEGEND

By Marjorie Wynne

The last traces of sunset vanished behind a distant range of mountains, leaving the world enveloped in deep twilight shadows.

The small mountain spring bubbling out of a rock seemed to be rather troubled. It kept up its persistent mumbling and grumbling.

The three horses I had brought to water drank eagerly of the cold little mountain spring after being tethered all day in small patches of grass on the mountain.

I stood on an old putred stump and gazed down into the canyons and valleys far below me. It was a moment of perfect solitude to me.

As the crescent moon cast down silvery beams of its borrowed lights the shadows grew deeper and more intense. Caught in the spell of the calm evening my imagination began to wander. I was in a different world, in a world of my own making. As I stood thus the pleasant serenity was broken by a weird laughter-like sound. Snorting loudly the horses moved away from the water-hole. Again the eery sound pierced the air. To me it was nearer, some place up the trail that led to the rim rock. Possessed with fright I was unusually quick in finding my way back to camp.

On arriving back I seemed to have caused a great deal of awe and disbelief. I instantly sensed that something was wrong. But all he said to me "Daughter, please don't stay away from me too long after the sunset." It was more as an entreaty than a command.

It suddenly dawned on me. That strange weird noise that I heard! No wonder father was so frightened.

The Indians have a strange superstition concerning the mountains. They believe that in the lofty mountains there dwell what is known as the "Mountain Spirit." The spirit preys on young people.

Once a young person falls into the spell of this uncanny spirit he is unjustly treated, his body mutilated and distorted beyond recognition. A young person falling into this spell or control of this mountain spirit was never to be seen again.

It was this "Mountain Spirit that I had heard. I had fled in time.