

Chemawa American

A Publication Devoted to the Progress of Indian Education

VOLUME XXXXII

CHEMAWA, OREGON, DECEMBER 20, 1940

NUMBER FOUR

Christmas

Last Christmas wuz a year ago
An' wuz no snow, but, gee—!
Santa Clauz come anny how
An' brought some gifts f' me
An' he wuz good to a' the kids
Alz at Chemawa then,
Brought 'em toys, an' brought 'em joys,
Said he'd come back again.
Only a few more days now
An' Santy'll be here,
Climbing down broad chimneys,
Bringing Christmas cheer
Santa's comin', you be sure,
'At you've been good all year,
'Er else he won't leave you the thing,
You wanted, do you hear?

—MARGARET SKAHAN

What is Christmas?

Christmas is an added warmth in your heart for everything and everybody. It is letting small annoyances slip by unnoticed. It is giving little unexpected gifts. It is forgetting the resentment you have against this person or that, and being generous, understanding, and kind. Christmas means bringing as much happiness as possible to everyone whose life you touch. It can be done with a smile, a note, a few words, a touch of the hand. There is always a glow about Christmas—the glow of gladness and joy, and the spirit of serving—Christmas is extra love.

Yes, Christmas is extra love. Everyone's heart just shows extra love for those about them. Gifts are given and received, and they mean just a wee bit more when they are sent with the sincerest wishes. But, gifts aren't all there is to Christmas. A smile—so cheering, and even more so at Christmas time, a note written with the deepest sincerity sends greetings to the very depth of one's heart; a few words of cheer—how much they mean to one who is dear to you; a touch of the hand—a greeting the words cannot express; a feeling of true love of friend for friend, that touches the strings of the heart with a little reverence.

No, Christmas isn't just holly, and mistletoe, and snow-flakes, and candles and shining trees and plum puddings, dear as these are to everyone. Christmas is opening our hearts to love and understanding, rejoicing. It is a feeling of oneness with other living souls. It is a pity, and prayer, and hope in spite of hopelessness. Whatever life has done to us, however helpless and weary we are, it is a comfort to know companionship. It is the new life and strength to the weakest of us to know that we are loved. Christmas is the feeling in our hearts!—MARJORIE SKAHAN

Traditional Christmas Pageant Presented by Choir

The traditional Christmas Pageant by the choir was presented in the Auditorium under the supervision of Mrs. Gertrude Turney, Sunday, December 15th. The pageant portrayed the story of the birth of Christ, in singing and tableaux. The stage setting was strikingly beautiful.

The orchestra played a selection composed of several Christmas Carols, and Mr. Lovell sang a solo. For one of the scenes in the pageant, Marjorie Skahan recited the story of Christ's birth. The choir sang a medley of Christmas melodies, while scenes of the Christmas story were portrayed in pantomime.

They Gave the Answers

We who are puzzled by the answers given by the wise men of the ages to the perplexing questions about the meaning of life will not be less ignorant when we learn the answers given by the birds and beasts in ROBERT CLAIRMONT'S poem—but we may be ever so much more ready to laugh:

“When did the world begin, and how?”

I asked a lamb, a goat, a cow.

“What is it all about, and why?”

I asked a hog as he went by.

“Where will the whole thing end, and when?”

I asked a duck, a goose, a hen.

And I copied all the answers, too—

A quack, a honk, an oink, a moo.

—SHINING LINES

Mr. Pat Gray, Logging Engineer from the Regional Forestry in Spokane, was a visitor last week.