

Thanksgiving Thoughts by the Grade Students

I am thankful that we are at peace.
I am thankful that I live in the U.S.A.
I am thankful that we have schools.
I am thankful that I am not sick.
I am thankful for my father and mother.
I am thankful that we have bombers and navy
men to protect the U.S.
I am thankful because I am alive.
I am thankful because we have new things, cars,
radios, and airplanes.
I am thankful because I have a home and parents
and sisters, and because I have a school to
go to here.
I am thankful because we have a Thanksgiving
Day and a Christmas.
I am thankful for food and clothing.
I am thankful for Chemawa.
I am thankful I am in school.
I am thankful I have friends.
I am thankful my brothers are not in war.
I am thankful that I am happy.
I am thankful that I am an American.

MORE FROM THE GRADE SCHOOL

I was on the apple tree.

Someone came out to the apple tree and picked
me up and brought me in and cleaned me.

They cut me and cooked me.

They put me in a sack and let the juice come
out me.

I am apple jelly now.

—ESTHER WILBUR, third grade

AN APPLE

I am an apple.

A boy came along.

He ate me for his dinner and said, "Good-by
poor little apple."

—CLARENCE MILLET, second grade

AN EGG

I am an egg.

They came and got me.

They put me into a bag.

They took me away to Mrs. Sander's house.

—JACKIE ALLEN, first grade

LAYING EGGS

I am a chicken.

I went to lay an egg.

A rat came.

I ran away.

—BILLY ANDY, first grade

I WAS A FOOTBALL

I am a football. One morning some little boys
took me out in the cold. "O-O-O-" I called,
"Take me back." Before I knew it I was kicked
sky high zrip boom! I was caught in somebody's
hands. Boom! Off I went again.

GEORGE WILLIAMS, third grade

Help the Red Cross

The Red Cross class under the direction of
Mrs. Sanders, is a class in which the girls knit
different articles for war sufferers.

This work has attracted 40 girls who are now
busily knitting articles such as black shawls and
four different sizes of sweaters with mittens and
socks to match. One class, including 10 girls,
knits from 3:30 to 4:15. All of the girls, however,
work on their knitting at odd hours. Mrs. Sanders
meets with these girls every Friday evening in
Winona hall from 7:00 until 9:00.

The girls are progressing rapidly and are very
interested in their work. When they have finished
their articles they will put them all on display be-
fore sending them to Salem where they will, in
turn, be sent over to war sufferers.

"Tale of Chemawa Names"

On the "Don" of a warm "Sommer" day in
"June", a "Small," curlyhaired "Swede" was
slowly walking down a road. He had come
through Woods and fields, seeing many Burds,
Gophers, and Roses Budding everywhere. He
had come from a little village called Courville,
located a few miles from Mount Jefferson and
was on his way to Jonestown.

As he went along, his mind was on Graham-
crackers, Cake, Phares-wheels, Cases of Bing
cherries, Berries, and, to be Frank, everything
he did not have. He was very hungry for all
these things Anna Penny he had not in his Black
pockets. By and by a Miller by the name of
Charley came by in his Ford and stopped to Talk
to him. He asked the Small Swede, "Would
you like a lift in my Carson?" The Swede an-
swers, "No thanks, for I haven't a Penny to Spen-
cer." With this the Miller started his Injun and
remarked, "Why not, it isn't so Slo-Joe?" As
the Ford started away, the Swede yelled back,
"Hey! my name isn't Joe, my name's Pete!"

Resuming his journey, he heard a loud Plouffe!
Snap! behind him and turning saw a Bear, the
Bear's Chum, a Redelk, a Yellow-Mule, and a
Bird-in-the-ground with a Punkin head. Re-
membering he was No-Runner at all, he was
willing to do his best anyway so left with Speed
as intent on his running as a Judge.