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On Memorial Day.

WARM grow the stars with summer,
Hilltops are covered with bloom,
Voice of the song bird cometh
Out of the thicket's glory;
Move we in all this glory
Gently with bended head,
Memories live before us—
This the day of the dead,
Memorial day.

By the low mound in the graveyard
Walk we with reverent tread,
Where a brave soldier reposes
Heedless of tears we shed:
After the noise of battle,
Blood, and the flash of spears,
Here is the quiet of rest-time
In this soft bed of years—
Memorial Day.

Cover them over with fragrance
Of the sweet hearted flowers,
Laden with the dews of homage
And loving thoughts of ours;
Heroes! God bless them forever,
Give them eternal peace
While from their life of hardships
We joy in their glad release,
Memorial day.

Onward we march to the future
Braver for those brave men
Who fought and fell for freedom,
That peace might be ruler again;
The flag that was blood-stained is
honored,
The rifle now rusts away,
But in the midst of these blessings
Let us not forget to pray—
Memorial day.

—Selected.

Shamrock III will sail for America tomorrow accompanied by the old challenger.

General News.

Mrs. Woods was numbered among the sick on Thursday.

The woods around the school are fragrant with the many flowers that are blooming now.

Owing to the increased number of pupils the carpenters made 30 stools for the dining hall this week.

Miss Eva Woods came up from Salem and spent a few days with her parents at Chemawa last week.

The music of the rake and the hoe are to be heard in the school room garden east of the school building.

The ice plant at Fort Mohave, we are informed, was put in five years ago by Supt. McKoin, and was the first of its kind in the service.

Look which way you may from the school, you can see the beautiful, white, waxy dog-wood flower, looking like stars among the branches of the stately firs.

The industrial boys, under Mr. Cooper's direction, were busy this week filling in low places, leveling down high places, cleaning and putting the grounds in good order.

Through a private letter from Donald Campbell we learn the good news that he has so far recovered that he, accompanied by his mother, will start for home tomorrow and will probably arrive Sunday evening or Monday.

Mr. Erixon informs us that he expects to have the brick walls of the new building completed and ready for the ceiling joists by first of next week. Several teams are busy hauling brick from Salem. It is found to be cheaper to haul them from Salem in wagons than by rail.