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## The Pricillas' Picnic.

Sew, Sew, Sew,!  
Sew, Sew, Sew,!!  
Sew, Sew, Pricillas!!!

At last after months of talking and plan-  
ing fourteen girls and ladies and "just  
one boy," the driver, found themselves well  
on their way to the picnic grounds beside  
the beautiful Willamette River. The Pric-  
illas decided to have a picnic a long while  
ago—long before the frost was out of the  
ground. Every time they talk it over some  
new confection, cake or dainty was added to  
the lunch. Small wonder it was then that  
the major part of the wagonette was taken  
up on Saturday by a gigantic lunch basket.

On the way down most of the remarks,  
giggles, and snickers centered about at  
the paper gee gaw which Miss Bowman had  
around her neck. Ladies of the east,  
north, and south—come West for latest  
styles! Irene Campbell had been appointed  
official reporter for the occasion and she  
was kept busy taking notes for the  
"AMERICAN"

The heavily loaded wagonette reached  
the grounds without mishap and in a  
twinkling hammocks and swings were up,

the coffee on the fire, and the lunch was  
taken from the baskets and arranged for  
the "Spread of these leaves." The reporter  
succeeded in getting a "little of each" of  
the following: Sandwiches, stuffed eggs,  
Boston baked beans, buns, prune butter,  
potato salad, lettuce, cookies, silver cake,  
"trimmed with turtles" olives, pickles, milk,  
lemonade, strawberries and cream, coffee  
and toothpicks. There may have been  
a few more things but the reporter was un-  
able to take them in.

In spite of this appetizing bill of fare the  
Pricillas had a hard time in persuading  
Levi Sorter, the driver to partake of it with  
them. Two girls finally led him while Mr.  
Coulter brought up the rear with an enor-  
mous club.

Anyone passing the grounds during  
that luncheon would have thought that a  
party of deaf mutes were picnicing. Not  
a sound escaped from anyone. My, but a  
drive does create an appetite! Most of the  
party finished eating within the time limit,  
but as long as a crumb of cake or a straw-  
berry was in sight, Miss Bowman remained  
true and "staid with it" perhaps she  
would have been able to remain even  
longer had not a goodly portion of the  
lunch found its way into Mary J. Smith's  
big pocket.

Then came an hour under the trees. The  
"lazy hour," they called it. Finally some-  
one, we don't know who, managed to get  
far enough away from the remnants of the  
lunch to quid the swimming hole. She an-  
nounced her discovery and soon the girls  
were all in the water. Here again Miss  
Bowman showed a new style of bathing  
suit which was voted very becoming.

The water had been a little curly for  
some and a game of base-ball was started.  
Then while we were packing up to go  
home someone discovered some cake that  
had been overlooked and a light refresh-  
ment of cake and lemonade was served.

Unlike most picnickers, the trip home  
was not a quiet one, none of the vivacien-  
ness of the day was lost. It was not a first  
band that reached Chemawa that evening  
but rather the same, lively, yelling and  
happy "Pricillas".