

The Chemawa American

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The Put-It-Offs

My friend, have you heard of the town of Yawn,
On the banks of the River Slow,
Where blooms the Waitawhile flower fair,
Where the Sometimesorother scents the air,
And the soft Goeasys grow?

It lies in the valley of Whatstheuse,
In the province of Letterslide;
That tired feeling is native there,
It's the home of the listless Idontcare,
Where the Putitoffs abide.

The Putitoffs smile when asked to insure,
And say they will do it tomorrow,
And so they delay from day unto day
Till death cycles up and takes them away,
And their families starve, beg or borrow,
—Ex.

PRACTICE MAKES perfect.

DON'T MISS a game of basket-ball—
you'll be sorry if you do.

AFTER THIS spasm why not keep up
with the procession and try roller skating.

CHEMAWA is about the only place in the north-west that has not caught the fever.

WE PRINTED last week some of the praises that are bestowed on us. We greatly appreciated them. Our friends do not wait until we are dead to say nice things about us. Thank you, dear exchanges.

THE LAST few weeks of practice has brought our girls up to a degree that is almost perfect. They play a swift clean game and it will take a very strong team to wrest their laurels from them. Chemawa is proud of her girls' basket-ball team.

FORTY-TWO TO THREE! How's that for a score. Too easy and tame you say? Yet the game was not lacking in interest, as one would know by standing outside of the gymnasium and listening to the cheers that fairly shook the old building from its foundation to the rafters. The Albany girls went on the floor with the determination to die game, but were surprised by the strength of their opponents.

How much is life like a game of football!

We have to go according to the rule for we are "penalized" for violation. We have to face opposition, which comes in the form of competition, and sometimes are "held for down." But time is never called in this game and as the players drop out there are others ready to go in. Nor is "time out" allowed when we idle away our days of waste our energies in follies or foibles. At no stage of the game can we stand still and keep up in place. If we do somebody will push us out and we lose ground. No need of wanting to quit the game if we lose tem-