

The Chemawa American

Published Weekly at the United
States Indian Training School.

STAFF

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF FORTUNATO JAYME, '06

TYPOS

LOUIE JOHN	WEBSTER HUDSON
ROBERT CAMERON	ORSON BELL
CHARLIE HARRIS	JOHN McCUSH
CALVIN DARNELL	GUS BOWECHOP

JULIAN FERNANDEZ

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 25 CENTS A YEAR. CLERKS OF
FIVE OR OVER 25 CENTS.

Entered at the Chemawa, Oregon, Postoffice as second-class mail matter.

Roses—Red and white,
Roses to your hearts delight.

Did you ever think how beautiful Chemawa is in June? Where in the whole Indian Service could you find a more beautiful place? Or, where on earth is it surpassed in loveliness—in June?

Our school days for the year of 1906 will soon be a thing of the past—just a few weeks more and then we will say good bye to our books. Happy be the boy or girl who can say—I have improved my opportunities.

Did you ever think boys and girls, how much more you could learn if you applied the energy you waste in making useless complaints about your lessons? Try it and see.

Mrs. Teabo has a little pet. The smallest deer in the corral can be seen early in the morning near the hospital awaiting Mrs. Teabo's arrival then it runs up to her. It is just like a dog—knows its master well. Mrs. Teabo is

very proud of the little thing and wishes she owned it. See, even an animal knows how to be grateful to a kind one.

Don't be lonely.
Don't forget about your mind.
Don't forget to be polite.
Don't go to meals with your hair straight up.
Don't go around half dead, take that hump out of your back.
Don't chew gum in chapel.
Don't be saucy it isn't nice.
Don't think you're it, when there is no reason for thinking thus.
Don't fight it is not wise, besides its hard on the eyes.
Don't forget to say "please" and "thank you."

Don't be loud and boisterous.
Don't let your shoes get gray with age.
Don't say "yes" for "yes sir," and "no" for "no sir."
Don't get the swell head, there's always danger of it being punctured, then what?—Be Optimistic.

ECHOES FROM OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

L. P.—Not so lonely where the smile I got.
P. S.—Develop your minds.
A. W.—Ah! pshaw.
M. P.—No more peaches for me.
T. Me.—Next.
W. B.—Who said that I was crazy?
W. C.—You'll get reported.
E. W.—Quiet, quiet boys.
A. B.—No more hoo-doo fanned out.
A. P.—Those strawberries were fine.
J. B.—I've lost my stand-in, it's tough.