

The Chemawa American

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THE SNOW.

On Tuesday morning all Chemawa was surprised to see the ground covered with a white mantle. This is so unusual that everybody took it as a huge joke, but as the snow continued to fall we realized that it was a little more than a joke and we got up on Wednesday morning to find that ten inches of snow had fallen, with the thermometer ranging from 22 to 24 above zero. We went to bed Wednesday night with promise of a thaw, but got up Thursday morning to find six inches more of snow, and at this writing still snowing. The oldest inhabitants say that about 25 years ago they had a snow in this place similar to this.

When it clears up we may experience yet colder weather. While we write we see that all over the United States they are experiencing zero weather, so that we still have something for which to be thankful.

Those going to the Oregon Electric depot find plenty of snow to walk through and no doubt wish that the depot was near the industrial building.

The students marching to school go in

single file now, as the snow is not shoveled from the sidewalks yet and they only have a narrow path to walk in.

Two-foot icicles are as common as strawberries in June. The oracular old-timer informs us that the recent snowfall was the heaviest known in this section for 25 years—so far as we are concerned his word is good.

The snow measured sixteen inches Thursday morning and it was still piling up. This is more snow than has fallen in twenty-five years in this locality. Rain will probably melt it soon and cause a flood along the Willamette river.

Wednesday evening everybody at the boys' quarters were requested to hang their socks and stockings on the foot of their beds so the night inspector could see them in order to know who was lacking the necessary foot wear required to keep warm and dry feet this cold weather. It appeared that Santa Claus was making his second trip, but he failed to leave anything but fair warning.

INDUSTRIAL NOTES

Eugene Williams and Lee Evans painted the battery in the printing office.

Mr. Bowen and his industrial detail are kept busy shoveling the snow from the many sidewalks that wind about the grounds.

Wednesday the blacksmith detail was transferred to the wood shed to deliver wood to the dwelling houses and different furnaces on the grounds where wood is needed.