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Valedictory.

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Today marks the closing of our school days at Chemawa—days which seemed so dull and so dreary, but which later on we will realize were the happiest days of our lives are gone forever. All men are brothers. All have the same primitive instincts and desires. So the feeling that school is a sort of prison, in which all our natural impulses are checked and guided into paths not always pleasant, is a feeling common to boys and girls of all nations. But when the lessons are finished, the books laid aside, it is then we realize that the work we have been doing, the discipline to which we have been subjected, has really been part of a life of happiness, a life free from the care and responsibilities which will confront us after we receive the diploma which means school work accomplished, school work finished, but life's work ahead of us.

What is school for? For discipline, for training of faculties, to prepare us for work expected of men and women. To become a man or woman of real learning, real education, requires a life time. It can not be acquired in three, five, or even ten years. But we have received

enough education, enough discipline, to make us self-supporting, and that is what Chemawa stands for. That is all we dare expect from the government.

When we graduate we usually feel that we have reached the goal where the coveted diploma awaits us, and yet we look forward with a sense of our unfitness for the work demanded of us. When we stop to think of what we are about to leave—a school that has meant so much to us and given us such a good start—not even the diploma, nor the feeling that we now can have the much desired title of "graduate" can overcome the feeling of uncertainty for the future that exists in our hearts, nor mitigate the sadness of leaving such a beloved institution. Yet we must face the grief of parting from school and friends, and go out into the world to show our manhood and womanhood and to prove that we are equal to others who have had a similar experience and are now self-supporting citizens.

Classmates: Do we leave this school with confidence in ourselves? Have we confidence in our ability to win in the battle of life? Our class motto is "Loyalty." We must cultivate the feel-

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