

WHAT THE PUPILS OF PORTLAND SCHOOLS CAN DO

Stories Written by Boys and Girls at Arleta School Indicate the Ability of the Pupils to Express Themselves Clearly and Reflect Credit on the Instructors in Charge

Lewis and Clark Expedition

By Ida Doran, Ninth B.

After the exploring expeditions of Sir Alexander Mackenzie, more interest was taken in the United States to expand the western territory and population.

When Thomas Jefferson became president he planned the Lewis and Clark expedition. He was always interested in the country beyond the Mississippi, and always loved to hear of its mountains, Indian tribes, its desert wastes and the strange beasts which roamed them.

When John Ledyard wrote, "The American revolution invites a thorough discovery of the continent," Jefferson encouraged him in his schemes of exploration, and in writing to George Rogers Clark, he hinted that the English would probably try to establish colonies there, so Clark and his friend, Meriwether Lewis, and many other brave men, were sent out to explore this western territory.

They assembled at St. Louis in the winter of 1803 and went into camp on the Illinois shore. Until spring Captain Clark passed the time in building boats and such things as they would need on their trip, while Lewis gathered all the information he could from the traders and trappers, about the route to the Missouri. They knew the river pretty well as far as the villages of the Mandan Indians, but not beyond.

Westward Bound.

On the fourteenth of May, 1804, the expedition started up the Missouri in three boats. On the eleventh day of the journey they passed the home of Daniel Boone, on the outskirts of civilization. By June 5 they had reached the mouth of the Kansas river, and just a month after starting they passed the Platte. They met many traders and trappers, some of them bringing great quantities of beaver.

At the end of October they reached the villages of the Mandan Indians, where they stayed until spring. Here they were treated with kindness, but left on April 7, 1805, to begin their course again up the Missouri. The route now lay through territory which had never been explored by the whites. All through the Dakota country vast herds of buffaloes were seen, but now they encountered the ferocious grizzly bear the terror of the mountains. Forging westward, they passed the mouth of the Yellowstone, and the great falls of the Missouri, and on the twelfth of

August, 1805, Captain Lewis stood on the height which divides the Atlantic from the Pacific slope. Not long afterward they encountered the Shoshone Indians, who supplied them with horses for the long and difficult overland trail to the Columbia.

Meeting with Sacajawea.

Their welcome among the Shoshones was made warmer by Sacajawea, the wife of Charbonneau, one of their interpreters, who had joined the party at the Mandan villages. Sacajawea was a Shoshone, and her brother happened to be one of the leading chiefs of her people when Lewis and Clark came among them.

From the Shoshone country the party followed the Lolo trail across the Bitter Root mountains to the Clearwater river, which they reached in October, 1805. On this journey they met with many hardships. The way had to be explored almost step by step, while all the time the men were suffering from hunger. On September 20 they finally came to the village of the Nez Perce Indians, where they were well supplied with food. At the mouth of the north fork of the Clearwater the party built five canoes. In these they embarked on the seventh of October, leaving their horses with the kind Nez Perces, and began their journey to the Columbia, which was completed in just a month.

Destination Reached.

On the seventh of November, 1805, they heard the breakers of the Columbia and looked out upon the wide ocean. Their great enterprise was at last accomplished.

Three miles from the mouth of the Lewis and Clark river, a little stream which flows into Young's bay, near Astoria, the party built a shelter from the winter rains, naming it Fort Clatsop, and there passed the time learning all they could about the country, its minerals, trees, flowers, fruits, animals, birds and even its insects. They wrote in a journal their adventures and what they had learned, making it a very interesting book.

On the twenty-third of March, 1806, they set out homeward. The return trip was one of excitement and discovery, and in the mid days toward the end of September, just six months from the time when they left the Pacific, they reached St. Louis, having completed with admiration and success one of the crowning achievements of history.



A Faithful Friend.

Pleasant Trip to the Woods

By Ida Grabel, 7 G.

I lived on a farm about two and one-half miles from the little country school which I attended. I had not been going long when election day came near. All the men of the district were to meet at the schoolhouse to vote, as there was no place better.

The school was small, there being only 18 pupils. So the teacher and we children made up our minds to have a picnic. The day before, some big boys went and picked out a good place to have it. The next morning at 8:30 we started out for our nearest neighbor, who lived half a mile away. All of us were to meet there. While we were waiting for the rest of our party to come, we played games, looked at pictures and talked about what we would do at the picnic. At 9 o'clock two big wagons, which the farmers used to carry wheat to market, drove up. We all piled into them, and with the Stars and Stripes waving overhead, we started out. On our way, we sang "The Star-

Spangled Banner," "Marching Through Georgia," "Battle Hymn of the Republic" and "America."

It was a ten-mile journey. When we arrived at the woods where we were to stop, we were all glad to go down by a little creek which flowed through the wood, and rest. This creek was named Willow creek.

When we felt like playing we threw pebbles and sticks into the water and watched them sink or float away.

At 11 o'clock the old folks went to find a place under two big poplar trees to spread out the dinner, and three young folks got into a buggy and went to a spring to get some water to drink. After dinner the young people played "Ruth and Jacob," "Cat and Rat" and other games.

When the things were packed up again we all sat under apple trees covered with blossoms and sang songs. When the time came to leave we got into the wagons and started for home, all having enjoyed ourselves very much.

Without a Paddle

By Waldo Breese.

One day last vacation, I was out in a canoe fishing on Lake Washington. I had my paddle lying across the canoe. About the third fish I caught was an extra large black bass, which put up an awful fight. When I pulled him up he hit the paddle and knocked it off. It was just beyond reaching him, so I took my pole and line and tried to get the hook caught in the paddle. When I got it about a foot above the water, it slipped off and went a ways under the water, and so it came up about five feet away from the boat, and I didn't know what to do.

Finally a large lake boat passed and the waves it made rocked me a little ways towards land. I had a new idea. I put a heavy lead sinker on the end of my line and threw it towards shore. Hurrah! the idea worked.

The hook caught in some sea weeds and old logs at the bottom of the lake and I now pulled myself in easily as my canoe was light. I was very glad to get to shore for it was getting dark and there wasn't anybody around the camp.

I couldn't go out in the canoe again until I had bought another paddle, so I had to wait till the end of the week.

Panama.

By Veris Wentz, Eighth A.

The Panama canal was first attempted in 1815 by a French company, which failed after spending much money and doing only a small part of the work.

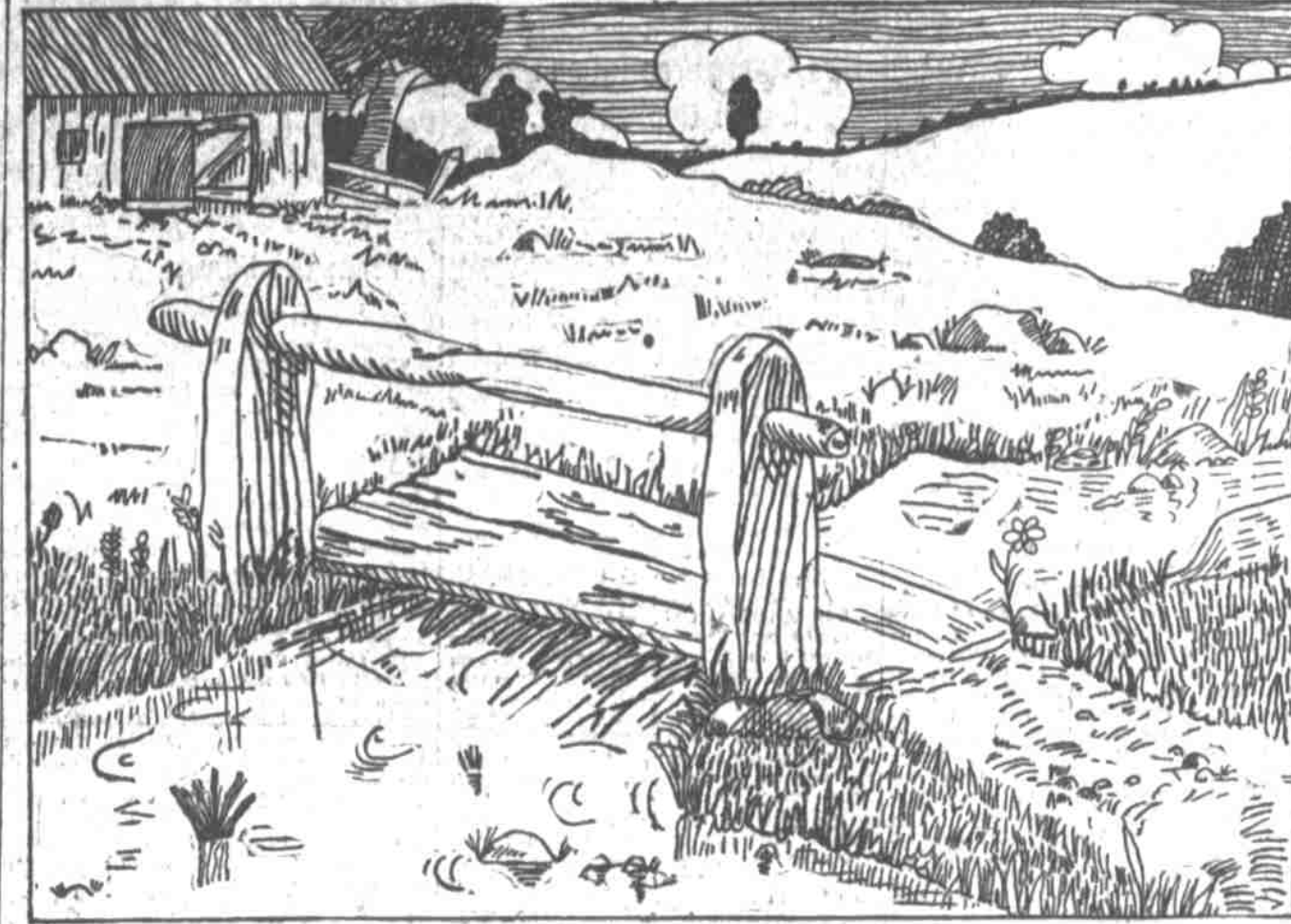
In 1893 the republic of Panama granted to the United States the perpetual use and control of a strip of territory known as the canal zone. The United States bought the machinery and what was finished of the canal from the French. This strip of territory extends five miles on each side of the canal line.

The canal is to have six locks, with a

summit level of 85 feet above the sea. The width is to be 200 feet at the bottom, depth 45 feet. This most useful canal is to be finished in 1915 or 1916.

If a steamer would start from San Francisco and wanted to go to London it would have to go around South America where it would be held for some time on account of the calms. But if it could go through the canal it would only take half as long. Of course a steamer will have to pay toll for going through the canal, but I know that they will be willing to do it.

At Play—By Marjiam Jones, Seventh A.



The Old Bridge—By Esther Compton, Sixth A.

The Pin and Needle

By Marie Wood, Seventh A.

A pin and a needle were neighbors in a workbasket. Both being idle, they began to quarrel, as idle people are very likely to do.

"I should like to know," said the pin, "what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head."

"What is the use of your head," replied the needle sharply, "if you have no eyes?"

"What is the use of your eyes, if there is always something in it?" asked the pin.

"I am more active, and can get through more work than you can," said the needle.

"Yes, but you will not live long for you have always a stitch in your side."

"You are a poor, crooked thing!" cried the needle.

"And you are so proud that you can't bend without breaking," answered the pin.

"I will pull your head off, if you insult me again," said the needle.

"I will pull your eye out if you touch me," again snarled the pin.

While they were quarreling thus, a little girl came into the room. She began sewing something hard, but soon broke the needle at the eye, and she threw it under the grate.

Then the girl picked up the pin. It was so crooked that it bent almost double when she tried to use it. So she threw the pin into the grate with the needle.

"Well, here we are," said the needle. "We have nothing to quarrel about now," said the pin. "It seems that misfortune has brought us to our senses."



By the Brook—By Lola Simpson, Ninth B.

A Brave Soldier

By Floyd Parks, Ninth A.

Years ago in the great civil war, as General Grant was crossing a bridge in a southern town, he detached a body of soldiers under a brave captain with orders to hold the bridge to the very last and not to cut it down unless all resistance was in vain. He then marched on.

After waiting a couple of hours the enemy came along in force. They charged the bridge three times, but only to be repulsed. But at last the captain saw he could not hold the bridge much longer, so he picked up an ax and had chopped two of the timbers down when a ball carried his arm away. As he fell, a soldier of middle age caught him in his arms and carried him up the bank. This hero, picking up the ax, rushed back and began cutting on the third timber. Slowly but surely it swayed. At last he attacked the fourth; it began to totter, then there was a crash and down came the bridge, but it was not the only thing that fell, for no sooner had the brave man reached the bank that was not very far away than a cannon ball shattered his leg clear to the hip. He was then sent to the hospital.

When the war was over and the captain had recovered he searched far and wide for the brave man who had saved his life. After many years he gave up the search.

Years later, one Memorial day, he was called upon to give a speech to a large crowd at the graveyard. As he stood upon the platform there as a pair of soft gray eyes looking at him. The eyes were full of large tears as the man began to mutter, "Is that my old captain?"

The captain's eyes began to wander over the crowd until at last they fell on an old and bent man with gray hair. He gave one jump and threw his arms around him, saying, "At last I have found you." And with that he took from his pocket a gold medal and pinned it upon the faded blue coat.

The latest estimate of the world's population places the figures at 1,467,000,000.

My Auto Trip

By Chloe Hayes, Ninth B.

I was lying in the shade of a large fir tree one hot summer afternoon. I had nothing to do, nothing to read, and no one to talk to. The last was worst, for I am a talkative creature.

I was wishing for someone to keep me company in my misery, when I heard a monk-whirr-whirr—then silence. I never turned around. I just lay there envying the person who had an auto and could go spinning around in it.

Suddenly I heard someone coming up the walk. "Oh! Another peddler!" I thought. "Well, I'll just be asleep."

In order to let him know I was asleep I slept audibly. I heard someone laugh close to my side. I turned over and there stood one of my friends in auto togs. "I gazed straightward. There stood the auto I had heard. In it were a crowd of friends. They asked me which I would rather decline, my sleep or an auto ride. You may guess which I declined. I rushed upstairs, dressed, and was ready to go before you could think twice."

We started out on good roads, and not caring for consequences went at a pretty good rate. We had just accidentally missed two or three people when we began a big busy Irishman, meandering slowly up the road; I was in the back seat, and as the boy who was running the machine did not seem inclined to give him warning of our approach I proceeded to do so. I leaned far over the side of the front seat and tooted the horn wildly.

The Irishman turned, and seeing us coming up the road decided to vacate it. He stepped to the left, then thought perhaps we wanted that side, so he stepped to the right. "We were by this time quite close to him. He got frightened at our closeness and side stepped gracefully to the left again. Then he started waltzing around in the middle of the road. We could not pass him on either side. What should we do? Hit him? No, that would be battery, a criminal charge. But hit him we did, crime or no crime; it was positively unavoidable."

He sailed up in the air and came down like a plummet, hitting the road in sitting posture, splashing the dust for 10 feet on either side of him. We slowed down to see if he was hurt, but as he happened to be all there we proceeded on our way again. The last I heard of our Irishman he was still sitting in the middle of the road shaking his fist at us and calling down all the saints of Ireland to witness his prophecy of where we would go when we did.

We sailed on and on over the smooth country road, with no other accident except a chicken, which we left very much impressed on the road.

A Soldier's Trials

By Charlie Spencer, Ninth A.

A soldier has many experiences, some of which are sad. The following is my grandfather's. He fought in the Civil war on the northern side. Many times he had to march for days through snow and rain, and half of the time he did not have enough to eat or enough clothes to keep him warm.

One time he was on picket duty, near the southern lines, when a rebel picket came up and said, "Good morning Yank, got any coffee?" My grandfather said, "Hello, Johnny Reb, got any tobacco?" The rebel said, "Yes." So they passed each other the articles on the points of

their muskets.

Once he was taken a prisoner and kept with three other men in a cabin out in a field. There were two guards at the door. The cabin was not built very strong and they found a board loose. They waited until dark, then they gradually worked it off and escaped, but they ran into the enemy's camp and were recaptured. This time the enemy put them in a prison and didn't give them anything to eat for three days. Then they took them out into a yard and drew a line called a dead line. They put food on one side and the men on the other. If the men had reached across the line they would have been shot. Then they were put back in the prison, where many died of scurvy. My grandfather had to stay there for six months before he was exchanged. He fought for awhile after that, but

A Mountain Storm

By Gertrude Chambers, Ninth B.

One summer when I lived in Montana, I went to spend my vacation in the mountains. The place was a mining camp situated in a valley with large mountains on each side, 25 miles from the city.

One Sunday in August, we said that we would climb to the summit of one of the mountains. This was a difficult undertaking, because the mountains were covered with shale, which caused one to slip half way back every time a step was taken. The view from that place was so magnificent that we decided to attempt the ascent. At one time there could be seen 14 beautiful mountain lakes with very clear water and as cold as ice.

When we had nearly reached the top we noticed that it was getting cloudy, but we did not think much about it. All at once we noticed a flash of lightning. This frightened us because we thought it would strike us. It then began to sprinkle. We were on a cliff, so we could see below us. It was raining very hard in the valleys.

We then thought we had better start for camp. It was much easier going back than coming.

It was a sorry looking crowd of rain-battered people that reached the camp. But the cook had supper ready, so we didn't care.

Fighting Indians

By Frank Babcock.

We were trotting along toward home on the plains when it grew dark and we put up our tents, tied our horses near by and fed them and went to get our supper of bacon and bread. After supper we went to sleep.

In the middle of the night we heard our bugle boy say, "Get up out of there; our ponies are gone." We got up just in time to see some redskins making off with our ponies. We gathered up what we could find and had and went after them.

We followed them into a camp of a large number of them. When we got near we stopped and waited for orders.

The captain came around in a few minutes giving orders and telling us what to do, while our scouts went out and came back and reported.

We did not have long to wait, but it seemed like hours, till we heard a shot, and then the call, "To arms; charge well." We went into that bunch of savages and the wigwags were flying every way. When we finished up in the morning we buried the dead and waited for orders.

We found all the things that had been stolen from us for the last two years. What you know about that?

was discharged on account of a wound through his side, but it did not kill him. He lived a long while after that, but he never regained his health and strength.

The Hunting Party

By Shirley McDonald, Seventh A.

Pushing my way through the underbrush I found myself in a camp. I will tell you how I came across it.

There was my brother and an old trapper in our camp. They were tired of the day's work we had had and went to sleep for a rest. I made up my mind I would like to go hunting, so I took my shotgun and I started out.

I followed the blazed trail to the lake, when I shot two black ducks and started back. I found the trail all right but I had not gone far when I saw a squirrel and I started out on the run after it. It led me far into the woods and I lost the trail.

I wandered around and around and after a while found a trail. I followed it for two miles when it began to get rocky. I kept on walking and after a while came to a landslide. I climbed the landslide and sat down. I heard a slight noise and I sat there scared half to death. It was a deer. I made a little noise and it ran away so fast. I thought of my gun and loaded it six times and fired it and then listened for an answer to my call. In a few minutes I heard a horn call out. I went in that direction.

I had not gone far when I saw a tree with something hanging on it. I went up to it and read these words, "Follow the blazed trail and you will be all right." Maybe you think I did not keep my eyes open in the forest when I came to a camp. A man who was bending over a fire cooking heard me, looked up, and said, "What comes there?" I said, "A friend." He said, "All right, come along." So I went up to him and said, "Who are you?" He looked me in the face and said, "Why son is it you?" We soon found my brother and went home.

A Natural Wonder

By Mary Townsend, 7 B.

Crater lake is a small body of water located in the Cascade mountains north of Klamath lake. It is in the crater of an old volcano. The lake is reached by a trail from Medford and by another from Ashland. In extent it is six miles long and four miles wide. It contains two islands, which are Wizard Island and the Phantom Ship. Wizard Island contains an extinct volcano. The trees around the lake are much thicker in diameter than the ones on Wizard Island, and which shows that the volcano on Wizard Island was active about one thousand years longer than the other. The other island "The Phantom Ship," is the shape of a ship and is called Phantom Ship because it is sometimes said to disappear. The water of Crater lake is of the deepest blue, and it is almost lukewarm. The water of the lake at its deepest place is 1400 feet from the surface of the water. The United States government has reserved Crater lake and the adjoining land for a national park. It is remarkable for its walls of rock one thousand to two thousand feet high.

Russia has more than 25,000 tobacco plantations, mostly of small size, which last year produced only about 85,200 tons of leaf.

Though weighing but half a pound, a roe herring will lay 15,000 eggs at a time.

A Windjammer—By Lance Mummey.

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