

# "THE PLACE OF THE MORNING GLOW"

(Continued From Page Seven)

we no "mud-heads" befuddling life at every turn of the day! There is the dance of the guitons and the monsters. Have we no unaccountable monsters in modern life? Read the record of a single day's crime and ask yourself what mad motives tempted humans to such certain disaster. We explain a whole rignmarole of motives and inheritance and environment. The Indian shows it up by his dance of the monsters.

Perhaps one of the most beautiful ceremonials is the corn dance. Picture to yourself the kiva, or raised eastern platform, crowded with spectators! The priests come down bearing blankets in a circle. The blanket circle surrounds the altar fire. The audience sits breathless in the dark. Musicians strike up a beating on the stone gong. A flute player trills this air. The blankets drop. In the flare of the altar fire is seen a field of corn, round which the actors dance. The priests rise. The blankets (the Indian curtain-drop) hide the fire. When you look again there is neither pageant of dancers nor fields of corn. So the play goes on, a dozen acts typifying a dozen scenes in a single night.

Good counsel, too, they gave in those miracle plays and ceremonial dances. "If wounded in battle, don't cry out like a child! Pull out the arrow! Slip off and die with silence in the throat." "When you go to the hunt, travel with a light blanket!" We talk of getting back to Mother Earth. The Indian chants endless songs to the wonders of the Great Earth. Mavinian—creator of life and crops. Fire plays a mysterious part in all theories of life creation; and this, too, is the subject of a dance.

Then came dark days. Tribes from the far Athabasca came down like the Vandals of Europe—Navajo and Apache, relentless warriors. From Great Houses the people of the southwest retired to cliffs and caves. When the Spaniards came with fire-arms and horses, the situation was almost one of extermination for the sedentary Indians, and they retired to such heights as the high mesas of the Tusayan desert. Whether it was better or worse for the peaceful Pima and Papago and Moqui when the white man stopped raid by Apache and Navajo, it is hard to say, for the white man began to take the Indian's water and the Indian's land. It is a story of slow tragedy here. In the days of the overland rush to California, when every foot of the trail was beset by Apache and Navajo, it was the Pima and Papago offered shelter and protection to the white overlander. What does the Indian know of "prior rights" in filling for water? Have not these waters been his since the days of his forefathers, when men came with their families

from "The Morning Glow" to the box canyons of the Gila and Frijoles? If "prior rights" mean anything, has not the Pima "prior rights" by ten thousand years? But the Pima has not a little slip of government paper called "a deed." The big irrigation companies have; and the big irrigation companies have tapped the streams above the Indian reserve, and the waters have been diverted. They don't come to the Indians any more. All the Indian gets is the overflow of the torrential rains—that only brings the alkali wash to the surface of the land and does not flush it off. The Pima can no longer raise crops. Slowly and very surely he is being reduced to starvation in a country over-

## Wants to Bulldog Steer Under Man's Rules



Blanche McGaughey, of Pilot Rock, one of the popular feminine contestants at the Round-up, recently made a challenge to any cowgirl in the world to compete with her in bulldogging a steer under the rules governing the men's bulldogging contest. She would use the same grade of steers the men use.

flowing with plenty, in a country which has taken his land and his waters, in a country whose people he loyally protected as they crossed the continent to California.

What are the American people going to do about it? Nothing, of course! When the wrong has been done and the tribe reduced by inches of starvation to extermination, some muckraker will arise and write an article about it; or some ethnologist will write a brochure about an exterminated people. Meantime, the children of the Pimas and Papagos have not enough to eat, owing to the white man taking all their water. They are the people of the golden age, of "the Morning Glow."

We drove back from Casa Grande by starlight over the antelope plains. I looked back to the crumbling ruin of the Great House and its five compounds where the men and women and children of "the Morning Glow" came to dance and worship according to all the light they had. Its falling walls and dim traditions and fading outlines seemed typical of the passing of the race. Why does one race pass and another come?

Christians say those who fear not God shall pass away from the memory of men, forever.

Evolutionists say those who are not fit shall not survive.

The Spaniard of the southwest shrugs his gay shoulders under a tilted sombrero and says "quien sabe?" Who knows?

—Agnes C. Lant in The Sunset.

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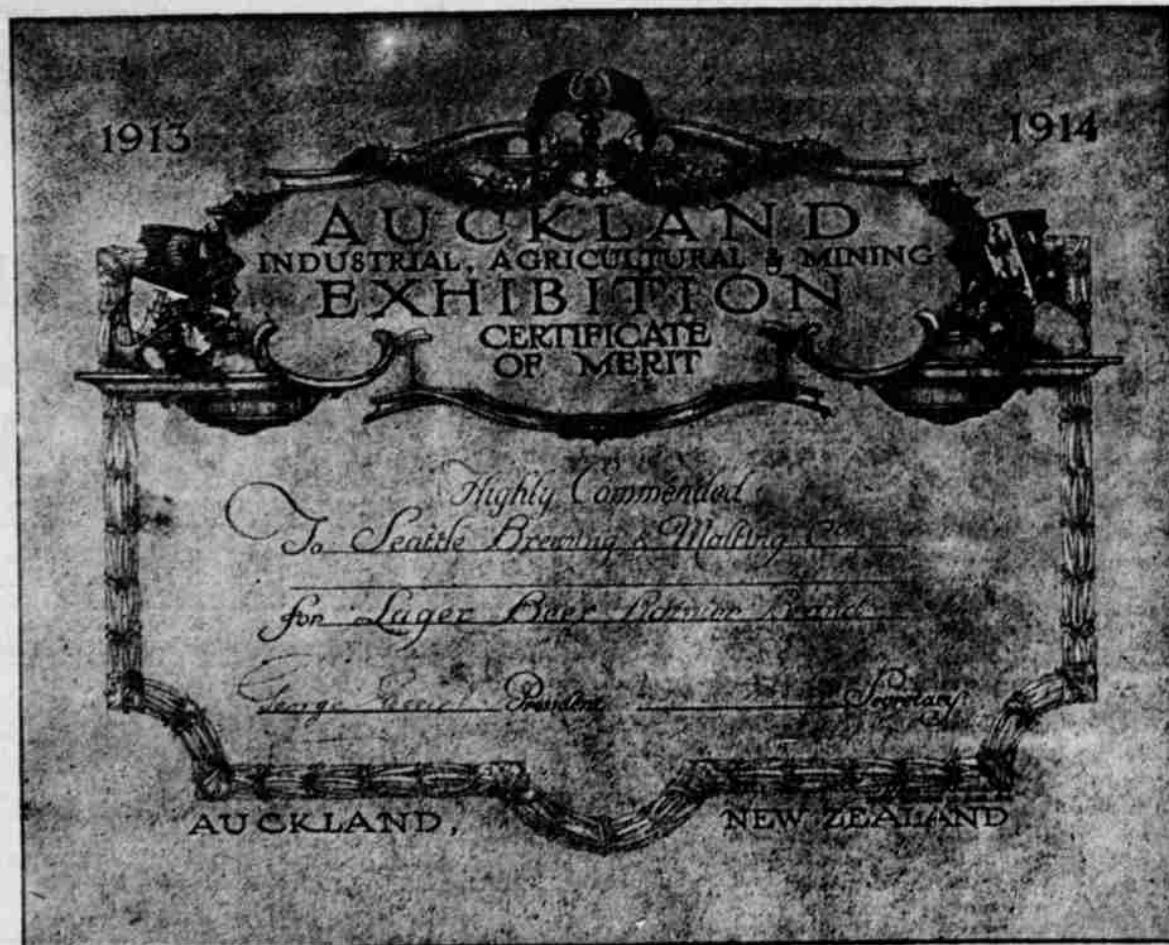
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