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Published Every Friday During the School Year by Haskell Institute

# The INDIAN LEADER

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NO. 18

## I DISCOVER SOME AMERICANS\*

It's a funny thing. . . I've sat on the golden sand at Waikiki and watched the beautiful brown Hawaiians on surfboards skimming the waves like swallows; I've swayed to the rattle of the gourds and the thump of bare feet on trodden earth in far Pago-Pago, and tried to catch the plaintive, elusive melodies of the orange packers, with their six-inch-high hennaed hair, in the Fiji Islands; I've bargained for greenstone in a Maori village in New Zealand with a chief's daughter who wore the rattling flax skirt and had a strange Egyptian beard and mustache tattooed on her chin and upper lip. . . . But in all my life I had never seen a real live North American Indian outside of a circus.

Until a few months ago.

Claudia was starting on her way around the world, and I was "going a piece" with her, just as far as California. We had been on the train two days and two nights when we heard of a little detour, where we could hop off and auto to the Indian village of Isleta and board our train again at another point. We had only one mind between us, and that said, "We'll go."

An Indian village. Somehow I had expected wigwams, but here were tiny cottages of adobe, pink, or blue, or ivory, or orange, and in the midst as lovely a church as you can see in any day's journey through New England. It was a hundred years older than most New England churches, and a hundred years more peace had accumulated in its lovely quite aisles of quaint simplicity. Above our heads were hand-hewn roof beams, painted patiently, sweetly, by brown hands long since mouldered into dust; painted in loving friendship for the Holy Fathers who came this way so long ago and planted, like a tree in rich soil, the worship of Gentle Mary and her Son.

Then out into the village—and here were Indians selling things, selling them with dignity and no annoying importunities. And soon our guide took us into an adobe house, with its yard-thick walls, and its fine rugs and blankets, and here again were things to sell. I bought a tiny rabbit's foot dressed in beads as a good luck charm for Claudia.

On a table were arranged dozens of bowls, thin brittle pottery decorated with swirls and ornaments of vivid color. Here and there through the crowd of sightseers wandered a little Indian boy not over three years old, carrying one of these bowls in his tiny brown hands. You have only to look at Indian children to

know how their mothers loved them. The best handiwork, the finest wampum, is for the babies always. This little fellow was so beautiful that a painter would have kidnapped him at once. But while he was walking about quietly, his little hands somehow slipped, and the bowl fell and lay at his feet in fragments. He stood still, absolutely sunk, and lifted a face of evident distress. It seemed as if he were going to burst into tears. But in one moment, in one swift, silent movement, his mother was by his side. She said no word. She simply put one kind, comforting hand on his shoulder and held hard. Then she went to the table and got another bowl and gave it to him with a smile.

I nearly dropped dead. Can you imagine one of our efficient modern mothers behaving like that? Can't you hear what would happen in any town where women are busy and times hard?

"Now, Johnnie, how many times have I told you not to touch those bowls! Get out of here and stay out. As if times weren't hard enough, you have to go and break a bowl that your father worked on for three hours and might have got a quarter for if you had let it alone. Now, you listen to me—touch those bowls again, and I'll slap your hands *hard*. You will have to learn something sometime, and it might as well be now."

We call ourselves civilized, I pondered, there in the little house with the sun warm outside and the sky clear and bright as a new-washed rose, but is it possible that the Indians can teach us lessons in gentleness and consideration and poise?

All the way along the Santa Fe trail I kept wondering. The great tawny red buttes and mesas marched with the train for miles on endless miles, and I could hardly resist getting off to look for treasure. I knew it was there. I could feel it drawing me like a magnet. But whether it was gold—or legendary pueblo standing silent in the dust of a thousand years—or merely in a new slant on things by people who have never become commercialized—I could not tell.

When we stopped off at the Grand Canyon, Claudia and I, we saw the Hopi house just opposite El Tovar. There they were again, the Indians, living their life, weaving their rugs, working their silver into lovely shapes and forms, setting the turquoise from the mines that were open when Cortez came through searching for the seven golden cities of Cibola. I looked at the young women with their hair rolled in sleek black

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(Continued on page 7)



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R. M. KELLEY, *Superintendent* Editor

Allan Shepard, *Printing Instructor* Manager

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### NOTES OF INTEREST

The University of Kansas band will give a concert in the Haskell auditorium Sunday evening, January 17.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rummage left Monday morning for Des Moines, Iowa.

Miss Lois Lessert was a week-end guest in the Spaulding home.

W. T. Johnson and Asher H. Jackson accompanied the boxing team to Kansas City last Monday night.

Much midnight oil is being burned this week due to the fact that the first semester exams are coming up.

Mrs. Speelman entertained all of the women of the campus at tea from four to five Thursday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Pearson's birthday.

The Haskell members of the Federal Employees Union held a meeting Wednesday, January 13, in Sacajawea hall.

Adolph Tahbonemah, Archie Graves and Newton Poolaw, freshmen at the University of Kansas, have withdrawn from school.

Although the hard crusted snow has made walking a hazardous undertaking there have been no serious injuries to Haskell students or employees.

Miss Velma Hesler, home economics teacher, and Miss Hilda Gustafson, teacher of social science, in the Turtle Mountain day school, Belcourt, North Dakota, were visitors at Haskell this week. They are on a sixty days educational leave, visiting Indian schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Jackson had as their guests during the past week Miss Mary B. Foley, Mrs. Robert Ahgosa, Mrs. William Robinson and Mr. Mearl Lanway, all of Travers City, Michigan. Miss Foley was for thirty-five years in the Indian Service, her last position before her retirement in 1933 was as girls' adviser at the Mount Pleasant, Michigan, Indian school. Sunday afternoon the Jacksons held open house, at which time many of Miss Foley's former friends visited with her.

### POCAHONTAS HALL

Miss Mary B. Foley, Mrs. Frieda Robinson, and Mrs. Susan Agosa inspected our building this week.

Richard Condelario and Warner Coffin made inspection for us Saturday. Girls, a little less dust, please.

Carol Youngbird returned to quarters Monday after a long stay in the hospital. She will resume her work in the university the second semester.

Mrs. John Ames was our house guest over the week-end. Sunday evening she entertained at tea a group of friends in honor of G. Criss Simpson following his organ recital at the University Vespers.

Miss Gustafson and Miss Hesler both from Belcourt, North Dakota, have been our guests this week while they visited the campus. Tuesday evening after school they met the girls from Belcourt in our reading room.

### KEOKUK HALL

We are all glad that Bernard Gregnon is able to be back with us again.

Every boy in the building is either begging, borrowing, or stealing sleds while the snow is on the ground.

Rousseau Pappan received a bruised leg Sunday when he crashed into a tree on a sled. He is getting along fine and expects to be out riding again soon.

Every Keokuk redman is praying to the Great Spirit that he may leave the nice crispy ice on the ground so that we may have another enjoyable week-end.

We had lodge meetings Tuesday night and candidates were nominated. Chairmen will be appointed and installed next Sunday.

Cornelius Carshall, Russel Prophet and Raymond Holden enjoyed a fine rabbit meal in the kitchenette Saturday. Carshall and Prophet, mighty rabbit hunters, slew two rabbits. One rabbit was lucky, he had warts and wasn't eaten.—Frank Hitchens.

### TAHOMA

Carol Youngbird has been discharged from the hospital.

Don't forget that the dentist comes on Tuesday morning and Thursday afternoon. If you need any dental work come over for an appointment.

We are glad to report that "Lil Russia" has undergone a reformation and seems to be improving considerably.

Miss Mary B. Foley was a visitor at the hospital Thursday afternoon. Marie Carufel, one of the nurse girls who is a former student at Mount Pleasant, was invited to a tea given in Miss Foley's honor.

Harold Cantfield, who was recently confined to the hospital for an eye operation, has had the bandage removed from his eye by Dr. Powell, and seems to be progressing nicely.

There are about sixteen cases of flu in the hospital. Dr. Renick says that it is the severe type and warns everybody to be more careful. He says, "Get plenty of sleep, avoid getting tired, drink plenty of water, wrap up well and avoid unnecessary exposure."

We are glad to report that there hasn't been very many serious accidents since the snow. The hospital sled has been in constant use, having been repaired twice. Dr. Renick enjoys going sleigh riding as well as the rest.

Hazel Crossett and Grace Sargent spent the weekend at the home of Professor Jennings of Lawrence as the guests of Bertha Wasaquam. They reported an enjoyable time.—Nannie Vann.

### OSCEOLA HALL

Carrie Sadongie and Fern Rouillard, Kansas university students, inspected the rooms last Saturday.

John Bosin, Dana Knight, Ben Naranjo and Pete Sitting entertained the boxing fans at El Torreon in Kansas City last Monday night. They entertained in Indian songs and dances.

The lodges had their meetings last Tuesday night and elected their mid-year officers. The office of vice chairman was exempted from the lodge organization thus giving us only two offices, the chairman and the secretary. The new officers will take their duties this week. Their names will be up for publication in our next week's column.

The graphic chart denoting our attendance record for the month of December was put up for all to see how we rate. The attendance percentage exceeded that of the previous month. About half of the boys were on the hundred per cent list while the majority of the other half ranged from eighty to ninety-five per cent. The lowest mark was fifty. What will the ratings be this month? Let's strive for that hundred.

Snow! snow! And plenty of it. The white mantle of nature and the Arctic weather made the week a very busy and eventful one. The hard crust formed by the sleet was almost comparable to ice, therefore being suitable for skating. The campus is one big skating rink. Leisure time was taken to good advantage with skates, barrel staves, stogies and sleds of all makes from streamlines to dreadnoughts in sliding and hitchhiking. The old root cellar with its steep sides seemed to be the most popular place for fast and short rides. Two campus cars gave the pleasure riders all the thrills and spills they could take on Pocahontas campus. As for skaters, they were out gliding about the campus until the stars began to show. With all this snow and its sports, we must be careful about the colds which are not so hard to catch if one is careless. Be careful.—Ed Martin.

### TWELFTH NIGHT, 1937

The Haskell advisory staff entertained members of the Haskell faculty with a "Twelfth Night" party, originally scheduled for January 6, on the night of January 7. Although the night was stormy and wild, with a Kansas blizzard raging, most of the faculty braved the snow and sleet, and entered into the spontaneity and joyousness of the entertainment.

The party began at Hiawatha hall, the girls' gymnasium, where dressed in the costumes of the gay '90's Mr. and Mrs. Robert King, Mrs. Speelman, Mrs. Aven, Mr. Frazier, and the Misses Cowles and Blackwolf, met the guests. Mr. Spaulding, in the role of A. A. Pushbutton, gave a hilarious burlesque of an old-time superintendent meeting with his staff. The time here was spent in dancing quadrilles, the old-fashioned polka, and waltz, to old-time music, singing the songs of the times, and a very dramatic reading of, "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight" by Mr. King.

From here the group went to Winona hall, where Mrs. Stewart and Mrs. Tupper, dressed in the quaint clothes of 1887, presided at a country supper served in a country kitchen. Supper was served from long tables covered with red checkered table cloths, and lighted by coal-oil lamps, with the guests sitting on long benches, close by the wood pile, the churn, and the big brass preserving kettle, while the fiddlers played "Monkey Musk" and "Turkey in the Straw."

Then through the deep snow everybody hurried to Pocahontas hall, now the "Las Novedados night club," decorated with palms and tropical plants and colorfully lighted with many candles. Here the guests were received by Mrs. Speeman, Miss Blackwolf and Mr. Rose. The patrons of the club were entertained by popular songs sung by Mrs. Thelma Haas and an interpretation of "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," danced by Miss Benjamin, Mr. Lantis and Mr. Lowry.

Then before a bright wood fire, many of the group played cards, while others danced to modern music. At mid-night Mr. Rose led Mrs. Kelley to the staircase, where he proposed a toast to all the campus and Mrs. Kelley answered for us all. The Christmas greens were then taken down from over the doorway where they had hung through the Holidays. Each guest was given a sprig of ground pine, and Mrs. Kelley the large wreath decorated with cones and brilliant red. Everyone making a wish for the 1937 threw their bit of green into the open fireside, and wished their friends the good cheer that comes with Twelfth Night.

Beside the campus folk, the guests were Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Stranathan, Mr. and Mrs. Verner Smith, Mr. G. Criss Simpson, Mr. Harold Jenkins, Mr. Kenneth Rockwell, of the faculty of the University of Kansas; the Rev. and Mrs. Carter H. Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony L. Snyder, and Mr. Lawrence Churney of Pennsylvania.

### The program follows:

**HIAWATHA HALL—1887** Musicians from Wakarusa Hollow  
 Grand March—"Under the Double Eagle" .....  
 ..... Led by Supt. Kelley and Lady  
 Virginia Reel—"Turkey in the Straw."  
 The Polka—"Drifting and Dreaming."  
 The Indian Service Quadrille—"Buffalo Girl" .....  
 ..... Mr. Anderson calling  
 "After the Ball is Over" ..... Mrs. Robert L. King  
 Figures from the Lancers—"Soldiers' Joy" .....  
 ..... Mr. Spaulding calling  
 Superintendent A. A. Pushbutton interviews his employees.  
 The Rye Waltz.  
 Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night ..... Robert L. King  
 "Take Back Your Gold" ..... Mrs. Robert L. King  
 Prize Waltz—"Over the Waves."

**WINONA HALL—1887**  
 An Old Time Repast.

**POCAHONTAS HALL—1937** Paul Whiteman's Orchestra  
 "The Way You Look Tonight" ..... Mrs. Thelma Haas  
 "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" .....  
 ..... Miss Benjamin, Mr. Lantis, Mr. Lowry  
 Bridge, games and dancing.  
 "Wassail" ..... Toastmaster, Mr. Newton Rose  
 "Auld Lang Syne" ..... Everybody  
 Burning of Christmas Greens and the Making of Wishes for 1937.

¶ God is not against you, but for you in all the struggle of life; he wants you to succeed; he wants you to conquer; and he will hear your cry out of the deep, and help you.—Charles Kingsley.

## VOCATIONAL NEWS

**Drafting:** This is exam week, the time of year when those exam papers stare at us and bring on a headache and weariness from thinking too much of what questions they might contain.

The second year boys are making orthographic projection drawings while the first year boys are making isometric drawings.

**Landscape and Gardening:** The farmers finished their examinations which covered all the different kinds of livestock.

We are sorry to have our regular reporter, Alcario Gonzales, in the hospital this week.

Broken sleds and other debris show that the root cellars were very much in use by the boys and girls in sliding down its steep sides.—James Pruner.

**Plumbing:** During the past week the plumbing force was kept busy on repair work throughout the campus.

Kenneth House assumed the duties of taking charge of the plumbing shop while our instructor was on sick leave.

Corbin Robidoux and John Willis thawed a frozen water line at Winona hall. John Willis also did a similar job at Mr. Brown's residence.

Sylvester Masqua and his helper took care of several repair jobs at the hospital. He also maintained the disposal plant.—Kenneth House.

**Machine Shop and Power Plant:** The cold weather has made it necessary to keep the heating system on until twelve o'clock at night. This responsibility has been taken over by Elliot Welch and John Whipple.

Robert Owen, machine operator, is in the hospital.

Two radiators have been installed in the boiler room for the benefit of the firemen.

Clarence Fisher and Norman Freemont repaired a radiator trap at the hospital. Thus ending the radiator trouble.

A letter came from Lawrence Ross stating that he hasn't fallen out of his bed yet and that he likes the navy better each day.—Marion Miller.

**Painting and Decorating:** In starting out the new year with an outlook for a real progress in the study of the trade, we have inaugurated a new system of studying the A, B, C's of the painting trade followed by weekly tests.

Our study is now on plastic paints, mixing formulas, kind of textures and material cost of the different pigments, oils, etc., which make up the plastic paints.

The exhibit room is practically finished and some of the samples for display are being made gradually as spare time permits.

Many window screens are being painted by George Hicks and part-time boys.

Replacement of broken window panes for the past week was done by John Lowe.

The music room is being painted by a mixed crew under the supervision of John Carney and John Granois.

**Masonry:** We had the pleasure of entertaining Miss Cosgriff's home room class last Friday. George Washington, our instructor, explained to them the making of cement.

Mr. Washington also gave a demonstration with our brick machine. He explained to the class the different tools used by the mason and how, where and when the different tools were used.—Pat Mackey.

**Auto Shop:** During the week the boys in the shop have been doing various jobs such as: Wesley Big-joe and Alvin Chaney have been working on the Ford V8. They put the motor into the frame. Ed Villbrun and Thomas Mule made mirror brackets for the trucks while Wallace Barnes, Merton Bishop and John Barker have been doing odd jobs as they come in. Floyd Queton and Edward Wade are going to try and finish the big caterpillar this week.

Joe Berger, Ben Shoemake and Robert Carney are sick in the hospital. The boys all hope for their speedy recovery so they can resume their work.—Wallace Barnes and Merton Bishop.

**Maintenance Department:** We have completed the replacement of doors and stairs on the vegetable cellars and also rebuilt a coal bin at Mr. Bessire's residence. A rotten beam which supports the second floor joists in our shop was replaced.

We've been engaged in repairing windows in various basements and also weather-stripping

Most of our work now keeps us in the shop as we are repairing old screens and making new ones for the boys' gym.

We are fixing a room in the horse barn which will be used as a brooder room.—Lawrence Jacobs.

**Electric Shop:** Wharton Bright and Walter Roe Hamilton fixed a reflector in the boys' gym.

Woodrow Wilson, Edward Peters and John Christensen are rewiring the basement of Mr. Kelley's residence. Chet Ellis and Wharton Bright fixed a switch on the big tumbler in the laundry.

Chester Crowe is working on the small drill that is here in the shop. Ray Mike, Charles Fiddler, Robert Brown and Prentice Tiger are wiring the empty rooms in the horse barn for the chicken brooders. A twenty volt line must be run in for the heaters.

A new switch of the later type was ordered for the replacement of an old broken thermal switch for the control of the dishwasher in the upper dining room. A switch was also ordered for the auditorium lobby switch panel.

Mr. Welfelt gave the electricians a party last Tuesday night and it was well attended with the exception of Woodrow Wilson who was not on the campus at the time it was held. Cards were played and the radio was turned on. With the fragrance of "java" boiling and the roasting of weiners floating through the air, we laid aside the cards and began to satisfy our appetites. After the eats, card playing was resumed, followed by the roasting of marshmallows.

Quinton Crow and Prentice Tiger have drawn the connections for the big panel box on the tumbler in the laundry and the control lever on the switches. We rearranged the connections and made an extra contact so that the machine would work on reverse and non-reverse.—Prentice Tiger.

**Carpentry:** Two basketball goals in the basement of the girls' gym were put up for the employees' children.

Ray Williams was absent at this writing as he was on a boxing trip to Kansas City.

Clayton Noble and Albert Peltier are busy making ironing boards for the laundry and home ec.

The shop has been a place of business since the snow has come. The boys are making sleds and other things to slide on. This is all right as long as the boys use old lumber.

Other jobs completed are: A wall board for Mr. Robinson's room; a new lock on bread cabinet in the bakery; a drainer repaired for Mrs. Black; dish trays for both upper and lower dining rooms.

The boys will all finish this week with their mid-year exams.—Clayton Noble.

**Blacksmith and Welding:** Joe Summers and Pete O'Kimosh put the finishing touches on the lathe in the electric shop. They installed a shift control for changing the direction of the chuck and an idler.

The power plant brought in a leaky radiator and it was put in top shape by Spencer Fire.

Since it will not be long until the chicks will be coming in at the brooder house the heater had to be put into order. It was brought over and Benedict St. Jermaine remodeled it in a very satisfactory manner.

Luther Deer and Sterling Meredith finished making six hydrant wrenches for the plumbing shop. The idea for the wrenches is a new one and they hope it works better than the old ones.

The power plant has put in a heating system in Mr. Anderson's home. The foreman, and helper, Frank Hitchens, made the necessary welding. There were fourteen places to weld and some were close to the walls which made the job difficult.

**Print Shop:** On entering the composing room, one should take particular note of our painted walls, window frames, doors and ceiling. This excellent work is credited to Mr. Shipshee and his boys, and we are very grateful to them for having done this job. It makes our shop look much better.

Glen McGuire has been absent from work during the week because of a cold.

Pemberton Doxtery is rapidly increasing his ability in turning out very good presswork. This week he was given the assignment of printing 5000 job tickets.

Howard Windlowe is completing the progress chart for the home economics department. The job will be run off on the Miehle press.

The Kluge automatic press is being used daily for printing 30,000 envelopes for "Indian Education." The work is being done for the Washington Office by O. C. Duffina.

Doing presswork with the library cards, Francis Wanageshik was given more similar work. This was the printing of 500 consent-to-operation blanks for the hospital.

The enrollment cards for both academic and vocational reenrolling for 9th, 10th and 11th grade students were made in three different colors blue, red and yellow. The presswork was done by ye reporter who is also credited with making 100 out-going and 100 incoming record cylinder sheets.—Murray Lawrence Hill.

**Transportation Department:** With the school work well on its way after the fine vacation, we assure you that our responsibility in carrying out the various transportation duties will get the best of our ability.

The V8 which has been added to our fleet of Fords is next on our paint job list in the line of cars.

Due to the cold weather and snow, driving is difficult. Equipping our trucks and cars with chains lessens this difficulty.

In the auto paint shop the black Ford has just received its last coat of paint for the winter months. The boys, Robert Summers and Clarence Stone, are very proud of their work.

Some of our numerous jobs are: Hauling the weekly laundry for the hospital and Haskell cafe; transporting the "child care" children from and to their respective homes; taking the K.U. students and lunches to the university; issuing of food, clothing, etc.—Clarence Stone and Robert Summers.

#### JUNIOR CARPENTRY CLASS

The heavy snowfall inspired the girls into making sleds. Several sleds have been made. Ramona Allan made two but the runners on her first sled caved in. The others who made sleds were Cornelia and Wanda Bittenbender, Delores Cerre, Louise Thompson, Jean Archambault, Lucille Devine, Sophie Archambault, Elizabeth Devine and Matilda Folster. Mr. Hansberry made a sled, too.

Connie Folster has been absent from class for two days. We hope she doesn't stay in the hospital long.

The work room was rearranged which makes it appear larger and less crowded.—Ignatia Broker.

#### KOLATI COTTAGE

The cottage girls entertained their girl friends Saturday evening at a slumber party. The guests were Clara Keezer, Neva Belle Archer, Eunice DuPris, Elizabeth Machie, Gertrude LeMieux, Marno Hefleman and Hazel Miles. Everyone enjoyed a long play in the snow, then came in for some popcorn, hot coffee and apples.

Monday evening we had as dinner guests Miss Mary B. Foley, Miss Judd and Miss Eakin.

The girls are very busy getting the house in order before the next group moves in next week.—Elnora Halfmoon.

#### JUNIOR COMMERCIAL CLASS WINS HONORS

Mary Anne Kirkaldie, Morene McFerran, Wanda Gray and Gertrude Burd from the junior commercial bookkeeping class entered the first Business Education World National Bookkeeping Contest and won honors.

Mr. Milton Briggs, originator of the contest, in a letter to Miss Finnerty and to other teacher-sponsors, complimented our contestants on their satisfactory solutions to the long and involved problem. He said their papers indicated many hours of labor and sincere effort, and showed that as bookkeepers, they were neat as well as accurate.

These Haskell girl's names are listed, with the names of other winners from schools in twenty different states, in the January number of the Business Education World, and they are saluted as "A" students.

## ATHLETIC ACTIVITIES

By SLEIGH RUNNER

### 1936—HASKELL BOXING SCHEDULE—1937\*

Dec. 18. K. C. A. C. at Kansas City, Missouri. Lost: 3 to 4  
 Dec. 28. Haskell Intra-squad Eliminations.  
 Jan. 6. K. C. A. C. at Lawrence, Kansas. Lost: 0 to 4  
 Jan. 11. Kansas City at Kansas City, Missouri. Lost: 5 to 8  
 Jan. 18 or 20. Kansas City at Lawrence. (First year men.)  
 Feb. 2. Topeka State Journal Golden Gloves.  
 Feb. 8. Kansas City Star Golden Gloves.  
 Feb. 25-26 or 28. Pittsburgh Golden Gloves team. There.

\*Incomplete.

### HASKELL IN THIRD STRAIGHT SETBACK

The Haskell boxing team was served its third helping to a dose of bad medicine by a Kansas City team Monday night in the El Torreon ballroom, Kansas City, Missouri, and after the palefaces had staged their pow wow eight black thatches of Indian "wool" were dangling from the K. C. victory pole, while the Braves got out of the Missouri metropolis with five scalps.

One extra bout was pitched in to boot as added fanfare when Scott Begay, Haskell, was matched with Stanley Kirk, Washburn college student, in an exhibition. Kirk was declared the victor.

By popular acclaim the Ellis-Alcantar setto proved to be the sensation of the program, itself packed with thrill after thrill. Ellis after going to his knees in the first round from a heavy Alcantar wallop staged a brilliant comeback in the two succeeding rounds via his one-two-three-four blows that came so often he won the verdict.

In another Haskell win Lucian Jamison, atoned himself for his quick fadeout act against Beebe Rich last week, by coming back to life long enough to snatch a decision away from Virgil Fisher, flashy young Independence, Missouri, star. Pete Duxtator hewed his man down to a fine pulp in the first round of their scheduled three in preparation for his final rites for Bonsignor. The referee intervened. Marlon Miller in losing to his rival "Chuck" Barry put up a great crowd-pleasing battle before going down in defeat.

The Kansas City team was a select group of scrapers recruited from the various clubs in the city, that have been going through a gruelling elimination tournament lately to decide the Kansas City Golden Gloves team.

#### Results of the Haskell-Kansas City bouts:

118-pound class—Kenneth Scott, Haskell Institute, lost to Jack Haley, Kansas City. Decision.

118-pound class—Lucian Jamison, Haskell Institute, won over Virgil Fisher, Kansas City. Decision.

126-pound class—Chester Ellis, Haskell Institute, won over Baby Lou Alcantar, Kansas City. Decision.

126-pound class—Peter Duxtator, Haskell Institute, won over Carl Bonsignor, Kansas City. Technical K. O. in first round.

135-pound class—Arthur Cornelius, Haskell Institute, won over Paul Rodriguez, Kansas City. Decision.

135-pound class—Victor Martin, Haskell Institute, lost to Marvin Ross, Kansas City. Decision.

147-pound class—Mack Keshick, Haskell Institute, won over Mike Amayo, Kansas City. Decision.

147-pound class—Ira Issues, Haskell Institute, won over Ed Vogel, Kansas City. Decision.

147-pound class—Louis Williams, Haskell Institute, lost to Alex Bosley, Kansas City. Decision.

160-pound class—Walter Hamilton, Haskell Institute, lost to Stanley Scherzer, Kansas City. Technical K. O. in first round.

160-pound class—Raymond Williams, Haskell Institute, lost to Ross Latimer, Kansas City. Decision.

160-pound class—Marlon Miller, Haskell Institute, lost to Charles Barry, Kansas City. Decision.

160-pound class—Narcisse Benoit, Haskell Institute, lost to Harry Nolan, Kansas City. Technical K. O. in second round.

Referee—Walter Bates.

### INDIANS IN OMAHA TOMORROW NIGHT

Since the last game, with Ottawa university during the Holidays, the Haskell basketballers have had access to a sixteen day lapse in their schedule, a period of time that afforded Coach Carmody the opportunity to gather his entire basketball forces, many absent from the K. C. J. C. and Ottawa games while on vacation, and give them some lengthy drills for their games coming up. Omaha is the first up, tomorrow night, three days later College of Emporia is to be met in Emporia and then returning home Haskell will find American Beauty awaiting them six days after the Omaha game.

Haskell's invasion of Nebraska basketball circles is nothing new to past Purple and Gold teams. Creighton, Doane, Peru, Genoa and Midland are some of the Cornhusker teams listed on past Indian court tours. The present Haskell coach played on the 1925 Midland team that bowed to the Braves in a game on the Freemont floor. Genoa Indian school at one time with one of its best teams startled the "entire" community of Genoa, Nebraska, by holding the Haskell team to a good score in the first half of their game. From then on the Haskell courtsters shifted in high and then began running circles around the young Genoa upstarts after they once tuned up their pet scoring plays.

### SHORTS FROM LOCAL SPORTS

**HASKELL LETTERMEN:** Orin Crow, 1932 football captain, commercial grad and a Boston Redskin pro, and Amos Barlow, football and basketball and commercial grad, are both residents of Valentine, Arizona, in the company of "our aunts." Domestic life by the Mr. and Mrs. Crow was begun a year or so ago up in the north country where Mr. Crow was employed at the time, while the Barlow's matrimonial venture is a comparatively surprising bit of news in these parts. The identity of our two aunts still remain in question.

**JUS' POPPIN' OFF:** The Kansas City Star's radio station WDAF aired the Haskell-Kansas City bouts blow by blow from a special wire at the ringside . . . Bernard Gregnon, varsity football, long absent from Haskell due to an emergency call from his Wisconsin home, is back on the campus, and is a welcome sight to J. F. Carmody, who hopes Gregnon's court play will check some of the opponent's high scoring from now on and be able to sink in a few on the offense . . . Ross Latimer, who eked out a win over Ray Williams in the K. C. scraps, is of Cherokee Indian descent, and a former Kansas State college student . . . With the appearance of Indians again in Omaha tomorrow night, residents of that city will readily recall Haskell football invasions of recent years that saw the proud Creighton Bluejay take his annual plucking by the Braves.

St. Paul's college of Concordia, Missouri, has been added to the Haskell basketball schedule for home and home appearances. The first game to be played at Concordia on the evening of January 27 and as a return game the Concordians will appear here on February 27.

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**SOUTHWEST NEWSPRINT:** "Big John Levi's Burke school Bears of Fort Wingate, New Mexico, come to Albuquerque, Saturday night, to meet the United States Indian school's fistic team in a boxing tournament of ten bouts." Big John held forth at Haskell as a coach from the fall of 1927 to the spring of 1936. At the head of the Albuquerque coaching staff is Clarence (the original "Bullneck") Powless, Haskell varsity football and New Mexico U football.

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Just to add a little spice to this week-end Haskell sports calendar, while the varsity "5" is out of town, the old men's club, the Wakarusa Valley Arrows, are bringing the Linwood, Kansas, Athletic club to town tonight for the feature court attraction in Tecumseh hall which is to be supplemented by games in the intra-mural league. The Haymakers are rumored as having several ace scorers who feature the "Flying Jenny" trick shot.

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Drawing a line of comparison between Haskell's ring lettermen and the up-and-coming "frosh" in their ring battles against the Kansas City Golden Glovers Monday night the first year men did themselves proud by capturing four of the five triumphs Haskell registered in her 13 to 8 defeat. "Chet" Ellis, the dependable old war horse of the Haskell stable was in there giving his all and a few special acts, in his best showmanship, much to the enjoyment of the crowd especially the weaker sex. Mack Keshick, one of the frosh victors, will bear watching in future bouts at the rate he is now traveling. Inexperience will prove a handicap to him for a while but time should take care of that. Pete Doxtator, the *Oneida* woodchopper, another first year winner, with the addition of a few more pounds to his lithe frame, will also bear observation in his future K. O. routines.

#### BAND AND ORCHESTRA

A play entitled "The Boomville Band Concert" will be given by members of the band and orchestra in the near future. It is to be a musical comedy and characters for the cast will be selected within the next week.

With the beginning of the second semester the band is looking forward to a busier season playing a couple of outside engagements and for what ever occasion arises on the campus where music will be required.

Kansas university band concert Sunday night. A few months back Mr. Cato said we would at some time be entertained by this band, and now since we have this fine musical organization inside our doors all ye music lovers should take advantage of this musical treat which is in store for us.

**CONCERT ORCHESTRA:** The concert orchestra will fill an engagement February 8 at a Rotary club luncheon at the Eldridge hotel in Lawrence. Indian selections will be featured.—Murray Lawrence Hill,

#### I DISCOVERED SOME AMERICANS

(Continued from page 1)

rosettes over their ears, their Oriental eyes quiet and assured; and at the young men silent and dignified; and at the children, always wearing the finest of the silver buttons and the biggest and most perfect turquoise wampum, strung with pumpkin blossoms cunningly shaped in silver, and here again was something. . . something. . .

And when the time for dancing came, Claudia and I sat close on a great log covered with a blanket of cerulean blue and white. Fire murmured in the corner fireplace, and the floor beneath our feet was smoothed by the long tread of moccasin feet. From the far room where sat the old people came the roll of drums beaten in the swift recurrent rhythm, and the drone of voices raised in a chant as odd as the world perhaps. It was the Eagle dance, and here came youths with the eagle headress, with the eagle wings, soaring in the skies, thinking, dreaming. Just boys—all but one. Claudia's little red-tipped fingers suddenly bit into my arm.

"That one is an eagle," she said.

And he was. His eyes looked into far spaces high among the clouds. His arms were tireless wings that swooped and soared and floated far above the earth. He was flight—the spirit of air. I have seen the dancers of a dozen countries; here was the equal of them all. And for all my life I had gone about thinking that Indian dances were merely a matter of hobbling around yipping to the senseless beat of an absent-minded drum.

Eventually we tore ourselves away on the train our tickets said we should take, and there were no more Indians—until the evening I met James Swinnerton, whose Canyon Kiddies in Good Housekeeping have delighted the children for nearly fifteen years. Not that Mr. Swinnerton is an Indian, you understand. Just that he is crazy about them and has been all his life. Just as I am, only I never had a chance to find it out.

We were dining in the most glamorous of Hollywood restaurants with Theresa and Pruett Carter—you will see his pictures in "Try and Hold Me" as you saw them in "The Doctor," etc.—and James Swinnerton joined us. I started to ask questions—and he began talking—and three hours went by, and waiters were beginning to stack up the chairs and sweep out the place and wish us dead and buried. But we stayed right on.

"You never hear scolding in a Hopi house," James Swinnerton said. "There is never any bickering, any loud-voiced argument. Of course that Indian mother wouldn't scold her little boy for breaking a bowl. It was an accident. The money was nothing, and the time even less. Indian children are not fretted and worried. If a child becomes really obnoxious, he is simply ignored, and there is nothing on earth that hurts a child so much.

"You see, the Indian family are together all day long. They get up in the morning, and the father and mother do the house work together, and then they go to the fields, and they do the field work together.

Always they are united, and to be ignored is the worst possible punishment.



"The house is the women's among the Hopi. The women build the houses, and the houses belong to them. The fields are the men's. If a woman wants to divorce her husband, all she has to do is to take a piece of his clothing and throw it out-doors. He has to follow it. But divorce is practically unknown. The family works together and feels itself one unit."

"The word Hopi means Peaceful People," I said. "The jewelry worker at the Canyon told us that."

Jim was looking at us with a broad, tolerant smile. "An Indian," he said, "is the politest person on earth. He will say anything he thinks will please you. Say to him: 'The Hopi are a peaceful people. Does the word Hopi mean peace?' and he will say, 'Yes, certainly, you are right.'"

"There would be a lot fewer mistaken impressions going around," said Jim dryly, "if a lot more people knew that fact. Take that Snake Dance, for instance, and all the hooey about its being a prayer for rain. Why it's probably been raining every day for a month before the tourists get here, and the rain after the dance is just one more rain. Why would the Indian send snakes, who live under the ground, to ask for rain? That's just another amateur research notion."

"Harvest is over when the Snake Dance occurs. Nobody cares whether it rains any more or not. The grain is ripe, and the Indians are thankful for the harvest. So they send the snakes back to thank the Earth for the food she has sent them, to take the message down under the grass roots where they live."

"You know so much," I said brashly, "tell us about the snakes. Are they really poisonous?"

"And how!" Jim said. "The answer to that problem is a marvelous antidote which the Indians have known for centuries. I know a lot about Indians, but I don't know a single ingredient of that antidote. I don't think any white man ever will. Nobody can keep a secret like an Indian. It's a safe bet that you will never in your life find out anything that an Indian really does not want you to find out."

Just a few years ago a scientist from one of our largest institutions discovered that a desert Indian lad had two sweet-toned bells which must have been brought by the Franciscans, and an exquisitely worked iron pike which could have come to the desert in no other way than resting on the stirrup of one of Cortez' men. The faded ribbons of tattered silk still cling to it. What Spanish girl, dead these centuries, knotted those gay colors for a lad who dared the trackless ocean and the fearsome Americans for her sake?

The noble scientist offered the boy *five dollars* for his treasure! Homer did not wish to sell—the money meant very little to him—but he was polite with not only the politeness of the Indian, but the politeness taught in the school where he had been educated. Also his conscience told him that these things were white man's property and should be returned.

That is one time Jim Swinnerton stepped in.

"See, Homer," he said, "I wish you would not sell to this man. Instead sell to me. I would like to own these things with you. Here is the five dollars—for a half share—and you will keep the things for me in your house, for I have no place for them and do not wish to take them away."

"And the seven golden cities of Cibola," I asked—"that led the Conquistadores on a trek that cost most of them their lives. The cities were red-gold in the sunset, but not a trace of gold was to be found anywhere in their borders. Was that accident or truth or a cleverly staged plot? Certainly the guides knew what gold led to—torture, inquisition, murder, battle, and sudden death. And certainly those guides were not without the means—secret means—of conveying those tidings to the seven cities. What strikes me as conclusive is that the seven cities are the only spots in all the golden west where there are no rumors of rich strikes, where the citizens never go prospecting, where is positively no talk of gold, none at all. It really looks as if somebody had put the lid on and put it on good and hard."

"There must have been gold," Jim Swinnerton agreed. "Personally, I believe there was gold before there was silver. But I never ask an Indian anything, and I never dispute him when he tells me something. If I say to an Indian, 'I think I'll paint that far red butte today,' and he says: 'Your pardon, but I do not think that would make a nice picture. Why not paint the butte to the eastward?' *I paint the butte to the eastward.*"

Compared with what has been done to the Indian, he has done little in the way of retaliation. Primitive justice, cruelty, true enough, are there, but the Indians are still a primitive people. That is why their art is so fresh and new. That is why their dance rhythms are so stirring. That is, deep under all the grafted religions, they still look up and off to Some thing that may be only the cloudless sky and the matchless air and the tawny desert—Something that after all may be the truest expression of what, under many guises, we know as the Great Spirit.—Alice Booth.

#### THE HAPPIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH

Who are the happiest people on earth? This question was asked by an English newspaper, and prizes were offered for the the best answers. These were the four prize winning answers:

"A craftsman or artist whistling over a job well done."

"A little child building air castles."

"A mother, after a busy day, bathing her baby."

"A doctor who has finished a difficult and dangerous operation, and saved a human life."

There are neither kings, emperors, riches nor rank mentioned in the list of answers, for the things that make happiness are the little, useful, and worthwhile things. The consciousness of making a success of the job to be done. The pride and joy in achievement. It would be a sad day on the earth if only the great could be happy.

Happiness is the reward of him who seeks it. We realize the things we strive for, through honest effort, for despite disappointments, the gift of happiness comes to him who tries always to do his best.—The New Era.

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