

Pariscovia Fiedoff

Date of Death: April 30, 1906

Name variations: Pascovia Tiedoff, Pariscovia Achacee, Pariscovia Friedoff

Documents compiled here recording information about the death and burial of Pariscovia Fieoff

1. Card from Student Information Cards Series, NARA, RG 75, Entry 1329, box 4.
2. Card from Student Record Cards Series, NARA, RG 75, Entry 1328, box 5.
3. *The Arrow*, volume 2, United States Indian School, Carlisle, PA, May 4, 1906, page 2.

Name

File No. En.

Pariscovia Friedoff

" " G.
" " D.

Indian name

Tribe Aliant

Age 14

Blood 7

Agency

Father

Arrived 7-11-'01 Departed

Cause Death

Class entered 1st

Class left

Trade

Outing

Character

Married

Deceased 4-30-'06

Remarks

Dead

Months in school before Carlisle, *30*.....

Grade entered at Carlisle, *1st.*.....

Grade at date of Discharge,.....

Trade or Industry,.....

Church,.....

Conduct _____

Miscellaneous Items

- Lystia Wahoo has returned from the country.
- Our Relay team was defeated at Philadelphia last Saturday.
- Mr. Henderson is assisting Mr. Colegrove in the large boys quarters.
- Miss Goytney has all of No. 3 pupils in the A.M. and No. 4 in the P.M.
- Mr. Phillips of Dickinson College gave an interesting talk Sunday evening.
- Mr. Stauffer has gone out for a short vacation and will be back next week.
- Mr. Weber and his boys are busy cleaning out the boilers in the boiler house.
- We all enjoy seeing the beautiful scenery of our campus, especially the flowers.
- The band is practicing hard on Marches which will be a part of the program for some engagements.
- Tennyson Berry one of our old student writes from Fort Cobb, Okla. that he is well and is getting along well.
- The members of the Junior Varsity base ball team have elected Mr. Robert Dayenport for their captain.
- The girls are glad to see Theresa Brown back in the dressmaking class after working in the dining room for a month.
- Mr. Thompson, Supt. of Industries, and Mrs. Thompson have gone to their home Albany, New York, for a few day.
- The Juniors and Seniors were out at the new orchard, Friday, to study pruning with Mr. Wise. It was very interesting.
- We are pleased to hear of Lewis Nash, joining the Bachelors Base-ball team, which has been gotten up by Henry Gordon.
- Mr. Addison Johnson, of Harrisburg, spent Saturday and Sunday here at the school. His many friends were glad to see him.
- Clement Iron Shield, who went home about a year ago to North Dakota on account of ill health, died the 14th of last month.
- We are in receipt of a copy of the finely printed Easter Service of the Cincinnati Refuge Home. It is an excellent piece, of printing.
- Myrtle Ingram and Ethel Bryant are to live in town, and we hope to see them often as they are to live with Mrs. Lindner, of Carlisle.
- Andrew Balcolm one of Carlisle's old students writes in renewing his subscription to the Arrow that he is well and is getting along nicely.
- The members of the Y. M. C. A. base-ball team are going to elect another Captain as their Captain Grover Long has left for the country.
- Nancy De Lorimiere works at the club and the employees were glad to see her back again. The dressmaking class will miss her very much.
- Mr. and Mrs. David Abrahams are in Hatboro, Pa. housekeeping. They are enjoying life pleasant hours together. They wish to be remembered to their many Carlisle friends.
- The monthly review and inspection of the squadron washeld on the Athletic Field last Saturday. It was a great improvement over last month's inspection.
- Pascovia Tiehoff, one of our Alaskan girls, died Sunday from consumption. She had been a patient sufferer for a long time. Rev. Dr. Shriner of the Methodist Church conducted the funeral services.
- The Normal pupils are doing their share toward keeping our grass beautiful. A part of each half day finds groups of happy children out picking the dandelions that look so pretty but spoil our lawn.
- The Seniors elected the following officers
 President, Arthur Doxtator.
 Vice President, Frances Ghangrow.
 Secretary, Freeman Johnson.
 Editor, William S. Jackson.
 Critic, Archie Libby.
- Frank T. Long better known as Big Thunder, ex-governor, nominal chief and oldest resident of the Indian reservation near Old Town, Maine, is dead. He was about 80 years of age, though he claimed to be 90.

→ David Johnson who left Carlisle in 1898 stopped over on his way to Washington to visit Carlisle. David is from Oklahoma and was going to Washington on business for his tribe. He expressed great pleasure at seeing so many improvements since he left Carlisle.

→ The selections were all good at our school entertainment last Thursday evening, but many of the speakers could not be heard by the pupils who sat in the back part of the room. John Farr, Cecilia Baronovich, James Mumblehead and Morris Raub were exceptions however and spoke very well indeed. Several of the other speakers spoke nicely and showed excellent training but it was all lost because half of the school could not hear them.

The dialogue was enjoyed. We should learn to control our laughter however until the speakers have finished. The greatest surprise was a beautiful motion song by the nine small girls from the Normal room. They looked very quaint in their caps and gowns. The orchestra is always enjoyed and added greatly to the pleasure of the evening. Enunciate clearly, speak slowly and loud enough to be heard in every part of the room and you will succeed.

AN INDIAN STORY OF THE ROBIN.

WHEN an Indian boy was eleven years old, he was sent into a forest far away from his home.

He had to stay there all alone and fast for seven days and nights.

The Indians thought that at this time a spirit came into the youth which helped him to become a great chief and warrior.

The spirit also told the boy what his name should be in the tribe.

Once there was a fierce Indian war chief who had only one son.

The little boy was not strong, but his father loved him more than anything else on earth.

When this boy was eleven years old, the chief went out into the forest and built a small lodge for him to stay in.

In it he placed a mat of reeds which his good squaw had woven with great care.

By the side of the mat he laid a bow, some arrows and his own great tomahawk.

Next he painted pictures upon the trees along the path leading from the wigwam to the lodge.

He did this that the little boy, might easily find his way home.

When everything was ready, he sadly sent his son away into the forest.

He missed him so much that he went every morning to look at him.

Each day he asked him if the spirit had, not come to him.

Each day the little boy shook his head without opening his eyes.

On the fifth day his son said to him, "Father, take me home or I shall die. No spirit will come to me."

The old chief's pride was greater than his pity and he said, No, my son, you must not be coward. You shall be as wise as a fox and as strong as a bear.

"Better that you should die than that boy and squaw should cry 'Shame' upon your father's son. Be patient, I will come in two days and bring you food."

The sixth day came and the little boy upon the mat white and still. On the seventh, when the chief came with the sun's first rays, his son was not in the lodge nor about it.

Above the door sat a bird with brown coat and red breast, which until this time had been unknown to man.

Sadly the chief listened to the bird and understood its message. "Mourn me not, great chief," it sang. "I was once your son. I am happy now and free."

"I am the friend of man and shall always live near him and be his companion."

"I shall bring the tidings of spring."

"When the maple buds shoot and the wild flowers come, every child in the land shall know my voice. I shall teach how much better it is to sing than to slay."

"Chief, listen, chief,
 Be more gentle; be more loving.
 Chief, teach it, chief,
 Be not fierce, oh, be not cruel;
 Love each other!
 Love each other!"

—Maryland Bulletin

GOOD ADVICE FOR BOYS

NO BOY can be depended upon who does not finish the task he sets his hands to do. However disagreeable your work, do it thoroughly. Do it better than the average boy will do it. In that way you will become a dependable boy. Men everywhere are looking for capable, honest, gritty, dependable boys. The sooner you let people know you are that kind of a boy the sooner you will get a better job.

And don't be in a hurry to give up the work you already have. Be sure something better is offered. Wait awhile.

Do your work well. Promotion will come.—The Pioneer.

PANSY BEDS ADVICE

A PERFECT pansy is primarily a large one. They may be grown without trouble, but the choicest seed and the best care are necessary to produce the large perfect blooms that every one loves. The flowers should not be less than one and one-half inches across; they may be much larger than that. Flowers should be round and full and when fully grown quite flat. Every tint of color in a perfect pansy blossom is clear, soft and deep, never indistinct or hazy. A clear rich bed located in a cool spot with plenty of moisture will grow extra large flowers, finely marked and as nearly perfect as possible. The essential to success with pansies are the choice of the best seed, sowing at the proper time and a cool, moist bed. Hard baked soil or dry, parched beds, are fatal. Pansies must be fed to grow, and so they cannot thrive in bed which has not been fertilized or enriched since the growing of a dozen previous crops. Where the Summers are dry and hot, planting in half shade or where only the morning sun will strike them, is advocated, as well as supplying deep soil and mulching the surface in dry weather.

But should be filled about a foot deep with rich, loamy soil. Leaf loam from the woods is excellent, as is well-rotted chip manure.

If these are hard to obtain, a good substitute is plenty of old rotted manure stirred through and through the soil. Give plenty of water, soaking through the bed thoroughly in a dry time. Too little water is worse than none at all. Water always at sundown.

One of the worst enemies of the pansy plant is the cutworm, which prompt and through attention, once his appearance is noted. With a sharp stick stir up the surface about the plants, doing this early in the morning. Worms will not have had time to go far into the ground, for they only feed during the darkness. They can easily be dug out in a few minutes and destroyed.

Be generous with pansy blooms. Don't try to save the seed. The more you pick the pretty blossoms, the you will have to pick. Keep all the weeds pulled and after blossoms begin to appear you will have them constantly, till very cold weather. A healthy pansy plant will endure a great amount of cold. They are about the last flowers to say good-bye in the Fall, and the first bluebird of Spring always finds pansy blossoms to greet him.—The Press.

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DON'T WAIT TO BE TOLD.

IF you would advance rapidly in your position, or get on faster in the world, don't acquire a habit of waiting to be told what to do. Anticipate the wants of your employer. Use your common sense and ingenuity in trying to solve the problems that come up from day to day. Nobody ever advances who constantly waits for direction. It is the man who decides promptly and with precision, without being told what to be done, and then does it who gets on in the world.

A habit of doing nothing without orders or directions is paralyzing to one's faculties and individuality and originality. Don't labor under the delusion that to imitate the actions and methods of those above you is all that your position requires. Original work commands attention, and will be of great service in helping you to advance in your position, or in directing work of your own. The valuable employee is the one who anticipates the needs of his position, and attends to them before he is told.

Keep your eyes wide open for the things which need to be done, and do them before you are asked to. You may think that actions which are not prompted by the presence of your employer will never be heard of by him. Put aside this delusion. There are innumerable ways in which an employee's habits of work are brought to the attention of your employer; and, in the near future, the right person will be sure of reward.

—The Kansas Childrens Home Leader.

SAN ANSELMO, CAL.

Dear Mrs. Canfield:

We escaped safely from the city the second day of the fire with our family of fifty children through the crowded streets without injury, but we saved absolutely nothing except the little we could carry in our hands.

We moved the first day to a place of seeming safety but the fire came near us again and we then crossed the Bay.

San Anselmo Seminary where we are camping in a barn, so far we have secured plenty to eat and we cook on a wood fire out of doors. I lost all of my personal things everything is gone.

At first I sent my trunk to the church where we spent the first night but could get it moved no more. Indeed we were fortunate to escape from the city. Thousands are camped in the park and at the Presidio without a roof and to day it rains hard.

The Indian baskets that I collected so eagerly in Arizona are gone, all of my underwear and the lunch cloth you gave me Mrs Crosby's towel, Miss Woods' tatting collar and numbers of other things. I have only one collar left, my silver spoons and all of my new waists that I had just bought for the summer.

The dressmaker had just finished my summer wardrobes and it is all gone but a few pieces.

Indeed I can not bear to think of all if it were not that we are safe and that we escaped with our lives and none of the children were lost. Only Miss Amerson and myself to take the children out of the city, we walked blocks through the burned district crossing and recrossing the streets to miss the hot pavements, some burning under neath.

Lovingly,

M. L. Ferree.

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