

The Carlisle Arrow

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ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE PIPE.

SARA G. HOXIE, Nomelacki.

For many centuries the voice of Thunder has been heard o'er the mountains, in the valleys, out on the prairies, among the towering cliffs, standing trees, and by the living people. Thunder is bad. His delight is in destroying the cliffs, trees and the people. He frequently steals women.

Many, many years ago, almost in the beginning, while a man and wife were sitting in their lodge, they heard the voice of Thunder and immediately they were struck. The man was not killed, but for a moment remained as if dead; he soon recovered and looking around discovered that his wife had disappeared. He thought she had gone to get some water or wood and so discontinued thinking of her absence. In the evening, as the disappearing sun was rapidly hiding its face, the man grew anxious about his wife and feared that Thunder had stolen her. He went to the woods and mourned.

The next morning at daybreak he started in search of her. He asked every creature he met if they knew where Thunder lived. The creatures remained silent. The man continued his tiresome journey. Finally he met a wolf. He asked the wolf and the wolf said, "Do you think we would seek for the dwelling place of our most dangerous enemy? We can run from other enemies, but from Thunder we cannot escape." The wolf cautioned the man to turn back, but the man refused to do so and still continued his journey.

After traveling a long distance a queer stone lodge appeared. It was like other lodges only it was of stone. He entered the queer lodge and found that it was the Raven's dwelling place. The Raven said, "Welcome my friend; sit down, sit down." The man complied with the Raven's request. In an instant food was placed before him and after complet-

ing his lunch the Raven said, "Why have you come?" He replied, "I seek the dwelling place of Thunder, who has stolen my wife." The Raven said, "Thunder's lodge is similar to this, and is not far distant from here. Within the lodge hang the eyes of all persons he has killed or stolen. Would you dare enter such a dreadful home?" "No," replied the man, "who can look at such dreadful things and live?" "There is one that Thunder fears and that is I, the Raven."

The Raven gave the man some medicine and said, "Thunder will not refuse your entering his lodge." The Raven offered him a Raven's wing and told him to point it at Thunder; then he would not dare harm him. He said, "Providing this wing fail take this elk-horn arrow and shoot it thru the lodge."

The man was in a state of confusion and said, "Why make a fool of me? My heart is sad." He covered his head with a robe and began weeping. "Oh," said the Raven, you doubt my word. Come out, come out, and I'll make you believe." They went out and the Raven asked, "Is your home far away?" The Raven wished to know the number of days the man had journeyed, but the man told the Raven that the berries had grown and ripened since his departure from home. He said, "My heart was too sad and I did not count the days." The Raven then asked, "Can you see your camp from here?" The man did not speak. The Raven rubbed medicine on his eyes and immediately he saw his camp, the people and the whirling smoke rising from the lodges. "Now you will believe," said the Raven. The Raven commanded him to take the wing and arrow and get his wife.

The man continued his journey and entered Thunder's lodge. He sat by the doorway. Thunder sat within and gazed at him with awful eyes. As the man sat looking at the lodge

he discovered many pairs of eyes; among them were his wife's eyes.

Thunder said, in a fearful tone, "Why have you come?" "I see my wife whom you have stolen," was the immediate reply.

"No man shall enter my lodge and live," said Thunder. Uttering these words Thunder rose to strike him. Immediately he pointed the Raven's wing at Thunder and he fell back on his couch and shivered. Thunder soon revived and again attempted to harm him. The man fitted the elk-horn arrow to his bow and shot it through the lodge.

A jagged hole was pierced thru the lodge and the beautiful sunlight shone in. Thunder was in great distress and begged the man to stop. He said, "You are stronger and possess great power. You shall have your wife. Take down her eyes." The string that held her eyes was cut, and immediately she appeared. "Now you know me," remarked Thunder, "I am a great traveler. I live here in the summer but in the winter when the birds go south, I go too. Here is my pipe; take it and keep it; when I reappear in the spring you fill this pipe and pray to me, you and your people, for I bring the rain that makes the berries large and ripe and which makes all things beautiful."

Thus the people got their first Medicine Pipe.



Isaac Gould a Tiller of the Soil.

Isaac Gould writes from Unga, Alaska, that he and his step-father have taken up a homestead of 320 acres; that they intend to put up buildings on it this summer and that they are planning to engage in the cattle business. They are also raising chickens, and Isaac thinks it will be a paying business, for eggs are selling now at 75 cents a dozen. Isaac's step-father is a yacht owner and master and relies on Isaac to manage the farm according to the methods he learned at Carlisle.

The Carlisle Arrow

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Address all communications to the paper and they will receive prompt attention.

ABOUT CARLISLE ATHLETICS.

On May 14 the team traveled to New York to play Fordham, one of the fastest college teams in the country, and were badly defeated. Hamilton started to pitch, but was hit all over the lot. Tarbell relieved him and did but little better. Deer's hitting and fielding was wonderful and he was cheered many times by the students for his good work. The score:

Fordham.....	0	3	2	2	2	3	0	0	x-12
Indians.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

Garlow's pitching at West Point was first-class and had he been backed up in the field and at the bat undoubtedly would have been returned a winner in this game. The score:

West Point.....	0	0	0	2	2	0	0	0	x-4
Indians.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0

On Tuesday the Indians played Eastern College at Hagerstown and easily defeated them. Thorpe, who pitched his first game this season, shut the college team out without a run or a hit, which is quite a feat. The collegians piled up errors which allowed the Indians several runs. The score:

Eastern College.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0-0
Indians.....	1	0	3	1	1	0	0	0	1-7

On Wednesday last the team journeyed down to Dickinson Field to get sweet revenge on Dickinson for handing them the last game after they had it won. "Old Reliable," Bill Garlow, took his famous spitball with him and had the Dickinson players breaking their backs trying to connect with it. Hays, as usual, was all over the field and backed Garlow in fine style, although his throwing was not up to his usual standard. Although the Indians' fielding was rather poor, they batted Langstaff rather hard, especially in the third, fourth and fifth. The score.

INDIANS.

	R	H	O	A	E
Deer, cf.....	0	2	0	0	0
Twin, 3b.....	2	2	0	1	2
Libby, lf.....	2	0	0	0	0
Newashe, 2b.....	0	0	1	2	1
Balent, ss.....	1	2	2	4	1
W. Garlow, p.....	0	1	0	3	0
Thorpe lb.....	0	0	8	0	0
Jordon, rf.....	1	2	1	0	0
Hays, c.....	0	0	16	0	0
Totals.....	6	9	28	10	5

DICKINSON.

	R	H	O	A	E
Grome, 3b.....	0	0	0	0	0
O'Brien, 2b.....	0	1	0	4	0
McKeowen, cf.....	0	0	3	0	0
Lathan, lf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Cook, rf.....	0	1	8	0	0
Henderson, lb.....	0	1	8	0	0
Foley, ss.....	0	0	6	3	1
Gordon, c.....	0	1	9	1	0
Langstaff, p.....	0	0	1	0	0
Totals.....	1	3	27	9	1

Saturday the Indians easily defeated the Mt. St. Marys team at Emmetsburg. The score:

Mt. St. Marys.....	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0-1
Indians.....	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	5-6

The track season closes Saturday with the big State Inter-collegiate meet at Harrisburg. Ten colleges will take part, and Carlisle stands a fair chance of winning the championship cup again. No admission is charged to the meet, as it is held upon city property under the auspices of the Harrisburg Park Commission, but a reserved seat will cost twenty-five cents.

The second team plays with Shipensburg Normal school at the latter place tomorrow.

Scotland plays the Jr. Varsity on our grounds at 10 a. m. tomorrow morning.

The meet with Swarthmore was called off last Saturday on account of rain.

Indians Win at Hagerstown.

The season of real baseball for Hagerstown was opened yesterday when the Eastern College, of Front Royal, and the Carlisle Indians crossed bats at Athletic Park. There were a number of features and good individual plays made. The score resulted 7 to 0, the Indians succeeding in blanking their opponents in every inning, and not once was there any danger of the College lads nearing the tally plate.

Thorpe, in the box for Carlisle, was a good opponent to Johnson, and with the superior support, had no trouble in shutting out the whites.

Hays caught for the reds and was all over the country. Garlow and Newashe, the popular Indians who were with the local team last season, were warmly applauded and everyone seemed glad to see them. Newashe made a nice three-base hit. Balenti, also well known here, played a great game at shortstop for the Indians.—Hagerstown Exchange.



Goes to Chilocco as Asst. Printer.

Louis Roy, Sisseton Sioux, who came to Carlisle the first of the year, left Monday evening for Chilocco, Oklahoma, where he goes to accept the position of assistant printer. Louis, who is a good printer, came here the first of the year to take up cylinder press work. He did so well that his work has attracted attention, resulting in his being called to take charge of the press work in the printing department of the Chilocco school. Our best wishes go with him.



Dr. Sheldon Jackson.

On Sabbath, May 2, the Presbyterian Church (North) lost one of its most knightly characters and its great missionary pathfinder, when Rev. Dr. Sheldon Jackson entered into his rest at Asheville, N. C. Born at Minaville, N. Y., in 1834, he graduated from Princeton Seminary in 1858. He became missionary to the Choctaws in Indian Territory, and for a number of years superintended the home mission work of the Presbyterian Church in western regions. In 1879 and 1880 he brought Indian Children from New Mexico and Arizona to the training schools at Carlisle, Penn. Dr. Jackson had a heart full of love for the Indians, and in every way sought to promote their spiritual and material welfare. In the closing part of his career he did a great work for the aborigines of Alaska as United States General Agent of Education. In 1897 his Church honored him by electing him moderator of the General Assembly. He was a man of far reaching vision and wonderful courage; the self-sacrifice his life manifested is an inspiration.—The Banner.



THE students are looking for a victory tomorrow at the track meet to be held at Harrisburg.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Many of the girls are in the hospital, victims of poison ivy.

Mrs. Van Hise, of Long Branch, N. J., recently visited the school.

William Garlow pitched a fine game last Saturday against Mt. St. Marys.

Philomena Badger is now working in the clothing room and enjoys the change.

The band is going to Mt. Holly Park on Decoration Day to give two concerts.

All were glad to see Frank Mt. Pleasant at the social last Saturday evening.

Lulu Harra, who has been in the country for some time, returned last Saturday.

Rev. Fawl, of Carlisle, gave us an interesting sermon last Sunday afternoon.

Miss White has had, as her guest the past week, her niece, Miss Carrie Allen, of Butler, Pa.

Josephine Gates, who is living in Jenkintown, Pa., writes that she is getting along splendidly.

Miss Shoemaker, of Washington, D. C., a cousin of our school physician, is here on a short visit.

The masons are now busy laying a sidewalk leading from the Administration building to the hospital.

Irene Miller, of Harrisburg, spent Sunday here with friends. She thinks Carlisle a beautiful place.

Mr. and Mrs. Nori are entertaining Miss Agnes DuBrau and Miss Rose Nelson, of Worcester, Mass.

The dressmakers are trying to get the girls' summer uniforms finished this week ready to be worn Sunday.

The band boys are sorry to see Louis Roy leave for Chilocco. He was the back-bone of the horn section.

Since the societies have closed, Mr. Crispen has allowed the girls to spend Friday evening in the gymnasium.

Mr. Arcangelo Gregory, a mason from 1314 Webster St., Philadelphia, is here repairing the floor in the conservatory.

The climate in New York State agrees with Earl Doxtator, as he is fast improving and expects to return in the fall.

Many beautiful postals have been received from Stephen Glori, who went to New York City just after Commencement.

Axtell Hayes, the star catcher of the first team, was hurt in last Saturday's game, but will be able to play in a few days.

The Sophomore class is studying about the trees. They hope to know every tree on the school grounds by the time school closes.

Ellen H. Grinnell and Sadie M. Ingalls have signed to go to Sea Isle City for the summer. They expect to go the early part of next week.

Miss. Mollie Gaither, girls' outing agent, fell and broke her ankle last Monday morning, in Philadelphia and was taken to the University hospital.

Stancill Powell, who has been working on one of the neighboring farms, has returned to the school and intends to devote more time to his trade.

The employees' base-ball team defeated the band team by a score of 6 to 3 last week. The employees have a fast nine and made a good showing for their first game.

Francis E. Coleman, '11, who was recently appointed sergeant, reported for duty last Sunday evening. Congratulations to Francis with a wish that he may win further promotions.

Sunday afternoon Miss Wister took the cabinet members of the Y. W. C. A. for a walk to the mill. The girls always appreciate the kindness of the employees who take them for these delightful outings.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting last Sunday evening was led by Emma Newashe. After the opening hymn, Miss Wistar told, in a very interesting way, of the rapid increase of the Y. W. C. A. work in Japan.

Miss Gaither, the girls' field agent, reports that most of the girls under the outing are doing well. Among the new girls who are doing exceptionally well are Helen Welch, Phena Anderson, Myrtle Thomas, Nellie Thompson and Anna Rolette.

Mrs. Friedman, who suffered a fracture of the thigh by her horse falling on her, two weeks ago, is getting along very nicely. It is quite fortunate she was not more severely injured and we will be glad when she is able to be out again.

The Chapel numbers given last Monday were both excellent: In the morning Rachel A. Penny, Junior, gave a recitation entitled, "Scatter Flowers," and in the afternoon, Alvin Kennedy, Sophomore, told the story of Harvey Birch, as given in J. Fennimore Cooper's novel, "The Spy."

THE ARROW acknowledges receipt of an invitation to attend the "Celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Founding of the Institution" at Haskell Institute, June tenth to seventeenth, 1909; also an invitation to attend the school's commencement exercises, held during the same week.

The school band went to Hagers-town last Thursday. They gave a concert in the evening and participated in the firemen's parade in the afternoon. The Globe, of that city, says: "The concert by the Carlisle Indian Band was one of the best ever heard in this city. The crowd was so large that it was necessary to stop selling tickets before 8 o'clock."

Superintendent Wise, of the Chilocco school, made this school a short visit last Friday. He was here long enough to inspect the shops and seemed very much interested in the improvements made since he left, something like a year ago. He has caught the western fever and likes Oklahoma and Chilocco very much. He reports that the Carlisle colony at that school are all well and getting along nicely.

Among the subjects discussed last week in the Senior Current Events class were the following: The career of William Jones, a Carlisle graduate; The erection of a monument to Sequoyah; The Alaska-Yukon Exposition; The Sunday closing of Coney Island; Roosevelt in Africa; Federation of Cotton Growers; The Philadelphia Aeronautic Association; The illness of the Secretary of War; Experiences on a sheep ranch; Julia Ward Howe; Conditions in Turkey; Railroad building in Japan.

THE STORY OF THE SUN DANCE.

OSCAR BOYD, Blackfoot.

I shall try and tell something that may be interesting regarding the Sun Dance—which is danced among my people once a year—and how it was introduced to the Indians of the west.

Many, many years ago, before our white brothers ever thought of such a land as North America, there lived an Indian chief who had a son named Morning Star, whom the chief loved because he was his only son. Morning Star was popular among his fellow warriors and was always the leader in every sport. He was a brave young man, having no fear of his enemies or the wild beasts which then roamed over this country of ours. Morning Star was a great hunter as well as a great warrior. When he was about the age of eighteen his father called together all the chiefs of the tribe for a great pipe-dance, which the Indians danced occasionally before the Sun Dance was introduced. During this annual affair Morning Star dreamed that the Great Spirit came to him and told him to go yonder; there lived a greater chief in that region and that Morning Star should get his lodge that he might save his people from wars and temptations in years to come before them. These words, which Morning Star dreamed, he obeyed. At once Morning Star was on his long journey telling no one where and what he was leaving for. For many moons Morning Star traveled over the plains and mountains, but never once thought of giving it up, as some great chiefs had done. It was the first snow storm, and the leaves began to fall from the branches of the trees when he at last reached his destination, fainting for want of food. On a high mountain Morning Star rested. All of a sudden he heard a voice saying: "Go yonder to my lodge my son, and wait until I get my day's work done." Without any hesitation to these words Morning Star arose to his feet and looked about him. He saw then that he was in a strange land, altogether different from that he had traveled over or had left behind. In the distance he saw a lodge made of branches and willows to which he went at once. On arriving he saw a bear guarding the lodge. The bear asked him, "What is it you want, stranger?" But Morning Star with a brave front

gave the bear an answer: "My father, the Sun, has invited me to his lodge." He then entered the lodge. After entering the lodge he looked about him; the interior of the lodge was different from that which Morning Star's father lived in.

After the Sun's day's work was over he came home in the evening. The Sun then asked Morning Star, "What is it my son that made you travel alone this long journey and over this wilderness? It must be something very important that made you come to see me." Without being waited upon Morning Star broke out with these words, "My father, I have come to you that I may save my people from vanishing away in the future, as the Great Spirit told me to come and ask for your lodge, which is the lodge of protection."

The Sun, after hearing these words, arose to his feet and said to him, "My son you shall have anything you desire to ask for. But one thing I will not let you have and that is the buffalo. I shall take them away from you in years to come, and you shall have no more buffalo to hunt. Go and build the same lodge, when you return to your tribes and you will be saved. But remember, my son, you must put this lodge up once in every twelve moons." And Morning Star at once returned to his native land.

From this the Sun Lodge Dance, or the Sun Dance, was introduced among the Indians of the West. The Sun Dance was danced among my people some years ago, but since the government has put a stop to some Indian amusements, and other "medicine dances," as the Indians call them,—among them the good old Sun Dance—it is entirely abandoned and no more danced among the Indians of to-day.

The buffalo has also disappeared.



A Good Example of the Art.

The commencement number of THE CARLISLE ARROW is an exceptionally fine example of the "art preservative." Besides a brief class history, various essays by the graduates, an account of the exercises and a greeting and farewell, we find excellent cuts of the graduating and industrial classes respectively, as well as the usual items of school news. —Native American, Phoenix Indian School.

INDIANS PLAYED AROUND DICKINSON.

(From the Carlisle Volunteer.)

The Carlisle Indian baseball team scalped the Dickinson nine on the latter's field on Wednesday afternoon in the fastest game seen on that diamond for several years, and obliterated the defeat at the hands of Dickinson on the Indian field just one week ago. The final score was 6 to 1 in favor of the Indians.

Anticipating a great game, several hundred people assembled on the field, and the bleachers were lined with baseball fans. Garlow was in the box for the Red Skins, and was in great form. Dickinson was first at bat, and the first seven men who faced the Indian twirler, fanned the wind. The first Indian to bat made a hit, and that set things going for the Indians. From start to finish the Indians had blood in their eye, and put up a spectacular game. Langstaff, the best of Dickinson's pitching staff, had an off day, and was up in the air. He was touched for 17 hits, and struck out eight men. But two hits were made off Garlow, by O'Brien and Latham, and he struck out 15 Collegians. O'Brien made the only run for Dickinson. Balenti led the Indians in batting, having a two and a three-base hit to his credit.

Following is the score.

		R	H	E
Dickinson.....	0 0 0 1 0 0 0	1	2	4
Indians	0 0 0 2 3 0 1 0	6	17	2

For the Indians Thorpe covered first base like a veteran and it looks like he would be a permanent fixture at the initial bag. Young Hays, back of the bat, is a wonder, and is the life of the whole team. It is a pleasure to watch him work. The Indians won by the score of 6 to 1. The game throughout was interesting and enthusiastic. —Carlisle Herald.



Doing Well in California.

Margaret Martin, who left Carlisle to accept a position at Greenville, Cal., writes for the Craftsman and says: "After leaving school to accept a position in the Service, I have never regretted the day, as this is such a beautiful place and the work, in every way, congenial. I consider my three years well spent at the Greenville Indian School." She says that she often thinks of her alma mater.