

The Carlisle Arrow

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LORENZO, THE LITTLE PUEBLO.

LOUISA KENNY, Klamath.

A tribe of Indians known as the Pueblos are found in the northern part of New Mexico. The name, "Pueblo," meaning town or village, was given them by the Spaniards, who when they first visited them, found them living in established towns. From an early date they did not live in tents, or dress in skins and furs, but wore woolen and cotton clothing, and lived in sun-dried brick houses, called adobe. These buildings were five or six stories high, having several families in each. They had no doors or windows, and although there were a few loopholes, the interior was always in darkness. The only entrance was a large hole at the top of the building, which was reached by means of ladders, several of them being placed on both the inside and outside.

The Pueblos were wise in making their buildings, for they could be turned into forts at a minute's notice. The war-like Navajos were not friendly and often attacked them.

A family cooked, ate, and slept in the same room. Their clothing was kept on a pole, stretched across the back of the room. Arrows, beads and various other things were used in decorating.

The Pueblos were not idle. They made pottery, wove beautiful blankets, had their own farms, and ground their own meal. They had queer customs, and although the Spanish priests tried hard to convert them, many of them clung to their own beliefs. One of their customs was to scatter the sacred meal, which was composed of ground sea-shells and corn meal. They also had prayer-sticks, which they stuck up at springs and in gardens to invoke the good will of certain spirits. They were usually up, and ready to greet, and pray to the sun when it arose.

A family well known at that time

was the one to which Lorenzo belonged. He was the smartest, brightest, and most obedient boy in the village. Instead of wandering, like most boys, he remained at home and helped his mother make pottery, carry water, and take care of his baby sister. His chief duty was to mind the burros, horses, sheep, and goats. Each morning he would drive them from the corral to the pasture. One morning while sitting in the pasture with his friend Leon, he said to him: "I wish you could tell the story of the great rain." Leon consented and told the following story: "Once there was a terrible rain, which soon began to fill the valleys. The people living at the top of the cliff, seeing that the rain would not cease, began to fear that their village would be destroyed. A priest living near requested them to make a sacrifice to the spirit of the rain. A youth and maiden were chosen, and lowered over the cliff. The spirit was satisfied, and the rain ceased. In a short time the flood was gone and the sun was shining bright. But the youth and maiden were turned to stone, and looking over the banks of the cliff, one can see them to this day. The line which marked the depth of the water can also be seen."

While Lorenzo was in the pasture, and his father in the fields, the industrious mother was at home beautifying the house. There were a few cracks in the floor, so she took some mud and water, mixed it to the right thickness, and with her hands spread it over the floor, squirting water from her mouth as she did so. This being finished she with several other women went to the mill. The mill, which was a large adobe building, had only a few large flat stones, and rubbing stones in it, for machinery was not known at that time.

Lorenzo's mother was the first to begin; taking a hand full of corn, she rubbed it over the stone, with the rubbing stone, then passed it to the

second, who ground it finer, the third woman finished it. After having ground enough, the women went to their home, where they sat on the roof, to talk awhile before cooking dinner. The Pueblos did not stay in their homes, but made their pottery, clothing and blankets on the roof, as it was much easier to work there than in the dark homes.

When Lorenzo and his father returned at noon they found a fine dinner awaiting them. The mother had made "paper bread" from the corn which she had ground. It is called "paper bread" because it is very thin and crisp. It is made of a thin batter of corn meal and water, and spread over hot stones with the cook's own hands.

The people in the village were all busy, as the Planting Dance was to come off the next day. Men and women both took part in the dance, which was held each year as an invocation to the Great Spirit, so that their crops would be plentiful.

The Navajos had become friendly with the Pueblos and often came to trade with them. Many came to see the dance and brought with them, beads, woolen goods, and blankets.

The Navajos, who had been taught how to make blankets by the Pueblos, now far surpassed them, as the Pueblos turned their attention to pottery.

Lorenzo had always wanted a pony so that evening after he had gone to bed his father bought one from the Navajos. Money was not used among the Indians and the price was a string of beads. He also exchanged a turquoise ring for a black woolen dress for his faithful wife. They were both very proud of their presents, and did all they could to make their neighbors as happy as they.



The Greatest Pleasure.

The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident.— Charles Lamb.

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Second-class matter—so entered at the Post-office at Carlisle, September 2, 1904.

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

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Estelle Ellis, who has been confined in the hospital for the past week, is able to be out again.

The printing department boys have all we can do. Christmas time always brings a great deal of work.

THE ARROW goes to press a day earlier than usual this week on account of us having a holiday Friday.

A letter from Susan Twigg states that the snow in North Dakota is a foot deep, and that skating is fine.

Mrs. Nori and Mary F. Keokuk spent Saturday in Harrisburg visiting the crowded stores and selecting Christmas articles.

Mr. Leib, dairyman at the Chiloco, Oklahoma, school, made us a visit last week. He is on his annual vacation—spending it at his home in Carlisle.

One of the most enjoyable features of last Saturday evening's entertainment was the singing of "Old Black Joe" by the bass singer of the company.

The plumbers have lately installed two eight-loop radiators in the large boy's reading room. These will furnish enough heat to keep the room very comfortable.

Mr. Russell W. Bear, an Indian, who was on his way to Washington, paid us a short visit on Sunday evening. He gave a very helpful talk to the Y. M. C. A.

Gladys Earle, who is living in Kennett Square, writes that she enjoys going to school, altho she has to study pretty hard in order to keep up with her "paleface" classmates.

For the past month during each half-day, David White, a member of the printing force, has been working down town and the experience is proving very beneficial to him.

Johnson Enos, one of the senior boys, is working faithfully at his trade of painting. He expects to follow this trade in one of the western cities after he leaves Carlisle.

Ralph Waterman, formerly a member of the present senior class, writes that he is enjoying life with his wife in Oklahoma, but that he will soon return to his native state of New York.

Russell Whitebear, an exstudent, made us a hasty visit. He is an earnest worker of the Y. M. C. A. and has done a great deal of good for his people. He left Monday en-route for Washington, D. C.

Among other things discussed by the Seniors in their current events Friday were: The resignation of President Zelaya, Dr. Jannesco's new anesthetic, the death of King Leopold of Belgium and the prospects of the future of Frederick A. Cook.

Miss Florence Hunter, an alumna of this school, and now doing second year work at the Philadelphia School of Pharmacy, has lately been elected secretary of the Phi Beta Society. We extend our congratulations to Miss Hunter and to the Beta Phi as well.

Martha Cornsilk, '08, who is taking nurse's training at Worcester, Mass., is getting along very nicely. She is now in the contagion ward. Martha spent her vacation with Mrs. Isaac Reynolds, of West Chester, Pa., with whom she lived during the summer of 1907.

Adeline Greenbrier, who has been substituting in the Normal room during the past week, returned to her studies last Monday morning. Teachers and classmates were glad to have her back, for Adeline endears herself to her associates by her amiable personal qualities.

The Seniors and the Freshmen engaged in a game of basket ball in the gymnasium last Monday evening. The first half scored 15 to 0 in favor of the Seniors. During the second half Woodbury, who had played indifferently all through the first half, squared himself and scored several times in quick succession, bringing the score up to 12 for the Freshmen. At the close of the game the score stood 20 to 12 in favor of seniors. The Seniors had many rooters, sever-

al of the senior girls being present. The Freshmen had not so many, but the lack of members was made up by their enthusiasm. Only one fair freshman was present, but she proved herself a loyal supporter of the freshman colors.

The two important numbers on the Y. W. C. A. program Sunday evening were a beautiful contralto solo by Ruth Walton and a story read by Miss Wister. It was a vision of a minister in a Christless world. It proved to us all that without Christ there is no comfort for those on earth, and no hope for the weary to be relieved of their burdens.



Good Workmen Necessary.

If one were asked the question: "What is the most important thing for the future prosperity of the printing trade?" one logical answer, at least, would be "Good workmen." The importance of modern machinery would not be overlooked in making this answer; nor would the importance of good business management (including the modern methods of ascertaining cost and the systematic operation of business) be lost sight of; but, with all kinds of improved machinery with the most careful business methods, the future of the trade would be dark indeed if good men—competent and capable workmen—were not available. Modern methods, brought to the fore by the keen competition of the twentieth century business necessity, make it very difficult for the apprentice of today to gain that full knowledge of the business that went to make up the "all around printer" of yesterday. Like all the problems which have had to be met and solved by the masters of all trades, a solution of this problem is in sight. It is right here now and its name is the Trade School.—The Ben Franklin Monthly.



Indians' Work Merits Praise.

The Sentinel is in receipt of a number of handsome and useful mottoes and quotations, printed by the Indian School Press in original and beautiful designs. They are the finest specimens of the printing art and would do credit to the best printers and printing offices of the country.—The Evening Sentinel, Carlisle, Pa.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Get ready to write "1910."

The greeting of the moment: "Come on out. The ice is fine."

Albert Exendine was a guest at the Mercers' reception Friday night.

Supervisor O. H. Lipps left Monday morning for Washington, D. C.

The carpenters have finished the tables for the telegraphing department.

Mrs. Grace Spangler, nee Primeaux, is the proud mother of a healthy baby boy.

Mrs. Nori and Fannie Keokuk paid a flying visit to Harrisburg last Saturday.

The Juniors are reading the Vision of Sir Launfal, and all seem to be interested in it.

Mr. George Gardner is in charge of Large Boys' Quarters since Mr. Carter left for Ft. Yuma.

Jerome Kennerly, class '11, is now working in a blacksmith shop in town. His classmates wish him success.

A letter received from Edna Doxator, states that her health is improving and that she is enjoying herself.

The seniors are glad to have with them again Carlisle Greenbrier, who has been in the hospital for some time.

Sampson Burd has been made First Lieutenant of Company C. His stripes become him well. Congratulations!

Mr. Walls, of Conway Hall, Carlisle, spoke at the Y. M. C. A. meeting Sunday evening. His subject was "True Manhood."

Mary Redthunder and Emma La Vatta went to Harrisburg to do their Christmas shopping. They were chaperoned by Mrs. Nori.

Through a letter we learn that Delia Quinlan, who went home in 1908, is now working in Minneapolis. We all wish her great success.

Santa Claus has made several trips to Harrisburg recently, and many mysterious-looking bundles have been arriving here within the last week.

Invitations are out for the annual reception to be given by the Band.

"There'll be music in the air, celebratin' the affair!" January third is the date.

Louis Dupuis, captain of the Junior basket-ball team, is busily engaged on improving the team work, and the prospects are bright for a winning team.

Miss Gaither, Miss Johnston, Mrs. Canfield, Mr. Henderson, and Mr. and Mrs. Denny took an all-day trip to Harrisburg last Thursday. Wonder what they went for?

Margaret McKay, who went home last summer, writes to a friend that the weather in North Dakota has been very severe. She has had many sleigh rides and skating is fine.

Elizabeth La Roque, once a student here, has changed her name to that of Mrs. Frank Villenave. All her friends here wish her every success and happiness for the future.

The Y. M. C. A. had a very interesting meeting Sunday evening. Mr. Walls was the speaker. Several other able speakers were heard from to the interest and benefit of the members.

The pupils were given a half-holiday Monday, so that they might go skating. They all wish to thank Mr. Friedman and the teachers for such a treat. Every one seemed to enjoy skating.

Word was received from Shela Guthrie saying that she expected to return to Carlisle soon. Every one is glad that her health has improved so much that she will be able to resume her studies.

Savannah Beck, '09, is getting along very nicely in her profession of nursing. She has gone to Wilmington, Del., to take a case. Savannah is making good use of the fine chances given her at Carlisle.

Mrs. Hagerty of the First Presbyterian church, gave to each member of her Sunday School class, a nicely finished Bible. No better Christmas present could have been given. The boys are truly grateful.

Mr. Friedman has given to the Y. W. C. A. a picture of Sir Galahad and it is going to be hung for the next meeting in the new room. The members all thank Mr. Friedman very much and they are greatly pleased with the gift.

Last month Stella Blythe, class '05, also a graduate of Hampton, Va., was married to Joseph Washington, a former Carlisle student. They are both Cherokees of North Carolina. Their many friends wish them a very happy future.

David Robinson is the instructor's righthand man in the blacksmith shop. He is advancing very satisfactorily in his trade since he returned from the country, and promises to be one of the boys whom Carlisle will be proud to own as one of her sons.

The Catholic meeting was held as usual Sunday evening in the music hall. The Sisters were out and Mother Mary Paul conducted the meeting. The Christmas Carols were rehearsed. Tommy Myio, Joseph Jocks, Manuel Hidalgo, Clara Trepania and Martha Wettenhall each had a number on the program.

Mr. Harry M. Carter, and Mabel, left Carlisle last Thursday night, December 16th, for Ft. Yuma, California, where Mr. Carter has been transferred. They stopped in Indiana to visit Mr. Carter's mother on their way, and expect to reach Yuma just before Christmas. Mrs. Carter, who is well remembered by her many Carlisle friends, is stationed at Ft. Yuma also. We extend to them all the heartiest greetings of the season and trust Mr. Carter will like his new field.

Mrs. Joseph V. Peck, of Tullytown, Pa., sends one dollar for a subscription to The Indian Craftsman to be sent to Simon Johnson, a former Carlisle student. In the accompanying letter, she says: "It (The Craftsman) is certainly a handsome little book, very interesting and instructive and shows what beautiful work can be done by our Indian brothers at the Carlisle printing office, as well as on our farm here at Loretta, which is the name of this place. This farm has been farmed by Indian boys mainly for 17 years and during that time we have had 45 boys in our employ, most of them doing excellent work, being a credit to themselves and to this community. Our present farmer (Simon Johnson) is deserving of much praise for his very excellent work and receives compliments from all his friends, although unsought by him."

INDIAN PIPES AND THEIR MEANING.

AGNES C. LAUT, in Oglalla Light.

It need scarcely be told that in the pipes of long ago each feather appended to the stem represented an enemy slain. If one doubted the record of the war-eagle feather the warrior then showed the scalps of the enemy, which were kept as a sort of sacred proof of his word.

Such pipes were used only on occasions of peace and war. Speaking roughly, the best pipes of eastern tribes were in moulded clay, the best of the western tribes in slate pipe-stone taken from the famous quarry west of the Mississippi. Before the great buffalo and antelope hunts, when herds of game were driven into a pound, or an enclosed area of snares, it was customary for the Indians to whiff the incense of propitiation to the spirits of the animals about to be slain, explaining that only the desire for food compelled the Indians to kill, and that the hunt was the will of the Master of Life or "Master of the Roaring Wind," who would compensate the animals in the next world. The pipes used for this ceremony usually show the figure of a man in conference with the figure of an animal. Others show the figures of Indians with locked hands. This typifies a vow of friendship to be terminated only by death. It was usually between men; but sometimes between a man and a woman, in which case the platonic bond not only precluded but forbade the very possibility of marriage. After that who shall say that the stolid Indian has no vein of sentiment in his nature?

One of the most curious pipes I have ever seen I bought from a Cree on a reservation east of the refugee Sioux. It is in the shape of a war hatchet, of a metal which I do not know, though I suspect it is galena mixed with clay, the edge being sharp enough, but the back of the axe being a bowl and the handle a pipe stem.

The odd lines in Indian carving and woven work are not without meaning. Fighting Mistah could read a legend where we saw nothing but bizarre markings. There were the circular lines, hollow down, meaning clouds; the cross, meaning the coming of the priest; the tree, a type of peace with its branches overshadowing the nations; the wavy line, sig-

nifying water; the arrow, war. The ordinary Indian can read a tribal song or chronicle from obscure drawings on the face of a rock, or crazy-colored work on a buffalo skin.



Y. M. C. A. MEETING.

Every boy not at the last meeting of the Y. M. C. A. missed something. A more sensible, forcible, and straight-forward talk on purity and virtue than that given by Mr. J. A. Walls has never been heard at Carlisle. He said: "I may not look so well on the outside, but I know that inside my heart is clean and pure, and right with God; I could associate with those who seem jolly and happy, who are all right on the outside, but inside whose hearts are black—but, for the sake of my own future, and my success in life, I will not do it."

Frank Johnson then read a well-written essay on True Manhood, which was the subject for the evening. His paper was based on Paul's and Matthew's truths: "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure,** whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, and if there be any praise, think on these things. For out of the heart proceed evil thoughts murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies: these are the things which defile a man."

Fred Cornelius and James Mumblehead commented upon David's and James' words: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, ** to keep himself unspotted from the world."

Mr. Russell W. Bear, a Crow Indian, of Lincoln, Neb., whose card bore the Y. M. C. A. imprint, said: "Boys, you don't realize what the responsibilities of life are. Nobody but you yourselves will look out for you when you leave Carlisle. The Y. M. C. A. is one thing that will build you up. This room ought to be filled every Sunday evening. The future of the Indian lies with you. Since being a student here, I have been nearly everywhere, and dabbled in everything nearly, but the Y. M. C. A. work is the best of all."

THE MERCERS' RECEPTION.

A merry Christmas spirit filled the air, resounded in the music, and was typified in the decorations and favors at the annual reception of the Mercers, held in the gymnasium last Friday night. This same mirthful feeling seemed also to possess the guests and made the whole evening a most delightful one. From the president's address of welcome, by Nan Saunook, and the Society song by all the Mercers artistically grouped to form the letter "M", throughout the entire program, the applause and appreciation of the guests was unanimous. The music was good, the floor in fine condition and the decorations attractive. In the supper room especially, a unique arrangement of miniature Christmas trees with lighted candles added to the holiday spirit. A delicious supper was served—sandwiches, creamed oysters, fruit, ice cream, cake, coffee and bon bons. A fat, jolly, little Santa Claus filled with sweets held each menu card and served as favors. The Society prophecy, read by Rose Hood, delighted and amused all her hearers. Following this number, a recitation, "The Death of Minnehaha", was charmingly given by Rose LaRose, in typical Indian costume. Mr. Stauffer, the advisory member of the Mercers, to whom much of the credit for the evening's success is due, then announced the winners of the prize dances, and the prizes were presented by Mr. Friedman, with a few appropriate remarks. The winners were: Prize twostep: 1st, Rose LaRose, Montreville Yuda; 2nd, Anona Crow, William Newashe; 3rd, Susie Porter, Harry Wheeler. Prize waltz: 1st, Gladys McLain, Judson Bertrand; 2nd, Martha Wetenhall, John Runsclose; 3rd, Ernestine Venne and Jerome Kennerly. A number of visitors from town, including Mr. Kutz, who acted as one of the judges for the prize dances, were present. The other judges were Mrs. Friedman, Miss Gaither, and Supervisor Lipps.



No part of our education should be considered complete until it has given the pupil power to grapple with the real work of the working world into which he has to go.—U. S. Commissioner E. E. Brown.