

The Carlisle Arrow

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MY HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

BY HARRY CONROY.

AMONG all my happy Christmas days the one which stands out most clearly in my memory is not the one on which I had the greatest number of presents nor the one which was celebrated in the grandest style. On the contrary, I always think that my happiest Christmas Day was the one I spent in a little schoolhouse in South Dakota, on the prairies where the land stretched away like a sheet of water until it reached the foot of the western Badlands.

At the edge of the Badlands, there is a great heap of rocks shaped like a huge table. This table-land is the highest point around my home, and its shape is not unlike that of "The Great Stone Face;" at least, it gives one that impression when it is seen from a distance. We who were pupils in the little day school on the prairie used often to gaze into the distance at this curious formation, like little Ernest in Hawthorne's tale, and we spent many idle moments wondering how it was formed, for no one had ever told us then of glacial formations nor of the glacial origin of the arid Badlands. And so we little folks went day after day to the little schoolhouse, learning our lessons, and playing our simple games, always glad when holiday time grew near.

In the year of my happy Christmas, we made our simple preparation for the approaching Christmas Day and all of the pupils who were old enough worked diligently to prepare a little entertainment suitable for parents to attend. For the very little pupils, games were arranged, so that every one in school might have some part in the evening's festivities. On Christmas night, all the people in the country around gathered at the schoolhouse. The entertainment was a great success, each one performing his part without a mistake; after the performance, games were played

and apples were distributed. Then a few simple presents were given to the children, who received them with just as much joy as if they had been of the most costly description. It was the first celebration of Christmas that I ever attended and the joy that filled my heart that night has never quite left me; for whenever Christmas comes around my thoughts go back to that happy day, and I am better prepared to enjoy each succeeding Christmas.



HOW CHRISTMAS IS SPENT AT MY HOME.

BY ALEXANDER ARCASA.

AFTER I had spent several years in the East and had celebrated the Christmas season in various ways, there suddenly came to me a realization of the reverence with which the Indians of my reservation regard the sacred day, and my thoughts flew back to the days spent by me with my people and of the manner in which we celebrated Christmas.

I was rather young when my parents decided to place me in a Catholic school not very far from home. This school was under the patronage of the Catholic Church and was connected with the church building in which almost all of the Indians of our reservation gathered at all special feasts of the church. It did not seem to matter much to our tribe how far they were from this sanctuary; there was always a good attendance from far and near; rich and poor mingled together in worship there in the true spirit of brotherly love. Of all these feasts none was looked forward to with more reverence and joy than that of Christmas. I, being young, anticipated mostly the presents I was sure to receive; but now, as I look upon it, I wonder that I was not more excited over the expected arrival of parents and relatives. A few days before Christmas the people began coming in from the outlying country

and by the time the day actually arrived, the school grounds and their surroundings looked very much like a regular Indian village having a population of about fifteen hundred. You can easily imagine the confusion, the noise, and the excitement on such an occasion.

On Christmas Eve, at twelve o'clock, the people all responded to the call and gathered to celebrate high mass. The prayers were said in our own Indian language, the songs were sung in our tongue, and the good priest preached his sermon in a language which we could all understand.

Christmas Day, thus solemnly begun, ended in a merry feast, and nothing was spared to make the meal a bountiful one.



CHRISTMAS FOR THE INDIAN YOUTH.

BY EDWARD BRACKLIN.

THE Indian boy has a different idea of Christmas from that of his pale-faced brother. The white boys and girls are planning, as a rule, what they want long before Christmas comes, and some of them will not be good until their fathers or mothers have promised them the things upon which they have set their hearts. Everywhere a crowd of white boys and girls gathers you may hear them talking of what they are going to get for Christmas presents. Frequently, you see them peeping into store windows, wishing for one thing or another; then they go home and coax their parents to buy these especial things for them. But the Indian boy and girl have different thoughts as Christmas approaches; they know very little about the attractions of stores and gifts.

Christmas to the Indian youth means a holiday when he can leave his books and his daily tasks and go back again to the plains and forest which have been his chief source of enjoyment all his life. Everything

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in nature is dear to the Indian as the things in the shop windows are dear to the white boy. The Indian feels sometimes that Mother Nature's gifts are meant for him alone, because he can appreciate them best. We find real Christmas joy in the ice and the snow which come at this season of the year, and with the eyes of our imagination we can see the young saplings cuddling down under the soft snow blanket which the dear Mother Earth has spread over them for their protection during the cold winter, and we knew that in the spring they would shoot up into the sunlight all the better for their long nap.

While the feeling of Christmas is in the air, many of us get together and talk about the Christmas day that we used to celebrate when our time was all our own and we had no school duties. We talk of how we used to go into the woods early on Christmas morning to roam around and fill our hearts and thoughts with the beauties of nature; before we went back, we killed a rabbit that we might not return empty handed. As we sit here at Carlisle talking of those days, we can taste again that delicious rabbit and we feel that the "call of the wild" is sounding very loud within us.

Christmas in the woods is the Christmas for the Indian boy; there every tree is a Christmas tree trimmed by nature itself more beautifully than man can do it with tinsel, and lighted by the glorious sun; there every whiff of the evergreen trees, every breath of the bracing air, every icicle and snow crystal are costly gifts that can never be destroyed nor tired of, for they live always in the Indians' memory.

The Band at Harrisburg.

The band went to Harrisburg last Saturday and gave a concert in Dives, Pomeroy & Stewart's Department

store. During the intermission, they had the pleasure of hearing a lecture on the City of Pompeii, with illustrations showing the city as it used to be, in the days of its greatest glory, and also the ruins as they appear to-day.

The most interesting sight was the destruction of the city. It looked so real, the eruption of Vesuvius and the houses falling down, that, for a moment, one thought he was in the midst of an earthquake.

After the concert all were treated to a fine dinner in the large dining room, and returned feeling happy and satisfied with the little trip.

I. W. C. A. Recognition Service.

The meeting was led by Iva Metoxen. President Lida Wheelock took charge of the recognition service, at which many new members were received.

Josephine Schuyler, accompanied on the piano by Theresa Lay, sang "The Star of the East." Ella Fox read a letter concerning the Christmas gifts which were sent to the mission students of Leupp, Arizona. Following the reading, Miss Cowdry gave a report of the cost of sending the box containing the gifts and of the funds which were contributed to the Association.

There were several volunteers who read verses on conduct pertaining to a Christian life. The volunteers were Jennie Ross, Marie Garlow, Anna Hauser, Thamar Dupuis, Sarah Montieth, and Edith Emery.

Miss Cowdry also told about the conference which was held at Baltimore early last fall.

Leila Waterman, accompanied by Pearl Bonsar on the cello and by Carolina Hewitt on the violin, sang a Christmas song.

The Y. M. C. A.

The meeting was led by George White, with Nelson Simons as organist. After reading the ninety-first Psalm, the leader called upon the first speaker, Harold Bruce, whose talk—a good one—was on "The Christmas Spirit." He was followed by Albert Jimerson, who gave some excellent thoughts on "Reputation and Character." Clement Hill also said a few words about the meaning of Christmas.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

Dr. and Mrs. Fralic have gone to New York for their vacation.

The stores down town were crowded with Christmas shoppers Saturday.

Each student was pleased with the present that he received from Santa Claus.

The Freshman Class presented a nice bunch of holly to the Hospital patients.

Joe Guyon and Cecil Richardson ate Sunday dinner with their country people at Newville, Pa.

Mrs. Iva Walker, better known as Marie Chilson, sends Christmas greetings to her friends.

Elsie Rabbit, from her home in Bena, Minn., sends the season's greetings to friends at Carlisle.

Miss Wilson took a party of seven girls down town to do their Christmas shopping last Thursday evening.

Edward Paul returned from his home in Fort Lapwai last week, bringing with him a new student, Sampson Spalding.

William Foster, one of our ex-students, who is now employed in Philadelphia by the Reading Railroad, was at Carlisle over Sunday.

Christmas services being held in the Presbyterian Church Sunday evening, a quartette of our boys, Benedict Cloud, Jesse Wakeman, Peter Eastman, and Kenneth King, went down and sang Christmas carols.

The Sunday school Christmas program consisted of a song by Mrs. Walker's class; a recitation, "The First Christmas," Louise Bluesky; and Christmas recitations by Rose Simpson, Cora Battice, and Ida Bartlett. Mr. Whitwell gave a talk on the requirements of the Christmas season.

On the way to their home in Washington, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Eahart, from Keshena, Wisconsin, paid Carlisle a short visit. Mr. Eahart was assistant superintendent of the Menominee Reservation, but on account of poor health had to resign. He is a most delightful gentleman and THE ARROW wishes him a speedy recovery of health and strength.

SPECIAL LITERARY PROGRAMS.

Following the custom of former years, the Susan and Mercer Literary Societies gave, in their respective halls, last Friday evening, especially prepared programs to bring out and emphasize the Christmas thought, as follows:

THE SUSANS.

Music, by society orchestra, composed of Margaret Chilson, Julia Hardin, Myrtle Chilson, Hazel Skye, Marie Paisano, and Abbie Somers; recitation, Germaine Renville; vocal solo, Alice Springer; society prophecy, Mamie Richardson; cello solo, Pearl Bonser; Christmas story, Marie Paisano; piano solo, Mercy Metoxen; recitation, Ida Mae Warren; dialogue, Susie Lacy, Mayme Giard, Clara Irving, and Justine Jackson; harp solo, Margaret Chilson; reading, Myrtle Thomas; vocal solo, Mary Baily; vocal quartette, Theresa Martell, Myrtle Chilson, Pearl Bonser, and Margaret Chilson.

Among the visitors were Mrs. Foster, Miss Gaither, Mrs. Canfield, Miss Hagan, and Mr. Meyer. The student visitors were Joseph Brave, Dan Needham, Louis Schweigman, Harry Bonser, Grover Martelle, Derias Skenandore, Joseph Pappin, Hiram Chase, Joel Wheelock, George Vetterneck, William Garlow, and John Bigfire.

THE MERCERS.

Selection, Mercer orchestra; song, Mercers; recitation, Nan Saunooke; piano solo, Agnes Bartholomeau; violin solo, Caroline Hewitt; piano duet, Esthel Cook, Elois Cook; reading, Estelle Bradley; vocal duet, Clemence LaTraille, Anna Bebeau; anecdotes, Katie May; vocal solo, Leila Waterman, with violin obligato by Caroline Hewitt, and piano accompaniment by Theresa Lay; prophecy, Rose Whipper; selection, orchestra.

The visitors were Mrs. Foster, Miss Gaither, Miss Wilson, Miss Neptune, Alexander Arcasa, James Dunbar, Joseph Bergie, Daniel Plaunt, Leon Boutwell, Edward Bracklin, Henry Herrera, Thomas Miles, Joseph Grair, Pueblo Herrera, and Simon Needham.

STANDARDS ELECT OFFICERS.

President, Harrison Smith; vice president, Harold Bruce; recording secretary, Francis Bacon; corre-

sponding secretary, Peter Eastman; treasurer, Louis Brown; critic, James Baker; assistant critic, Lonnie Hereford; music manager, Simon Needham; sergeant-at-arms, Christjohn Antone; editor, Benedict Cloud.

John Ortego was initiated into the society, and the names of Charles Foster and Francis McMahn were presented for admission into the society. Mr. Shell was the official visitor.



Catherine Tekakwitha Notes.

The Holy Name Society was called to order by Robert Bruce.

Fifteen new members were received into the society.

After the business of the society had been transacted, the following Christmas program was rendered: vocal quartet, Clemence LaTraille, Jane Katchenago, Anna Bebeau, and Margaret Chilson; cornet solo, Robert Bruce; Christmas reading, Margaret Moore; piano solo, Agnes Bartholomeau; Christmas story, Henry Broker; vocal solo, Anna Bebeau.



Supt. Dickens at Carlisle.

Mr. Dickens, superintendent of the Red Lake School, Minnesota, arrived Saturday with a party of twelve students. He spent several days looking into the various departments of the school and carefully noted the work on the farm and in the modern dairy.

Supt. Dickens was recently appointed to Red Lake and contemplates some very extensive improvements. His influence is already being felt on that reservation.



Fine Bathing Facilities for Gymnasium.

Work has commenced on remodeling of the bath room in the Gymnasium. Careful plans have been drawn and a suite of three rooms will be built for bathing and locker rooms. Wall showers are to be installed, new toilet fixtures, a Tobey heater, and metal lockers. The ceiling will be of metal, with a neat arrangement of panels. One room will be used for lockers, and the other, which is cemented on all sides, will serve for the bathing. The rooms will be carefully ventilated by additional windows. It is a much needed improvement, and the work will be executed by student apprentices.

GENERAL SCHOOL NEWS.

The boys quit working at The Cave on Saturday last.

Margaret Culbertson is attending school at Melrose Park, Pa.

The painters are working on the reading room in the Girls' Quarters.

The carpenter boys are putting up book-shelves in the girls' reading room.

Miss Neptune, of Room 6, took her pupils down town to see the Christmas decorations.

On Thursday evening the Catholic students went to town to sing their yearly Christmas carols in the church.

Nora Grounds, who is in a country home, sends "Merry Christmas" and "A Happy New Year" to her friends.

The Y. W. C. A. received a letter of thanks from the Leupp Mission School, in Arizona, for the Christmas box which was sent there a short time ago.

Helen Picard, one of our graduates, now a Senior at the West Chester Normal School, is here to spend the Christmas holidays with her Carlisle friends.

William Clark, one of our ex-students, who is employed in the car shops at Altoona, Pa., came in to spend Christmas week with his friends.

Miss Eva Hazard, of the Printing Office force, left for her home in Washington, D. C., Monday morning, where she will spend her Christmas vacation.

Last Monday afternoon the Junior Class, accompanied by their teacher, Miss McDowell, visited the County house, and while there distributed Christmas cards among the inmates.

Many beautiful Christmas postal cards have been received from Cecelia Wheelock, who is now at the Southern Ute Boarding School as an employee. She sends Christmas greetings to her friends.

Harry West, who recently removed from Philadelphia to Schenectady, N. Y., where he is working at mechanical drawing, writes to Mr. Collins that after three weeks' work he was given a promotion in salary.

BABETTA'S CHRISTMAS.

BY ISABEL LAVATTA.

MY story opens on a beautiful winter day with the sun shining so brightly upon the snow-covered ground that everything as far as the eye could see seemed to wear a crown of glittering jewels. The streets of the town were filled with busy people, hurrying to and fro, bearing countless boxes which told of Christmas gifts and Christmas joys. The bells were jingling and tinkling through the frosty air, telling everyone that this was merry Christmas-tide, the happiest time of all the year.

Away from the noisy bustling town, out in a lonely little shack far in the woods, there was one to whom Christmas meant nothing. Misfortune had fallen upon little Babetta, and she had been left a lonely, helpless orphan. What was Christmas to her? She knew that this was the holiday season, but to her it was bringing only sorrow and grief. Lonely she sat there, wondering if there was any place on earth for a child so poor and solitary as she, and while she was thinking this she fell asleep and dreamed of all the beautiful things of which she was bereft. She saw in her dream a magnificent palace where luxury abounded. In one of the rooms was a glorious Christmas tree, sparkling with lights and laden with gifts, and in another was a table sumptuously spread with the food which Babetta so sorely needed. She reached out her hand to touch the table, the dream vanished, and the little girl awoke to the realization of her poverty and grief.

The memory of the dream lingered in Babetta's mind so long that at last she decided to go into town to see if she could not banish it from her thoughts. Putting on her poor ragged coat, she went out and made her way slowly into the noisy town. The snow was falling. Little Babetta was not warmly clad, so she made slow progress on her journey. Suddenly, she heard a moan, and looked about her to see whence it came. She heard it again and immediately went toward the spot from which it seemed to come. She had gone only a few steps when she came on an old man moaning with pain and crying for help. Babetta bent over him and asked what a little girl like

her could do to help him. The man, whose clothing proclaimed him a man of wealth, bade her go in a certain direction and find his carriage, which he had left a few moments before. It was really quite a distance away, but pity lent wings to Babetta's feet and the time seemed short as she sped on her errand. When she reached the carriage, the coachman bade her get in and guide him to the spot where his master lay. And now Babetta's Christmas joys began, for the old gentleman, with his wound comfortably bandaged, listened to her pitiful story, took her to his home, and brought her up as his cherished daughter.



ABOUT STUDENTS AND EX-STUDENTS.

Estella Ellis, Class '11, is visiting friends in Syracuse, N. Y.

Max Favel writes that he is working on a big ranch near Spokane, Wash.

Ez Nez, better known as Ezra Nelson, is working in a store at his home in New Mexico.

Cora Bresette, one of our ex-students, is attending Gordon's Business College in Ashland, Wis.

J. William Ettawageshik, Class '11, is now assistant editor of *The Outlook*, a paper published at Onoway, Mich.

Mrs. Sherman Seneca, formerly Blanche Lay, writes that she is getting along nicely at her home in New York.

Florence McLane, one of our ex-students who went home a year ago, is now attending college in Fremont, Nebraska.

Alfred Merrick, an ex-student of Carlisle who went home last fall, is now employed as a baker at Medicine Lake, Mont.

A letter received from Anna Melton, Class '12, states that she is now attending St. Mary's Academy, at Sacred Heart, Okla.

Henry Standing Bear, Class '90, who is at present located in Chicago, has recently been visiting at his home in Pine Ridge, S. Dak.

Word has been received from Susie Porter, a member of the Freshman Class who went home last June,

stating that she expects to be appointed to the position of matron at the Ponsford Indian School, in Minnesota. The Freshmen wish her every success.

An interesting letter from Emma LaVatta, Class '11, states that she is happily settled in Pocatello, Idaho. She sends greetings to her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Gardner, who are living in Keshena, Wis., write that they and the children are enjoying the best of health. He is making a success as agency blacksmith.

Mitchell LaFleur, now working at his trade in Spokane, Wash., in a letter to a friend says: "I certainly wish I could be in Carlisle at the time the Invincibles and the Standards debate. I do hope the Invincibles win."

Eliza Dyer writes to Superintendent Friedman from Mission Post Office, S. Dak., as follows: "I am so sorry that I could not come back to Carlisle his year, but mother's health is very poor, and I must stay with her."

Cecelia Wheelock, who was recently appointed to a position in the Southern Ute School, at Ignacio, Colo., sends word to Superintendent Friedman that she finds herself among very pleasant people and that the work is satisfactory.

In a very nice letter from George Gendron, who is located near Republic, Washington State, he gives the following interesting account of himself: "I am trying to get started in farming. I have a farm of eighty acres, forty of which are under cultivation—nearly all sod, plowed last spring. I have a nice large house, and I am surrounded by fine people. I have, also, a barn and good farming machinery. Please remember me to my classmates who were with me in Room 10."



Some Truths the Juniors Are Learning.

The Junior Class are deeply interested in the study of Sir Launfal, which teaches these two important lessons: First, that we need not go far or do great deeds to win the favor of Christ; second, the sin of pride and selfishness; the beauty of sympathy and brotherly love.



PLAY the game within the rules.