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The Chemawa American

Printed at Chemawa, Oregon, and Devoted to the Interests of Indian Education

Vol. XXVI

Wednesday, February 11, 1925

No. 17

OUR MISTAKES

The late President Roosevelt once said, "Show me a man who never made a mistake and I will show you a man who never accomplished anything."

Students, you cannot afford to let your past mistakes spoil your future. If your mistakes have been bad forget them, erase them, if possible from your memory. Get the good out of every experience, and hold to it, but let go of the bad. If you are compelled to brood and worry over your past bad acts, do so only to resolve never to make any mistakes of like nature again; let your past be the stimulous for future good acts.

If you spend your time in vain regrets over past sins, your crimes, your difficulties or trials, you will unfit yourself for future work and lose all the good you could get from such regrettable experiences if you used them rightly. Such misconduct has already been a tremendous loss to you—a loss of respect on the part of those who know you, a loss of energy which had it been properly used might have worked up into things worth while. A discordant, troubled mind cannot create or produce, and a mind in such a condition destroys, tears down, does not build.

So we say to you, young men and young women, do not allow yourselves to live in the past, thinking about your mistakes, short-comings or failures. They are beyond you; forget them, but profit by them to the very fullest extent. Of course you should have known better and should have done better, but the only way to retrieve yourself now is to get into the harness and travel the right road, and enable your better self to fling a full one-hundred percent of your efficiency into your daily work.

How we all look back and long to begin all over again, to retrace our steps, improve on our mistakes and avoid our past blunders, sins and crimes. It would be a wonderful thing if we could do just that, but there is no going back. It is one steady forward movement for good or bad from birth to the end of this mortal existence. The only chance we have is by making the most of today—the passing moment.

Every day, students, we have the chance to begin again, to try again; a chance to correct our mistakes and blunders, to redeem ourselves from failure, from

the scorn of our companions, and to compensate for it all, to make up for it and stand out before everybody through proper action as determined to live down past mistakes and make good. If you show that you are in earnest there are plenty of friends to stand by you.

Think what it means to have the confidence of those around you, who respect you for your determination to reform, and who will stand by you ready to give a helping hand. Thus the unfortunate past will be forgotten—having worth-while friends and with new prospects and new ideals. Such results are worth it. Let us see if those here at our school, and elsewhere, who may have made missteps, will not stand forth and have the manhood or womanhood to show by their actions that they intend to retrieve the past, to take the stand for right action, to be honorable and play the game fairly.

These statements are not intended for anyone in particular, but fit all of us more or less—probably apply to some more than others. We have all made mistakes and we still make them frequently, and some of these mistakes may be more serious than others, even to verging into an offense that in the eyes of those around us can be classed as a crime, or at least unfit us to associate with good people. But the right kind of a boy or girl, man or woman, can live it all down, here and elsewhere, by determining not to allow the past to spoil the future, but to meet the problem each day with an honest desire to do the right thing. It can be done and is done. Never grow discouraged, for it is said that discouragement is the devil's (or evil's) greatest tool.

The tailors turned out forty pairs of knee-trousers last week. Nothing slow about the tailors, eh!

Fred Cardin, who left Chemawa some years ago as first violinist of the Indian String Quartet, recently sent a friend two of his published works for violin and piano—one published by Carl Fisher in New York City and the other by Theodore Presser of Philadelphia. They are both exceptionally fine and a big boost for Fred, who by the way, is now in his second year as teacher of violin at the University of Nebraska at Lincoln.