

SUPT. JAMES H. MCGREGOR

(Continued from page 1)

war, when he enlisted for service under the colors. He was employed at bureaus in Washington at different times, was supervisor of schools in the Philippines, while Mrs. McGregor was a teacher in the Philippines. He was principal of an Indian school in Oklahoma, and in 1914 was principal of the Rosebud boarding school at Mission. Later he was superintendent of the Cheyenne agency, and in 1922 came to the Rosebud agency.

"Mr. McGregor is a Christian gentleman, and in his every-day dealings that was a powerful factor in making his decisions. To this largely, may be ascribed his unbounded success, and his gradual promotion in the field of his chosen work.

"The Rosebud country loses a very valuable man, and in fact, a splendid family, in the moving of the McGregor family. However, the loss of the Rosebud is the gain of the school in Oregon, and their many friends are loathe to see them go, but rejoice in his promotion."

Two daughters, Jean and Virginia, accompanied the parents to Chemawa, but John Donald, a son, remained in attendance at the Academy of Hastings, Neb. He will join his parents in Chemawa on the close of school at Hastings for the summer vacation.

THE CHIPMUNK'S STRIPES

The following Indian story was written by George Meachem as a test in English:

Once upon a time there lived a chipmunk in the woods and it was his habit to go out every day and gather nuts. So one day, while he was gathering nuts, he began to feel a little lazy. It was rather unusual for him to feel that way. It was his custom to get up early and go to the top of the tree and look around for anything that might harm him. He got along all right, but one day he was lazy and he didn't climb the tree and look around before he went out to pick up nuts. He thought he was safe, so he went out and while he was lazily picking up the nuts a wildcat sneaked up on him and made a jump to catch him, but the chipmunk was a fraction of an inch quicker than the wildcat.

However, the wildcat in snatching at the chipmunk scratched him on the back, which left line wounds. When the hair grew out again in these scratches it was a darker color, and it has remained so on all chipmunk's backs to this day, and every time you see a chipmunk running, full of life, he is afraid something might catch him. The stripes constantly remind him of his narrow escape from being the prey of the wildcat.

WHY THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN DOESN'T SING

A English test written by Marie Bauer:

Once, very long ago, there lived an Indian man whose name was Eenkidomi, which means spider man. Eenkidomi was an outcast from his tribe because he was never known to tell the truth. He was feared by some of the tamest animals and birds, because he was always tricking them with his cunning, thus making many of the birds and beasts fear all mankind.

One nice summer day when Eenkidomi was roaming about, he heard some singing and flapping of wings. He grew very curious and went on until he came to "Chicken Hill," where all the prairie chickens had gathered to sing and dance as it was their custom to do every year. Eenkidomi listened awhile, making believe he enjoyed their dance very much, but he was planning some trick to play on them, as he was very hungry.

He told them he was a good friend of their grandparents, and that they were very pretty, but would be more graceful in their dance if they sang with their eyes closed. This flattery made them feel very important, so they began to dance again, flapping their wings faster and closing their eyes very tightly. There were two wise prairie chickens in the crowd and they peeped and they screamed warning to all the chickens to fly, because their good friend Eenkidomi was ringing their brothers' and sisters heads' off. Now the prairie chickens won't sing when a person is around.

GOOD PENMANSHIP

What a pleasure it is to receive a letter from a dear friend! But when that letter is so poorly written that it is a greater task to read it than it is to decipher a lot of hieroglyphics on the pyramids of Egypt much of the pleasure in reading it is missing. How vexatious it is to run onto a word right in the midst of an interesting or important sentence which cannot be "made out." The word might be this, that, or something else—all making sense—but what is it? Was there ever such a pickle? So you see that good penmanship is a very important matter as well as a pleasing feature for the eye.

Beyond a certain degree of proficiency in writing many of us cannot go, as it is more or less a gift to write an "elegant hand," but we can, and should, write legibly. Not long ago we read an article on the decadence of the art of good penmanship in which various reasons were stated as contributing to the present state of affairs. It was said that the type-writer is being brought more and more into common usage and the only penmanship required in connection with the machine is the signature at the end of the epistle. Owing to the pace at which we are all traveling through life, and the pressure of business, friendly letter-writing is almost a thing of the past and consequently penmanship is suffering.