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GOOD PENMANSHIP

It is a great pleasure to receive a letter from a friend. It is the next thing to a visit—tete-a-tete. But what happens when it is so illegibly scribbled that one is unable to read it? Furthermore, 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 much of the pleasure that should be present is missing. Is there anything more vexatious than to run onto a word right in the midst of an important or interesting sentence which cannot be "made out?" The word might be this, that, or something else—all making sense—but what in the world is it? Was there ever such a pickle? So, you see, good penmanship is a very important matter as well as a pleasing feature for the eye.

True, this is a "machine age" and typewriters are more or less in use generally, but one cannot carry a typewriter about in one's pocket. Here is where the pen or lead pencil take the lead and come into use, often to indict most serious articles of a business as well as of a social nature. It seems to us that in the majority of cases poor penmanship results from a lack of practice, lack of a desire for neatness and legibility, or because the importance attaching to writing a "good hand" is not sensed. Truly it is an important matter. If it is necessary or desirable to write at all it surely is important that the recipient of the epistle can read it. Some people affirm that penmanship is something of an index to character—in which we have often been tempted to concur.

Possibly, in fact, probably, 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 very long ago we read an article on the decadence of the art of good penmanship in which many reasons were stated as contributing to the present state of affairs. It was stated that the typewriter is being utilized 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 hurrying through life, and the pressure of business, friendly letter-writing is almost a thing of the past and consequently penmanship is suffering. There is on every hand the idea of "drive," "cram," "do or die," etc., which robs all of us of the leisure that is the parent of art. We have no time that we dare to use for serious reflection. We are

in the main barred from the opportunity of a contemplation of the beautiful. Competition and the struggle for maximum production have found lodgement in our blood and brain and we are as a mass enslaving ourselves—not developing ourselves—and we call it education! Are we any better off for the condition that we are still fostering? However, we will close with a realization that we are about to stray from our text.

SOME EPITAPHS

Here rests the bones of Silas Hay,
The durn fool got too smart;
He looked into a gun one day
To see the bullet start.
—CINCINNATI ENQUIRER.

Here rests the bones of Ezra Tank,
His folly none could throttle;
He got up in the dark and drank
Out of the acid bottle.
—DETROIT FREE PRESS.

Here lie the bones of Hiram Blaine,
Who trusted to his feet;
And wouldn't take an aeroplane
To cross a jitney street.
—SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE.

Here float the bones of Thomas Groat,
Who on a foolish lark,
Though warned by all, rocked a boat,
Which pitched him to a shark.
—WASHINGTON POST.

Here lies the bones of Reuben Wright,
His fire was choked with cinders;
He poked it with some dynamite,
And he was blown to flinders.
—THE PATHFINDER.

Here lie the bones of Tommy Gores,
Who skated o'er an icy crack;
He must have gone to other shores,
For Tommy hasn't yet got back.
—CHEMAWA AMERICAN.

ESCORTS

Sat., Feb. 21—To Salem	- - -	Miss Lundquist
Sun., Feb. 22—McBride	- - -	Mr. Allen
		Miss Mountjoy
Winona	- - -	Mr. Carl Turner
		Miss Cruise
Hawley	- - -	Mr. Fisher
		Mrs. Herlits