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## Type writing

### Speed Passage No. I

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
There is romance in bridges. Consider the big ones made of steel that span the mighty rivers of our nation, the average-sized ones that make it possible for man to cross the small rivers that are numerous in many States and the little wooden bridges still found on many back roads where luck of motor traffic has left them virtually unchanged. We still have, and shall never forget, the little foot bridge that spans the fascinating streams of water that flow through the farm pastures and meadows.	56 116 178 233 293 356 421 483 510
All these bridges are so often taken for granted instead of appreciated. When you stop to think of it, some engineering was necessary for each one of them—even for the small one that crosses the stream where the cattle drink every day and where little boys play hooky from school with a fishing pole, a line and some appetizing bait.	570 636 695 756 813 852
The view from a little foot bridge is probably the most charming of all. There are the rolling hills, the distant blue of the sky or the green of the meadow. As one stands on this bridge out in the quiet of the country, he can hear many sounds that are never heard by the city dweller—the chirping of the crickets, the croaking of the bull frog, the singing of the wood thrush—each one calling man to contemplate the beauty and mystery of life. The little foot bridge usually remains in the memory if one has learned to love it in his younger days when living was easy and care free.	909 975 1035 1096 1157 1224 1277 1339 1398 1447
There is a special feature of the country bridge that is now disappearing and that is the turnout on the roadway beside it. If the stream was a small one, the turnout permitted a person to drive his horse through the ford and up the opposite bank to the road again. In this way, it was possible to water the horse without getting out of the vehicle.	1506 1563 1618 1677 1740 1805
Driving a carriage or wagon into the stream was probably not too easy on its wheels, but it did give the horses an opportunity to get a needed drink of water. They drank noisily from the flowing stream and enjoyed doing so. And the boy fishing nearly would not drop his fishing pole and walk closer to the horse? True, he had often seen horses from the middle of a stream as the driver let his reins dangle, but it was always interesting to see it once again.	1867 1928 1990 2053 2116 2178 2247 2303

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 2

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
Advertising is the bulwark on which many of our freedoms are built. Some of these freedoms are as small as the choice of a tube of tooth paste, and some are as large as the exploration of outer space. However, large and small, they are the open gates through which we can constantly expand the scope of our lives.	48 112 174 235 293 317
Advertising makes possible the marketing of goods and services, encourages competition among businesses and assures the people of free countries a choice between competing products. As a result of this free competition, advertising gives us freedom of enjoyment, because the makers of competing products must price their goods as low as possible. And when the cost of the necessities is held to a minimum, people have money left for recreation and entertainment.	373 427 486 543 598 657 720 773 788
Advertising gives workers freedom from much exhausting physical labour—and a greater choice of ways to earn a living. By increasing the demand for products, advertising makes mass production methods possible, necessitates the use of gigantic machines to carry tremendous weights and creates a labour market in which intelligent man hours are more vital to the economy than horse power.	946 1009 1067 1125 1186 1246 1279
Advertising also gives job holders security by sustaining a demand for products and giving financial stability to the company that makes them.	1339 1399 1424
Most important of all, advertising gives us freedom of knowledge. It is true that every public means of communication in the United States is supported by the advertising it sells. But this does not make advertising an evil force. Without several thousand trade publications that cover individual segments of our industrial fields, manufacturers would not know of new machinery and techniques available, retailers might never learn of new products available for their stores and doctors would have to leave their patients and return to medical school in order to keep abreast of modern medical research.	1483 1542 1605 1669 1727 1793 1854 1910 1972 2027 2066

## Typewriting Speed Passage No. 3

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
Betty had always dreamed of owning a car. Driving	52
along in the autumn when the foliage was turning brown and	111
orange seemed like paradise to her. Every winter she	166
could travel through quiet country roads coverd with a	221
blanket of spotless snow and see green pines whose needles	280
were topped with puffy balls of white. During the summer,	340
it would no longer be necessary to depend on anyone to	395
drive her to the seashore. She would simply step into her	455
buggy and travel anywhere she pleased.	494
Finally, after she had saved for many months, her	546
dream came true. Betty bought a convertible. Green and	605
white, it was her pride and joy. She, sat behind the steering	669
wheel, turned the motor on and headed for the open highway.	729
Colourful scenes of yellow, violet, and crimson flowers and	790
pleasant green meadows whizzed by like an unending movie.	848
Ah, yes, the world was hers.	878
And then one day, Betty attempted to start the car.	933
There was an explosive noise in the motor, and vehicle	989
bucked like a wild bronco as the young girl drove down the	1049
highway. At once she took her car to the nearest service	1108
station. Some part of the motor needed cleaning. Seven	1167
dollars and fifty cents. Well, she thought, all things mechani-	1233
cal will occasionally give trouble.	1269
And so again she traveled along, content and happy; all	1327
was well. But then winter arrived, and the car would not	1386
start. Betty called a mechanic and was told the car needed	1447
to be winterized. Another seven dollars. Oh, well, she said	1511
again, these things will happen.	1544
A week later, she had her first flat. Betty reported it	1604
to her mechanic and was advised to buy two new tyres. The	1664
front ones were badly worn. Naturally she wanted good	1720
tyres, and they cost her another fifty dollars. She was	1778
beginning to think her dream had become a nightmare.	1831
Betty had no more trouble that winter. Spring came	1886
again, and she decided to take her family riding through	1944
the country. As the convertible climbed up a steep rise, it	2006
bucked and stalled.	2026

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 4

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
It is strange that the things that once thrilled you as a child seem trivial and meaningless when you grow up and take another look at them. A carnival, for instance, was a fascinating wonderland as you walked along the grounds with your father. The ferris wheel, the fluffy cotton candy, and the colourful clowns seemed like pictures come to life from a storybook. As you wandered past the huge canvas tents, perhaps stopping too peer into them, you came to the sword swallower. You could have remained there all night watching with amazement as he thrust tremendous swords into his mouth. The smell of peanuts as you rode the gentle ponies filled your head and made you dream of running away with the carnival.	58 114 175 230 293 352 409 469 528 583 645 699 723 776 838 901 960 1015 1051 1107 1164 1223 1284 1346 1400 1443 1494 1550 1608 1667 1730 1788 1849 1906 1967 2028 2039
There was the carousel with its majestic black and white horses, not to mention the thrill of catching the brass ring for one more ride. The delicious candy apples; the hot buttered popcorn; and the sounds of men standing on wooden boxes beckoning all to come and watch their shows were part of this special, unreal world.	
As you finished eating the last box of popcorn, watch the last clown perform, and reluctantly walked home, you could barely contain the excitement of your evening at the carnival. When, finally, sleepy from the fresh summer air, you lay in bed, visions of the colourful carnival filled your dreams. You vowed that you would go to the carnival every night of your life when you grew up.	
Now that you are grown at last, you may be quite disappointed when you visit a carnival. As you wander along, the grounds may be uneven and difficult to walk on and perhaps muddy. The odor of popcorn, peanuts, and the sight of sticky candy apples will no longer seem so appealing, but rather make you think longingly of the wholesome food in your own home. The voices of the barkers will soon make your head hurt, and probably you will refuse to ride the ferris wheel. Your adult mind will think of the dangers of the carnival rides—a wheel may loosen or the ride may make you dizzy.	

## Typewriting Speed Passage No. 5

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary), as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
I wonder whether the old mill still stands as it did,	54
hidden from view by a thick clump of shade trees. Every	111
summer when we visited my uncle, aunt, and cousins at	165
their farm, going down to explore the old mill was one of	223
our favourite occupations. Perhaps it appealed to us children	285
so much because we had been instructed never to go	341
there. The grown ups felt it was a decrepit, unsafe place and	405
cautioned us to stay away from it. This only added to our	465
trips the extra thrill that goes with forbidden fun.	518
We would finish our farm chores early—collecting eggs,	576
weeding the vegetable garden, and feeding the live-stock.	634
Then my two cousins, my sister, and I would hurry down	691
the winding road. It was an asphalt road that grew extremely	754
hot under the bright noon-day sun. I remember that it	810
would burn our feet through the rubber soles of our sneakers,	872
making us skip quickly along. We never minded this	925
discomfort, however. We would run down the road,	976
spurred on by the excitement of our trip. Soon we turned	1035
off into a narrow dirt path. Up a small rise, around a bend,	1098
and there, under a cluster of elms, stood the abandoned mill.	1161
It was a wooden building, approximately the size of a	1218
barn. It had never been painted, and its aged wood was now	1279
dark brown. Two very large doors had fallen from its side;	1341
all the window panes, too, had been missing for many years.	1401
Through the various openings we could see the dark,	1454
shadowy interior, with glinting sunlight showing here and	1512
there. Up the seven rotting steps we would run, and	1567
there we were inside the old place at last.	1611
Straw covered the whole floor, and several empty grain sacks	1674
lay folded in one of the corners. On the walls, yellowing	1734
posters announced the programme of a summer stock company.	1790
All the posters were torn and about twenty years old;	1852
they had faded to the point where they were only partially	1911
readable. Through the window frames in the back the old	1969
water wheel could be seen—a rested piece of machinery, now	2030
embedded in the earth, over which a stream of water flowed	2090
continually. Bits of moss clung to the old wheel.	2142

## Typewriting Speed Passage No. 6

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
The car was loaded with the usual camping equipment as we headed toward the desert country of southern California. We know that only one camp ground had water and that all food, water and wood had to be taken along. There would be no stores—only good roads and wilderness. We had planned our supplies carefully so that we would not run short on this camping trip.	52
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We had been fascinated by this area because it is so completely different from the usual desert country. It is a unique part of our western desert. The Joshua trees with their shaggy, out-stretched arms stand as stark sentinels against a vivid blue sky. These trees, which grow as high as twentyfive feet, are par tof the lily family. Creamy white blossoms cluster at the ends of their heavy branches. Legend has it that this plant was given the name of Joshua tree, or praying plant, because of its upstretched arms. Since these trees do not have annual rings, it has been impossible to know their age.	489
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We made camp at a spot nestled in a little valley. There we blew up our rubber mattresses, fluffed out our sleeping bags, and did the usual camping chores before we set out to explore the area. A favourite spot was Salton View. Here we were thrilled by an unforgettable picture of valleys, mountains, and desert combined in one magnificent panorama. We saw the green of the date trees in the date gardens far below and were told that these date palms were brought to these shores by missionaries years ago.	1056
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There were many interesting places to visit. But best of all we liked Hidden Valley, which is completely surrounded by rocks. We were fascinated to learn that this spot was formerly used as a hideout by cattle rustlers. The only way we could enter it was to crawl through the rocks on hands and knees. Once inside, we found a peaceful little valley bordered on all sides by gigantic rocks.	

## Typewriting Speed Passage No. 7

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
As any city dweller realizes, cities can be extraordinarily dangerous, for movement there is as uncertain as that on a battlefield. The pedestrian must move around automobiles, trucks and other innumerable obstacles with the quickness of a rabbit and the muscles of a weight lifter. In addition, he must also protect himself against the actions of his fellow citizens.	59 118 178 239 302 361 371
For example, an innocent visitor, unaccustomed to the actual violence occurring in subway travel, could easily suppose he had walked into a riot. Expressions of annoyance are quickly uttered, arguments are begun, blows and kicks are given and the frightened visitor is eventually pushed from the train to a station platform—and not the one for which he had been heading.	428 494 552 610 669 731 750
Much the same struggle continues at bus stops, and this confusion is often initiated by the driver himself. Passengers who have sprinted wildly to gain transportation and have actually touched the bus itself find it a usual happening to have the door slam shut just as their grasping fingers reach in vain to keep it open. Some passengers, feeling their patience tried beyond normal endurance, actually follow the bus, screaming insults and holding aloft clenched hands.	809 874 932 993 1057 1121 1178 1232
At other times, passengers, feeling exhaustion and misery at the finish of a difficult working day, are further annoyed. They have to mark time in snow or rain while waiting for a bus as one half-filled vehicle after another zooms by.	1286 1347 1403 1468 1472
Admittedly, problems between passengers and driver are not always the driver's fault, and occasionally those unfortunates driving have reason to bemoan their profession. Sometimes passengers, especially visitors, delay schedule by demanding information or asking question that could be easily resolved by reading the directions on the bus itself. Often they become troublesome, refusing to move to permit others to come in.	1525 1584 1645 1707 1762 1823 1882 1901

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 8

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
This night as I was in my sleep I dreamed, and	51
behold the heavens grew exceedingly black; also it thundered	113
and lightened in a most fearful wise, that it put me into an	174
awful agony. So I looked up in my dream, and saw the clouds	238
rack at a most unusual rate; upon which I heard a great sound	302
of a trumpet, and saw also a man sit upon a cloud, attended	362
with the thousands of heaven: they were all in flaming fire,	425
also the heavens were on a burning flame. I heard then a	485
voice saying, Arise ye dead and come to judgment: and with	546
that the rocks rent, the graves opened, and the dead that were	609
therein came forth: and some of them were exceedingly glad,	671
and looked upwards; and some sought to hide themselves	727
under the mountains: then I saw the man that sat upon the	790
cloud open the book and bid the world draw near. Yet	845
there was, by reason of a fierce flame that tissued out and	905
came from before him, a convenient distance betwixt	957
him and them, as betwixt the judge and the prisoners	1010
at the bar. I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended	1073
on the man that sat on a cloud. Gather together the	1128
the tares, the chaff, and the stubble, and cast them into	1186
the burning lake: and with that the bottomless pit opened,	1226
just whereabout I stood; out of the mouth of which there	1284
came, in an abundant manner, smoke, and coals of fire, with	1345
great hideous noises. It was also said to the same persons,	1407
Gather my wheat into the garner: and with that I saw many	1468
catched up and carried away into the clouds, but I was left	1529
behind. I also sought to hide myself, but I could not, for	1591
the man that sat upon the cloud still kept his eye upon me:	1651
my sins also came into my mind, and my conscience did	1707
accuse me on every side. Upon this I awaked from my sleep.	1772
What was it that made you so afraid of this sight,	1825
asked Christian, and the man answered: Why I thought that	1888
the day of judgment was come and that I was not ready for	1947
it. But this frightened me most, that the angels gathered up	2010
several and left me behind.	2038

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 9

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
There is very often a warm interval in February, sometimes a few days earlier and sometimes later, but as a rule it happens that a week or so of mild sunny weather occurs about this time. Released from the grip of the frost, the streams trickle forth from the fields and pour into the ditches so that while walking along the footpath there is a murmur all around coming from the rush of water. The murmur of the streams is indeed louder in February than in the more pleasant days of summer, for then the growth of aquatic grasses checks the flow and stills it, whilst in February every stone, or flint, or lump of chalk divides the current and causes a vibration. With this murmur of water, and mild time, the rooks caw incessantly, and the birds at large essay to utter their welcome of the sun. The wet furrows reflect the rays so that the dark earth gleams, and in the slight mist that stays farther away the light pauses and fills the vapour with radiance. Through this luminous mist the larks race after each other twittering, and as they turn aside, swerving in their swift flight, their white breasts appear for a moment. As while standing by a pool the fishes come into sight, emerging as they swim round from the shadow of the deeper water, so the larks dart over the low hedge, and through, the mist, and pass before you, and are gone again. All at once one checks his pursuit, forgets the immediate object, and rises, singing as he soars. The notes fall from the air over the dark wet earth, over the dank grass, and broken withered fern of the hedges, and listening to them it seems for a moment spring. There is sunshine in the song: the lark and the light are one. He gives us a few minutes of summer in February days. On his breast, high above the earth, the first rays fall as the rim of the sun edges up at the eastward hill. The lark and the light are, as one and wherever he glides over the wet furrows the glint of the sun goes with him. With bright light, and sunshine, and sunrise, and blue skies the bird is so associated in the mind, that even to see him in the frosty days of winter, at least assures us that summer will certainly return.	54 113 171 229 293 353 412 465 519 582 645 700 758 818 881 942 1000 1058 1118 1173 1230 1287 1345 1406 1467 1527 1583 1642 1719 1780 1841 1901 1964 2023 2084 2146 2153

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 10

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
The denunciation of pleasure-seeking is very rightly suspect for it is itself so often the seeking of the basest of pleasures. I mean the pleasure of being shocked, the pleasure of being censorious—in a word, the pleasure of scandal. But there are criticisms of modern pleasure-seeking which are not merely the scandal-mongering of old women, which is a permanent temptation to men as they grow old. There are criticisms that rest on reasonable and eternal principles. And one of them, I think, is this—that so many modern pleasures aim at indiscriminate and incongruous combination. They are colours that kill each other.	52 116 178 236 293 348 405 467 522 582 620
For instance, it is not greedy to enjoy a good dinner, any more than it is greedy to enjoy a good concert. But I do think there is something greedy about expecting to enjoy the dinner and the concert at the same time. I say trying to enjoy them, for it is the mark of this sort of complex enjoyment that it cannot be enjoyed. The fashion of having very loud music during meals in restaurants and hotels seems to me a perfect example of this chaotic attempt to have everything at once and do everything at once. Eating and drinking and talking have gone together by a tradition as old as the world; but the entrance of this fourth factor only spoils the other three. It is an ingenious scheme for combining music to which nobody will listen with conversation that nobody can hear. Recall some of the great conversations of history and literature; imagine some of the great and graceful impromptus, some of the spontaneous epigrams of the wits of the past; and then imagine any of them shouted through the deafening uproar of a brass band. It seems to me an intolerable insult to a musical artist that people should treat his art as an adjunct to a refined gluttony. It seems a yet more subtle insult to the musician that people should require to be fortified with food and drink at intervals, to strengthen them to endure his music. I say nothing of the deeper and darker insult to that other artist the cook. In any case it is the combination of the two pleasures that is unpleasant.	674 732 791 849 906 965 1019 1075 1133 1191 1250 1309 1367 1424 1487 1544 1597 1654 1707 1766 1825 1887 1946 2006 2069 2089

## Typewriting Speed Passage No. 11

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
I have noticed many examples of luxury in the wrong place. I mean, the elaboration of enjoyments in such a way that they cannot be enjoyed. A little while ago I happened to be dining in the train; and I am very fond of dining in the train—or, indeed anywhere else. I know that people sometimes write to the papers, or even make scenes in the railway carriage, complaining of the railway dinner service; but my complaint was altogether different—and indeed, quite contrary. I did not complain of the dinner because it was too bad, but because it was too good. The pleasure of eating in trains is akin to the pleasure of picnics, and should have a character adapted to its abnormal and almost adventurous conditions. This dinner was what is called a good dinner—that is it was about twice as long as any normal person would want in his own home, and a great deal longer than he would want even in an ordinary restaurant. The train was also what is called a good train—that is, it was a train that swayed wildly from side to side in hurtling through England just like a thunderbolt. Nobody who really wanted to enjoy such a long and luxurious dinner would dream of sitting down to it under those conditions. It is foolish to attempt to possess simultaneously the advantage of luxury and leisure with the advantage of speed.	52 114 176 240 300 362 422 478 538 601 663 722 783 839 800 958 1022 1083 1144 1201 1266 1328 1357
As a fact, such combinations are simply conventions. It is not that anybody, left to his own intelligence, would prefer to enjoy a concert in a restaurant, or dinner in railway carriage. It is that some rather vulgar people do not think a restaurant is conventionally complete without a programme of music, or a dinner without a catalogue of courses. These conventions are in their result quite cold and uncomfortable. They entirely neglect the art of pleasure-seeking, in the only intelligent sense of seeking pleasure, where it is to be found. It is generally to be found much more in isolation, in distinction and even in contrast.	1413 1475 1539 1602 1661 1723 1785 1851 1916 1981 2008

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## Typewriting

### Speed Passage No. 12

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
Health is tremendously important to a household. It can so easily govern your whole married life. I was talking to a man the other day who was looking for a new house, and he said, 'You see, the trouble is, my wife can only live on sand.'	54
It seemed awful to me—you know, not even a bit of fruit for a change. But there you are, it's all the luck of the draw. If you really are calculating enough to cross-examine your wife concerning her health before you get married, there's one assurance you ought to get out of her: and that is, a solemn undertaking that she won't decide to have a day in bed on the same day that you do. I had some experience of this a week or two ago, when my wife and I had the 'flu together, and we lay moaning in adjoining rooms: the only thing we did for each other was to stagger in and take each other's temperature from time to time—and that was only because we hoped that the other one's would be a couple of points below ours, and that he'd feel—or she'd feel—in duty bound to go down and put the dog up the garden. Putting dogs up the garden is terribly important. So much so that one evening, when my temperature was a hundred and one, I went down specially to wedge the back door open all night so that the dog could put itself up. And a rather odd sort of double catastrophe took place. Because it so happened that my wife was hundred and one, too—her temperature, I mean—and she'd come down to make herself some soup. And after I'd stuffed a folded newspaper under the door to wedge it, I straightened up and cut my head on the key. When I got upstairs to hunt for a plaster I found my wife standing there weeping, because she'd just tripped over her slippers and poured her soup in the middle of the bed. There we were, me bleeding, her crying, and the mulligatawny trickling through the mattress.	116
The point I'm making as I'm sure you understand, is that illness in the home is best staggered. You in bed for a week, and me running up and down stairs with trays and wireless sets and doctors and the wrong library book and a brave bright smile, and then it's my turn, and you doing the running. Both together is a dead loss.	171
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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 13

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
There is a mistaken but widely believed opinion which holds that citizens of continental Europe are cold, unfriendly, and critical of visitors to their land. Supposedly, they offer no pleasant remarks or actions unless they can gain something by doing so. But the wonderful experiences of many visitors have proved that the native of foreign shores is charming, helpful, and sometimes more hospitable to a visitor than the visitor's own country men would be if the situation were reversed.	54 119 184 246 308 367 428 486 496
Travelling in a second-class compartment on any continental train proves that chivalry and hospitality can be found. For example, take an ordinary journey from Venice to Rome—a journey that takes some eight or ten hours, depending on the feelings of the railroad officials. In that time any visitor is welcomed, given helpful information, and provided with conversation.	546 610 670 727 791 852 880
At the beginning of the journey, the compartment chosen may be unoccupied but for the visitor. As the train halts in the many small villages, however, other passengers enter the compartment and occupy the empty places. Some are returning from spending a few days with relatives, while others have just finished a longer vacation and are returning to their various professions. But all are usually cheerful and talkative.	931 993 1053 1115 1179 1242 1309 1363
They always seem to be hungry, for they bring giant sandwiches, loaves of bread, bottles of wine, and other items of food or drink to insure a satisfactory journey. So common is this arrangement that many trains have no eating facilities for the starving visitor. This unpleasant situation is alleviated by the generosity of the natives, who will usually give the visitor some of their own dinner to help him satisfy his hunger. Sometimes, of course, this may not happen; but the tourist can always purchase something from the gaily coloured pushcarts that rush to the windows of the train as it halts at each village.	1425 1488 1551 1608 1670 1732 1789 1850 1910 1936
After their appetites have been consoled, most of the natives turn to the amusement of interesting conversation. For a time they consider the journey itself, their various families, the pleasure of vacations, music, the political situation, and any subject that comes to their minds.	1992 2051 2111 2169 2223

## Typewriting

### Speed Passage No. 14

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
Few happenings can match in excitement, colour and just plain violent feeling the Presidential elections in this country. Such elections are, of course, important to the nations as a whole, but they also provide the ordinary citizen with some wonderful opportunities for self-expression.	56 123 185 245 290
Election time is a time when the ordinary citizen can argue without destroying friendships or ruining domestic happiness, for the subject of his arguments is impersonal. While the Presidential candidates speak to the country on vital international and domestic problems, the amateur expresses his opinions on such subjects. All over the nation he does it—dinner guests argue over steaks, bus passengers argue on their journey with anyone who makes the mistake of expressing a mild interest in either candidate. All are united in an agreement to ignore the usual proprieties and have a good time.	346 403 462 522 577 640 701 758 819 878 896
The conversation turns to a number of issues: the question of international aid, peaceful expansion of our way of life, the development of under privileged nations, Federal aid to education, space flights and many other topics.	949 1010 1073 1128
As election day comes closer, such arguments gain in place and violence. This is true with the ordinary citizen and with the nominees, who are struggling for election to the most powerful place in this nation. But the ordinary citizen, while he is concerned with the results of the election, can still express violent opinions without worrying about how they will be accepted. His statements are not subject to television and newspaper criticism. He does not have to travel thousands of miles, speaking endlessly, answering questions on any subject. He can speak without thousands turning from him because of a casual remark that his listeners may not like.	1183 1248 1311 1376 1436 1493 1558 1612 1672 1729 1788 1798
For this citizen it is a time of friendly arguing, but for the nominees it is a time of trial. It is a time when their political futures depend on impressions and promises, on personalities and on a picture of happiness in their family life.	1859 1921 1978 2038 2044

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 15

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
A fir-tree is not a flower, and yet it is always associated in my mind with primroses. There was a narrow lane leading into a wood where I used to go almost every day in the early months of the year, and at one corner it was overlooked by three spruce firs. The rugged lane there began to ascend the hill, and often I paused a moment to look back. Immediately the high fir-trees guided the eye upwards, and from their tops to the deep azure of the March sky over, but a step from the tree to the heavens. So it has ever been to me, by day or by night, summer or winter, beneath trees the heart feels nearer to that depth of life the far sky means. The rest of spirit found only in beauty, ideal and pure, comes there because the distance seems within touch of thought. To the heaven thought can reach lifted by the strong arms of the oak, carried up by the ascent of the flame-shaped fir. Round the spruce top the blue deepened, concentrated by the fixed point; the memory of that spot, as it were, of the sky is still fresh—I can see it distinctly—still beautiful and full of meaning. It is painted in bright colour in my mind; as one passes a shrine and bows the head to the Madonna, so I recall the picture and stoop in spirit to the aspiration it yet arouses.	60 121 183 242 306 365 428 486 548 607 667 726 789 850 911 970 1035 1103 1161 1218 1282 1291 1348 1406 1467 1532 1594 1657 1717 1777 1840 1900 1957 2017 2076

If we had never before looked upon the earth, but suddenly came to it man or woman grown, set down in the midst of a summer mead, would it not seem to us a radiant vision? The hues, the shapes, the song and life of birds, above all the sunlight, the breath of heaven, resting on it; the mind would be filled with its glory, unable to grasp it, hardly believing that such things could be mere matter and no more. Like a dream of some spirit-land it would appear, scarce fit to be touched lest it should fall to pieces, too beautiful to be long watched lest it should fade away. So it seemed to me as a boy, sweet and new like this each morning; and even now, after the years that have passed, the summer need shines as bright and fresh as when my foot first touched the grass.

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 16

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
One of the most common sounds associated with a cat is that of purring. This peculiar type of sound production is restricted almost exclusively to the domestic cat and other Felidae, and is a good example of the proposition that species of animals related through common ancestors often have similar sounds.	52 113 176 240 295 311
Much speculation exists as to why cats purr. It is simply because they have entered a certain emotional state: they are relaxed, and are without any form of apprehension, being at peace with the world around them. Whenever a cat goes into this state, which usually means that he is comfortable and feeling safe or, sometimes, when anticipating food, he just cannot prevent himself purring. The act of purring is part of this state of relaxation: in purring the cat is radiating by means of sound its state of mind, in very much the same way that a happy person frequently shows it by bursting into song.	366 427 487 547 604 662 721 789 849 905 1025
Exactly how a cat produces the purr physically is much less certain, though there is no doubt that the sound production is closely associated with the act of breathing. It is very easy to detect a difference in the note of the purr with inspiration and with expiration. Sometimes the sound is produced only when the air is leaving the chest, that is on expiration. Other animals usually use the force of expiration to produce their strong vocal efforts, although there are exceptions to this rule other than in purring. The donkey, for example, producing his rather hideous bray uses both an inspiratory and an expiratory effort. As far as I am aware, there has been no scientific investigation of how the cat purrs. It is likely that the movement of the air to and from the chest sets up a vibration of the vocal cords in the larynx, or voice box, but the soft palate may also be involved. Possibly the relaxed state of the cat allows the muscles which control the vocal cords to slacken, so that they can move in the stream of air to produce the purr.	1182 1244 1342 1377 1437 1500 1561 1622 1682 1742 1803 1866 1924 1987 2049 2110 2171 2200

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 17

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
The cawing of the rooks in February shows that the time is coming when their nests will be reoccupied. They resort to the trees, and perch above the old nests to indicate theirs; for in the rookery possession is the law, and not nine-tenths of it only. In the slow dull cold of winter even these noisy birds are quiet, and as the vast flocks pass over, night and morning, to and from the woods in which they roost, there is scarcely a sound. Through the mist their black wings advance in silence, the jackdaws with them are chilled into unwanted quiet, and unless you chance to look up the crowd go over unnoticed. But as soon as the waters begin to make a sound in February, running in the ditches and splashing over stones, the rooks begin the conversations that will continue till late in the following autumn.	52 111 174 238 302 365 421 485 545 604 665 724 782 826 887 949 1008 1067 1133 1191 1253 1312 1368 1429 1489 1552 1570 1621 1680 1742 1804 1867 1935 1999 2029
The general idea is that they pair in February, but there are some reasons for thinking that the rooks, in fact, choose their mates at the end of the preceding summer. They are then in large flocks. They move on the ground and fly in the air so close one beside the other, that at first glance or so you cannot distinguish them apart. Yet if you should be lingering along the by-ways of the fields as the acorns fall, and the leaves come rustling down in the warm sunny autumn afternoons, and keep an observant eye upon the rooks in the trees, or on the fresh-turned furrows, they will be seen to act in couples. On the ground couples alight near each other, on the trees they perch near each other, and in the air fly side by side.	
If you alarm them while feeding on the ground in winter, supposing that you have not got a gun, they merely rise up to the nearest tree, and it may then be observed that they do this in pairs. One perches on a branch and a second comes to him. When February arrives, and they resort to the nest to look after or seize on the property there, they are in fact already paired, though the almanacs put down St. Valentine's day as the date of courtship.	

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 18

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
Some writers in casting up the goods most desirable in life have given them this rank: health, beauty, and riches. Of the first I find no dispute, but to the two others much may be said: for beauty is a good when it makes others happy rather than one's self; and, how riches should claim so high a rank, I just cannot tell, when so great, so wise, and so good a part of mankind have in all ages preferred poverty before them.	55 121 184 242 305 366 424 437
When I was young and in some idle company, it was proposed that every one should tell what their three wishes should be, if they were sure to be granted. Some were very pleasant, and some very extravagant; mine were health, and peace and fair weather; which, though out of the way among young men, yet perhaps might pass well enough among old. They are all of a strain, for health in the body is like peace in the State and serenity in the air.	490 550 611 670 729 787 855 891
Peace is a public blessing, without which no man is safe in his fortunes, his liberty, or his life: neither innocence nor law are a guard of defence; no possessions are enjoyed but in danger or fear, which equally lose the pleasure and ease of all that fortune can give us. Health is the soul that animates all enjoyments of life, which fade and are tasteless, if not dead, without it. A man starves at the best and the greatest tables, makes faces at the noblest and most delicate wines, is old and impotent in seraglios of the most sparkling beauties, poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures of fortune; with common diseases strength grows decrepit, youth loses all vigour, and beauty all charms; music grows harsh, and conversation disagreeable; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement, riches are useless, honour and attendance are cumbersome, and crown themselves are a burden. But, if diseases are painful and violent, they equal all conditions of life, make no difference between a Prince and a beggar, and a fit of the colic puts a king to the rack, and makes him as miserable as it does the meanest of his subjects.	951 1017 1080 1140 1206 1269 1332 1392 1450 1507 1564 1628 1685 1744 1801 1865 1926 1989 2042 2056

## Typewriting Speed Passage No. 19

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
I love the children, said the Moon, especially the quite little ones—they are so droll. Sometimes I peep into the room, between the dark curtain and the window—frame, when they are not thinking of me. It gives me much pleasure to see them dressing and undressing. But about what I was going to tell you. This evening I looked through a window, before which no curtain was drawn, for nobody lives opposite. I saw a whole troop of little ones, all of one family, and among them was a little sister. She is only four years old, but can say her prayers as well as any of the rest. The mother sits by her bed every evening, and hears and then she has a kiss, and the mother sits by the bed till the little one has gone to sleep, which generally happens as soon as ever she can close her eyes.	58 119 178 238 296 358 419 479 541 606 666 730 794 804
This evening the two elder children were rather boisterous. One of them hopped about on one leg in his long white nightgown and the other stood on a chair surrounded by the clothes of all the children, and declared he was acting Grecian statues. The third and fourth laid the clean linen carefully in the box, for that is a thing that has to be done; and mother sat by the bed of the youngest, and announced to all the rest that they were to be quiet, for little sister was going to say her prayers.	866 921 980 1036 1099 1162 1219 1281 1311
I looked in, over the lamp, into the little maiden's bed, where she lay under the neat white coverlet, her hands folded demurely and her little face quite grave and serious. She was praying the Lord's Prayer aloud. But her mother interrupted in the middle of her prayer. How is it, she asked that when you have prayed for daily bread, you always add something I cannot understand? You must tell me what that is. The little one lay silent, and looked at her mother in embarrassment. Then she said—Dear mother, don't be angry. I only said, and plenty of butter on it.	1372 1434 1494 1551 1616 1674 1731 1795 1854 1904

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 20

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
And now, my dear, let me tell you once more, that your kindness in promising us a visit has charmed us both. I will see you again. I shall hear you voice. We shall take walks together. I will show you my prospects, the hovel, the alcove, the Ouse, and its banks, everything that I have described. I anticipate the pleasure of those days not very far distant, and feel a part of it at this moment. Talk not of an inn! Mention it not for your life! We have never had so many visitors, but we could easily accommodate them all; though we have received Unwin, and his wife, and his sister, and his son all at once. My dear, I will not let you come till the end of May; or beginning of June, because before that time my greenhouse will not be quite ready to receive us, and it is the only pleasant room belonging to us. When the plants go out, we go in. I line it with mats, and then spread the floor with mats; and there you shall sit with a bed of mignonette at your side, and a hedge of honeysuckles, roses, and jasmine; and I will make you a bouquet of myrtle every day. Sooner than the time I mention the country will not be in its complete beauty. And I will tell you what you shall find at your first entrance. Imprimis, as soon as you have entered the vestibule, if you cast a look on either side of you, you shall see on the right hand a box of my making. It is the box in which have been lodged all my hares, and which lodges Puss at present: but he, poor fellow, is worn out with age, and promises to die before you can see him. On the right hand stands a cupboard, the work of the same author: it was once a dovecage, but I transformed it. Opposite to you stands a table, which I also made; but a merciless servant having scrubbed it until it became all paralytic, it serves no purpose now but of ornament; and all my clean shoes stand under it. On the left hand at the further end of this superb vestibule, you will find the door of the parlour, into which I will conduct you, and where I will introduce you to Mrs. Unwin, unless we should meet her before, and where we will be as happy as the day is long.	55 120 184 241 306 366 430 498 558 617 683 744 807 868 932 995 1053 1114 1179 1245 1310 1373 1430 1487 1550 1613 1674 1736 1800 1863 1926 1993 2055 2117 2178 2183

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 21

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes	
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There can be no fairer ambition than to	112
excel in talk; to be affable, gay, ready, clear and welcome; to	173
have a fact, a thought, or a illustration, for every subject;	232
and not only to cheer the flight of time among our inmates,	292
but bear our part in that great international congress where	653
public wrongs are first declared, public errors first corrected,	455
and the course of public opinion shaped, day by day, little	515
nearer to the right. No measure ever comes before Parliament	573
but it has been long ago prepared by the grand jury of the	631
talkers; no book is written that has not been largely com-	693
posed by their assistance. In many of its branches literature	752
is no other than the shadow of good talk; but the imitation	811
falls far short of the original in life, freedom and effect.	
There are always two to a talk, giving and taking,	861
comparing experience and according conclusions. Talk is	917
fluid, tentative; continually in further search and progress;	978
while written words remain fixed, and become idols even to	1036
the writer. Furthermore, while literature, often gagged with	1091
gibberish, can deal with only a fraction of the life of man,	1151
talk goes fancy free and may call a spade a spade. Talk has	1210
none of the freezing immunities of the pulpit. It cannot,	1269
even if it would, become merely aesthetic or merely classical	1330
literature. A jest intervenes, the solemn humbug is dissolved	1392
in laughter, and speech runs forth out of the contemporary	1450
groove into the open fields of nature, cheery and cheering,	1509
like schoolboys out of school. And it is in talk alone that	1569
we can learn our period and ourselves. In short, the first	1628
duty of a man is to speak; that is his chief business in this	1689
world; and talk, which is the harmonious speech of two or	1746
more, is by far the most accessible of pleasures. It costs	1805
nothing in money; it is all profit; it completes our education,	1868
founds and fosters our friendships, and can be enjoyed at	1925
any age and in almost any state of health. Talk is, indeed,	1984
both the scene and instrument of friendship.	2028

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 22

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

### Strokes

I perceived a large spider in one corner of my room, making its web, and, though the maid frequently levelled her fatal broom against its labours I had the good fortune to save it from destruction, and it more than paid me by the entertainment it gave. 5'

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With incredible diligence, in two days the web was completed and the insect seemed to exult, in its new abode. It frequently traversed it round, examined the strength of every part of it, retired into its hole, and came out. The first enemy, however, it had to encounter, was another and a much larger spider, which, having no web of its own, and having probably exhausted all its stock in former labours of this kind, came to invade the property of its neighbour. Soon afterwards a terrible encounter ensued in which the invader seemed to have the victory, and the laborious spider was obliged to take refuge in its hole. Upon this I next perceived the victor using every art to draw the enemy from his stronghold. He seemed to go off, but quickly returned, and when he found all arts vain, began to demolish the new web without mercy. This brought on another battle, and, contrary to my expectations, the laborious spider became the conqueror. 309

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Now then, in peaceable possession of what was justly its own, it waited three days with the utmost impatience, repairing the breaches of its web, and taking no sustenance that I could perceive. At last, however, a large blue fly fell into the snare and struggled hard to get loose. The spider gave it leave to entangle itself as much as possible, but it seemed to be too strong for the cobweb. I must own I was greatly surprised when I saw the spider immediately sally out, and in less than a minute weave a new not round its captive, by which the motion of its wings was soon stopped and when it was fairly hampered in this manner, it was seized, and dragged into the hole. In this manner it lived in a precarious state, and nature seemed to have fitted it for such a life, upon a single fly it subsisted for more than a week. 1248

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# SSC FORUM

## Typewriting

### Speed Passage No. 23

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
It is an old story, a theme too worn for the turning of sentences, and yet too living a moral not to find every day a new point and to break a fresh heart, that our lives are wasted in the pursuit of the impalpable, the search for the impossible and the unmeaning. Neither today nor yesterday, but throughout the whole life of the race, the complaint has gone forth that all is vanity; that the ends for which we live and we die are 'mere ideas,' illusions begotten on the brain by the wish of the heart, poor phrases that stir the blood, until experience or reflection for a little, and death for all time bring with it disenchantment and quiet. Duty for duty's sake, life for an end beyond sense, honour, and beauty, and love for the invisible—all these are first felt and then seen to be dream, shadow and unreal vision. And our cry and our desire is for something that will satisfy us, something that we know and do not only think, something that is real and solid, that we can lay hold of and be sure of, and that will not change in our hands. We have said good-bye to our transcendent longings, we have bidden a sad but an external fare-well to the hopes of our own and of the world's too credulous youth ; we have parted for ever from our early loves, from our fancies and aspirations beyond the human. We seek for the tangible, and we find it in this world; for the knowledge which can never deceive, and that is the certainty of our own well-being; we seek for the palpable, and we feel it; for the end which will satisfy us as men, and we find it in happiness.	55 116 173 232 291 351 422 480 539 601 655 709 773 829 892 907 1009 1068 1123 1184 1293 1300 1363 1422 1481 1543 1553 1607 1669 1728 1783 1845 1898 1954 2010 2071 2120
Happiness! Is that climax, or bathos, or cruel irony? Happiness is the end? Yes, happiness is the end which indeed we all reach after; for what more can we wish than that all should be well with us—that our wants should be filled, and the desire of our hearts be gratified? And happiness can not escape us, we must know it when we find it? Oh yes, it would be strange indeed to come to such a consummation, and never to know it. And happiness is real and palpable, and we can find it by seeking it? But what is happiness? In the end we can answer only what happiness is not.	

# SSC FORUM

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 24

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
We are inclined to welcome March not so much for what it is as for what it means. In itself it can be cold and bitter enough with an east wind that freezes the liver. That speck of dust which in March was said to be worth a king's ransom cannot now alleviate its horrors for there is no more dust in a macadamized age. Even the dear little aconites that poke their gold noses through the thick ground ivy, though fascinating enough, we value chiefly as heralds of what is to come, and the same is true of March as a wool. It is like the solitary and sombre mounted policeman that tells us that the glittering procession of many colours will soon be coming.	48 110 171 229 289 346 402 460 517 579 641 648
Yet there is one actual and not merely a prophetic beauty about this month. For some time past we have been thinking that the daylight was lasting longer at tea time. Now we realize for the first time that "after tea" becomes a definite season, still brief but wholly enchanting, in which to go out of doors before dark.	701 758 816 875 937 965
Whether the Scotman would call it snell or caller, there is at first a lovely freshness newness about the after-tea air. Perhaps all pleasures are better for a close season and we are the happier for our winter's restraint; and history records that the family cricket pitch in the Downend orchard was open for play in March and closed in October and that W. G. Grace, true to his upbringing, always began practising during the bleak March winds. He had done so in the wonderful year of the hundredth hundred and the thousand runs in May, when he was seven and forty years old. Some games can be played more or less all the year round and for this their votaries are duly grateful; yet they certainly miss something of that exquisite zest which comes from having smarted in the fires of abstinence. The March sun may in fact feel very unlike May but there is nothing so good as looking forward.	1015 1068 1128 1188 1240 1296 1352 1408 1458 1511 1566 1620 1678 1735 1790 1825

**SSC FORUM**

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 25

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes

The easiest thing in the world for some of us to do, I suppose, is just to sit back and watch the other fellow at work. The next easiest thing for some of us to do is to proceed then to make various and sundry comments about busy person and his work or, should we not have had chance to catch the fellow in the act of doing his work, comments about the fellow and whatever it might be that he did. More than anything else I can think of, it is these two things—sitting back and criticizing—combined, that account for some of us spending so much of our time doing nothing at all or else doing nothing that would make any significant difference in the life of anyone but ourselves.

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To me, it makes but very little difference whether our comments are complimentary to the man and his work or whether our comments are at the other end of the scale that we use to measure approval and disapproval; sitting back and criticizing are not very strong posts to which we can attach serious and strong hopes for pulling ourselves or our work up to the level of the person or the work we criticize. Whether the person succeeds to his complete satisfaction, whether he succeeds to the full satisfaction of the rest of us, or whether he fails partly or completely to satisfy himself or anyone else, the fact remains that he is the only person who put forth the amount of effort needed to get the task underway; for this, it seems, he deserves acknowledgement.

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Whether it is interpreted literally or figuratively, sitting back and watching the other fellow in the performance of some task can, of course, mean many things. As it applies to quite a few of us, though, it seems likely to mean that we are afraid to undertake some task for fear that whatever we might do would fall short of what those around us expect and that we therefore would be subject to the ridicule and the scorn of the onlookers.

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 26

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes

The first time that I heard some one describing the posture of business firm, I could not for the life of me imagine just what the fellow had in mind. Not once during his lengthy monologue about the business had he mentioned anything at all about the building in which the business was housed, which it occurred to me would have been the usual thing to do if he wanted to discuss posture; even if he had, he would have been considered a Mr. Malaprop by me and, I am certain, a great many other people at that time. After all, posture usually had referred to the way a person stood or sat; as for the way the building stood, most people probably would have said that it was standing up very well or that it was beginning to fall apart and needed immediate repairs.

**SSC FORUM**

Thanks to repeated references to number of different images and to the way that the public had tended or possibly would tend to react to them, the confusion in my own mind, was compounded. Up to that time, I had met a considerable number of people, but not once in all of that time had I met anyone whom I would have described in the terms that he used to describe those images. Further, it did not seem too likely that would have much of a chance of meeting such people. Not that he had talked about the images in a disrespectful manner; no, such was not the case. The whole point was that the images he had talked about did not seem too human in the proportion of their characteristics; not unless they were superhuman.

The trouble, it would seem, stemmed from the fact that it is impracticable and impossible to know the accepted and precise meanings of every single word in our language; the man had used terms that were familiar to me, but he had used those terms in a sense that was not recognized. As so many people must do from time to time, it was necessary for me to consider the references to posture and images in the light of the context in which they had been used to describe the business firm in order to comprehend what he had said.

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 27

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Directly across the street from the place where I work, there is a large building that serves as the arrival and departure facility for bus transportation into and out of the city; but, in the same way that a drug store is a place where you can buy countless items in addition to drugs, so is this bus terminal a place where you can purchase a great many things in addition to bus tickets. Among the shops housed in the building are a record shop, a bowling alley, a dinette, at least two restaurants, a candy store, a shoe store, a drug store, a hardware store, a barber shop, a florist, a gift shop or two, and, a number of other stores and shops that provide goods and services of various kinds.

In other words, this one large building houses almost every kind of shop needed to make it a city all by itself. In all honesty, this one building contain a wider range of shops and ones that are better stocked than those that a person would find in any number of small towns and villages not more than twenty or thirty miles away from the terminal building. My purpose in telling of this one major transportation facility is not to impress upon you the size of the building, or other things about the building itself. Neither am I making an effort to extol the virtues of a large city and all the things it has to offer; after all, both of us know quite well that any place a person happens to live has quite an even balance of advantages and disadvantages.

My main reason for mentioning the bus terminal is the fact that it happens to house one shop that is representative of a kind of store that never ceases to amaze and fascinate me—the type of store that deals almost entirely in the sale of canned fresh, fresh-frozen, and otherwise packaged foods in the exotic class. Maybe the more correct term for such a shop would be a gourmets shop, but I am not too sure that the majority of gourmets would consider it any distinctive or deserved honour to have their classification associated with the unusual products that this type of store sells.

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 28

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes	
I will be bold enough to say that I think that one of	56
the main uses of reading must always be to instruct. I do	116
not limit that to the narrow meaning of the instruction	172
necessary to pass examinations, to obtain degrees, to qualify	234
for training or the professions of things of that kind. It is	298
quite plain that in the professions and in business he who	357
would wish to excel "must live laborious days" in reading	417
and mastering the books that have been written on the	471
several subjects by those who are skilled and knowledgeable,	532
and have set down their knowledge on the printed page.	588
In every calling, it is safe to say that all knowledge	644
is contained in books, and it is imperative that all that	702
knowledge should be acquired whatever the cost may be.	757

The main purpose of reading is to instruct, but the	811
instruction of which I speak is infinitely wider than all	870
that I have mentioned. It would be true to say, would it	930
not, that each one of us, whatever our place or position in	990
the world may be, if we were left to ourselves and our own	1049
resources, would live a very narrow and circumscribed	1103
life; we should be confined to our own small circle, and	1160
confined, too, to our own short span of life.	1206

Now, the use of reading in this full sense of instruction	1265
is to help to bring us out of the small circle, to break down	1327
the barriers that enclose us to the open the world, an	1382
infinitely interesting world, and to bestow upon the humblest	1444
individual the life and the experience, the thoughts and	1501
adventures, the triumphs and the conquests of men and	1555
women in every age and in every clime.	1594

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 29

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

**Strokes**

Until recently, it had been my mistaken opinion that we humans were the only beings in the world who were capable of developing and maintaining an organized and efficient social order of any kind. This opinion, of course, did not include the widespread knowledge of the structure of the social order of bees, which, of course, has the queen bee, the workers, and the drones; every one of us who has gone to school for any length of time at all has learned about that society. A short time ago, though, it came to my attention that apes, cows, sheep, chickens, ducks, geese, and almost every other category of animals that tend to live in groups has its own ways of finding out who the leaders are, who the followers are, and what the privileges and duties of each member of the society are. What is more, it seems that they have some very effective ways of finding out who is which and, too, ways to be sure that each member of the society knows exactly who is who and why he is what he is.

Unlike the members of our society, however, the members of the animal social orders, are content with their lot among their fellows. It seems that there is no effort to climb the social ladder unless there is a new member added to the group, in which case there is disorder only until each of the members finds his place once more; for them, it is bliss, not ignorance. That in itself is enough to convince me that we could not possibly be more wrong when we label the animal dumb.

On the surface, it might seem to be strange for us to compare our social order with that of any class of lower form of animal life. Yet, we should remember that the main requirement for establishing any kind of social order is that the particular animal involved be of a gregarious nature; as we all know, there are any number of animals that prefer to be with their own kind in a group of some size.

**SSC FORUM**

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 30

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
Day in and day out, in one way or another, we seem to be constantly concerned with checking on each other. Not that we would deliberately hope to catch the other person doing something that he probably should not be doing; no, that is not the case at all. It is simply that, every time we turn around, there always seems to be someone just waiting and staring us in the face and wanting to know how everything is moving along; what the things are and whether or not the person making the enquiry is directly concerned with what we are or should be doing is completely beside the point. Even the inquiry itself is more often than not made without even thinking that we should give a specific answer; as a result, we are almost sure to give the standard reply, "Oh, everything is right on schedule."	54
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**SSC FORUM**

# Speed Passage No. 31

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes

The good book of the hour is simply the useful or pleasant or pleasant talk of some person with whom you cannot otherwise converse, printed for you. Very useful often, telling you that you need to know, very pleasant often, as a sensible friend's present talk would be. These bright accounts of travels; good humoured and witty discussions of question; lively or pathetic story-telling in the form of novel; firm fact-telling, by the real agents concerned in the events of passing history; all these books of the hour, multiplying among us as education becomes more general, are a peculiar characteristic and possession of the present age; we ought to be entirely thankful for them, and entirely ashamed of ourselves if we make no good use of them. But, we make the worst possible use, if we allow them to usurp the place of true books; for, strictly speaking, they are note books at all, but merely letters or newspapers in good print. Our friend's letter may be delightful, or necessary, to-day: whether worth keeping or not, is to be considered. The newspaper may be entirely proper at breakfast time, but assuredly it is not reading for all day. So, thought bound up in a volume, the long letter which gives you so pleasant an account of the inns, and realts and weather last year at such a place, or which tells you that amusing story, however valuable for occasional reference, may not be, in the real sense of the word, a "book" at all, nor to the "ead."

**SSC FORUM**

A book is essentially not a talked thing, but a written thing; and written, not with a view of mere communication; but of permanence. The book of talk is printed only because its author cannot speak to thousands of people to once; if he could, he would. You cannot talk to your friend in Europe if you could you would; you write instead: that is mere conveyance of voice. But a book is written, not to multiply the voice merely, but to preserve it. The author has something to say which he perceives to be true and useful. He would fain set it down for ever; engrave it on rock, if he could.

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 32

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight, is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute and perhaps judge of particulars one by one, but the general counsels and the plots and marshalling of affairs come best from those that are learned.	58 123 186 245 302 362 391
To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humour of a scholar. They perfect mature and are perfected by experience, for natural abilities are like natural plants that need pruning by study; studies themselves do give forth directions to much large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men condemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them, for they teach not their own use.	449 505 552 622 685 744 798 856 896
Read not to contradict and confuse, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed and some few to be chewed and chewed and digested; that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others, but that would be only in the less important arguments and the meaner sort of books, else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things.	952 1015 1073 1125 1185 1246 1306 1366 1427 1484 1524
Reading maketh a full man; conference a ready man; and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.	1577 1634 1695 1754 1807 1812

**SSC FORUM**

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 33

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes

As usual it is necessary to begin at the beginning. Work, as the dictionary says, is the exertion of energy, physical or mental. In common speech, however, we distinguish between the exertion of energy for the sake of pleasure or recreation, and the same exertion when it is made for the sake of or as a means to the earning or procuring of the means of living. The former we commonly call play; the word work we commonly reserve for occupations by means of which we get the necessities of life.

**SSC FORUM**

It is clear, therefore, that work is a good thing, for that which enables us to live must be good. We must assume that to live is good and that therefore to work is good. And we may also freely agree with the Apostle when he says: 'if any man will not work, neither let him eat', for to eat what the labour of others has produced is, unless freely given, a form of robbery. It follows that nothing which truly subserves our life can be bad, and therefore there can be no form of necessary work which is in itself degrading. In these latter days we have to be more than usually clear in our minds about this. The idea is prevalent that physical labour is a bad thing, a thing to be avoided, a thing from which we may rightly seek release. We cannot discuss the question of work, the question of the factory system, of the machine, until we have right notions as to the nature of physical labour itself. For there can be nothing made, either for man's service or for his pleasure, which is not, at bottom, dependent upon some amount of physical labour for its existence. In sports and pastimes physical exertion is delighted in, but in the things we do to earn our living we regard the elimination of physical exertion as desirable and a mark of good civilization. We must therefore return again and again to this simple doctrine, that physical labour, manual work, is not in itself bad. It is the necessary basis of all human production and, in the most strict sense of the words, physical labour directed to the production of things needed for human life is both honourable and holy.

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 34

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
On a recent day in early autumn I stood leaning against a tall larch tree, on the edge of a broad plantation, in a woodland corner of the North of Devon. I had been an indoor prisoner for a long, long time, and this was my first country walk. What a blessing to breathe again the sweet, honey-scented air! How very fresh-looking those meadows below, how green the trees! For, autumn notwithstanding, the herbage had just reached that stage when it crowds all its many-tinted greens and the whole of its remaining vitality into one last sunny day; then very quickly follow death and decay. Even now, a few leaves on that sturdy oak, solitary in the field yonder, have turned to golden russet; the larches, too, overhead are growing ragged and thin.	57 122 182 244 303 365 424 483 542 603 663 728 771
In the solemnity and silence of the fire-wood I find an analogy with the atmosphere of mysterious repose in some stately cathedral, in the midst of, yet apart from, the vortex of busy life without. Into the dim recesses of the fire-wood few sounds of natural life make their way —except, perhaps, the call of a crow passing over the tree-tops, or the scream of a startled jay; and these are but momentary. Presently I leave the still woods to pass through the gap in the hedge, and so enter the busy whirl of wild life in the fields. It is a long way down to the little ivy-covered bridge that spans the river, so I do not hurry.	830 887 950 1013 1073 1134 1197 1257 1323 1385 1412
Here is the little bridge at last. It is built for the cattle to cross upon from one meadow to the other when the stream is flooded with winter rains. During the summer they scorn the bridge and splash across the water. Always a beautiful spot, it is never more beautiful than in the early autumn; moreover, for me it has pleasant associations. Up beyond the bridge is a waterfall, over which the water gallops from the shimmering, silvery weir-pool above into the boulder-scattered shallows beneath. Solitude adds to the charm. Indeed, a companion's voice could scarcely be heard amidst the little thunder of these dancing falls.	1478 1538 1600 1661 1720 1779 1840 1898 1956 2018 2061

**SSC FORUM**

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 35

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
It is not natural to be funny in print—or even to try to be funny in print—regularly once a day or once a week over a period of years. I have emphasized 'in print' because being funny in print is being funny the hard way. As most humour, as distinct from wit, is pictorial in the sense that you laugh at a picture, either drawn with pen and ink or crayon, or painted with a brush or portrayed in words, it is obvious that the funny artist always has an enormous advantage over the funny writer. The artist sees a funny picture with his inner eye and draws it for all to see at a glance. Sometimes he will help it along with a short option. But the comic writer must present his picture to you with carefully chosen words, leading you up to his point with cunning devices and suddenly revealing the whole scene to you in a moment.	58 120 190 258 323 382 447 503 565 630 690 752 810 842
<b>SSC FORUM</b>	
Of course, the comedian, or vocal comic, has an advantage over both. He can make his audience laugh at spoken lines which would mean nothing to them in print. He also faces an audience which is in a mood to laugh, and wants to laugh, whereas the comic writer or artist in a newspaper normally faces his audience in the morning when most sane people are in a serious mood. Or the audience may have to be faced when it is sick or sorrowful, petulant or even half mad with rage. This constant vision of a laugh-resisting audience, plus the sheer labour of stringing sentences together, using exactly the right words in exactly the right order, has formed the conclusion in my mind that humorous writing is the hardest work in the world. When I have finished one column I must begin thinking of the next. I search all the newspapers and some of the magazines for silly little items or letters to the editor likely to prove a subject for comment. I read all the leaders, parliamentary reports and all the articles that look so dull and solemn, because it is often in solemn pieces that you find the silliest things.	900 958 1017 1077 1136 1194 1254 1315 1374 1439 1501 1560 1619 1681 1741 1805 1864 1926 1975

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 36

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

	Strokes
It was, by this time, within an hour of noon, and although a dense vapour still enveloped the city they had left, as if the very breath of its busy people hung over their schemes of gain and profit and found greater attraction there than in the quiet region above, in the open country it was mostly clear and fair. Occasionally, in some low spots they came upon patches of mist which the sun had not yet driven from their strongholds; but these were soon passed, and as they laboured up the hills beyond, it was pleasant to look down and see how the sluggish mass rolled heavily off, before the cheering influence of day. A broad, fine honest sun lighted up the green pastures and dimpled water, with the semblance of summer, while it left the travellers all the invigorating freshness of that early time of year. The ground seemed elastic under their feet; the sheep-bells were music to their ears; and exhilarated by exercise, and stimulated by hope, they pushed onward with the strength of lions.	50 114 172 234 293 355 414 472 531 587 652 710 773 835 898 957 1009
The day wore on, and all these bright colours subsided, and assumed a quieter tint, like young hopes softened down by time, or youthful features by degrees resolving into the calm and serenity of age. But they were scarcely less beautiful in their slow decline, than they had been in their prime; for nature gives to every time and season some beauties of its own.	1067 1126 1185 1249 1311 1374 1379
To Godalming they came at last, and here they bargained for two humble beds, and slept soundly. In the morning they were astir, though not quite so early as the sun, and again afoot; if not with all the freshness of yesterday, still, with enough of hope and spirit to bear them cheerily on. It was a harder day's journey than yesterday's, for there were long and weary hills to climb; and in journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go down hill than up. However, they kept on, with unabated perseverance, and the hill has not yet lifted its face to heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last.	1442 1505 1568 1631 1694 1757 1820 1883 1946 2009 2037

**SSC FORUM**

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 37

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes	
Whether it is through a lack of awareness or through	53
a complacent and permissive attitude about the whole thing,	113
you and all the rest of us consent to constant surveillance	173
and investigation with regard to all the myths to which we	232
choose to cling, all the habits that we have and display, and	294
all the things that we tend to prefer as well as why we tend	355
to prefer those things instead of other things that are almost	418
identical in all respects. The investigators are the producers	483
of the goods and services that we consume, some independent	542
agencies that have been employed by the producers, which	598
thrive on such research, and some government agencies or	655
bureaus. The producers want, of course, to provide goods	714
and services that we will buy and hopefully, use or consume	774
without delay; the producers' agencies want to find out why	835
we did or did not buy a particular product or service,	820
whether we are apt to continue buying the product or service	951
in the future or whether we would do so if some change were	1010
made in the product or service, and so forth all with the	1068
main wish to give all the facts about us to the producers	1126
and thus keep themselves in business at the same time they	1185
help the producers stay in business; the government agencies,	1246
it seems, want to know all there is to know about the	1300
governed, you and all the rest of us.	1338

The whole process of finding out about our myths, habits, and what we prefer is known as motivation research, consumer research, or some name that means us.

One of the great many things that the investigators have found out about us is that we are prone to want to be surrounded by things that will give us power or strength. It appears that many of us are in the class of "ninety-eight-pound weaklings who would not be seen on the beach"; therefore, we must draw on products or services that are real or assumed needs and which will supplement whatever physical strength we may have of our own.

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 38

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes

The whole process that we go through in finding a suitable place in which to store the mementos that we collect is an involved and rather intricate one. We seem to know almost by instinct that an object that has provided a focal point of interest as well as sight for the past few days or past few weeks will be "needed" again before too long. As a result, the first resting place—after the display at first, of course—is more often than not a shelf high up on the wall, a shelf in a cabinet of some kind, a table or desk drawer, or some spot that is easy to see and not too hard for us to reach inside a closet. Any one of these temporary places of storage makes it possible for us to find the memento with the least amount of effort and lost time whenever it becomes necessary for us to have the memento in hand; in addition, such a place provides us with an opportunity to satisfy our wish to be reminded frequently of the memento and the circumstances that surround our having received the object in the first place. The circumstances, of course, must be pleasant to remember; otherwise we would not have saved the object from destruction at the time it came into our possession.

Having lost out in the battle that arises over having to store the object somewhere out of sight, the owner of the memento is more than likely still fuming and pouting and in a frame of mind to make one last stand against storage of any kind. The main defense usually is that the donor would be very offended.

It is with great reluctance that we at last give into the need to physically remove the object that marks some kind of achievement from the living sections of the house. The need for space sooner or later impels or compels us to carefully wrap the object and ever so carefully place it in a trunk or some other container that we have in the attic, the basement, the garage, or some other place that is visited more or less infrequently.

**SSC FORUM**

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# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 39

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.  
Strokes

My dear Son, Last week I told you that after meeting  
The First Girl Friend (and may be the second and third) you  
eventually meet your steady—the she-cat who will be your  
partner for life.

**SSC FORUM**

This will be an experience you will never forget. You  
may meet her first at a dustbin party, or walking down the  
garden path, or mouse-hunting, or washing her face in the  
sunny corner of the porch. Wherever it is you will know at  
first glance that you were made for each other. Perhaps you  
will be attracted first by her white paws, with a glimpse of  
clean pink pads as she licks them daintily, or the set of her  
ears, or the wide wonder of the green eyes, or the sweep of  
her whiskers, or the way she carries her tail. You will be  
humble in her presence and tremble deliciously at the sound  
of her voice.

All this will pass, because an emotion so intense cannot  
be endured for long. And I venture to predict that you will  
regret its passing. Those first mad weeks when food is  
distasteful and sleep is uneasy and you think only of your next  
meeting under the stars (or even in the rain), will, with the  
inexorable march of time, becomes nothing but a lovely  
memory, and the she-cat you thought was a goddess will  
become a dear little thing, a pretty little thing, a wise and  
lovable little thing, but, all the same, just the nicest little  
she-cat in the world and nothing more.

This is as it should be, because it is impossible to live  
comfortably with a goddess. When white hot passion has  
cooled you will find more enduring things, like understand-  
ing and friendship, and the day will come when you are in-  
vited to her home to meet her people.

To do this with grace and charm is not an easy social  
accomplishment. Her mother will probably think there is  
nobody in the world good enough for her little girl, and will  
no doubt tell you of the innumerable tom-cats who have  
sought her favours and have been disdainfully rejected.

# Typewriting

## Speed Passage No. 40

Type the passage for 10 minutes (repeating it, if necessary) as an Accuracy Test.

Strokes

The night was bitter cold. The snow lay on the ground and had frozen into a hard thick crust, so that only the heaps which drifted into byways and corners were affected by the sharp wind that howled abroad. The wind, as if expending increased fury on such prey as it found, caught it savagely up in clouds, and after whirling it into a thousand misty eddies scattered it in the air. Bleak, dark, and piercing cold, this was a night for the well-housed and fed to draw round the bright fire and thank God they were at home; and for the homeless, starving wretch to lay him down and die. Many hungerworn outcasts close their eyes in our bare streets, at such times, who let their crimes have been what they may, can hardly open them in a more bitter world.

Such was the aspect of out-of-doors affairs that night, when Mrs. Chetty matron of the workhouse to which our readers have been already introduced as the birth place of Oliver Twist, sat herself down before a cheerful fire in her own little room, and glanced, with no small degree of complacency, at a small, round table, on which stood a tray of the corresponding size, furnished with all necessary materials for the most grateful meal that all matrons enjoy. In fact, Mrs. Chetty was about to solace herself with a cup of tea. As she glanced from the table to the fire-place, where the smallest of all possible kettles was singing a small song in a small voice, her inward satisfaction evidently increased—so much so, indeed, that Mrs. Chetty smiled.

**SSC FORUM**

"Well!" said the matron, leaning her elbow on the table, and looking reflectively at the fire; "I'm sure we all have a great deal to be grateful for! A great deal, if we did but know it". Mrs. Chetty then shook her head mournfully, as if deplored the mental blindness of all those paupers who did not know it; and thrusting a large silver spoon (private property) into the inmost recesses of a two-ounce tin tea-caddy, proceeded to make the tea.

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821	876	935	998	1057	1116	1179*	1242	1302	1361	1424	1484	1527
1589	1654	1722	1780	1841	1904	1967	1994					