

W. C. Brownfield commenting on the death of CP Zaner. Taken from The Business Educator tribute to Zaner dated February 1919. This one is for Del.

Joe Vitolo

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After dropping a sprig of evergreen in the open grave of my dear teacher, I returned home feeling keenly the distinct and awful loss of a courageous, kind-hearted friend, one who was a prodigious toiler for the good of Penmanship and Commercial Education.

Starting in the early dawn of December 4th for Columbus, I walked by the tall, gaunt statue of the Immortal Lincoln and my thoughts pictured how, a half century ago, many people had started at early dawn to pay the last tribute to one whose life had been cut off at high tide. I thought how he was needed for reconstruction (lays and too how C. P. Zaner will be greatly missed during the coming days of another-a world reconstruction. On this day President Wilson was starting on a Peace Pilgrimage. I silently wished him a safe voyage, and then again thought how much it would comfort us to have Mr. Zaner to direct, to modify, to enlighten, to encourage and to commend while we are picking up the threads of Peace again.

It is futile to say what he might have achieved had he lived. And yet as one thinks of his untimely death, it is hard to refrain from dreaming of these impossibilities.

The death of C. P. Zaner takes from his community an upright citizen, from the United States a forward-looking educator. Thousands who had met him loved him because of his boyish frankness and zeal; they admired him because of his straightforward purpose; they heeded him because he spoke with the authority of the student and the scholar.

As all-around penman, author, artist, teacher, supervisor and lecturer he was the brightest star in our profession. He was a thinker and worker. Everything he touched was artistic, poetic and inspiring. Like a strain of enchanting music his touch left a lasting impress, and the silent influence of the many values of life this talented man possessed caused hundreds of young men to strike a truer balance in the ledger of life. But more than all he was the high-minded man and gentleman, loyal to his friends and loved by them, honest, chivalrous and fearless, a true American.

W. C. Brownfield, Bowling Green, KY