BARBIZON·PLAZA·HOTEL
101 west 58th street · · · central park south · · new york

Politics

March 12, 1942.

My dear Collie Simons:-

Indeed I appreciate the friendliness in being called "Allie". And I appreciate your letter of January fifth although I have been a long time in saying so. I have been so busy being indignant at the wasteful and destructive incompetence of our"great leaders" that I haven't had time to attend to the simple amenities of life. As though my indignation could correct the reign of "non sequitur" in our propaganda ridden land.

I hope it is escapism and not senility that makes me so interested in the past! At any rate I grow more and more nostalgic for the old home town. I did enjoy my visit there and the cordiality of my welcome.

I am wondering if you would like a copy of the cartoon --a photo of an original photograph---that my father made for J.B. Watkins during the Western Farm Mortgage CO. Scandal in the early Eighties . The State Historical Society at Topeka requested a copy and I have just mailed it. The photograph(original) was found by Mr. Dick Williams after I left Lawrence and sent to me. The copy is 11X 14 inches. I thought you might like it either for the Douglas Co. Historical Society or for your own historical collection. As some of the relatives of the parties prosecuted by J.B. Watkins are still alive the photograph might be valuable only as

historical reference. This it is, most assuredly, now that the farmer and his status is so important a part of our national set up.

If you care for a copy I will be pleased to send you one.

With all good wishes and much appreciation of your kind thoughts of me---

S incerely

Alice Rohe

M r. W.C. Simons
Editor--Lawrence Journal-World
Lawrence, Kansas.

THE INDEPENDENCE EXAMINER

Published every afternoon
except Sunday

INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI

March 12, 1942

Mr. W. C. Simons, Publisher
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Mr. Simons:

Mrs. Southern and I appreciated your note of congratulation received a few days ago.

We both remember with much pleasure the trip we had together and how nice you and Mrs. Simons were to a couple of green Missourians. We often mention you both.

We were pleased and complimented that you took the trouble to drop us a note.

With best regards,

William Southern, Jr.

THE UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS
LAWRENCE

ADVANCED STANDING COMMITTEE
OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY

March 3, 1941

Dear Mr Simons:

I'm sorry I've been so long in getting this report back to you but in so many cases I haven't been quite sure whether certain girls whose names come to my mind were members of our class or of the young peoples Society which was active at that time

I'm including a list of girls I'm not sure about, that is as to whether they were members of our class. For instance the Violetta Garrett girls attended our church and I believe were at some time in the class. They had black hair and were part Indian but no relation of Violetta and Irene Garrett.

Isabel Kent, Flaude Johnson and Alice Zuick were younger than our group and were members of Mrs. Coffman's class.

I certainly remember what a splendid interesting class we had and have felt that it was too bad that a class for girls of that age — high school & first two years of the

university was not continued.

I'm sorry to have dropped out of the church life but I found it impossible to keep up my work at the office and take care of mother and do anything outside.

You certainly did well to recall from memory so many of the original group. Wouldn't it be interesting to have a meeting of that class as they are today?

I have always considered you, Mrs. Simons and each one of the children as among my dearest friends and even though I don't see any of you often it has meant words to me to count you as my friends.

Very sincerely
Edna Lester

Regina Woodruff
Los Angeles, Calif.
Juliet Carpenter Howell
Mayme Garrett
Clyda Garrett
Marguerite Gregory
Susie Long
Rita Mull
Amy Van Horn - Rader
Mae Kennedy

Baptist Sunday School Class

W. C. Simons - Teacher

Mildred McCurdy	Mrs. Oscar Dahlene	Tuscaloosa, Ala.
Celia Coffman	Mrs. Nate Downs	Kansas City, Mo.
Nina Hester		Lawrence, Kansas
Silva McConnell	Mrs. Fred Wood	Chicago, Illinois
Birdie Zwick	Mrs. Van Roy Miller	Lawrence, Kansas
Edith Evans	Deceased	
Kate Andrews	Mrs. Will Newman	Deceased
Susie Gant	Geo. F. Zook	Washington, D. C.
Bessie Raymond	Deceased	
Blanche Kennedy		
Bess Kinney	Mrs. Hal. T. Vigor	Orlando, Florida
Ruth Kenney		Lawrence, Kansas
Lela Nevin	mrs. Lela Myers	Tonganoxie, Kans.
Helen Allphin	mrs. G. B. Wellepp	Ottawa, Kans.
Minnie Ramsey	Mrs. Elmer W. Ferris	(2206 Sherman
Belle Ramsey		(Evanston, Illinois
Addie Ramsey		
Edna Teeter		Lawrence, Kansas
Margaret Bissell	Mrs. Stephenson	Kansas City, Mo.
Alberta Cresswell	Mrs. Wood Sparks	Kansas City, Mo.
Jennie Dahlene	mrs. Herbert Cowan	Hutchinson, Kans.
Dena Ellis	Mrs. August Krehbiel	Kansas City, Mo.
Miss Nellie Buchanan		Ottawa, Kansas
Ruth Buchanan	Mrs. Alex Rader	Howard, Kansas
Pearl Leigh		
Nellie Rice		
Cora Harris		
Ella Harris		
Rita Miller	Mrs. Rita Wendell	

COPY

A girl who worked for Probate Judge?
* Mildred McCurdy's cousin, later in Topeka (blond) — Edith Clemens
Isabelle Kent? no mrs Copeland Jones.

* Mildred had two cousins who were here for a time I don't know how long; Druse Davies, a nurse and Edith Clemens, a decided blond. Both attended our church but I didn't know them well. I recall that Ed Johnson was very much interested in Miss Davies, the nurse and Carroll used to talk about her a great deal.

Carrera 7; No. 18-78
Bogotá, Colombia
March 4, 1942

W. C. Simons, President
The Lawrence Daily Journal World
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Simons,

Your letter of January 22nd, slightly delayed by the dry condition of the Magdalena River, arrived February 21st. Thank you very much for sending the clipping--indeed, for printing the story, and for putting such a dandy headline over it. I have sent your letter back to my parents in the States.

You were right not to send all of the paper if there was something that should not be known down here. The censorship is very strict, and trying to pass something, even innocently, causes trouble. I have to deal with the Kingston and Cristobal air mail censors, as well as the cable censors here, and now just to make things interesting, I have to have all radio scripts censored. Some very amusing things happen--as the day when the A.P. office here tried to send out a cable reporting that Venus, for some inexplicable reason was visible in the middle of the day. Half the citizens of Bogotá were craning their necks along the main streets watching the unusual sight. When A. P. tried to file a cable, the censor refused to pass it. The only reason we could figure out was that the censor was afraid the cable would give away the position of Colombia!

On more than one occasion I have had to hold back even air mail stories. At this moment I have one locked away that gives me nightmares to even think about it. Through a well meaning Colombian friend, I was enabled to read a confidential report of the National Police on the Nazi organization in Colombia. Part of the stuff could be released without injuring the rest of the investigation. I wrote it up, and went to the U.S. Embassy for advice as to whether I should release it via N.A.N.A. as planned. They asked me, off the record of course, to hold it for a while, fearful of the political repercussions here if the story should be published in the States. I'm still holding it, because the situation, especially in the leading Atlantic coast cities, has become much more serious since the submarine campaign in the Caribbean. I can tell you in confidence what you may have suspected already: the fifth column in South America is doubly dangerous because it is closely connected with official circles- - the only circles that count down here.

Incidently, it's awfully easy to get mixed up in intrigues down here. I had a funny experience with two English ladies who thought I was a German spy and had me followed everywhere I went for almost a week! The result? I'm writing a mystery novel. I'll give you an autographed copy if it ever gets finished!

A day or two after writing you, I received a letter from home giving me the correct spelling of your name, but by that time I had figured it out myself. I guess you'll have to forgive both Governor Bradford and me for our lack of spelling ability! I have a terrible time getting my name across to people down here. Spanish has no "J" as we pronounce it in "Jean", and Crawford looks like Sanskrit to them. I settle for "la señorita Juanita de los Estados Unidos" and consider myself lucky. Force of circumstances has already given me a fair command of newspaper Spanish--both written and spoken--but I occasionally drop into an American motion picture just to hear English spoken for a few hours. At this very

moment I'm expecting my Spanish teacher who comes for an hour every day. The question is whether she will give up trying to teach me Spanish and decide to learn English in order to talk with me.xxx So far, the latter idea is slightly in the lead. I evidently absorbed a little of the perseverance which I used to admire in Kansans.

Thank you again for your interest in me. If I come home via Mexico--rather than risking a long swim--I'll drop into the Journal-World office and compare South American experiences with you.

If you happen to think of it, would you ask Mr. Murray to give my regards to Ann?

Sincerely yours,

Jean Anne Crawford

Jean Anne Crawford

Sent 3/31/42

Chicago March 28th 1942

Dear Collie:

The time is ripe now to amortize the seeond mortgage on the Luella Apartments. I can arrange to cancel $4.000.00 by payment of $650.00 and $20.000.00 by issuing 100 shares of stock, leaving but $17.000.00 outstanding and when the two above mentioned deals are consumated, I feel confident that the remainder can be handled in a like manner, leaving but $54.000.00 first mortgage and some personal notes of mine outstanding. We cleared away $3.000.00 last fall and another $3.000.00 this month, a total of $21.000 amortized since March 1936, and I am trying to get a good looking financial statement by the above operation.

Shall appreciate it if you will sign the attached proxy and have Mary Jule sign hers, and return both to me.

Your brother Chas.

March 13th
1942

Mrs. H. A. Cowan
Cowan's Bakery
Minneapolis, Kansas

Dear Mrs. Cowan:

Enclosed is my check for $3.97 to cover the ham ordered for Mrs. McNalley. I trust that this allows you a commission on the sale.

If it does not, I shall make it a point to make it right with you at some time in the future when I am in Minneapolis.

Thank you a lot for looking after the matter for me.

Sincerely yours,

WCS:DMF

COWAN'S

MRS. H. A. COWAN, PROP.



QUALITY BAKERY GOODS

BAKERY

Minneapolis, Kansas

Mrs. W. C. Simons
Laurence Kans —

Dear Sir

The Lawn came today that I ordered for Janet. I'm sure she will be pleased with it. The price on the invoice is $3.97.

Thanking you I am
Sincerely —
Mrs. H. A. Cowan

March 10, 1942

Mrs. L. A. McNalley,
Minneapolis, Kansas.

Dear Janet:

We received your letter this morning and I am sorry that your keys have disappeared, but we do not have them, nor do we remember having seen them.

In regard to 706 Massachusetts, Sam Hunter came to me yesterday stating that a certain party here in town wanted to buy it and wanted to know the price. I set a price of $6,000 and the proposition as mentioned to me was that the party wanted to pay $1,000 down and then make a payment of $50.00 a month to pay the rest of the purchase price and interest.

If a deal of this sort could be made where you could get $1,000 down and the purchaser would agree to pay $50.00 a month and assume the taxes you could afford to keep up the insurance yourself in order to be sure that it was properly protected.

I told Sam to bring me a proposition in writing and then I would submit it to you. He mentioned the matter today to Mr. Hoffman, the renter, and I think it may make a difference in regard to his seeking a lower rental.

The taxes, I find, are $231.22, which I think, is somewhat higher than they should be and perhaps you could secure a reduction. This is the year when real estate is to be appraised.

The prospective purchaser is a dealer in secondhand furniture and household supplies. He

has been in business here for ten years or more.

This is not a proposition yet, but is a nibble.

If you would be willing to make this kind of a deal, the papers would be placed in escrol and the title would not pass until payment was made in full or you chose to make other arrangements with the buyer.

No special news.

Love to all,

WCS:JM

March 6th,
1942

Mrs. L. A. McNalley
Minneapolis, Kansas

Dear Janet:

I had occasion to form an unpleasant opinion of your IGA Store. As we left Wednesday morning, I went into the store and the smaller man who wears glasses was waiting upon a lady. No recognition whatever was given to me, and seeing the larger man fooling with some sacks in the back room, I said to the man at the counter, "Would the other gentleman wait on me?" He said, "He would if he had time", but he never called him and I walked out of the store. I had intended buying a ham and about a peck of Delicious Apples.

That is the second time I have had occasion to feel disgusted with Minneapolis grocers.

This morning I wrote a letter to Mrs. Cowan asking her to order another boneless Swift Ham for you and to send me the bill for the same. It will probably be two or three days before she will have it unless she is able to get it from the wagon at Minneapolis.

We had a very enjoyable visit with you and a pleasant trip home excepting that we had a flat tire about five miles west of St. Mary's. We had picked up a screw about an inch long. Fortunately the tire was not badly damaged, has been repaired, and is now back on the car.

I do not know of any news to tell you.

Love to all,

Dad

March 6th,
1942

Mrs. Cowan (Bakery)
Minneapolis, Kansas

Dear Mrs. Cowan:

My daughter, Mrs. McNalley, spoke so highly of a boneless Swift's Ham secured thru you that I would like to have you get another ham for her and send me the bill for same.

I would think that for the size of their family a medium sized ham would be better than one too small or too large.

I will appreciate it very much if you will look after this matter for me

Respectfully yours,

W. C. Simons

WCS:DMF

FIGURE HERE

DERBY GRAIN CO.
TOM L. SMART
LAWRENCE, KANSAS

No. _____ Date 3-2- 1942

From W C Symons

To Fred Kelsnach

Load of Hay

Gross	8850	Lbs. Test		
Tare	8850	Lbs. Grade		
Net	5480	Lbs. Fee		
Net	3290	Price	Per	$16.35

AMOUNT

Driver _____ on - off Weigher _____

Form 2032

ADAMS BROS. SALESBOOK CO. TOPEKA, KANSAS

2 3 2 20
$16,35

3270
2070
1200
0

10.00
6.35
16.35

WB

2/28/42

Sold corn from 2500 Kt.
to J. Underwood & Sons.

3/7/42

Sold
32 70 lbs/bag
$1.63

2580 lbs
1540 lbs
3340 lbs

70 | 7460 (106.57 bu
70 @ 76¢
460
420
400
350
500
490

$80.99

70 | 2 5 - 80 (37

2 1

4 8

196 4/7

70 / 7460

70

460

420

40

106.57

76

6394 2

74599

80.9932

106.57

76
4.99
80.99

2580
3340
1540

7460*

10/7460(106.57
.70
460
420
400
320
80
4.99

2580
1540
3340

~~7460S~~

7460*

106 bu. 40#

Ear Corn

@ 76¢

$80.99

Scale Ticket—Not Negotiable

J. UNDERWOOD & SONS No. A 850

SEEDS, GRAIN and FEED 608-618 Mass.

Phone 7 Lawrence, Kansas, July 27 1942

Load of Yellow Corn

From W. J. Simmons

To

Gross 7260 lbs. Test lbs.

Tare 4680 lbs. Price 76

Net 2580 lbs. Am't $

Net bu's Driver

Driver on Driver off Weigher

FEB 28 1942

Scale Ticket—Not Negotiable

J. UNDERWOOD & SONS No. A 853

SEEDS, GRAIN and FEED 608-618 Mass.

Phone 7 Lawrence, Kansas, 2-28 1942

Load of Y. Ear Corn

From W. E. Simmons

To

Gross 1290 lbs. Test lbs.

Tare 4180 lbs. Price 72

Net 1540 lbs. Am't $

Net bu's Driver

Driver on Driver off Weigher

J. UNDERWOOD & SONS FEB 23 1942 LAWRENCE, KANS.

Scale Ticket—Not Negotiable

J. UNDERWOOD & SONS

SEEDS, GRAIN and FEED 608-618 Mass.

No. A 852

Phone 7 Lawrence, Kansas, Feb 28 1942

Load of Yel Ear Corn

From W. C. Simmons

To

Gross 8000	lbs.	Test	lbs.
Tare 4660	lbs.	Price 76	
Net 3340	lbs.	Am't $	
Net	bu's		Driver
Driver on	Driver off		Weigher

FEB 28 1942 LAWRENCE

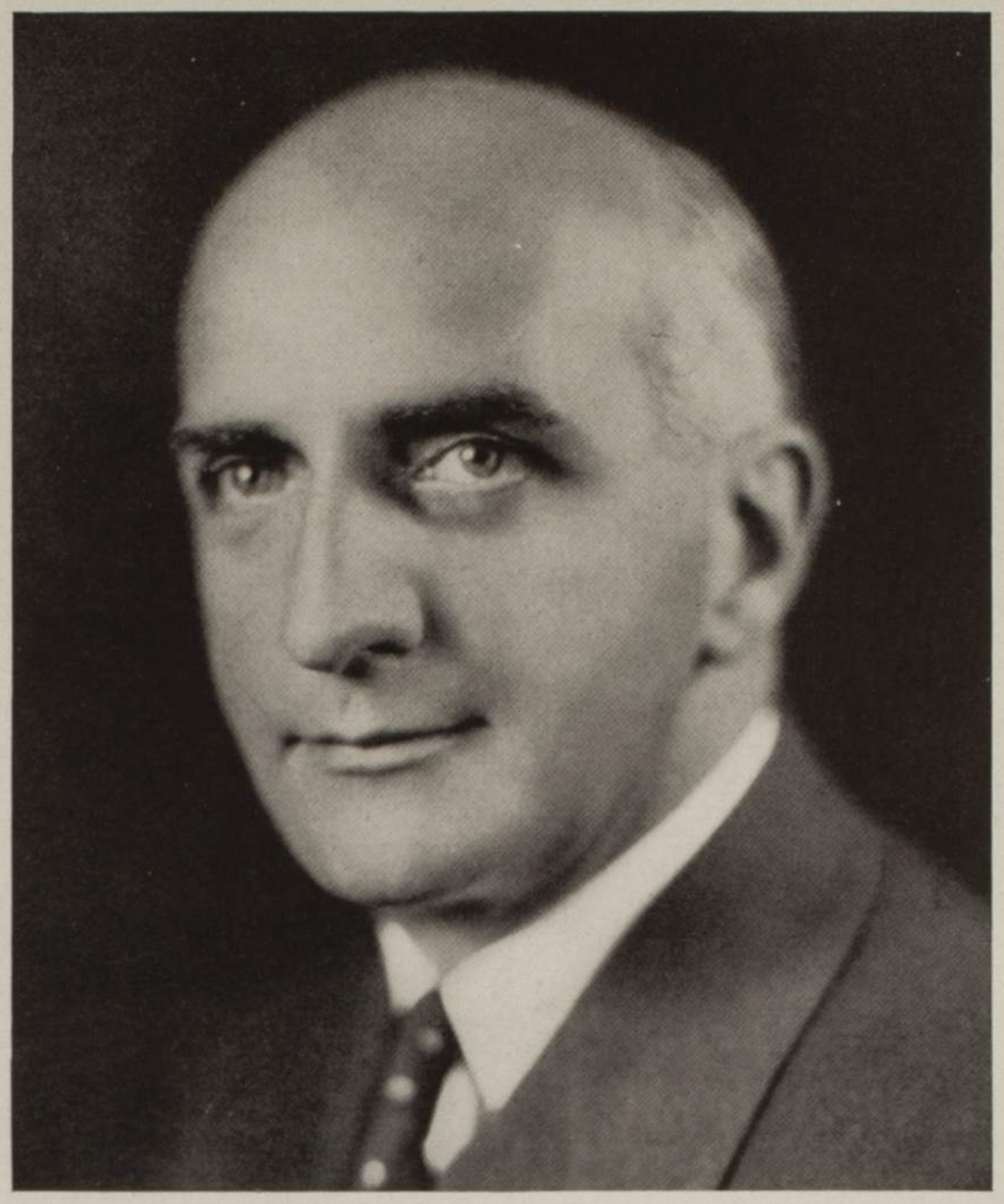
The STATUS *of the* PRINTING INDUSTRY *under the* WAR PRODUCTION BOARD

★ *Address by* E. W. PALMER

Chief Industrial Consultant, Printing and Publishing Branch, War Production Board, Washington, D. C.

Given at 17th Annual Meeting, Graphic Arts Association of Illinois, Inc.
Terrace Garden, Morrison Hotel
Chicago, February 18, 1942

Published by
GRAPHIC ARTS ASSOCIATION OF ILLINOIS, INC.
105 West Monroe Street • Chicago • Dearborn 2707



The Status of the Printing Industry under the War Production Board

Address by

E. W. PALMER

Chief Industrial Consultant, Printing and Publishing Branch, War Production Board, Washington, D. C.

President Maher: Here is what you have been waiting for. This gentleman has so many qualifications. Mr. Palmer is presently Chief Industrial Consultant of the Printing and Publishing Branch of the War Production Board. He is President of the Kingsport Press, Kingsport, Tennessee. It isn't his first experience with National affairs. It was under the NRA that Mr. Palmer was very active and represented the Book Manufacturers Institute, and served as Chairman of the Graphic Arts Industry Coordinating Committee under the Graphic Arts Code in 1934 and 1935. He also has served as President of the Book Manufacturers Institute. He is widely known as a writer and

edition of last Sunday night, and the special edition and the radio speaker, and the only thing I can add to that is that he is a printer, not a theorist, talks our language, and knows what it is all about.

MR. E. W. PALMER: President Maher, Secretary Beatty, Treasurer King, Newly Installed, and all the officers and directors of this fine Association, as well as the membership and their ever-ready assistants, the ladies who are with them: First may I say, on behalf of your Government, which it is my honor and privilege to represent tonight in one very small capacity in connection with the War Production Board, that it is honestly and sincerely a privilege and a pleasure to be here with you, first, as already explained by your President, because primarily I am a printer, and we printers you know don't take any back seat when it comes to accepting honors, even though we are as humble as our progenitor, Benjamin Franklin; second, I am very glad to see so many ladies here tonight, not because I claim to have any particular persuasive powers with the feminine gender, but I know, as you do, that they have very able qualities as your advisors and consorts.

Whenever there are ladies present at a meeting of this sort, which smacks primarily of business and business problems, I am also reminded of that very familiar little poem written by one of, shall I say, America's greatest poets, with which I am sure you are all very, very familiar. It started off, if you remember, typifying what some of us were, alas, too many years ago: "Blessings on thee little man, barefoot boy with cheek of tan," and you remember the rest of it.

Well, we have a modern version today, which I am not exactly certain originates because of the activities of the ladies of our land in so many and varied agencies and avenues, but at least it goes like this, and to you ladies, in presenting it for the edification of your men folk, there is no harm intended. It is "The Modern Maid" if you please:

"Blessings on thee little dame,
Bareback girls with knees the same;
With thy rolled down silken hose,
And thy short, transparent clothes,
With thy red lips reddened more,
Kissed with lipstick from the store;
With thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace,
And thy cocky hat set off thy face.
From my heart I give thee joy,
Glad that I was born a boy." *(Laughter)*

Now, turning from the lighter to the more serious vein, I am certain that I have correctly understood your presence here, in assuming that first as citizens of the greatest nation still extant upon the world, as businessmen, and particularly as producers of that art which is conceivably and properly called the art preservative of all arts, you are primarily interested in what the present and possibly the future may hold for your industry as a part of the great national picture which we term the national economy.

I have heard it said many times in the past two months, that the farther one got away from the Atlantic Seaboard, and particularly from that seething, whirlwind merry-go-round that surrounds a very familiar capitol dome, the less one heard and the less one felt that the public realized that there was a war, and more especially that they realized that the United States of America was in the war.

I am quite sure you will agree with me that in the past few weeks, we have only to turn back to the headlines of the special

messages that greeted us on that memorable Sunday in the first week of December, to realize that down deep in our inner consciousnesses and our veritable hearts, we have been thoroughly conscious that we are at war. And beginning what I fear may be a somewhat prosaic and certainly intended to be a very frank portrayal of certain facts to you, I want to preface it by saying that I am imbued by no desire to impart any scare psychology. I have no desire, nor am I empowered either by fact or authority, to attempt to scare you into doing anything. But as one who has been enlisted to represent this industry of which you are individually and collectively a very important part, I do want to point out to you that I think I would be derelict in my duty if I did not point out to you some very serious implications, the impingement of which during the next few weeks and few months, will have a very definite and a very positive bearing upon your industry, as it will upon the whole national economy.

Perhaps before I dwell too much upon that, I ought to give you just a brief word picture of what this war production board is, as it relates to your particular industry. Without going into detail, though most of you I am quite sure are familiar with the setting up of a quite similar war Board just about twenty years ago, on which a very highly respected and very capable Chicagoan, Mr. T. E. Donnelley, acted with great efficiency and accomplishment as Chairman. You are all familiar with the creation of the Office of Production Management. If you are not as fully familiar with the origination and its composition, I am sure you have been fully cognizant of all the criticisms that were leveled at it, and I doubt not that as you sit here, and I stand here tonight talking to you, there are very serious doubts in the minds of many of those present as to the ability and the possibility of those connected with, and the outgrowth of their activities, toward a successful promulgation of our part in the war program.

Without attempting any eloquent approach to the subject, I do want to say to you that in the few months that I have spent in Washington as your official representative, I have become thoroughly convinced that if the printing and publishing industry, America's 6th industry today, if you please, is not ready now to recognize the seriousness of the situation for its own self-preservation as well as that of the preservation of the nation, it is about time we awakened to that serious fact.

WAR PRODUCTION BOARD SET UP

The War Production Board is composed of many divisions. I think you are only interested tonight in the one which has to do particularly with your own problems, and has to work especially for your interests in the whole picture.

Back in the days of the O. P. M., the industrial branches were under a division known as the Division of Civilian Supply. In December we were taken out from that Division, and moved directly under the supervision of Mr. Knudsen, now moved as you know, in the new arrangement, to a lieutenant Generalship in the Army, and directly connected with war production.

When that change took place, there was created the new War Production Board, and a Division of Industrial Operations was set up, with Mr. Knudsen as the head of it, and the same supervisory organization was maintained. Mr. Phillip D. Reed, the Chairman of the Board of General Electric is our industry Division Chief. Under him, and acting as his Deputy, is Mr. Amory Holton, the head of the Corning Glass Works of Corning, New York. And then we come down to a division of these various industry branches, in which pulp and paper is one, and printing and publishing is another.

The two I wish to speak to you particularly about tonight, are under the sub-supervision of an assistant chief, Mr. J. R. Kimberly, one of the officials of the Kimberly-Clark Paper Corporation.

Back in October, when I first joined the staff, pulp and paper, printing and publishing, were one branch. There had been some concern on the part of the staff officers of O. P. M., as to the justification, shall I say, and the practicality of having pulp and paper on one hand, the life blood line of supply of the printing and publishing industry, and on the other hand, printing and publishing—the consumers, the customers, if you please, of the producers of the life line—all joined together in one branch.

Such was the combination during the last war, as most of you remember. The first week in November, Mr. George A. Renard, who in private life is the Executive Secretary-Treasurer of the National Association of Purchasing Agents, and for some 18 months a very close adviser to Mr. Donald Nelson and Mr. Leon Henderson, was sent in to determine whether that branch should be divided into two branches.

I remember very distinctly the day in which he came, and I remember his opening remarks when he said that it had been decided to establish at least for the time being, separate organizations; and he said, "I know nothing whatever about printing and publishing, except that which pertains to buying material."

PRESIDENT MAHER: Here is what you have been waiting for. He said, "I understand that you are from the industry, therefore you will proceed to analyze the industry, and to set up an organization to take care of it."

That being the case, I am sure you will understand that it was quite natural for one out of the industry, to immediately fall back upon his knowledge of the divisions of the industry, in an attempt to organize it into some regular semblance of its various sector activities.

Accordingly, it was broken down into four major divisions, newspapers, magazines, books, and what we now affectionately and nevertheless practically term the great three-ring circus of the printing industry, the commercial producing and converting printing ends, in which we have, as most of you practical printers know, the relief, the planographic, and the intaglio processing groups.

The next step, as might be imagined in the hands of one from the industry, was to determine that those heads of the various sections, and the various unit chiefs operating under them, should be men drawn from the industry, men who had come up from perhaps their youthful days in learning, and having experience in the various problems and peculiarities of the industry.

Ladies and Gentlemen, that is the plan that has been followed, and if it becomes necessary to branch out and to expand upon those major sectors which we have established, it is our intent to follow the same policy of taking men out of industry.

I am only going to mention very briefly in passing, the fact that the newspaper section is headed by Meyer Donowski from Dallas, Texas, the man who came from the Dallas Morning News, a newspaper well known in the newspaper field. The magazine section is headed by Walter J. Risely, one of the technical men from the staff of the Saturday Evening Post in Philadelphia. The book section is headed by Allen S. Brown, himself a practical printer, who came out of the direction of the production of the McMillen Company, America's largest book publishers. As we step over into the relief field, we have a man, Stephen Harrington from Nashville, long allied with the production of printed and standardized forms. In the planographic field, we have John J. Wolf from St. Louis, and in the intaglio field,

Louis MacFadden, from New York. Their assistants are somewhat too numerous to mention, and perhaps would not mean sufficiently to you to relate their names.

MAGNITUDE OF PRINTING INDUSTRY.

Now, taking the industry at large, I think that sometimes we fail to have the proper appreciation of the size, the character and the importance of the industry in which we are engaged. You know, I have heard it said that years ago, in Great Britain, any printer who chose to go to his office in an automobile or who assumed to wear the proverbial high hat, would be looked upon as a usurper. Now, in this country of course, we don't complain. Sometimes we throw snowballs in winter or bricks in summer at anyone who essays to wear a topper, but nevertheless there is no opprobrium against doing it, and I think the printers may well hold up their heads alongside their publisher-clients and associates, especially when you consider that this particular industry of ours has over 42,000 establishments, notwithstanding the fact that fifteen thousand and three are known as one-man establishments, that it has a total salaried and wage earning personnel of 600,000, in round figures, that we pay out, and I imagine Mr. Seese has already looked this up, 953 million dollars, or did in 1939, in salaries and wages, we bought materials that cost a billion, a hundred million, and we produced end products of 3 billion, 165 million.

Now, perhaps some idea of the analysis behind or the thought that pulp and paper ought to be separated from printing and publishing, aside from the fact that we are the customers, the clients of that particular industry, rests in the fact that in the same year, 1939, the Bureau making the census of manufacturers, reported that there were 1,895 pulp and paper establishments, 244,000 employees, 364 million in wages and salaries, 924 million in materials, and a billion, 611 million in end products—the value of end products. That is no disparagement to pulp and paper. On the other hand, it is rather a clear indication, or so it seems to me, that we have our particular functions. We need to maintain a very close liaison together, but there are certain fundamental problems that have to be handled entirely separately.

When we get into the question of the life line of printing and publishing—paper—it is well to remember that not all paper is printed. It is also well to remember that during emergency periods such as that in which we are now in, and in which factual data indicates very clearly we may well remain in for a long time, that we are only the partial users of that great production line.

In 1940, the United States census of forest products indicated that in excess of 17 million tons of paper was produced in the United States. Of that, 39 per cent was turned into printed products, and it is rather interesting to note in the preliminary breakdown that we have attempted in seeking to represent your interest as an industry properly, that there is a wide diversion in the usage of those papers. I am not going into all the details, because it is too long a study, but I do want to give you this.

Of the 39 per cent of paper, out of the total production that goes into printed form, which amounts to, in round figures, 6 million, 700 thousand tons, about 2 per cent is unclassified. We can't break it down. A little over 8 per cent is a groundwood sheet; 8.9 per cent are writing stocks; 24.7 per cent are book stocks; 55.6 per cent is newsprint. That is a pretty heavy production, but when you consider that of the total printed papers we run a gamut of thousands of different types and ends uses, you can imagine somewhat intelligently, I believe, the problem we

have when someone begins to talk about the relative essentiality of end products in the printing and publishing industry.

STANDARDIZATION PROGRAM

Now, right here, I would like to mention something which is of extreme importance to you, particularly those who deal in the commercially printed products—those that come perhaps more generally outside of newspapers, magazines and books. An attempt has been made to standardize on the part of the pulp and paper branch, and justly so, the sizes, the basic weights of printing papers. Quite obviously, our branches working with the pulp and paper branch, see to it that in their honest attempt to arrive at the very necessary standardization, full consideration is given to the practical needs of every avenue and segment of the printing industry. I might add that our own branch has a separate and distinct standardization program under way, with respect to book papers. There is being considered at the moment, a further possible necessity, and I say "possible necessity," because we have not yet reached the point of absolute necessity, and that is the question of possible and probable reduction in basic weight limitations of the various types of papers.

FUTURE PLANNING

I might add right here that it seems to be the general attitude and attempt of all the industrial branches in Washington, and I can assure you that it is the intent of our own, to look ahead, to project conditions that have been recorded during past depressions and past emergencies, to take the picture as we find it in the statistical records that are available, and to look as far into the future as possible, in an attempt that you may be prevented from coming, to use the vernacular, smack up against the edge of the precipice, with no way to turn and no avenue ahead. In other words, we are attempting to find, and to record, all of those conditions that may be encountered, and the practical steps that might be taken to assist you over those handicaps as they are reached.

P-100—A-10 RATING

Now, one of the very important phases of your operative and daily consideration is that of maintenance, repairs and operating supplies. Judging by the number of questions that reach us in Washington, it is quite an important topic. I know the ladies will forgive me if I happen to refer to what we term in Washington as our guiding stars—some of the administrative orders, but I mention them because I want you gentlemen to realize that once an order is promulgated by the War Production Board, it has the same effect and impact as a law. I doubt that many have realized that up to the present.

In connection with maintenance, repairs and operating supplies, of course I am referring to that now historic document known by the very short title of P-22, later called P-100, and a rating which all printers and publishers apparently are very jealous of maintaining. It is known as A-10. There are two distinct differences in the material that we use in every plant. One branch includes those supplies which go into operations on it, and a very distinct and separate classification of supplies are those known as processing supplies, which you employ in the production of your product, and mark well, you deliver with the product.

Your A-10 has nothing whatever to do with the supplies you deliver with your product, and right there, for the benefit of the electrotypers and photo-engravers and gravure plate makers, and

yes, our very friendly and helpful, and sometimes forgotten advertising agencies, we still are laboring with the problem.

It so happens that a photo-engraver, when he makes a plate, employs copper, and of course other ingredients including chemicals, but he delivers the copper with the plate. The electrotyper employs backing metal, tin flux and a copper or nickel facing shell, but he delivers it, therefore he cannot, neither of them, originate the A-10, which belongs to an operating supply.

You gentlemen who are in the printing business, or are publishers, or in any way use under the classification of publisher or printer, a printing plate, either in the form of an original photo engraving, an ink etching, an electrotype or stereotype, have the privilege under the Order of originating the A-10. It would be a good idea if you could put your A-10 rating, if you could put your clause with it, on every order you send to your photo-engraver or electrotyper, or gravure plate maker, or anyone else who employs any of the ten strategic or critical materials in the metals line, which I shall mention very shortly.

We hope very shortly too, as we had had reason to believe would have been accomplished before this, to accomplish the interpretation of the extension of that A-10 rating so that photo-engravers, electrotypers, gravure plate makers, and even the advertising agencies, who originate the orders very largely for these operating plates, might have the privilege of extending, and should have the extension of the A-10 rating.

A few weeks ago, three to be exact, in attempting to convince those who are the determining factors in the allocation of certain materials in the form of metals to this industry, we brought together those involved, and as the discussion developed, we brought up this question of the A-10 extension, and we were told that it was far more difficult to develop an interpretation that would extend that A-10 rating or the privilege of originating it to the photo-engravers and electrotypers and gravure plate makers than it would be to withdraw the A-10 rating entirely from the printing and publishing industry. That, to our mind, would be not only tragic, but it would be unthinkable, and yet it is quite probable it may be done, and in order to forestall that possible contingency, we are now drafting in our branch, a special order, covering maintenance, repair and operating supplies for the entire graphic arts industry, and in that we propose to include the proper coverage for those segments of the industry commonly termed as related trade service industries, so that they may have also that privilege.

You will understand that that is not an assurance that we can have it passed, but we think we may.

INVENTORY RESTRICTION

Now, back about August 27, a very important document was put out which I doubt very many printers or publishers have paid much attention to, if they ever knew of its origination. It has a very simple title. It is known as Priorities Regulation No. 1. It was actually signed and went into effect on August 27, and if you haven't had occasion in the past two or three weeks, which I believe you have, to have had your attention called to a little section in there designated by the numerals 944.14, and the very significant title, "Inventory Restriction," I suggest you get it and read it, because there is a clause in there which says that you must maintain a practicable minimum working inventory of the materials employed in your establishment, which are of your ownership or control.

That being so, if you fail to do that, you are in violation of this particular regulation, which is a law.

Now, the War Production Board has no intent at the moment of adopting any retaliatory procedures against those who have erred in the common practice of humanity, which is, I am quite sure, exemplified in your activities in the past few months, under which whenever you learned that something had a potentiality of becoming scarce, you and all of your associates ran out and bought everything you could lay hands on, with the result that I was told today that there is probably sufficient copper in the photo-engraving plants of the United States to carry them at least through 1942, and there was enough copper in the electrotypers' plants—this wasn't told to me, but I got it elsewhere—to carry them for about 16 months on the average.

Unfortunately, it isn't evenly distributed, and some who have plenty are happy, and some who have not, wish they did.

On the other hand, I do want to counsel you to take account of your stock, because it is very probable that in the habit of the Federal Reserve Board of the United States, you may be asked very shortly to render a certified inventory, not of a future date, but as of a past date, and that is rather difficult to change. The reason for that is, and more particularly so since Singapore and Pearl Harbor, and perhaps it will be even more seriously so before we have gone to the depths that we must go through before we take the up-surge on to victory, which is I am sure you will agree, eventually certain, and that is that some of these metals, and some of these materials that I am going to mention, are going to become increasingly more difficult to obtain, and some of them will run out completely.

For that reason, there is no time, and certainly no patriotism in hoarding, especially if you are in possession of more than you need, more than you can use, because you immediately provide the reasons, if such exist, to a degree necessary for the government to take cognizance of it, that we might have to come in, and take it away from you. We don't want to do that. We think an industry should be able to police itself, not collectively, but individually, and so I would try to be patriotic first, by making certain that I didn't become, if I hadn't already become one of those entitled to the rather approprius title of hoarder.

PRACTICABLE MINIMUM WORKING INVENTORY

Now, someone has asked, and I probably will be asked the question later, what a practicable minimum working inventory is. There has been no official definition of it. Each branch, representing a great segment of industry, has been requested to set up its own explanation of what such an inventory should be, and while I am not in a position to give you the final official belief of our industry tonight, I can say to you this: That in the printing and publishing industry, whether it be paper or whether it be ink, or whether it be book cloth, or whether it be any one of the 600 different items of supplies that you use for processing, if you have any more than a 90 day supply, you may quietly say to yourself as I am speaking to you, "I am sorry, but I am a hoarder."

Ninety days is all you need. Whether that is all you may have, may be something else later. Now, respecting operating supplies, it is our opinion that with the exception of perhaps a very few items, a 60 day supply is all you should have, because it is all you should need.

M. L. AND P. ORDERS

There is another phase to this, which perhaps hasn't reached home yet, and that follows on after this very simple but effective little document, and that is these various orders which are known

as M, L, and P Orders. You probably see them flitting across the pages of the newspaper. You see the laborious attempts of your trade association secretaries to give you the substantial, and only the substance separated from shall I say the effulgent, legal paraphernalia that surrounds them; and perhaps you say, "Well, that doesn't effect me." Perhaps not, and we can't blame you very much for not paying attention to all of them, because they have been just as prolific in appearance as we have all been profligate in using up supplies in the printing and publishing industry, because you have had so much of them.

These orders might be very easily and simply designated. An M means a materials order; an L means a limitation order, and a P means a preference order. We have as our program, less and more effective orders, rather than more plentiful orders, and we hope to hold them as far as this particular industry is concerned, to a minimum.

Thus far, in about three months, we have only issued one order, and that was an order which had to do with the stitching wire that you gentlemen use, and which is a processing supply. It could not be included as one of your operating supplies, and therefore it was beyond the pale of provision for your needs.

ALLOCATION OF MATERIALS

So, we went to the steel branch, and we arranged with them to set up what might be termed an allocation, based upon our determination that in 1940, this industry consumed for binding stitching wire alone, fifty-two hundred and nine and a quarter tons. Of course, you couldn't have all of that in 1942, even though you used much more than that in 1941. But we managed to get through an allocation of 5,000 tons, and of course, we knew that that wire was tin coated, but we didn't know that before we could get back to our respective desks there would be a new tin order out, which would reduce the use of tin to fifty per cent, so we had to go back and get an allocation of 68 tons of tin to provide the wire drawers with the necessary coating.

Now, there is quite a bit of misunderstanding about that particular order. A great many printers think that they have to apply the A-8 rating, which is assigned through that order, not to them, but to the wire drawers. You do not have any use of that A-8 rating whatsoever. All you do is put in your order to the usual supplier of your steel stitching wire—the same fellows who sold you last year and the year before. They in turn assemble all of the requisitions and orders they get, and they apply the A-8, which is their preference rating, back to the producers of the steel rods from which they make the wire.

INKS

One of the very necessary ingredients, outside of paper with which all printers are very much interested is the matter of inks. A few days ago, in the haste of issuing what we thought would be an instructive release, there got into the newspapers a statement which gave the implication at least, that all colored inks were going to be curtailed at least 25 per cent. That was unfortunate. It so happened that I had written a clause to go at the end of a sentence in that particular release, which said "of certain color inks," after the 25 per cent, but somehow, someone, editing my prepared statement, thought that that was surplusage, and cut off "of certain color inks," and left it "25 per cent." I want to correct that tonight, in so far as present circumstances are concerned. But I do want to give you again, with reference to avoiding any scare psychology, a very serious note with respect to printing inks.

So serious do we consider the situation, that the protective and technical coating section of the chemical branch, which handles printing inks, and our own branch, are collaborating in the drafting of an ink order. The order is drafted. It is in the hands of the legal staff for final consideration, and it is only fair to say to you that it will, in certain colors, and in certain other ingredients, definitely curtail the amount of ink to be produced in 1942.

Now, I want to explain that by saying or giving you some very pertinent facts in very brief form, and so that I won't, because of my own lack of, or knowledge of chemistry give you the wrong steer, I am going to refer to the notes that we made yesterday.

There is a probable curtailment to a maximum of possibly 30 per cent, in Chrome Yellows and Oranges, Molybdated Oranges, Chrome Greens, Orange Mineral; Organic Pigments such as: Lithols, Eosines, Para Reds, Toludene Reds, Maroon Toners, Hansa Reds, Hansa Yellows, Peacock Blues (Fugitive and fast), Monastral Blues; and also in the Flushed or Paste Forms of those I have just read to you.

Now, any further dissertation on inks would be too detailed, and I am sure too uninteresting to the ladies to go into detail, but I would like to say here that these particular indications that I give you tonight, especially those that have to do with chemicals, inks, metals, and other seriously needed materials, will be available beginning this week in weekly releases to all trade associations and all trade publications, so that they may be passed on to you quickly and effectively. Likewise, we will follow the same routine of all new orders which are issued by any branch or division of the War Production Board that has a bearing upon your activities in the industry.

We realize full well that in the releases which go out with many of these orders, which orders are designed to cover not only this particular industry but many others, there is so much to the order that it is almost impossible for the average reader, even if he be a technical man from the printing industry, to understand thoroughly the impact of that order upon his particular business. We are going to give him that in the manner I have described.

METALS

Now I want to touch very briefly upon metals. There are ten seriously critical metals. Some are far more critical than others, so much so that practically all of them are under some type of limiting order. I am only going to touch upon them very briefly, because this release will come out and give you the details.

Aluminum, as you know, has been prohibited in any manufacture except war production, and there are fifteen items of war production set out in the order. The items in the order have no particular application to the printing and publishing industry. We are now working with the Aluminum section, attempting to secure interpretations that would give you clearance on the use of stocks on hand. To date, we have these rulings: With respect to ink and paste, any aluminum ink on hand may be used on current work without obtaining permission of the War Production Board. It is, however, suggested by your branch, that if you are using up aluminum ink on hand, you do file with the Aluminum Section, a statement that you have so many pounds of ink on hand, and you are proceeding to use it.

Aluminum powder or leaf—you may continue to use your present supply on current jobs, but you must, within one week, submit a report to M-1-e, which is the aluminum section, stating how much of it you have on hand, and how you propose to use it.

Toll arrangements which existed on aluminum plates employed

by lithographers, are out, and no re-rolling under toll agreement is at present permitted.

Wall paper manufacturers are permitted to use their present aluminum castings for design printing rollers; but they must in each case file an appeal with M-1-e.

Nickel—not such an important item in our particular industry, except for maintenance, repair and operating supplies. In the past we used a very small quantity. We have an allocation established of five tons a month, which appears from our explorations, ample for the industry. That would give us 60 tons for 1942, against 75 tons estimated for 1941.

Copper is a very important item, and I am sure it is probably the most talked about, most misunderstood, and perhaps its use is in greater violation of the existing rules than any other metal. The particular order which is out, limits the manufacturer of an article containing copper as a base alloy—copper or a copper as a base alloy, to fifty per cent of the base period of the last quarter of 1940. Now, you have an alternative as you know. If that base period is not satisfactory, you may use one-half of the total employed in the last half of the three months, or one-eighth of the total of that manufactured in 1940.

Now, specifically getting down to our industry, which does not in the strict sense of the order, do manufacturing of that sort, we have the question of photo-engraving, electrotyping and gravure plate making. You are at the moment limited to 70 per cent of the copper you used in the base period, and that, Gentlemen, includes all the copper, both in virgin copper and any reclaimed copper, so you might watch your step.

Bronze powder, which is very much of interest to many of the printers and lithographers, the manufacturer can produce fifty per cent of the base period until March 31, and the production thereafter, is prohibited. There is no restriction at the moment on the sale or use of bronze powder. If you have it you may use it. If you can buy it, you may get it and use it. But the producer can only produce up to fifty per cent.

Bronze ink—same situation obtains.

Bronze leaf—the manufacturers are limited to fifty per cent of the base period, and there is no restriction on the use of that by the printer or binder.

Copper involved in producing the alloys that are common to the manufacturer of linotype, monotype, and founders type matrices, is again limited to 70 per cent. One very important factor which perhaps has been overlooked by a great many, especially those who operate electrolitic establishments, electrotype foundries, is that we have had promulgated an interpretation by the copper branch that any electrotyper may secure authorization to use old photo-engravings and photo-engraving scrap in his electrolitic bath, in a rubber or lead basket as an anode. He must get permission. Furthermore, electrotypers may melt down old plates, melting off the backing metal off the shells, which find their way into the scrap-pile because of the tin backing, but they must sell the copper or nickel surface shells to scrap, unless they happen to have their own smelting and refining equipment, in which case they must get permission.

Zinc is comparatively easy at the moment. We have no limitation order. The amount that is required that the manufacturers must put into the National pool has been increased in February by 9 per cent over January, which gives a total of forty per cent.

Zinc is becoming slowly more critical. We imagine that within four months, there will be a limitation on it.

Chromium, as you know, is already under strict control, and was placed under an allocation control on February 4. This order

is designed particularly to prevent the depletion of existing stocks, and to control the flow of this important steel alloy.

Lead—there I pause to make a little illustration which came to us quite interestingly a few weeks ago, when we were battling with the various metals, and one very eminent gentleman said, "What are you printers worrying about metals for? You use nothing but lead anyway." That eminent gentleman was asked if he thought that lead was used in its original form in the printing industry, or whether it had to have any other metals added. He confessed that he thought we used pure lead, and that alone.

The February lead pool was moved up to 15 per cent of the December production. That took place on February 9. You are limited to 90 per cent of your lead consumption of either the third quarter or the fourth quarter of 1941. You may take your choice as to the quarter for a base period.

As far as the electrotyping foil and molding lead is concerned, you are relieved from any restriction. The re-use of lead in plates or type is not given an exemption, and is therefore limited to 50 per cent. We have asked that an exemption be extended to these items in the re-writing of the lead order, which is now being undertaken. This exemption will permit the re-use of lead in plates or type in the printing, publishing and related services industries, including necessary replacement or loss in the re-used metals. By that, of course, I am referring to the ten to twelve per cent lossage which comes through by the burning out of our metals.

Tin, as most of you have observed in the order recently issued, which very drastically curtailed the employment of tin in the making of all containers, has become critically short, and the particular order known as the original tin order, seals and labels, tin coated paper and foil excepting electrotyping and molding lead, could only be manufactured up to 50 per cent to March 31, and none thereafter. "Tin in Toning" metals, is now limited to 50 per cent for the balance of this year; and tin in electrotyping foil is likewise limited to 50 per cent.

A moment ago, I said we had an exception. We do, but it has not been incorporated in the tin order as it stands, but permission is being given, and we will have it, so we are assured in the new order, so that you will not be limited on your tin foil used in the electrotyping foundry, nor on your tin for toning metals.

The tin order issued on January 28, cuts by 50 per cent, the manufacture of tin cans for beer, coffee, oil, baking powder, candy, biscuits, cereal, flour, chocolate, cocoa, dog food, spices and tobacco, and I notice it is omitted here, there is a drastic curtailment in ink cans. It provides that you may use only 50 per cent of the usual amount of the base period up to March 31, and thereafter, none. Well, I think most of us can agree, knowing the composition of inks, that inks are somewhat in the category of paints, and if paints are permitted to have sealed cans, inks will have to come to us in some sort of sealed cans, and if we also remember that you can't take what is known as black plate, and, we are told, solder it together, we may have a black plate cover and black plate bottom to the can, but we may have some kind of tin circumference to it. We have already submitted a strong complaint to the containers and tin divisions, and I think we will get that cleared.

RUBBER

While this is not a metal, I do want to touch upon it, and that is rubber. You are limited to 80 per cent of your consumption in the month of November, 1941. We have the promise of an allocation of 500 tons of rubber. To the best information we

could secure, the industry uses 480 tons a year. We are watching to see that that is protected for your use.

Now, I might go on into some of the other metals that I haven't mentioned, but they are less critical. Iron and steel have been covered. At the moment there is a much greater surplusage for war production than of the other metals. But there will be an increasing curtailment of all of these combat producing metals continuously, and while we are speaking about metals, I want to remind you that so critical has become copper that there was a very definite attempt to prohibit the flow of copper into this industry to anywhere near the amount which we have insisted this industry requires, although the industry, peculiarly does not actually consume anywhere near fifty per cent of the metals it takes into the industry, but it piles them up in the form of photo-engravings and printing plates, and there they lie, and most of them, or many of them, a very heavy percentage, have lain there for years. Conservation is another word for curtailment. It is also another word for substitution. It is also another word for stopping the usage of—if it gets that far.

And so we have compiled and presented first, an over-all picture on all the metal needs for this industry, both for operating and processing supplies, and you might like to know just how serious the situation is, by hearing the amounts in the over-all picture.

Your 1940 gross consumption determined by the best statistician available and verified by spot checks in industry on the ten critical materials, were these: Bear in mind that this is both for processing and operating.

Aluminum, 946 tons; antimony, 3,802 tons; copper, 6,092 tons; chromium, 2,360 tons; iron, 4,937 tons; lead, 41,254 tons; nickel, 75 tons; steel, 22,350 tons; tin, 2,368 tons; zinc 9,591 tons.

Now, I read those figures to you for two reasons: First, to give you the relative importance of certain of those metals in your operating processes, and to add to it an admonition, notwithstanding the restrictions that are placed upon their usage by the orders now out, and further restrictions that will be placed on orders yet to come, that you may give very serious and continuous effort to save every veritable ounce of every metal, of every chemical, of every type of ink, because if you don't, you may wish you had it before many months.

Now, we have had the information that an allocation has been proposed in return for the 6,092 tons of copper, used in 1940, of 5,826 tons by the Division of Civilian Supplies for 1942. That compares somewhat favorably with the 70 per cent proportion. That is a 30 per cent curtailment. Our own estimate, again cross-checked in the industry, is that you can get along on 5,381 tons, and we are of the opinion that that is probably all you will get; and bearing in mind what I said before of the very outspoken indication that there was more than that by far already in the industry, I would recommend that you be very consciencious and very sparing, and if your brother is without it, and you want to keep him in industry, help him get some of yours at the current price. *(Laughter)*

SCRAPPING OLD PLATES

Incidentally, you will observe that O. P. A. issued a ceiling on scrap prices the other day, so it might be well for you to determine just what they are. You really can make quite a turn of cash by hunting up every last electrotype and zinc plate and printing plate, and getting it into the scrap pile.

You know we have a new slogan—we Americans are great for slogans—you have probably got it pasted up on the wall of your office now—"Get in the Scrap," and it means both ways

(laughter) because by getting it out in this industry, we can get in it with both feet.

We have in process, and it is only fair to tell you about it, although we are not supposed to tell you very much about orders in process, I mentioned earlier tonight—and I must hurry along because I have already taken too much time—that there has been a total lack of any established and organized procedure, whereby the printing plates of the industry were determined to be obsolete by any rule.

I remember very distinctly in the many conferences—I say "many" advisedly—with the various divisions of first O. P. M. and then W. P. B., that we have had on this metals problem, that the attitude seemed to be from the very start, that every printing plate in the printing establishment, whether it was out of use, had ended its useful life, was merely hanging in the bank racks or was stored in the vaults, was already scrap.

Someone picked out of the thin air, and gave voice to an expression which you may have seen in the public press, that there was 800,000 tons of the critical metals of the nation lying around useless in the printing establishments of the country. Well, I don't know where that chap got his astronomical aspirations. I know he is far from being right, but we still believe that our humble attempt at guessing how much will be turned out of the printing plants of the nation, when we put into effect the order we have in promulgation, is somewhat reasonable.

In response to a definite request from the publishing fraternity who own the plates, and particularly the publishing fraternity who publish books, who sent to us the great problem, the great hinderance to releasing these plates, is the fact that so many of our contracts have a clause in there which says that when the plates have outlived their usefulness, they may be purchased by the author, and he must be given the privilege of purchasing them at cost.

Well, I have had some 37 years experience, and I have yet to hear of an author, who ever bought his plates at cost. There may have been thousands of them sold, but the best I have ever been able to do when I was given the privilege of selling some old plates was to manage to get a fifty or one hundred dollar price, when he thought, the buyer, that he might sell them to somebody who would give my good friend Harry Owen a job of running a few million books for perhaps fifty or one hundred dollars.

Anyway, the publisher said, "If you will give us a law which says we must dispose of these, and a procedure under which we can act, we will surprise you by the thousands of sets of plates that will immediately find their way into the scrap pile or through the melting pots of the electrotypers."

NEW ORDER FOR SCRAPPING PLATES

So, desiring to please, and having one of them say that he had 22,000 sets of plates on his inventory, and mentally computing how many hundreds of thousands of sets of plates, either singly or collectively they might be, we have prepared an order, which we think will produce that result. I am not going to bore you by reading it. I am merely going to give you three high points. The first one will be a mandatory inventory of what you have on hand; the second will be a four months' requirement period, during which in the the first thirty days you must notify by registered mail, if you are a publisher, any author or any other part owner or co-owner of any plates you have on hand, and if he fails to buy them within the prescribed period, you must then send them to scrap. In the field of books, a five year end of useful life is pre-

scribed, unless they have been printed on within the five years. In commercial labels and other printing, the end of useful life is three years, unless they have been printed in that period. For all others, the end of useful life is one year, unless—and here is an escape clause—you can justify your desire and your need for keeping those, or your clients may do likewise by showing that they have continuous reprinting value, and are not being held by you merely for it, in the hope that perhaps later you might be able to negotiate a better deal with the government when you turn them in. I can tell you that there will be no toll agreements. That is to say, you are not going to get metal for metal, so you might as well clear it out, and you might as well start now, before the order begins, because the more we turn out, the less drag there will be on the virgin stock piles, and the less curtailment will come later.

ADHESIVES

Those of you who are interested in adhesives, had better watch your animal glues, and especially if you are interested in flexible glues, because glycerine has just been cut to fifty per cent, and while you may in some cases use sabotol in its place, we are anticipating that glycerine will be cut further. We are watching that situation. It may be necessary to issue an order.

I should go back for a second and tell you that our guess, which I outlined, might be given you, is that in the first three months of releasing metals, and it will be reoccurrent you know, because after the first step is taken, it is a one, three and five year reoccurrent end of useful life period, will be something like 4300 tons of copper, 45,000 tons of lead, 1,450 tons each of tin and antimony, 267 tons of zinc and 3 tons of aluminum; and I may say, Gentlemen and Ladies, we consider that we are very, very conservative.

CONVERSION

I will hurry on to the last part of what I want to bring to you. Much is being heard these days about conversion. Don't mix it up with conservation—and conversion is not of the religious type. It has to do with the possible conversion of the facilities of printing and publishing establishments to war production needs, and it is quite evident, I think, to most of you gentlemen who have been in the business most of your lives, that it is a far cry from printing presses and binding machinery and typographic equipment and electrolitic equipment and everything else, to producing shells, tanks, guns, ships and airplanes. But there is nothing to prevent you, first, if you have a machine shop maintenance division, which is probably only working eight hours a day on a full shift anyway, perhaps not at all on the second and third shifts, to do one of two things: To become a sub-contractor and produce some parts of a tank or a gun or a plane or a valve or something else.

Last week, one of the manufacturing publishers of the country just North of Chicago, came down to Washington. We had the privilege and pleasure of putting him in touch with the proper officers in the army and navy, and he went away with an order which we are told was in excess of a million dollars. He had originated in his photo-engraving end of his business, the etching of a gun gauge, which took the place of a gauge that had previously been hand engraved, and most interesting was the fact that the hand engraved gauge was off at times, 3 points, which meant thirty feet off a target at one mile, and his gauge was off less than a tenth of one point. And incidentally, he also got an order, we are told, it is rather secret I presume, to manufacture a very important part of a very important ingredient that goes on

a very important piece of war equipment that doesn't go on the water or under the water or on the land. *(Laughter)*

Now, if you can't make actual materials, you can do this: If you have, and most of you have, a good master mechanic or a good top sergeant machinist, he can take some of your own men, who perhaps are going into the army anyway, eventually, and who have had mechanical experience in operating some of your machines, and teach them the rudiments of machine shop practice, so that as we get deeper and deeper into the production and manning of these 60,000 planes, we will have the necessary ground forces to take care of them. If we don't do it, Gentlemen, it is going to be necessary, as you can see it as easily as I, to do some very heavy conscription in order to produce the necessary mechanics.

Furthermore, you ought to be studying, as we are studying for you, and very shortly you will hear from that study, the possibility of what you can do in your own establishment. You can't make much on printing presses. A linotype won't turn out machine gun bullets, but you might like to know that the backing metal that comes off your old plates has exactly the proportionate composition that goes into machine gun bullets—exactly the same—and one of the reasons why we are asking you to loosen up on these old metals and turn them in, first, through your own melting facilities that you may keep your inventory up where you would like to have it, provided you don't get beyond old PR-1, and that comparable minimum working inventory, is to get that out into the scrap piles, because next June, July and August, when all of these munition and other plants that are now in process of construction get into full swing, if we think we have had any shortages now, there won't be any necessity for any speakers out of Washington telling you that you have a shortage then.

Certain plants have already demonstrated that they can fabricate gasmasks, others, 19 plants already we have discovered, actually printing plants, are making some part of some piece of equipment. I was surprised to find, when I went down over Sunday to look into my own place that I hadn't seen in three weeks, to be shown with considerable pride—I have to be careful how I describe it—a very nice piece of ratchet-looking equipment, which I am told has to do with a motivating equipment, something like what I described a moment ago, *(laughter)* which they were all ready to produce. I said, "You have certainly stolen the march on me, because I was about to call you up and ask you to do something so that I might at least say that my own establishment was trying to get in the swim."

We found 19 plants, some of them very heavily involved. The whole pulp and paper industry, which as you know is very well equipped in all sorts of machine shop equipment, is doing a very excellent job in Canada—practically 100 per cent—and we hope through the pulp and paper branch, according to Mr. McKenna, to have those in the United States doing likewise; and certainly we, the larger industry, even though we have fewer establishments that have machine shops, want to be doing our part.

We have before us in the branch at present, other serious questions of disruption, which bring about a greater need for conversion. In the city of Detroit, 4,500 printers employes are facing ultimate, almost complete unemployment, because the great automotive industries of the nation have been converted to direct combat equipment production. Over in Akron, the same thing is true of a lesser number. We had a call on the telephone just before I left yesterday from St. Paul. We have calls in from seven or eight other cities. I have now in the conversion division, the question of sending an engineer into the city of New York,

to look into what seems to be a very small industry, but is totally wiped out by the same condition, that of the sample card industry. There are no more sample cards to be made on the volume that have been made, and some 2,200 people are involved. We are trying to find out if those girls that work in that series of plants, because of their aptitude to handle and place in position little and big samples, can't be put into some form of assembling work. Have you ever thought if the men who work in the technical spots of your plants are fundamentally trained in precision work? The girls who handle your pasting, the girls who feed your sewing machines, the girls who work everywhere through your plants on specific pieces of meticulous work, have already the inherent characteristic that goes well with all sorts of assembly.

Now, the conversion section is getting very, very busy, and you will hear something through this branch and through them very shortly.

PD-25-A

Now, one last thing: I imagine that most of you have viewed with some trepidation, if not concern, a very small piece of printed matter. I think it had about 12 sheets, about 15 inches wide, and about 24 inches long, and it had a very simple title at the top. It was known as the "Production Requirement Plan," and it had an abbreviated title known as PD-25-A. Some plants have decided they wanted to come in under the production requirement plan, which is purely voluntary today. It is intended or was intended, I should say, originally, to hit in more particularly to those industries heading into the production of war material. Obviously, it fits the printing and publishing industry. Its design is to provide a definite allocation rating, for your particular establishment on certain critical materials. It involves a quarterly inventory. It involves considerable other detail. It is already being worked very satisfactorily in a number of industries.

As it came up to your particular branch, we viewed it as we view everything that comes before us, remembering that our task is a dual one: First, to bring down to you in understandable language if we can, the promulgations, orders and regulations of the War Production Board on the one hand, and in turn, to represent you as an industry, as your advocates in the council of the War Production Board, and when we looked that over, and we considered how it would apply, we thought back to where we realized you have no priorities on paper, and we don't anticipate that there are going to be any, if you don't continue your present forward buying to too great an extent, and your customers don't bulge out your warehouse walls any further than they are at present. Then we looked across and saw that you had an A-10 rating, which puts the printing and publishing industry within the veritable fringe, it is true, but nevertheless, within the category of a defense industry. So, we said you didn't need it there, and then we looked across to our wire stitching and realized that as critical conditions developed, it was our plan to promulgate special orders, which in some cases we may not get through, it is fair to say, but so far, we believe we can, to provide those essential and critical materials you need for processing supply.

And so, we came to this conclusion, that you as an industry, would be better off today, not to voluntarily undertake the PD-25-A, which is known as the "Production Requirement Plan," because when you do that, you immediately give up your A-10 priority rating for all repairs, maintenance and operating supply, and you have gained what will be an arbitrary, independent, although correlated allocation rating on those materials that you desire, providing they are critical.

If you need no order, no preference rating to get them, be-

cause they are not that critical, it wouldn't avail you much, so if you have sent in your figures called for on that form, they will be set up through the production requirement branch to the printing and publishing branch. Then you will get a letter, probably signed by me, which recites the certification that you put upon that particular form, and then you will read this suggestion: That while this plan is admirable for many industries, we have considered it in the light of the explanation I have just given you, and it is our considered counsel that you elect not to come in under the production requirement plan, but to remain as you are, for the present, and in doing that, we say that if you will write us by return mail, or if we don't hear from you in ten days, the date which will be stamped on there, we will consider that you wish not to be included under PD-25-A, and therefore, we will file your papers until you make a further sound that indicates you want them brought out.

Now, the reason for that is that you may at any time elect to go under PD-25-A, but if you elect to go under PD-25-A now, you may not elect to go back to A-10. That is the reason we are telling you of that.

There is just one final admonition. Everyone is concerned about materials, and as we started off at the beginning with paper, I am not here qualified to speak for the pulp and paper branch. But you know, as I do, that up to now, there have been no priorities established on paper. Even the A-10, which is extended to those offices employing supplies as operating supplies, have had restricted from that preference rating any unprinted or unprocessed paper. You may get, if you are a correspondence school perhaps, a text book which is an operating supply for your students, provided it is not again resold as a separate product, but it is sold as part of a course, a preference rating on it. You may get your office supplies in your own plant, with the exception of unprinted or unprocessed paper.

Now, if we can once get across a realization that while it is absolutely essential to conserve every pound of fiber that we can, because of the tremendous consumption of paper that must go into this new program of nation-wide fabrication of war material, which travels from one plant to another, and must be protected and packed; if we can get across to every publisher and printer who buys paper that he is subject to the inventory control and will be in violation of it if he exceeds his inventory needs, according to the unofficial formula I have given you, if we can get across to every plant the necessity for getting every ounce of waste paper out into the scrap pile, and above all, if we can get across to every user of paper, the housewife in the home and the boy who sweeps the plant floor, the need for conservation, there is a strong possibility that from that standpoint alone, there will not be a shortage of paper.

There are, however, other very important items that enter into causing shortages, and not the least of that may be the shortage of labor in the forest, in the pulp mill, in the paper mill, and on the road to our plants, and added to that, there may be a very serious shortage in transportation.

You realize that pulp, paper, and its allied products consume at the moment, ten per cent of the transportation facilities of the United States. When you consider that huge segment that is taken out for this industry, large though it is, combined again with pulp and paper it presents a very serious condition that must be dealt with, and when we have, as was reported last week, 160 yard cars of paper standing on one siding in the United States, and the refusal of railroads to accept cars for further deliveries, when we have people trying to pile carloads of paper into plants

scattered over the country meaning a criss-crossing of transportation, shipping up and shipping back and then a re-shipping again, when we continue that totally uneconomic use of the transportation facilities of the nation, we must be ready to accept what can easily be the bottleneck that will control your supply, and not the original source.

All in all, I want to say this to you: I believe that the staff of the War Production Board, who are individuals out of industry just like you and I, are trying to do a good job. They are making mistakes. They and we together are all going to make mistakes, and continue to make them. You are not going to be satisfied with a lot of things we do, but you will be a lot better satisfied if you make up your mind that you will have to be satisfied if we are going to win the war. *(Applause)*

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

President Maher: There were a lot of questions sent in, but time is very short, and Mr. Palmer is catching a plane at 10:55. We will, however, answer as many questions as time will allow. The questions are in Mr. Carl Dunnagan's hands. Will you read the questions, Carl, and Mr. Palmer will answer as many as he has time for.

Mr. Dunnagan: I imagine Mr. Palmer has answered a number of these questions during his very comprehensive address, however, we will go as far as we can with these questions.

Mr. Palmer, is it advisable under present conditions to lower the standards of one's product and enter the lower, cheaper grades of printing, or to discontinue entirely for the duration?

Mr. Palmer: The answer is no. Stay in your field where you have an established reputation. Don't try to break into some other pasture and make a mistake about it.

Mr. Dunnagan: What can be ordered under P-100?

Mr. Palmer: P-100 is not the basis of ordering. P-100 gives you the A-10 rating for your maintenance, repair and operating supplies.

Mr. Dunnagan: Can printers purchase presses without priority in order to handle government orders even though the job will not depreciate the value of the press completely?

Mr. Palmer: No, they may not, and neither can various branches of the government obtain presses for new plants or extensions of present equipment, without due consideration to their actual needs and the possibility of obtaining those services in the open commercial field.

Mr. Dunnagan: How may we secure priority number for purchase of repair parts?

Mr. Palmer: Your repair parts are already covered under an A-10. If you can't get what you want from your supplier with the use of your A-10, send in a PD-1 form which you may obtain from your local W. P. B. office to the printing and publishing branch and we will see what can be done.

Mr. Dunnagan: How will a printer obtain supplies if he doesn't have any defense orders?

Mr. Palmer: He has the same chance or he is in the same category as everyone else. For instance, an airplane manufacturer who has a printing plant and who has an A-1-A rating for airplane manufacturing, cannot extend his A-1-A rating to his printing plant, thereby giving it a better rating than the A-10 to which it is entitled, although some of them try to do it.

Mr. Dunnagan: How can we secure vulcanizing rubber to manufacture rubber stamps? We make rubber stamps for the ammunition plants and our other customers.

MR. PALMER: Put in a PD-1 to the rubber branch or we will send it there for you. Whether we can get it for you is another question, because rubber is very critical.

MR. DUNNAGAN: How may we obtain priorities on non-offset solution?

MR. PALMER: You may have to file a PD-1, which will go to the chemical branch. So far as I know, we have had no complaints of any difficulty in securing those solutions or the general chemicals employed in the printing industry. Occasionally we do get a PD-1 and by tracing it back, we frequently find that the applicant could have secured it if he tried hard enough.

MR. DUNNAGAN: What priority is there for religious publications?

MR. PALMER: At present, none. Nor is there any priority against pulp magazines, playing cards or candy boxes. Everyone is on the same basis at the moment.

MR. DUNNAGAN: I think that explanation probably answers this question: We manufacture prayer booklets. They are used in most camps by the men and chaplains and also are a great necessity in churches. Also we make records for churches to keep their baptisms in, the marriages, census and other things that are absolutely necessary. I would like to know whether we come under a certain priority rating on this account.

MR. PALMER: Unfortunately, no, and particularly in the case of the previous question, there is no necessity for priority number. There is no priority on paper, and none will be needed. None have been needed that enter into any of the products named.

MR. DUNNAGAN: What about the skyrocketing of printing materials in price, and the subsequent refusal of printing buyers to pay these increased costs? What will this mean for printers with non-defense orders?

MR. PALMER: First of all that is a question for Mr. Henderson of O. P. A. to answer and not me. Second, was it ever different? *(Laughter and applause)*

MR. DUNNAGAN: Will price ceilings be applied to printing? If so, by what method, in view of the many factors entering into the finished job? If price ceilings on printing but not on printing wages, would it not tend to stabilize those wages also, regardless of competition from defense industries?

MR. PALMER: I am almost tempted to give the same answer to that one. In the first place, no price ceilings have even entered our remotest consciousness as yet. If price ceilings are established, it is a matter for O. P. A. I question seriously whether in this printing industry there will ever be a need for price ceilings. They will never get up that high. (Laughter)

MR. DUNNAGAN: Will small shops get sub-contracts from the United States Government? What can be done to secure these sub-contracts?

MR. PALMER: Small shops are being given greater consideration, I understand. I learned today, and heard again tonight, that you have had a greater distribution of government printing contracts out here, with the attitude of the War Production Board against the building of new plants or the War Department or the Army, with the decision that such plants should not be expanded, with an attitude that there are sufficient surplus pieces of equipment throughout the nation to produce anything in the way of printed matter that is required, above the facilities of government agencies, there should be a greater distribution.

One of the problems, as most of you know, has been the rules of the Joint Printing Committee of the House and Senate, which controls the government printer. Certain changes, certain latitudes have been given him in the last few

weeks that probably will improve that situation. There is a noticeable attitude and desire to expand the giving out, under proper controls, of more of the National printing to commercial plants.

MR. DUNNAGAN: What about the little printer? Can he make deliveries without tires? (Laughter)

MR. PALMER: If he is delivering to the ultimate consumer, I am afraid he is in the same category as the newspaper that can deliver to the newsstand, but can't take it out on the rural delivery on Sunday morning where they drop it in the rural mail box. That is a question I suggest you refer to Mr. Leon Henderson or Mr. John Hamm of his branch.

MR. DUNNAGAN: Defense plants doing work for the Government—what procedure does a printer have to pursue to submit some original forms to the individual firm or does the O. P. M. furnish them with same?

MR. PALMER: As far as forms required by O. P. M. for any of its procedures or reports, they are supposed to be furnished free by O. P. M. We heard the other day, that in one city of the country, someone tried to get some forms from the O. P. M. office, couldn't get them there, and was told to go around the corner to a certain printer, where he did obtain them for five cents apiece. I don't know whether the printer was the one responsible or not, but we endeavored to clear that situation up. I must confess I don't understand the first part of that question.

MR. DUNNAGAN: How do newspaper publishers and printers come under the new auto tire allotment?

MR. PALMER: Newspapers are under it as far as their bulk deliveries are concerned, but when they get out into the rural areas and begin to deliver to the individual homes, they are cut off if they only make one delivery on that trip. That is going to be under further consideration, I believe.

MR. DUNNAGAN: If my inventory consists of many sizes, weights, grades, and colors of stock to meet demands of mixed job work, what constitutes a month's inventory?

MR. PALMER: I will have to turn that around and say what he means is what constitutes a practicable working minimum inventory and that would be the gross tonnage of what he had on hand as an average, I would say for him, on a 90 day basis.

MR. DUNNAGAN: Is the Government encouraging the development of substitute materials as in the case of chipboard and strawboard?

MR. PALMER: It is, in so far as it can. The trouble is that we are like a marathon race. On every one of these things we merely get up to the next fellow and hand him the baton and grab another one and go in the opposite direction. There are very numerous attempts being made to employ substitutes. Of course, the more critical a material becomes, the more attempt there is to find a substitute, and then usually you find that somebody else has found that the substitutes you want is a substitute for what he wants.

MR. DUNNAGAN: Have paper prices reached the ceiling?

MR. PALMER: That is a matter again for Mr. Henderson. The present levels as you know, were established for the first quarter of '42 on the basis of the last quarter of '41. We hear a good many reports that that is all right on quantity buying, but when you get into current day-by-day purchases, prices have taken a sudden rise in many instances. Just how prevalent that is, I don't know. Mr. Henderson is the price man. I have troubles of my own.

MR. DUNNAGAN: Will a company need a priority number to get paper? About 70 per cent of our work is from a company that is doing Government work. Just how do we stand in being able to supply them?

MR. PALMER: Well, there is no priority on paper going into government work, where you are not the prime contractor or where you are the prime contractor, unless it is one of the 12 or 13 agencies of Government, such as the Army, Navy, Coast Guard, Geodetic Survey and numerous others, which does not include the Government printing office, therefore, I would say that the answer to that is no. The only thing you can do is to go out and get it.

MR. DUNNAGAN: What grades of paper will be scarce and what will be most plentiful? *(Laughter)*

MR. PALMER: That is a hard question, and one that really Norman McKenna ought to answer. At present, some of the sulphates are indicating the greater tightnesses. So far, though, I would say that that question ought to be left for perhaps an answer 60 days from now, and see what you fellows do with those inventories.

MR. DUNNAGAN: In case there is only one member in a printing firm, who is capable of running the business and the firm does service for concerns who have war orders, would this firm member be deferred on that item in the 21-45 draft?

MR. PALMER: Stepping out of my position as an official in the printing and publishing branch and going back to one which I enjoyed until I went to Washington, as a member of an appeal board, I would say he would have a hard time defending that.

VOICE: As a member of an appeal board, I would say that he would have no chance.

MR. DUNNAGAN: What can a small printer do to replace highly skilled help who have been called to service when no such skilled workmen are available?

MR. PALMER: As I intimated in my talk, about all he can do is train them. There are many complications to that, as you know.

MR. DUNNAGAN: While trade periodicals with "controlled distribution" render a definite service, what is your opinion of the restrictions, if any, which may be placed upon them?

MR. PALMER: It is a little early to answer that question. Our magazine and periodical section has been making some very thorough studies. We also have before us the very pertinent results of the survey which was made during the last war by Mr. Donnelley's Board. I think think that we would have to say at this moment that we are not prepared to answer that question definitively, but we are considering very seriously, all and any malpractices, wastes of paper in all phases of the printing industry. Our policy up to now has been: Here are the materials. We are not putting any restrictions on you as to end uses. You may print them all in comics for the newspapers or paper bags, or you may print all candy box tops or poems of Oscar Wilde, but in the end, if there isn't enough, then we will have to insist that that which is unnecessary or non-essential in the greatest degree, will have to be curtailed.

MR. DUNNAGAN: What does the future hold for mail order printing?

MR. PALMER: I am just trying to phrase an answer to that, not for fear of being misunderstood, but it is a difficult question to answer, as you know, and this fellow who asked it, knew it. There is every indication, with the conversion of our heaviest National manufacturing industries to war production, which

leaves for them little more than institutional good will advertising, as has been seen in the city of Detroit already, there will be a tremendous drop, at least for a while, in certain types of direct mail printing. Whether that will continue without cessation, you are as good a guesser as I. As a matter of fact, if we go back in the history of the printing industry, we find that it usually is the last to feel the effects of a depression or an emergency, and then it is the last to recover from it. That may be true this time or it may not. Personally, I think we are in for a drop in production beginning about mid-year, when all of this anticipated buying and production is over. Whether that may be true or false, I can only guess.

MR. DUNNAGAN: Is the printing business considered essential or non-essential?

MR. PALMER: As I mentioned before, it is right in on the veritable fringe under an A-10 rating for maintenance and operating supplies. It is considered not only as the 6th largest of the country, but it is considered an essential industry. That necessarily blankets the whole industry. There may be segments of it that some day, we will have to say that perhaps some parts of it are not totally essential during an emergency period. But let's meet that when we come to it.

MR. DUNNAGAN: For the duration of the war will the printing industry have to reduce the number of working days to conserve power?

MR. PALMER: That I do not know. With the withdrawal of men from industry into training for the army and the navy and other services, with possible stringent curtailments in certain industries that will be taken over entirely for war production, there will be a natural outflow from industry, a drag which will be hard to overcome. I wouldn't be surprised at all to see a serious shortage of employables in the printing industry before another 16 or 18 months.

MR. DUNNAGAN: I believe the other questions are more or less a repetition of those which Mr. Palmer has answered.

PRESIDENT MAHER: Mr. Palmer, thanks. I would like to have the approval of the thanks by a rising vote.

. . . The audience arose and applauded . . .

PRESIDENT MAHER: The meeting is adjourned.

. . . The meeting adjourned at ten-forty o'clock . . .



PHOTO SHOWS A PORTION OF AUDIENCE AT MEETING ON FEBRUARY 18, 1942

Form. 6003 — S.O.P. 18.095

F.C.Scoville
CAIXA POSTAL, 571
RIO DE JANEIRO

RIO DE JANEIRO
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BRASIL
Rs.*040
CORREIO

Mr. W. C. Simons, President,

The Lawrence Daily Journal-World,

Lawrence, Kansas, U. S. A.

Form. 2815

TELEPHONE 43-4848 CAIXA POSTAL 571 END. TEL.: CATALON — RIO

COMPANHIA DE CARRIS, LUZ E FORÇA DO RIO DE JANEIRO, LIMITADA

(THE RIO DE JANEIRO TRAMWAY, LIGHT AND POWER CO., LTD.)

AVENIDA MARECHAL FLORIANO, 168

RIO DE JANEIRO,

5 Fev° '42.

Dear Mr. Simons:

The mails are, of course, all upset, so your kind letter of Jan. 8 was a month en route, though none the less welcome on its arrival.

Thanks for your thoughtfullness in including news of my Aunt Lece and her son, Benji, as she calls him. A letter from her, on two scraps of paper as evidence of her thrift, travelled to Rio with your letter. At her age she's still active, her handwriting is better than mine and the whole family brags about her. Ben's a good boy.

Yes, I darned near kicked the bucket last March, after sixteen years in this hectic game and fourteen Carioca summers. But I had a g ood bringing up and pulled through, although I spent four months in the hospital, virtually without wiggling a finger. I'm chugging along again, at reduced speed but still able to make the grade unless the going gets too hard.

We don't get the extreme heat you all do in Kansas, but it's the muggy kind and, once the dog days start, they seem endless. The nights are the worst and one gets up in the morning unrested and feeling like a wet bar rag. The family, wife and two young'uns, 2 and 5, have gone to Paineiras, half way up Corcovado Mountain, where there's a hotel of sorts. At least they can sleep at night. I've go to stick it out at sea level.

Our fair city figured prominently in the world's news last month, and with reason. While, to observers in the USA, it might not have seemed much of a feat to get the unanimous agreemen t of 2 1 republics, to those of us veterans who've spent years in Latin America, it was nothing less than a miracle. I've spent years in Gringo-hating countries and was amazed that the dislike and distrust of the USA had softened to the extent it has.

A common cause and mutual peril, of course, contributed to the success of the conference, even if the success wasn't 100%. That is easily explainable b ecause of domestic conditions in Chile and Argentina. But Chile seems to be coming through and Argentina also is moving along the route indicated by the majority of the republics. But when I read of Ezequiel Padilla, of México, sounding off against his fellow Latins in Chile and Argentina, in favour of Uncle Sam I c ould hardly believe my eyes. Argentina never has liked, and never will like to play second fiddle to Uncle Sam, even if her national existance is at stake. But she'll c ome through after saving her face.

We had a busy year in 1941 and my annual report shows we put out 2,930 advertisements, totalling 742,026 lines, in 105 different publications; published 276 news articles, with 129,967 lines, plus 15,852 lines of free publicity; broadcast 422 one-hour programmes, with 33,720 lines of free publicity as trimmings.

All this, of course, was in addition to our usual news, complaint and information, traffic accident, press cutting and other services.

It was notable that our work was done despite the fact that my assistant was off a month as the result of a motor crash; I was off almost five months; and my assistant was drafted, in November, for war work and I was left alone to make a Garrison. Anybody who thinks a job in the tropics means swinging in a hammock and drinking gin 'n tonics is just plain mistaken. The white man's burden. finis

Under separate cover I'm sendin g you a copy of one of the new dailies (am) which has recently appeared and is being published regardless of cost. The government had to take over a number of properties and among them, the afternoon paper, A Noite, whose building you'll remember as the tall one near the dock. With a p. m. on his hands, the director of the federal properties decided to c omplete his hand with an a. m. Now the group includes both morning and evening papers, a slew of magazines and the biggest radio station in the republic. It's a journalistic carnival.

It's quitting time and I must hit for home to change my sopping gear, so "até logo" and the best of everything to you and Mrs. Simons.

Sincerely

Scarille.

February 26
1 9 4 2

Mrs. Chas. H. Hoinville
908 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Julia:

H. H. Asher is assisting in making out my income tax report for 1941 and tells me that he will send you blanks to be filled out as a donee covering the receipt of 30 shares of stock in Luella Apartments, par value $3,000.

I do not know what the present value is and it may not be necessary to include it.

I had a nice letter from Grayce and will try to write you a personal letter soon.

Lovingly,

Your brother.

WCS:DMF

February 26
1 9 4 2

Mrs. Harry Johnson
Dawson, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

In preparing our report to the Revenue Department for 1941, we shall have to account for the gift to you of what is known as the Basil Green tract which cost me $4,000 and which I gave you at the same price.

Henry Asher, who is assisting us in preparing our report, will write you sending papers which he will ask you to fill out to show that the gift was received.

I am not attempting to make this a personal letter, but I can add that we are getting anxious to see all of you.

Lovingly,

Your father.

WCS :DMF

February 26
1 9 4 2

Mrs. L. A. McNalley
Minneapolis, Kansas

Dear Janet:

In making my income tax report for this year, it is necessary for me to report certain gifts that I have made in past years.

On September 10th, 1938, I gave you house and lot at 1709 Alabama Street, cost price to me $3,750.

At the time of the purchase of your home on September 3, 1938, I made you an advance of $5,000. Under date of December 5, 1938, I made a notation showing that I had given you $1,250 of the amount and in December, 1939, I made you a present of $3,750 to wipe out the balance on the $5,000 advanced to you in 1938.

On the gift in 1941 of the property at 706 Mass. Street, valuation $5,000, we made you a gift of $4,000, and took your promissory note for the difference, $1,000.

Mr. Asher, who is assisting us in this matter, will write you sending papers to be filled out as a donee which you will please fill out and return to him.

We hope to be seeing you the first of the week if the roads are passable.

Love to all,

Your father.

WCS:DMF

THE SALINA JOURNAL
SALINA · · · KANSAS

ROY F. BAILEY, EDITOR AND GENERAL MANAGER

February 10, 1942

Mr. W. C. Simons
Journal-World
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Collie

At long last I have a price on the copy of "The Pleroma" which belongs to the Hiller family. After hemming and hawing for several weeks they finally said that they would take $2 if you thought that book was worth that much. Evidently they have a feeling that it might be valuable as an antique or something of that sort, so I told them that I had an idea that it was more for sentiment than anything else that you wanted the book. At any rate, that is the situation, so if you want it let me know and I will get it and pass it on to you.
Some of these days I hope to have a chance to stop in Lawrence for a visit, but I do not know when that will be for my tires are in no condition to permit me to bum around over the country doing the things I want to do.

With my best wishes always

Sincerely

Roy

THE LAWRENCE, KANSAS, JOURNAL-WORLD

February 10
1 9 4 2

Mr. Chas. H. Hoinville
908 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Illinois

COPY

Dear Charlie:

Find herewith check for $25.00 to aid in the expense of looking after Etoile. I had a letter from Etoile the other day which indicated that she was happy and enjoying life. Have not heard from Julia in the last few days, but she is a pretty good correspondent. I hope you are all well and happy.

I have not been worried at all about the Luella matter excepting to get it in shape so that anyone called upon to settle my estate at any time would have no difficulty in regard to that matter. It is my expectation that you will get all of that stock some time.

Gertie has reduced about 55 pounds since last August and is still on her diet and will continue to be until May when I expect she will return to Mayo's for a check over. Do you know whether it would be possible to secure less than 100 tablets of multicebrin, the reason being that she still has enough for perhaps thirty days, but probably hasn't enough to take care of her until May 1st, and at that time we don't know what the doctors may order and so we would not like to have too many left on hand.

We realize that we are facing a serious condition and while we have confidence that we shall muddle thru--muddle is an excellent word to describe the situation in which we find ourselves. The blame for lack of preparedness probably rests upon us all, but extraordinary expense to the government and to the taxpayers is largely attributable to Roosevelt's attitude toward the Wage and Hour Act and labor conditions in general.

Love to all,

Your brother

WCS:DMF
Enc.

February 10
1 9 4 2

Mr. Chas. H. Hoinville
908 Railway Exchange
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Charlie:

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We realize that as a nation we are facing a serious condition and while we have confidence that we shall muddle thru--muddle is an excellent word to describe the situation in which we find ourselves. The blame for lack of preparedness probably rests upon us all, but extraordinary expense to the government and to the taxpayers is largely attributable to Roosevelt's attitude toward the Wage and Hour Act and labor conditions in general.

Love to all,

Your brother

WCS:DMF
Enc.

February 10
1 9 4 2

Mr. Roy F. Bailey, Editor
The Salina Journal
Salina, Kansas

Dear Roy:

Thank you a lot for your kindness in securing a copy of "The Pleroma". It may be one of the most foolish purchases that I have ever made, but I was too poor to even think of getting a copy when I was in Salina and I like to show my affluence (?) at this time.

Find enclosed $2.00 and a bushel of thanks.

Cordially yours,

WCS:DMF

Enc.

Jan. 31st. 1942.

Dear Col. Karl:-

We have one stenographer out of the office this week with flu, so I shall write this myself, knowing that it will look like it.

Mrs Simons and I think of you so often and hope that it will not be too long before you are again among our beloved and honored citizens and friends, here at home.

As you know I hit seventy last July and that fact was made known to all who read the article published about me on by fiftieth anniversary, so there is no longer any secret about it. As a matter of fact, I have never cared a cent who knew my age and have always given the right answer when asked, but I have not yet reached the age when I say "Well if I live to see next July I shall be—" Always wanting to add one extra year.

The thing which came to me very forcibly this morning, before I went down town, was that I was going to pay even less consideration for the years that are behind me, but shall endeavor to make the years ahead, however long or short they may be, count as much as possible. There is a lot to do and a precious lot to undo if we are to have and enjoy the freedom in the future that we have had in the past. Why cant I work at that job just as well as another?

Bless your hearts, meaning both you and Philena, dont worry about anything that you cant help. That boy of yours in the Philippines is one of a group of the finest heroes our nation has ever known, and some day he will be coming back to you and to his wife and baby. Take it easy. It is too bad that age 55 or thereabouts, may cheat the nation out of the services of one whose brains and experience far outweigh the brawn and muscle in inexperienced youth. By and by you may be called upon for service that you can do to great advantage, and if not- come home to us in Lawrence, where you will help raise the level of courage, kindliness, and of gentlemanly christian citizenship, of the entire community

We miss you a lot. Our old crowd has not been together this season. Some of us must be getting old, for as soon as one is fit another isn't so the meetings are postponed from time to time.

With warm personal friendship, I remain
Cordially Yours,

Jan. 31, 1942.

Dr John Ise,
Amherst College,
Amherst, Mass.

Dear John:-

In looking thru the Graduate Magazine, which comes regularly to Mrs Simons, I noticed your letter and picture. I read the letter with much interest and feel that the experience you are having is well worth while. -

For a good many years I have believed that the only future for many denominational universities, is to drop the idea of being a university, and trying to be a first class college in which the branches given are well taught.

I have tried to tell my Baptist and Methodist friends that they have overlooked the educational history of our country. It was not so long ago that high schools as we have them now were unknown, and it was then that the church stepped in, at first to provide academies, and later universities, that the children of the common people might secure an education at a price within the reach of the family, and not too far removed from home.

At that time the state schools were small and undeveloped, but they grew and with them came high schools for every wide place in the road. The pressing need which called for the founding of denominational schools passed, but the deacons, the trustees, the ministers, and perhaps the old grads, all wanted to continue Old Siwash. These schools were founded that the young might secure a better education, and they are now maintained altho in attending them the student is sacrificing the opportunity for better trained teachers and far better equipment. Here is certainly a case "for better for worse."

Well I simply wanted to say hello, and to tell you that I consider you one of the brainiest, and finest educators thatI have had the pleasure to know.

Was glad to chronicle the advancement in rank of your brotherinlaw. Now Rear Admiral Bernhard.

Cordially Yours,

January 30th
1 9 4 2

Mr. Harry Johnson
Dawson, Nebraska

Dear Harry:

I am sending you under another cover both the original plans for Junius Underwood's home and the plan for making additional rooms on the second floor. I think the plan is much more elaborate than what you have in mind.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman at Gull Lake have finished their upstairs in wallboard in a very attractive manner. I think they used insulation also and the rooms can be kept as warm as toast.

I believe that with the stairway coming up from the rear you might make a sewing room and perhaps a storage room, both of which you need and then you could make one or two bedrooms with half bath. It is worth figuring out.

Much love to you and yours.

Dad

January 26
1 9 4 2

Col. Adna G. Clarke
2151 Mohala Way
Honolulu, T. H.

Dear Adna:

I think Jane's poem is beautiful.

It is always a pleasure to me to remember both of you and I have regretted that I have not had the pleasure of knowing your children.

You have been a wonderfully fine couple, always measuring up to high standards. I know that your influence has benefited many, many persons.

While your letter was short, we were very happy to receive it.

With warmest personal regards, I remain

Cordially yours,

WCS: DMF

January 26th
1 9 4 2

Mrs. Chas. Hoinville
7539 Colfax Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Julia:

It has been some little time since I have written you, so I shall not wait longer.

Gertie and I went to Dawson last Friday taking Eileen with us, and Eileen and I returned to Lawrence last evening. We had a delightful time. Dorothea is a fine housekeeper and an unusually good mother. She pays attention to her children, keeps them neat and nice and instructs them in so many ways. Lance can sing scores of songs and can virtually read his books thru by the pictures. Knowing the pictures, he recalls verbatim the verses or reading matter which accompanies them. Charles who was a year old the 8th of December, runs everywhere about the house, has a beautiful clear skin and dark curly hair. He is beginning to talk and speaks each word distinctly. I shall go up for Gertie next Friday.

I had a good letter from Janet the other day.

I presume you know that Pat was given all of his mother's stock in the Maloney Tank Company and was recently elected president of the firm. I know that this will take a good deal of his time and I fear that it may make it impossible to hold both jobs. We shall find it hard to replace him, should he leave us.

A letter from Grayce to Blanche reports the same delightful brand of weather there that we have here.

I have just read each one of the letters and cards that you sent me. I can see that others were touched by the same things which caused my emotions to swell. I remember Father Ross, not from personal acquaintance, but from his aid to you when you were heading the Welfare Department at Field's. I also recall his splendid article on prohibition. I pray that his life may be spared.

I was saddened by reading the letter from Vera Elizabeth Stevens. I remember her quite well. I do not recall what her mother looked like, but Vera was plainly her father's child and like him, somewhat over weight. Her story is a pitiful one and I don't know that anything can be done about it. Her uncle, W.C. Stevens, formerly the head of the Botany Department, is still living although retired, and his son, R.B. Stevens, known as Dick, is a capable and extremely popular young lawyer in Lawrence. He married a daughter of Griffith, formerly the head of the Art Department at K.U., but for many years before his death, an artist in California. N. O. Stevens has been dead a good many years and I don't know where his two daughters are. One of them, I think, married a Penney. Apparently WPA is about the only thing that is open to Miss Stevens.

I noted the letter from A. F. McElhenie. He mentioned Devlin as a coal operator. I think this is the same Devlin who for many years operated the Santa Fe coal mines and had his headquarters in Topeka. He was said to have employed six thousand men, but instead of depending upon competent bookkeepers, Devlin carried most of his accounts in his head. Finally he blew up mentally and financially.

I had a letter from J. L. Frazier the other day in which he said he had sent a copy of the Inland Printer to you. I thought it was very kind of him to ~~see~~ write the article and I am glad that you liked it.

The other letters are all interesting, that of L. F. Sieman, who had sold coal in all of the small towns between Larned and Jetmore. The letter from Paul Hastings was also interesting. I note that he is about my age. His experience in Topeka in which he knew Captain Henry Boone and Col. Inman must have been intensely interesting, and I know that he speaks truthfully when he compliments your story.

E. W. Harland wrote a very interesting letter. It was contemplative and philosophical.

I think you brought some pleasant memories with your booklet into the life of Mr. McElwee. I am like you in being glad to bring a ray of sunshine, if possible, into the lives of those who are old, sick, or unhappy from other causes. I recall well your pleasant acquaintance with Rosa Olitzka. How heroic for her at her age to rescue her nephews and nieces from Germany and how sad that she cannot help her sister and brother. It is a pity that the maniacal desire for leadership in Hitler has plunged the whole world into warfare and has created the bitterest of hatreds between races who had no other serious reason for disliking one another.

I read all of the letters and that of Margaret Weymouth, instead of sounding funny or peculiar to me, really gives me what I think it is fairly good idea of her. With her deep religious

convictions, she probably feels that it would be sinful for her to join the Presbyterian Church with her husband while she herself prefers the Wesleyan Methodist. It was because of cleavages of that sort that I recommended to the Board of Deacons the adoption of a resolution that was later ratified by the church, the whole matter occurring more than 15 years ago, in which our church made it possible for any person in good standing in any other protestant church to become a member of our church without being immersed. This, we believe, has been quite beneficial to our church in the years that have followed.

The condition of your old friend Alec Gunn is really tragic and his wife has undoubtedly borne up splendidly under his long and serious illness.

The two letters from Irvin Clay Lambert are indeed interesting and scholarly. I hope I can commit the stanza he quoted. So much is said in the few lines. I think I can understand how strange he feels on again visiting the Field's store, but it would be as difficult for the Field's store today to be a facsimile of the store of 25 years ago, as it would be for us to return to the years of our childhood. Time passes on and with it comes change, some for the better and some for the worse.

I think you write exceedingly well and I think it was Mr. Lambert who suggested that you write an autobiography.

I feel like closing by saying, "God bless our little mother who meant so much to us as children and who means so much today."

I shall hold these letters until Gertie's return so that she can the pleasure or reading them.

God bless you and yours. You are a wonderful sister.

Lots of love to you and yours,

January 26th
1 9 4 2

Mrs. W. C. Simons
Dawson, Nebraska

Dear Gertie:

Eileen and I had a pleasant trip home. She is a pleasant companion at any time. We drove slightly faster than going up and arrived here at 5:30, being on the road 2 hours and three-quarters. We went over to Eileen's house and found Owen there, but Blanche had taken Pat to Ottawa in order to take a train for Tulsa. We waited until her return and then had a nice pick up dinner with lots of good appetizing food.

I went over to the house and found everything okay. Mabel was out and I learned this morning that she came in about eleven o'clock.

I am taking lunch today with Rotary and dinner tonight with Marie. They were out yesterday, all four of them, hunting rabbits and Dolph got three.

I find a letter from Mrs. Don Carlos and a booklet of Tschaikowsky music, also a two-page manuscript copy which means little to me. The letter I enclose to you herewith together with a letter from Janet. I should also mention that I think Mrs. Don Carlos left a book, "Beloved Friend", a story of Tschaikowsky. From the initials on the fly leaf, I take it that this belongs to Mrs. Don Carlos, and it probably tells about Tschaikowsky's love affair with his enamorata.

Naturally, I don't know of any news. Dolph and Marie are driving to Kansas City this afternoon to see Mrs. Wellman whose condition is probably critical. I think it is nice for them to go.

I received a thank-you card from Mrs. Holliday and Laura Alice with regard to the Cyclamen.

Mabel did not go out home and neither did she start washing early this morning. Perhaps she did later.

I returned the packages to Harzfeld's, Royal College Shop, and to Ober's. Burt said that he would endeavor to find what you want.

Dr. Johnson was in for a few minutes and expressed the opinion that the thought probably I was going to get well in spite of him.

My visit to Dawson was most pleasant and I enjoyed every minute of it. I know you will continue to enjoy yours thruout the week.

By the way, I called Marie last night and Charlie Holmes happened to be there at the time and had already expressed himself that he was to entertain the Saturday Night Club next Saturday night. I may simply drive up early Friday and back the same day.

I did not mention the lost, strayed, or stolen episode.

Grayce says that Don now weighs 168 pounds. I had a nice little card from Col. and Mrs. Adna Clarke.

I went down to see Junious Underwood this morning and he says He will be very happy to let Dorothea and Bus see the blueprints and will leave them at the office. He further extended a very cordial invitation to both of you to call at the house the next time you are in town to look it over for yourselves.

-Lots of love to you all,

ENCS: 2

Carrera 7; No. 18-78
Bogotá, Colombia
January 16, 1942

Mr. Simon, Editor
Lawrence Daily Journal World
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear sir:

I have been intending to write this letter for some time, but haven't dared because, since coming to Bogotá, I have met a fellow named Simmons, and can't for the life of me remember whether you spell your name with one or two "m's". Hence, I have tried one spelling on the envelope and one on the letter, plus a "dear sir" which avoids both!

I don't know whether you remember me or not, but I was a very sincere admirer of you and your paper while we were living in Lawrence. Surely you will remember my father, Ivan Crawford, and perhaps you will recall that I sat on the edge of the family circle one afternoon when you came to call at our home. Your wife I am sure will remember me, because I used to stop and ask her questions about your trip to South America when I was passing things at Mother's parties!

What really brought this letter on was news from Lawrence that Mrs. Bert Chewning had called the Lawrence Daily Journal-World about a broadcast I made from Bogotá for the National Broadcasting Company. Since that time I have made another broadcast (I am the official representative of N.B.C. here), and it has occurred to me that you might be interested in hearing what has happened to one K. U. graduate since the very rainy night of June 10, 1940.

After I had gotten my Master's Degree from the Fletcher School of Law and Diplomacy in Medford, Mass., last June, I made arrangements with the Washington POST, the Boston GLOBE, and the Booth papers of Detroit and vicinity to take feature articles while I traveled in South America. Mom and Dad were to foot the bill, the year being regarded as "advanced education". Before sailing from New York last October, I walked into the News Room at N.B.C. and asked the director if he didn't need a good reporter down in Colombia. I nearly fainted when he said yes, and gave me a lot of papers to sign--after, of course, a half day of tryout and instructions.

December 18th, I broadcast a summary of Santos' speech, and the enclosed article is the account I have just written of that evening. Early this month, I was called in on a South American roundup of reaction to Roosevelt's speech at the opening of Congress. Life here has proved very interesting--although irritating in many minor ways, and I have already gotten much of the experience for which I came. I only wish there were some way I could express my gratitude to our many friends in Lawrence who have helped me, and who may be interested in what I am doing. I do not know that you will be interested in using the enclosed article in the Journal-World. If you are, I shall be amply repayed by receiving a clipping of it, and perhaps a word of encouragement from you, who must know how helpful seasoned advice is to an inexperienced journalist.

Please give my regards to Mrs.--eh--to your wife, plus my very best wishes for the New Year to you both. We probably shall not have a victory this year, but at least we have the knowledge that our work is carrying us in the right direction.

Sincerely yours,

Jean Anne Crawford

Jean Anne Crawford

KX

110

TK

36

NOTE TO EDITORS

THE UNITED STATES CENSOR REQUESTED THAT THE WASHINGTON STORY SENT YOU YESTERDAY ON A WAR PRODUCTION PLAN FOR THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE NOT BE PUBLISHED IN LATIN AMERICA. THE PRESS OF LATIN AMERICAN COUNTRIES OBSERVED THIS REQUEST. THIS EXPLAINS WHY THERE HAS BEEN NO COMMENT OR OTHER REACTION FROM CENTRAL OR SOUTH AMERICA ON THIS DEVELOPMENT.

(THE A.P.)

XZ1215PCS

Jan 5, 1942.

Dear Janet

Your letter with signed note was received. With a revenue department ready to take advantage of any missteps, I believe it best to be sure of my ground.

It so happened thatI gave you the residence on Alabama street and aided in the purchase of your home during the same year. Accordingly I ~~confined~~ confined the gift for that year to the $5,000 then the limit, and charged off the balance the following year.

I am trying not to use up the $40,000 exemption for gifts, altho I realize that a change in the laws may make it obsolete anyway. Up to the present I have not used more than $5,000 of my gift exemption.

You can understand that it will fully accord with the rules and its ~~ex~~ exemptions, should I wish to give you an additional goft of one Thousand dollars this year and cancel the note.

The name of the renter is J. A. Hoffman and the rental is being handled by M. R. Gill on a five per cent basis. I find that having an agent collect rents avoids a constant call for improvements and various expenditures by the renter.

It would probably be wise for Mac to buy a couple of retreads for your car, as retreads now are more apt to be good than later on after car users are trying to get all of the mileage out of their tires. Better check the battery also and if you have had the present one for eighteen months or more, it might be wise to get a new one. We have protected ourselves in this way.

Marilyn left yesterday afternoon for Monticello, and in the evening we had the other members of the family in for a buffet dinner, which went off fine.

Dolph had the Saturday night club and had botha fine venison dinner and a good paper, in which he gave interesting data on the Japanese. The kiddies will be back in school today.

Much Love to All.

Dad

The Inland Printer

J. L. Frazier, Editor: The Leading Business and Technical Journal of the World in the Printing and Allied Industries

309 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, Illinois

Mr. W. C. Simons, President,
The Lawrence Daily Journal-World,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Simons:

I'm glad you liked the panel and to know that at last you realize you have done some developing of character and ability.

By the example he sets a good man is always doing that, being copied a great deal.

As far as material things are concerned the world is miles and miles advanced--too advanced in some respects, I feel. I can understand what was in Orville Wright's mind when he recently expressed a note of regret over his great invention. We wouldn't get there so fast but the world would be a better place to live in without it.

The trouble is that it would appear spiritual and moral values have not kept pace.

Copies of THE INLAND PRINTER sell at 40 cents each unless six copies are ordered at one time when price is 30 cents a copy. Send names and addresses of those to whom you wish copies to be sent and we will mail them for you. I don't know just how we stand on extras which we keep reasonably low. We have had a couple of quantity orders already.

I have already sent Mrs. Hoinville a copy. She sent me a copy of her latest little story just the other day.

Well, take care of yourself--say "hello" to all for me.

Sincerely yours,

January 23, 1942

J. L. Frazier, Editor
THE INLAND PRINTER

JLF:lw

THE ASSOCIATED PRESS
50 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA
NEW YORK, N. Y.

January 12, 1942

Mr. W. C. Simons
President
The Lawrence Daily Journal-World
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Mr. Simons:

I am deeply touched by your good letter of January 6 and shall try to find some means of letting all the men who are doing the work know of your expression, so admirably worded.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

U

KENT COOPER

January 6, 1942

Mr. Kent Cooper
The Associated Press
General Office
50 Rockefeller Plaza
New York City, New York

My dear Cooper:

Thank you for the good wishes given in your letter of December 9th. We had a splendid time together...93 of us at tables where we could all be one with another. It was not a time for expounding, but a time for good fellowship in which we were very proud of the men and women with whom we are associated.

In accepting congratulations, I also wish to congratulate you upon the splendid work of your association in this most serious period of the world's history. I sincerely hope that when the break comes and Hitler's minions have been defeated, that we shall have leadership great enough and with such rare vision that a new economic and Christian civilization can be built upon the wreck that has occurred.

With very best wishes to you and your co-workers, I remain

Cordially yours,

WCS:DMF

Laurecks
738 ash st

Gentleman

I saw by
the paper were you
had 10 acers to
rent, what is your
price, and were your
place located at
if it isnt rented
by this time, we
might get together
as I would like to
have some ground.
please let me
know. yours
E. E Harlson
738 ash st

January 19, 1942

Mr. C. C. Harbison,
738 Ash Street,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Harbison:

I have before me your letter addressed to Box A-32.

The ground that we have for rent is at our home place on the extreme south end of Vermont Street. We have ten acres of ground in cultivation, more or less, all of good black soil, but with no gumbo.

About nine acres of this ground was in alfalfa for six years and was in corn last year. It was thoroughly limed before the alfalfa was planted and the yield was good.

This ground, in good condition and close to paved highways, should bring $10.00 an acre cash rent.

My home is on the extreme south end of Vermont Street, a quarter of a mile south of 23rd. I should be glad to have you look over the ground that you may see how good it is.

Respectfully yours,

WCS:JM

January 19th
1 9 4 2

Mr. A. B. Frederick
601 North First Street
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Mr. Frederick:

I have before me your letter addressed to Box A-32.

The ground that we have for rent is at our home place on the extreme south end of Vermont Street. We have ten acres of ground in cultivation, more or less, all of good black soil, but with no gumbo.

About nine acres of this ground was in alfalfa for six years and was in corn last year. It was thoroughly limed before the alfalfa was planted and the yield was good.

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My home is on the extreme south end of Vermont Street, a quarter of a mile south of 23rd. I should be glad to have you look over the ground that you may see how good it is.

Respectfully yours,

WCS:DMF

Gaurnca Kan
Jan 17 th 1902.

BX-A. 32.
Journal World.

See your add. that you have about 10 acres of good land for rent. would like to hear from you regarding the location. I might be interested. I live on the Carl Graber place at 601 N. 1st. I do not have enough ground for all the sufferings you care to have as to my farming. I have plenty of Equipment to farm with. let me know if you want cash or Grain.

Yours truly
A. B. Fredrick
601 N. 1st st
Gaurnca
Kan.

January 22nd
1 9 4 2

Miss Jean Anne Crawford
Carrera 7; No. 18-78
Bogota, Colombia

My dear Miss Crawford:

I was very happy to receive your good letter of the 16th and your most interesting article which we published in yesterday's issue, January 21st, copy of which is included herewith.

An odd thing happened. We received by AP Teletype today a request that a story in regard to a war production plan for the Western Hempisphere not be published in Latin America. The article referred to appeared on page two yesterday, so we are sending you herewith a portion of the paper only.

I remember well my short but very pleasant acquaintance with Dean and Mrs. Crawford. Some way he fitted into our picture here unusually well and made a host of new friends.

You will be interested in knowing that I think you write remarkably well. I don't know when we have published a similar article so chock full of interest. Should the spirit move you to write us again, we shall be very happy to have you do so.

My name is spelled in the simpliest possible manner--S-i-m-o-n-s. The same name was usually spelled in a half dozen different ways in the early days of Plymouth Colony. This is shown particularly in William Bradford's History of Plymouth Colony, a monumental work. Having this book open before me, I found that Gov. Bradford had spelled the surname of Priscilla in four different ways--Mullins, Mulines, etc. The people of those days were either very poor spellers or very careless in their writing.

I took your letter home and Mrs. Simons enjoyed reading it.

With very best wishes, I remain

Sincerely yours,

WCS:DMF
Enc.

January 17th
1 9 4 2

Mrs. Harry Johnson
Dawson, Nebraska

Dear Dorothea:

Moody is on the sick list for a few days. Poor chap, he has had a lot to contend with--a busy office and a desperately sick wife.

Find herewith a check for the good of the order.

Love to all,

January 17th
1 9 4 2

To Whom It May Concern:

It gives me pleasure to say that I have known Harry George Wampler for the last sixteen years.

His parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Wampler, have been active members of the Baptist Church to which I belong.

Harry is a graduate of Lawrence Memorial High School. I believe him to be honest, intelligent, and with promise of a good future, and I am glad to recommend him.

Respectfully submitted,

WCS:DMF

January 5, 1942

Mrs. C. H. Hoinville,
7539 Colfax Avenue,
Windsor Park Station,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Julia:

Your booklets have gone out and I hope they will please you. We did not have quite enough green stock to complete the order and so used Tera-cotta to fill out. I don't like to charge you anything for this work, but I realize that when I didn't charge you anything, you took the work somewhere else to be printed. Our cost on the job figures $47.35 and shall be glad to do this work without profit. I should be glad to know how this price compares with what you have had to pay in Chicago.

I had your good letter yesterday, which I took home last night. I do not recall that there was anything in it that required a definite answer. The article about me in the Anniversary Number was written by Dolph. The papers of the state were very kindly in printing notices of my anniversary and I received nearly a hundred letters and telegrams. Of all of those who were employed in Lawrence as printers when we came here, I think that W. H. Eastman, who was foreman for us for a time, is the only one still living. Bert Dale had been a printer here before and afterwards was employed by Brady on the Journal. He is still in town, but has sold his printing plant.

I do not, at the moment, think of anything in which you would be especially interested.

The grandchildren are all bright and doing well.

Love to all,

Your brother

WCS:JM

P. S. In a letter of congratulation Mrs. Wallace, Publisher of the Tiller and Toiler at Larned, asked if my sister had not written a story "The Purple Shawl". In reply, I told her that you had and that you had just written another booklet which you would probably send her, but if not, for her to write you and I gave her your address.

W. C. S.

WCS:JM

January 8, 1942

M. F. C. Scoville
Caixa de Correo 571
Tramway Light and Power Company
Rio de Janeiro
Brazil, South America

My dear Scoville:

I had a nice visit a day or two ago with Mrs. Carman and was very sorry to hear that you had been ill. I know how a good strong chap can get knocked off his pins rather quickly because I had a similar experience in November, but fortunately was laid up only about a week.

Knowing in a way the responsibilities you have to bear and the many problems which have to be decided by you and yourself alone, I can realize that no matter what you are paid, you earn the money. I considered my short acquaintance with you as one of the most interesting contacts that I formed on my 46 days' trip. It may be that you will just have to ease up a bit and get some slight youth like John L. Lewis or Jack Dempsey to be an understudy for you. Seriously, I should think it would be highly important both for you and your family and for the interests that you represent to have your burdens somewhat lightened so that you may continue to carry them especially during the anxious times of the present.

Bennie Carman, a son of your cousin, is a mighty fine young man, has a responsible position with the coal company with which he is associated, and is well liked and stands well in Lawrence.

I fervently hope that the good neighbor policy will work out. Good progress has been made in starting it, but I am afraid that the average man north of the Equator has a good deal to learn in regard to the potentially rich nations of South America. I have never forgotten a statement made by a native Porto Rican at a Rotary meeting at San Juan. He said that businessmen of the United States, if they knew a little about some one country in South America, they thought they knew them all, when as a matter of fact, the thirteen states were not only different, but were not even similar, and coupled with it all is a feeling of fear on one side and of misunderstanding on the other. If we of the United States are as

smart in making and cementing friendships as we have been in inventing better ways of doing things, the future will be bright with promise. In any event it is not going to be as easy as rolling off a log.

I shall be mighty glad to hear from you and I certainly wish you continued health, strength, and prosperity.

Cordially yours,

WCS: DMF

January 6, 1942

Miss Etoile B. Simons,
7539 Colfax Avenue,
Windsor Park Station,
Chicago, Illinois.

My dear Etoile:

Our brother passed away nine years ago today on January 6, 1933. It seems such a short while ago that he was with us and yet, much has transpired. I remembered the date by remembering Louis' age at the time and Dolph remembers the date because his youngest son, John, was born in October before and Louie had seen him only a few times.

We have had the coldest spell of weather that we have had this year, but the last few days have been of even temperature and without wind. A few days ago it went to four degrees below, but I do not think that it has been above twenty above since that time, unless it would be higher this afternoon. I think the cold in Chicago is more penetrating than here because of the presence of the lake. It rather makes me shiver to think of Gull Lake right now, although Grace and Don are snug and warm in their pretty home.

I am glad you liked our Christmas story. It was selected by Dolph from a number of stories and I think, is the first time that this particular story has appeared in any newspaper.

I note that you say "May God continue in bestowing blessings upon you and yours". When I think of our four children and their spouses and our nine grandchildren, all bright, energetic and capable, I feel that we truly have been blessed.

Gertrude has just about passed the half-way mark in her eight months of dieting. She has lost a fraction of a pound less than fifty pounds. The doctors at Mayos expect her to reduce about twenty-eight pounds more in the next four months, after which, they will give her what is known as a sustaining diet. She is doing much better in her walking and uses her cane very little around home.

The death of Lola Brown did not mean anything to me, but now that you mention her, I recall a girl of dark complexion and a not particularly clear skin, who I think, was a teacher and probably is the one who has passed away.

Owen, Jr. was rejected for the ~~Navy solely~~ Naval Reserve on account of crooked teath; as they speak of it, bad acclusion. In other words, he has inherited the Simons' teeth, which, at least beginning with our father, have been good and durable, but crooked and irregular. However, he was informed that a large number of those applying for enlistment in the Navy had been turned down for various causes and if they did not find a sufficient number to fill their quota, they would give him further consideration. Enlistment in the Navy would be a wise move for Owen because it would enable him to complete his course as a Chemical Engineer and would then probably put him in a position where his education and training would be of greater value to the nation.

Marilyn spent the Christmas holidays at home and left Sunday afternoon for Godfrey, Illinois to continue her work at Monticello.

I have just written to Julia, but am giving you some information that I did not give her, so you may if you wish, let her read this letter also.

With a lot of love, I remain

Your brother

WCS:JM

January 6, 1942

The University of Kansas
Guidance and Placement Service
For Prospective Dietitians

I have known Mary Grace Thomas well ever since she was a small child. Her mother died when she was about twelve years old and she and her sister maintained the home, which was more than an ordinary undertaking because their father is the Pastor to students for the First Baptist Church of Lawrence, and the young people of the church, including the students of Kansas University and Haskell Institute for Indians, come under his supervision and are frequently entertained in his home.

For several years the older sister has been in Rochester, New York and the entire responsibility of housekeeper and home-maker has fallen upon Mary. She has a very pleasing personality and has been a good student. Aside from her other duties, she has taken time to be a member of the Chorus Choir of the First Baptist Church. I believe she will make a success in her profession. Should anyone care to write me personally, I shall be pleased to give answer to their inquiries as best I can.

Respectfully,

W. C. Simons.

Jan. 2-, 1942-

Dear Dad-

I intended to write
you in answer to your letter
received last Sunday, but your
other letter and the deed came
today so will answer both at
once.

In this matter, as in the
matters of which I know nothing
I am trusting entirely to your
judgment and sincerity.
I do not quite understand
your purpose in the $1000 note,
as you are entitled under
the law to make gifts up to
$40,000 in any one year without
payment of gift tax - [redacted] Any
gifts in addition to $4000
require the filing of a report, but

no tax is levied - However, you undoubtedly have some reason for your action in doing it in this way. The property is your own and yours to dispose of as you wish, and I am confident that you have our interests at heart in whatever disposition you make. It is hard to have to decide these things - I am not very good at that anyhow, but it does seem that we should safeguard ourselves as much as possible -

You did not say what the taxes and insurance amount to on the building - also who is occupying its - I would like to know about these things.

I thank you for all the fine things you have done for me and mine - I am truly grateful for everything.

I have been laid up for the past couple of days with a lame

back - something Dix never had before. Dix had lots of backache but this is different. He had a real blizzard Wednesday night and yesterday - and there is lots of snow on the ground. The children are enjoying it.

Don't worry about Mickey present. He has forgotten about it already I think - He keeps busy at something all the time - but it isn't necessary for you to get him anything more at all.

We all enjoyed our Christmas with you - and are very fine gifts - It looks as though we moved to stay at home about more now - with the bus situation as it is. You are much better off than we are to have two cars in your Buick, and an extra car - he have only one spare and it is not very good as we are not using the car except when absolutely necessary.

I have not been in the car since the night we met Mary Beth in Salina. Dan had to work Sunday so he had to drive to the farm.

Must close now as I have lots to do. Feel mother & rest soon.

Love
Janet

December 30, 1941

Mr. Willard G. McCormick
New York Times Composing Room
New York City, New York

Dear Mr. McCormick:

I appreciated your good letter of December 20th and I am inclined to think that I do remember you. If so, you have sandy hair, and I remember that the one I have in mind as being you, bought a complete suit with overcoat all of the same piece of goods while here, so that you were the sportiest man connected with the shop.

It is my impression that after leaving us you went to Kansas City, Kansas. As you doubtless know, Roy Roberts is now managing editor of the Kansas City Star and is one of the outstanding newspaper men of the United States. I have not heard from Harry Kemp for a long while.

If you were only twenty at the time you were here, I may be mistaken in my memory. Anyhow it was a long time ago and I am glad you still remember having been at one time connected with our office.

Thanking you for your congratulations and good wishes, I remain

Sincerely yours,

WCS:DMF

New York, N. Y.,
Dec. 20, 1941.

Mr. W. C. Simons, Publisher,
Lawrence Journal-World,
Lawrence, Kansas.

Dear Mr. Simons:

I noted with considerable interest the passing of your fiftieth milestone as a publisher, recorded in the last issue of Editor and Publisher. Please accept my most sincere congratulations on having successfully weathered the turbulent storms of the journalistic world for the past half century period--a world turned especially topsy-turvy for the past score of years.

It is hardly likely you have even a remote recollection of me, though I served as your composing room foreman from August to October in the year of Our Lord 1909--ten hours a day, $16 per week and plenty of overtime at straight pay, with no regrets on my part.

Those were the days when Roy Roberts quite helpfully assisted in making up the paper (I had a premonition at the time that Roy would make his mark in the newspaper world); when the old Negro pressman made your rollers for you; when Harry Kemp loafed in the office at night (he was the first person I ever knew who went without a hat and sometime I'll look him up in Greenwich Village to find out if the habit still prevails); when the thermometer registered 106 in Lawrence on the September day the flash came that Peary had discovered the North Pole. The name of Grace Farris, listed as your circulation manager, strikes a familiar chord in my memory, though I do not recall the name of the linotype operator who resigned while I was there to take a job at K. U. or the name of the youngster who succeeded him. (I was a matured printer of 20 at the time.)

The year 1910 found me in Louisville, Ky., where for twenty-six years I went up and down with the fortunes of The Herald and The Herald-Post, until their final merciful demise in 1936. By the grace of God I ~~found~~ had the good fortune to cast my lot with The New York Times in December of that year and have spent the most satisfactory years of my life of printing in The Times composing room.

Strange as it may seem, though still only a printer, a flow of crusader blood in my veins has impelled me to evolve a plan by which newspaper competition can be successfully restored to hundreds of American cities. (Did you know that 676 of our cities with populations of more than ten thousand are without competitive newspapers--that more than thirty millions of Americans are without a single dissident journalistic voice? Glorious freedom of the press.) The plan has received the approval of several highly competent newspaper men and it is quite possible you will hear of me again in a role other than that of printer.

Again I extend my most sincere congratulations, along with the wish that many more years of honorable, successful journalism remain for you. I am

Very truly yours,

Willard G. McCormick.

Willard G. McCormick,
New York Times Composing Room.

January 2, 1942

Mrs. C. H. Hoinville
7539 Colfax Avenue
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Julia:

I have your letter today and I want to acknowledge receipt of the books which Gertie and I both appreciate very much. I am enclosing herewith an outline of the heating system used in the apartment formerly occupied by Mother Reinecke. Our house proper is heated by a combination hot air and hot water furnace. The heating device is entirely separate from the other heating device with the exception that the radiators are connected to the same expansion tank. I believe I should try to get along without this if I were you. You probably would have little use for it with any other occupant.

I am sorry that things are as they are, but the situation has not changed greatly in ten years, as I can see when I refer to former correspondence.

From information received from the Heymans, Mary Jule half expected you to be here for New Year's.

I believe that your wrist must be very much better judging from the excellence of your penmanship in your letter. The writing was so much better than some of your recent letters when you were fighting against arthritic pains.

I think your story will be in the mail for you tomorrow or possibly they may send it by express. In either case we shall notify you.

I thought you would enjoy "Across the Years at K. U." because of your familiarity with life there some years ago.

Owen Maloney Jr. has been to Kansas City two or three times desiring to enlist in the Naval Reserve. His educational equipment will be greatly in his favor, but he has crooked teeth like the rest of those with Simons blood in their veins.

I presume Charlie has told you that I have assigned thirty shares of Luella stock to you as a gift. I hope it will prove valuable.

None of us know what the new year will bring forth, but I think that we should each have the courage to meet that which others must meet and to think that we can bear up under it as well as anyone else. It is too bad but it cannot be helped.

I hope the many failures made in domestic affairs during the so called New Deal will not be continued now that we are in war. Mistakes now may mean life or death to many.

I wish you health and happiness. Write me often.

Gertie is still following her diet carefully and has reduced forty-seven pounds. The plans call for a further reduction of about thirty pounds by next May, after which she will be placed on a stabilizing diet. I think it has been a fine thing for her and I regret that we were not able to do something of the sort many years ago.

Lovingly,

Your brother

ORRIN O. KENNEDY

T. D. PRENTICE

KENNEDY PLUMBING & ELECTRIC CO.

PLUMBING, HEATING, AND ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS

937 MASSACHUSETTS STREET

LAWRENCE, KANSAS

TELEPHONE 658

GENERAL ELECTRIC DEALERS

January 2, 1942

Mr. W. C. Simon
Lawrence, Kansas

Dear Mr. Simons:

I understand that you would like to have a description of the type of equipment which we installed in your residence for the heating of one of the bedrooms separately from your main heating system.

In making this installation we installed a #160 Rex large volume water heater equipped with patrol valve and safety pilot. The gas valve used on this equipment is electrically operated from a current transformer and controlled by a thermostat placed in the room to be heated.

The radiator and piping was installed in the regular manner for gravity hot water heating, and in your installation we connected the expansion line to the expansion tank which was installed with your main heating system.

In making this type of an installation it would be necessary to figure the amount of radiation required to heat the room. The above heater has sufficient capacity to supply 225 sq. ft. of hot water radiation.

The gas vent pipe should be equipped with a down draft diverter and connected to the flue.

Trusting the above will give you the desired information, we are

Yours very truly

KENNEDY PLUMBING & ELECTRIC CO.

By T. D. Prentice.

TDP/mh





Ward Mr. W. C. Simonds
% Journal-World
Lawrence
Kansas

Pioneers in Old

Hodgeman

A True Story of Western Kansas

Pioneers in Old Hodgeman in Western Kansas

By

Julia Simons Hoinville



A TYPICAL WESTERN SODDY

Most sod houses consisted of only one room. We have no pictures of our early home in Hodgeman County.

Pioneers in Old Hodgeman in Western Kansas

To appreciate this story, you must carry with you a mental picture of the tiny woman who was the mother of the family.

An only daughter with five loving brothers, and possessing a gentle and amiable disposition, her life had been serene and sheltered.

She was born in New York of New England ancestry, and came with her parents to Waukegan, Ill., when about six years of age. Educated at Hillsdale College, Michigan, she not only was a conscientious student but took an active part in the dramatic work of the school—often writing the play and taking a leading part. She had a sweet true soprano voice and played the melodeon.

The young man to whom she became engaged was also born in New York, of New England stock.

He was nearing graduation from the old well-known Dyrenforth College at Waukegan, Ill., when the guns were fired on Ft. Sumter and Lincoln issued his first call for men.

Leaving school at once he, with his close friend, E. B. Payne, began recruiting men for the 37th Illinois Infantry.

He was a thorough musician playing the violin and other instruments well, and was made Fife Major of the regiment. The young couple decided to postpone their marriage until the end of the war.

He served five years, as at the close of the war, the 37th Illinois was retained a full year guarding government stores in Texas. During those long anxious years, after finishing at Hillsdale, the young woman taught school.

Her letters during those years were destroyed as the young man did not wish to risk their falling into enemy hands, but his letters to her are extant and marvels of dignified affection, historic interest in the old south and pleasing sketches of trifles by the way.

Her diamond ring came from New Orleans, an opal ring of three brilliant stones was sent from Vicksburg while the signet ring was bought in Galveston.

When the song "I Dream of Jeanie with the Light Brown Hair" was first published, as sheet music, one of the early copies was mailed to the girl waiting in Illinois. Over the name of the song was written "I dream of Jennie with the Dark Brown Hair".

The girl was charming and beautiful. Her eyes were soft and brown, her hair dark and curling—In form she was slight and graceful, her weight hovering around 100 pounds—Her little hands and feet were never fashioned for hard lines.

At her passing, when 85 years of age, the little back was still erect and she never lost her waist line.

After the soldier returned, they were married and for three years lived in Waukegan, Ill. Two little daughters were born there, then the young parents moved to Minnesota where two sons and a baby daughter completed the little family.

There never could be a happier or more united couple. Truly congenial with like ideals, their future seemed bright.

They were planning to go to Texas to live, as the young man had grown to love the state and its prospects, during the year he had spent there before being mustered out of service.

He said the Trinity and Brazos rivers were the most beautiful in the United States, winding like silver ribbons across the state of Texas.

Then came the exposure and chilling in a storm of rain and sleet—raw cutting sleet with wind, in October, while driving from Aurora, where he kept his fine Hambletonian horses, to Fairbault, Minn., his home.

A few days of illness and suffering, then sudden death left heartbreak and desolation in this home.

The young mother under her weight of grief bore up bravely for she had five little children—little stair

steps from the twenty months old baby to the eldest ten years. She must care for them and educate them alone—She must meet the world and make her own decisions—She must carry on for their sakes.

The children while too young to sense their loss and the mother's bereavement, grieved for the jovial capable father—The baby hunted over the house and called him.

The young mother's father and mother came to be with their daughter.

There was a bewildering uncertainty over them all. Gone were the interesting stories of the south and the war. There was no music in the evening—The little mother looked anxious and pathetic. Her pretty smile was gone.

Her two younger brothers came often to visit with the grandfather—They talked long and earnestly. The older man was not easy to influence. The children did not know what it was all about, except that the state of Kansas was under discussion and any conversation no matter how vague, relieved the loneliness of the changed home—The genial father, always full of fun and cheer was frightfully missed by each child.

Finally the little mother began to take an interested part in the conversation. They soon realized that the young uncles were urging her to move to Kansas.

What the children did not know was that the grandfather refused to go and leave his widowed daughter and the sons could not go without the grandfather's financial help.

The young father's lodge brothers urged against it. "You are better here", they said to the anxious mother, "Where your late husband's lodge members can advise you in business matters and be of assistance to you".

The lonely winter dragged, even with school and helping mother. The eldest girl, who looked like her father, was a frail child. Her mother and teacher arranged for shorter school hours. She went to school at 10 and returned at 2:30.

It was February when the little mother said, in a tone of having burned all bridges behind her, "We are moving to Kansas next month—to Winfield, Cowley County, where we shall make our home".

Grandfather and grandmother with the two younger brothers and their families were to go also.

The imaginative children became at once filled with excitement and spirit of adventure. They began to sort books and toys and to speculate on the future—The second little girl ironed all her quilt pieces and hair ribbons and tied them in a box. They looked in Guyot's large geography to find Kansas but didn't get much of an idea from the rectangular greenish block except that the northeast corner was cut off by the Missouri river and that the state was 200 by 400 miles in size.

In reality, all they knew about Kansas was that Mr. Wiley, a neighbor, used to go there every winter for his asthma—Each spring he came over to praise the wonderful climate but as the third year he died, the children decided that perhaps the climate wasn't so good for asthma after all.

The family had no friends nor acquaintances in Kansas. The children felt a kinship with Columbus and were sure they knew his feelings as he sailed unknown seas.

At last they were ready—a car was chartered for the fine horses that had not all been sold, the household goods, and the Dalmatian coach dog that was to be their protector in this unknown Kansas. The horses included the beautiful mahogany bay, two year old stallion—Boanarges, a span of the truest four year old bay mares—Minnehaha, who had trotted home from the Minnesota State Fair at St. Paul wearing the blue ribbon two years before, was spirited, intelligent, temperamental and loving: Prairie Bird, her mate was just as intelligent and loving, strong dependable and placid, but not temperamental—Both were with foal—This was the same Bird that was driven by the eldest

daughter across the boiling seething water of the Saw Mill creek just west of Ft. Larned five years later. It was an usually dry stream but heavy rains brought high water—It had been crossed half an hour earlier by a man who said it was safe.

It was a high old-fashioned buggy belonging to the woman who sat beside the girl, jerking her arm and screaming.

The girl got out, unchecked the mare and patted her neck. It looked risky but the man said it was safe—It was an unknown road and crossing to the girl—she braced her feet, kept a tight line and reassured the horse, but when the water began flowing over her lap and cans of tomatoes and corn floated down stream she knew she had made a mistake but there was no turning back. The woman continued to scream and pull the girl's arm.

The youthful driver spoke encouraging words to Bird and whispered a prayer. Then they were on the opposite bank and she got out to pet and rein the mare.

Later, men said that it was impossible and that no horse could keep her footing in a strong current with water nearly to her hips but never-the-less Bird did not swim, and the very light buggy did not overturn—She know her young mistress was depending upon her, begging her to go carefully and be steady as if she ever did anything else—When the girl hugged the wet neck Bird turned her head around and was kissed upon the nose—The girl cried a little out of pure thankfulness. The woman was still screaming.

Pioneers are not frightened until the danger is past and they have time to think it over. But I am getting ahead of my story—

Black Tiger had to go into the box car too, a Morgan and Hambletonian two year old with skin like black satin and a tail that swept the ground. He too, had more than horse sense.

The youngest uncle, in charge of the car and stock went along several days in advance, All was excite-

ment—Miss Hussey, kindest of teachers, came over to say "Goodby" and to bring the eldest girl's passing card—Mr. Lowell, the late father's friend dropped in to say "Be sure to let us know how you come on and be doubly sure to let us know if trouble comes".

The two little girls wore black dresses, the six year old boy a short trouser suit, the second boy plaid kilts and the baby regulation baby dresses.

The little mother in deep black with long crepe veil, then in vogue, led her little flock—The five looked upon her then, as always, in adoration.

The grandfather and grandmother in the seventies, benign and benevolent were too old for pioneering but bravely faced it with their only daughter. The uncle who was a new doctor, with his wife and year old baby and the wife of the youngest brother with three bright children, eight, six and two years respectively completed the party.

The best remembered part of the trip is that the children sang most of their waking hours to Kansas—The travelling public must have thought them infant revivalists or minstrels of some sort. They knew Gospel hymns from cover to cover, and were unafraid so opened their mouths and sang—Occasionally they changed to school songs—"Give said the Little Stream" and "Scotland's Burning" as a round, in four parts, but soon veered back to "Beulah Land" and "What a Friend We Have in Jesus".

Living in Minnesota they had seen few colored people, who were of great interest to them in Kansas City. At the station hotel doubtless a Fred Harvey eating house, they saw colored men beat on gongs and call "Rah for the Hotel Sah"—It was new and thrilling—They knew their father had served during the Civil War for the preservation of the Union and freedom of slaves—They knew Civil War history from the father and from his father, who also served even though he had to dye his thick gray hair to pass for a younger man. The mother's father, too old for enlistment, had maintained a station of the underground railroad and was one of the first abolitionists.

Even though all these happenings had occurred long before these children were born they felt quite a part in it.

Little did those Kansas City negroes realize the kindly compassionate thoughts, behind the bright eyes of the wide awake children.

At Kansas City came the first disappointment. The fine dog was stolen and the little mother was amazed to discover that the younger brother had fallen into the hands of a certain type of real estate men, then termed "Sharks" who had persuaded him to reroute the car west to Larned in Pawnee County. They told him there was no more government land in Cowley County, which was an untruth. Thus Cowley County lost sixteen pioneers to Pawnee County, and then on to Hodgeman, the first county west of Pawnee.

Another night's travel and on a bright March morning the little group arrived at Larned, an interesting little town bustling with friendliness and the activities of new settlers.

At this time there were probably 1500 inhabitants in Larned, that had been settled by a good class of earnest respectable, God-fearing people. It was never a wild lawless town—There were kindness, refinement and considerable culture in Larned, even in its early days.

With men like the Edwards brothers, John, Tom and Billy; the Booth brothers, William Brinkman, Louie Wolfe, M. A. W. Jordon, John Bassiger, G. Krouch, Mike Landauer and genial Tim McCarthy, all working to advance their town and its interests, it just had to grow and grow decently.

The eldest girl will always remember Tim McCarthy as the first person to address her as "Miss"—She felt quite grown up.

The March morning, of the arrival of our pioneers must have been made to order—The air was warm with bright sunshine, the sky was too blue ever to forget.

Everything seemed encouraging and beautiful—A fitting heartening welcome to tired travellers.

The Larned House was full with extra cots in the halls and parlor, but at the north end of Main street was a large sand stone three story and basement building called the "Stone Block". At this time the large light office-like rooms were being let to new settlers.

The little mother succeeded in getting a roomy bright south room but as it had little or no furniture she had to get enough of her own to make herself and small brood comfortable. The relatives also secured rooms; all on the second floor.

Boanarges, the beautiful stallion was placed in a livery stable, where in a short time unknown to the little mother, the owner of the stable began to train him for the track and as he showed great promise wished to buy him—Another interested horse man could not discover who owned the horse but left a standing offer of $1500.00 for the colt. The stable burned to the ground, one Sunday night and with it, the uninsured promising trotter.

The two uncles had taken the stock and part of the household goods to Hodgeman County, forty miles west where they had secured claims for their sister, their father and themselves. The household goods were stored at Duncan's Ranch on the Pawnee creek—which was of historical interest, with its old stockade built in an earlier day as protection against Indians.

The young uncles, inexperienced in building, with slight instruction and little help attempted to build the walls of the first houses but were not entirely successful—The families waited in Larned, for the completion of these new homes.

There were all kinds of people in the Stone Block and unconsciously there began a sort of mental pigeon holing according to merit and manners, knowledge and refinement.

There was the mincing little girl, with too large hair ribbons and overly trimmed clothes, with an affected

over dressed mother. The little girl repeatedly declared she never ate any but French candy as her mother wouldn't allow it but "You can't buy it in a little town like this" she said—She talked of "Coney Island," and subjects beyond her years.

The little mother explained that it would be wiser not to pay too much attention to her stories, but the little sisters had some fun mimicking her mannerisms, when they were alone.

There was a fine family enroute to Ness County, named Phillips, Charlie and Tad played with the children. Later we heard they became discouraged and returned to Ohio.

Ira Hayward, was another well reared boy, whose parents were also going to Ness County.

Then there was a woman with the falsetto voice, who was always stewing evaporated apples. She and her husband settled in Hodgeman County not far from our pioneers. She was a busy woman and after enumerating her completed duties said complacently, "I think I have killed a good many stones." Evidently she mixed her birds and stones. She also soon returned to her old home.

There was also a man with too long oily, curling hair. "He looks like a gambler—don't talk with him nor go near him," advised little mother. Perhaps he was, anyway he soon disappeared.

The children had, what would perhaps be considered a bad habit, although innocent in intent and with no thought of unkindness, but they just had to imitate and mimic any man, woman or child with peculiar and pretended mannerisms. Never in public but when playing at home alone they would talk like the apple sauce woman, who killed stones and walk like the little doctor with the Prince Albert coat and silk hat who stub, stub, stubbed down the Larned street and was the first man on earth to have his house painted bright green.

The children were noisy, full of vigor and imagina-

tion. Years later, there was found in the grandfather's old desk, a letter written before the father's death, to the grandfather by an older son. It said, "I have just visited Jennie and her husband in their new home. It is a pretty place and a happy home—I think Jennie's children are the noisiest in the world but they are smarter than the devil."

Perhaps a doubtful compliment but the first part was correct. In fact they are noisy yet when they get together.

During the month our pioneers lived in the Stone Block waiting for their new house, some men from Larned churches came over to organize Sunday School in the large English basement room—If they expected to find unregenerate citizens, they must have been relieved to meet such willing co-operation. The children helped to straighten up the room—Many hands made easy work of it.

They even decorated the pulpit with huge bouquets of wild onions that grew everywhere in profusion.

The Superintendent was a brave man to withstand the odor for the good of the cause.

The children knew all the Golden texts and all the answers. They didn't need urging to sing. They made not only the welkin ring but the entire Stone Block and north end of town with "Onward Christian Soldiers" and "Jesus is Mighty to Save." The little mother came down to play the organ and whispered later to the oldest little girl, (that one grandfather always called "The Bell Sheep") "I would find some other kind of flower for the pulpit. The wild onion is pretty but almost too strong in odor." So the child went farther and brought back beautiful crimson mallow for the next Sunday.

This group of young pioneers played as vigorously as they sang, every known game and many of their own invention.

They made "sugar" on the north side of the Stone

Block by rubbing a small piece of sand stone or a nail against the wall of the building.

When you are in that part of town, look at thse little troughs and ridges on the north wall—You won't have to look very high for they were very small pioneers.

This was making "sugar", several years before Mr. Bennyworth put up his sugar mill out toward the Fort in the Riverside neighborhood.

Later Mr. Krouch had a store in the Stone Block. He was a kindly man, who always bowed, even to little children—The last years of his life were spent with his daughter in Chicago, who said his happiest memories were of the old days in Larned.

The editor of the Chronoscope, at this time was Henry Inman, an author of note and a scholarly man.

A Santa Fe conductor, on the Strong City extension years later told me this story. This mixed train with one coach made one trip daily to Concordia and back. On one particularly hot day and that is really the hottest part of the state, the roadmaster and Henry Inman were on the train—There was also on board a mother with an ailing baby. The heat had soured the milk in the bottles and the baby wailed. The roadmaster and Henry Inman persuaded the conductor to stop the train where a bunch of cattle pastured—Henry Inman held the cow and the roadmaster milked enough for the baby. They made up the few minutes lost, there was no train to meet, unless they met themselves coming back. The baby was comforted and everybody pleased and happy over the humanity of the road. Henry Inman wasn't satisfied to let well enough alone but wrote the story for Harpers. The conductor was called on the carpet. "I almost lost my job," the conductor mused. "If people like us, tell them not to mention it, for in reality we are a hard tough lot." We both laughed. I always did like that conductor and so did everybody.

We don't know when Mr. Leftwich started the

Democratic Eagle Optic—Being republicans, the young pioneers thought all democrats were rebels. They knew nothing of religious differences and were exceedingly tolerant even though so decided in politics.

In a month the houses were supposed to be ready and the grown ups were impatient to be off.

The man hired to transport household furniture as well as the families, forgot to tell them that one of his horses was balky but it leaked out when nightfall found them only sixteen miles from Larned and twenty-four from the claim. Some kind settlers took them in. The following morning, the horse had either reformed or been exchanged as the cavalcade started early on its way.

A young, wild eyed long horned Texas cow had been bought for milk in the Larned market. She was stubborn as well as deceitful, with decided ideas of her own.

At times she refused to lead behind either wagon but would let the little 105 pound mother lead her—The little mother, who had never led or milked a cow in her life could always subdue that wild ranger even though the hired men were afraid of her.

To be tied behind a wagon was beneath her dignity but when the little mother sat at the rear holding the rope saying "Come Bossy" she came right along.

Why she was called the "old white cow" when she was four years old and spotted like a calico pony will never be known. Suffice it to say, it was the only name she ever had. She could snort and toss her horns like a rodeo steer but it was only a joke. She never hooked, nor kicked nor put her foot in the milk pail and no Jersey ever gave richer milk. Peace to her ashes wherever they are for she furnished milk to those five children and good milk too.

At the end of the second day they arrived at Duncan's Ranch, three miles north of the claim on the old Hays and Dodge trail. Here they stayed another week while the roof was shingled and floor laid.

The young uncles did their best but left much to be desired. The little mother looked with dismay upon the sod walls that were already beginning to bulge. The shingled roof was too heavy for the walls. With every rain there was a new bulge and soon a wall fell out but by this time the little mother was having lime stone hauled for a new house. Soon a good mason, named Llewellyn was laying walls for the new house. Windows, doors, roof, floor, etc., were moved from the old house to the new. The new house had a cellar and an attic and deep bright windows that were soon filled with house plants. Everybody for miles around exchanged slips of plants and rooted them in shining tomato cans, in which they grew luxuriantly.

As the barns, chicken houses, and sheds were built stone was used—Every child learned to lay stone, straight solid and true—That was a long time ago but if they had to do it, there isn't one in the family that could not lay a true wall of lime stone, and have a good time doing it, particularly if they could all work at it together.

Not knowing that western Kansas is sometimes a little penurious regarding rain, the mother hired fifty acres broken and put in winter wheat. There was not even seed harvested that year.

The beauties of old Hodgeman at that time cannot be described. Miles of the curling green Buffalo grass, many varieties of wild flowers and the bluest of skies, made not easily forgetable memories in childish minds.

If the wind were too hot and strong for comfort during the day, it always turned to a cool caressing breeze at night.

The little mother was a saint living close to God and teaching her children to pray for all their needs.

The grandmother suddenly died in August after a three days illness. There were no telephones nor undertakers but a good carpenter, who made the casket of the smooth white boards that floored the new attic of the little mother's stone house.

The eldest girl was a child, but she selected the boards without knots for the carpenter. The grandmother's fine black broadcloth cape, provided cloth to cover the casket smoothly, that was lined with one of the heartbroken little mother's fine linen sheets—The pillow was ruffled and trimmed with lace—The dear grandmother in her best black silk dress with the fine lace collar and cuffs was at rest.

The neighbors, all new settlers, came. Someone read a chapter from the Bible, a hymn was sung and someone prayed, then the brave woman who had come west to be near her daughter was buried near the little home on the grandfather's claim about a mile from her daughter's home.

The baby son of the younger brother died within a few weeks and was buried beside his grandmother. About fifteen years later the eldest daughter went back to bring the remains of both to Lawrence, where they lie beside the grandfather.

The death of her mother was another shock to the little mother who had no sister—At this time her father came to live with her.

People say "How can they do it? I could never live through such sorrow and trials." We can, however, endure whatever comes into our lives, if we must.

The younger brothers soon left—The young physician could not make a living, where no one was ever ill—They both succeeded elsewhere.

Our pioneers never pitied themselves—They realized their lot was much better than that of many—Pity would have been an insult. Throughout the ten years they lived in Hodgeman, they had unlimited confidence in their own ability to do whatever they had to do.

The little mother did not like nor use the word "boss". She taught her children that they must themselves accomplish results of importance. That they must develop executive ability.

The children grown, have tried to follow her teaching as she had a gentle way, all her own, of making her precepts remembered.

These children were never lonely nor lacked amusement. Nothing sordid entered their lives—In each child was developed a fine sense of humor and considerable ingenuity.

The county not being organized, there were no schools but the little mother was their teacher. Fortunate for them was her training at Hillsdale College and her teaching experience.

The stone house that looked like a larger edition of a Sandzen picture had deep beautiful windows that served as desks—The mother's technique was similar to that of Robert Hutchins of the University of Chicago, as each child could go as fast as he were mentally able—When later they entered high school at Larned they were advanced beyond the ages of classmates and rather uneven as favored studies had received more time and there had been more literature, history, English, Astronomy and mathematics than required.

The children read classics and acted the parts for several days as they worked. They never forgot their friendly mimickry—They read with understanding and knew Barnes' History verbatim.

They found and named constellations of stars with their mother's help, then discovered and named new ones in honor of those they loved. One was "Aunt Harriet" who sent them magazines and hair ribbons. One was "Aunt Laura" for a dozen good and sufficient reasons. There are no beautiful skies to study like those of old Hodgeman, with the silver stars that are friendly and seem so near.

The home was orderly and pleasant. Their freedom encouraged independent thought and action.

The white stone buildings were a shining town in themselves. To these children, it was the dearest spot on earth.

When a little older they called it "Glen Haven,"

when they remembered to—The first spring the new colts were Prince and Queen, then followed Cleopatra, Empress, Lightning, Romeo and Sunbeam. There were others but these stand out in memory, because of special beauty and intelligence.

The horses were loving and beloved—really members of the family.

Twice in the ten years, Minnie and Bird brought the little mother home, the last ten miles from Larned, when storms covered tracks and she did not know her way—Once with the old grandfather they tied up the lines and gave the horses their heads—They encouraged the horses by calling their names and urging them on, but finally covered up warmly and said little more. Another time when the west had its worst storm, the little mother and a young neighbor, Claude Hullett, were brought home by the horses when all directions were alike and roads obliterated by blinding snow. About five miles from the ranch was a treacherous creek crossing, but both times the horses made it without brakes and stopped with their faithful feet on the door stone.

It was a beautiful door stone; smooth and white as snow, measuring about 30 x 36 inches. It seemed made by nature for their door stone—A little corner rounded off a trifle, made it even more attractive. Being about six inches thick and embedded slightly, it was as solid as Gibraltar.

The little mother said the door and step were the indication of what one found within, so that door stone was always white and shining.

Our pioneers soon learned there was insufficient rain for some crops so they raised sugar cane, broom corn, millet, kaffir corn, pie melons, water melons, and canteloupe, that did not require much rain. They fed and watered birds that nested near them and became so tame they took crumbs from childish fingers—There were other cows bought to keep "the old white cow" company.

Kansans know how to be friends and in Kansas like every other spot, one meets just enough of the other kind, to recognize and appreciate fully the genuine article.

Our pioneers knew numbers of families of sterling worth and character, whose friendship they enjoyed. This friendship continued thru the following generation.

The Choates, Eakins, Macks, C. E. Wilsons, Cunninghams, Cattle Wilsons, Ruffs, Roups, and Heimers all belonged to the old regime in their part of the county while the Roughtons, Kenyons, Hauns and many more at Jetmore belong to the first old years.

During the first summer before the children learned to ride the horses, the eldest little girl would walk to the post office at Duncan's Ranch carrying a hoe over her shoulder, as the law of the land was that a rattlesnake must never be allowed to get away. Small arms could not strike heavy blows but also rattlers cannot jump unless coiled. By hitting hard and fast when they straightened out after jumping at you, and jumping backward when they coil again, it did not take but a few minutes to end the battle.

After the first summer the children could ride, even the littlest sister at five would mount a colt when it was lying down, then urge it to get up and ride home guiding with two small hands on its neck.

When our pioneers went to Kansas, Dutch Henry, a horse and cattle thief was the terror of the settlers—He was said to operate out of Dodge, then a wild border town.

Everyone predicted that the rapidly increasing group of fine horses would be stolen but even Dutch Henry was not sufficiently hardened to steal from a widow with five little ones and an aged father. The little mother's refinement and kindness were her only protection.

The door was never locked. It is doubtful if there ever were a key. The only lock on the barn was a

stone before the door to keep it from being blown by the wind.

The mother never refused food nor courtesy to any stranger. Many cow men stopped to sleep in the stacks, which the mother allowed if they left their tobacco and matches with her until morning—Prairie fires caused great damage to range and settlers, who were watchful and cautions.

Many cowboys cooked their own meals over a camp fire, others ate with the family and bowed their heads as the grandfather asked the blessing. Each man removed belt and guns, leaving them with his hat on the door stone. The ethics of the west, decree that men shall not wear guns in the home of a friend. The cowboys were never loud, nor coarse. This family never heard profanity nor saw a drunken cowboy. The ones they knew were low voiced and gentle in manner and treated the little mother like the queen she was.

The grandfather always gave every group a little temperance talk to which they respectfully listened and it is to be hoped heeded.

Then they stopped in groups of three or four to sleep under the stars or in the stacks, one by one, at bed time, they brought their watches and wallets to the little mother for safe keeping—They did not trust each other, but they did repose implicit confidence in the aristocratic little woman with the five children, the old father and the unlocked door.

Every man knew and understood that each man respected a lady. Sometimes they paid a small price for a meal but just as often did not.

One severely cold New Year's morning five half frozen men rode up to the door. The spokesman was the sheriff of Ford County, and had two deputies and two manacled cattle thieves with him that were being taken to Dodge.

"We are so cold" the sheriff said, "I dare not go

farther, may we bring our prisoners in to warm? You need not fear them."

The grandfather hurriedly filled the stove. He called it "mending the fire" while chairs were placed around the kitchen stove and oven doors were opened. The men filed in with teeth chattering. The sheriff stood back to give the prisoners and his deputies the warmest places. The little mother made a pot of hot coffee. The oldest little girl held the cups to the prisoners' mouths as handcuffed hands could not hold cups.

They took deep swallows and said "Thank you" but did not look up. The little girl had no thought of fear, but instead pity for the men and thankfulness that they had been caught.

Everybody despised horse and cattle thieves—They were a menace to the settlers and were usually desperate men with small regard for human life.

Pioneering in old Hodgeman removed every vestige of fear from most of its early settlers and instilled a self reliance and courage to meet the world under any condition. In cases of emergency, sorrow or death there were willing hands to help.

There was a kindly elderly man named Robinson, living a few miles distant, who having no team, walked long miles with a cane. He had trouble with his arms and shoulders that he called "rheumatics". He lived comfortably with his wife and one or two adopted little girls, on a government pension.

After while there was quite an aged man living with them. Mr. Robinson was asked about him. His answer was as follows—"You see Uncle George can't get around on account of rheumatics in his legs, but his back and arms are strong—just the opposite of the rheumatics in my arms, but when there is anything to lift, my legs steady Uncle George and he can lift anything—so with my legs and Uncle George's back and arms we make a pretty good man. It's handy to have him around, besides he has no home and no folks."

These pioneer children were taught to have a special pride in truth and character. They were perhaps a little cocky at times, so sure were they that their mother was the most beautiful, the best and loveliest woman in the world. They knew they were obedient, and they did not lie, they studied hard, worked hard and adored their mother—Their home was cheerful and clean. They knew the grandfather was a man of honor and told the very best historical stories. They loved each other and never knew envy nor coveted the possessions of others. They expected to meet a different world some future day with heads up and ability to do—There were no anxiety nor doubts about that future. Everything was part of mother's plan. They would not have exchanged places with the richest family in the world.

The grandfather was never considered a care and lived to receive the comforts denied him when a pioneer.

It is a mystery how the little mother accomplished so much—Her influence even now surrounds her family—She never punished her children nor raised her voice in anger. She had a way of reasoning things out and praying over them.

There were family prayers every night, the children taking turns in reading a chapter from the Bible, a hymn or two was sung and the grandfather led in a prayer that embraced the universe—If he were living today he would be praying for the safety of the Philippines and conversion of the Japanese.

Any stranger, stopping for the night always knelt too. The children often wondered if a stranger might not be Dutch Henry, who would be saved to a life of respectability by the prayers of grandfather.

After three years the county was organized and county officers elected. The mother had been engaged to teach the Marena school and went to Jetmore to take the first teacher's examination. She took the fourteen year old daughter with her to discover how

thorough had been her home study. They arose early and drove Cleopatra the fifteen miles to the county seat.

John R. Baird from Point of Rocks was superintendent. Poised and charming Matilda Best was his capable assistant. She later became Mrs. Walter Kenyon. She has always been a beloved character and good friend.

The girl was still a child with freckled nose and heavy red braids down her back. Old Hodgeman had given her health and strength but she was small and wore her skirts just covering the knees.

To her amazement and joy she was asked to teach the summer school in the Baird district—She boarded with the family and was mothered by Mrs. Baird. The school house was new and unfinished. Many were the bright mottoes the young teacher wrote with colored crayon upon the board walls—Birds flew in to make nests on the rafters and a field mouse' nest with four red mice fell from one corner to the floor.

The teacher and children watched with bated breath as the mouse mother carried them one by one in her mouth up to some hidden spot—One warm afternoon an inquisitive goat from a herd of sheep a mile or two east of school put his forefeet in the door and said "B-a-a" to them.

There were four nice children from the Baird home and four interesting Carnine boys, the latter rejoicing in the recent birth of "Lydia" a baby sister. Albert sat near the door with "Penny" the sheep dog to watch a bunch of cattle grazing north—There were three sweet children recently from the east who carried their shoes from home and in the last draw or ravine sat down and put them on then walked into school with shining shoes—They also walked home barefooted.

Then there was the tall girl of seventeen who could write different words at the same time with her right and left hand—Her dresses always had sleeves, belts and trimming of other material—There were three

children older and one the same age as the teacher but that was a deep secret.

Years have passed but the girl remembers each school she taught and the children with affection. All ready the Christmas messages are coming in from the beloved Eudora school. They never forget.

That fall she went to Larned to high school but was uneven being ahead in many subjects, particularly the studies she had liked best.

With one of the best of teachers, Jonas M. Ross, and the advice of Mrs. Emma Bedell, the able Superintendent of Schools of Pawnee County, she was able to finish in two years, besides teaching summer schools.

The summer she was sixteen she taught in the Waters district near her first school, again in a new unfinished building. There the children modeled clay from a draw near the school house. The Knoeffers and Waters children were unusually artistic. There being no well, Robert Carnine, who rode his burro four miles to school, carried a jug of water for the teacher.

The winter she was sixteen she taught at Fairview, Pawnee County with forty pupils. She had spelling school each Monday night and a "Literary" Society on Wednesday night—It was a pleasant school, with a capable board but they believed in keeping the teacher busy.

The next three semesters were taught at Independence eleven miles north of Larned. The teacher boarded with the family of John David. They were just about the world's best people. Mrs. David, a former teacher mothered and advised the young teacher who still loves her memory and the cunning little curly headed Minerva whose mischief was only exceeded by her brightness—One Sunday with guests for dinner, she hid all her mother's silver under the teacher's bed—Finally she confessed and the chicken dinner was a success. The eight Griffiths, two Scotts, Effie Arnold who rode four miles on "Barnum"; the Whitner boys, Charlie Collins and dear Minnie Dugan are with others, always pleasant memories.

The year the little mother taught in Jetmore the girl was offered a position on a new newspaper in Jetmore. She was to write copy, correct proof and help mail beside writing insurance and making out loans which were side issues in the newspaper office.

At holiday time, the mother had two weeks vacation at home but the girl had to go back to the office—She was in Jetmore when a severe storm broke. C. E. Roughton, facing the cutting north wind and snow came to the newspaper office to say, "Mrs. Roughton said I was to bring you to the hotel until this storm is over—Your mother is not here and you can't go to that cold house. You are safer with us."

She was snowed in for four days at the hotel with those good friends. School remained closed for a month as the coal at school had to be distributed among the families—The train from Larned did not get through for some time and the coal it brought had to be apportioned. Throughout the years the girl has affectionately remembered the Roughton's thoughtful care during that blizzard.

Another never-to-be-forgotten memory is that of five years ago when the eldest daughter was settling the estate of an old friend in Garden City and Mrs. Kenyon and her daughter, Elfrieda, with other Jetmore friends drove sixty miles to visit with her and recall old days—

During the ten years spent on the ranch, the home buildings were improved, and a large new stone barn built—Three in the family were teaching and the pioneer days were passing.

The little mother left Hodgeman to educate her children—two from the academic department of the Kansas Wesleyan at Salina; three were educated at the University of Kansas, one of whom, the second daughter received her Ph. D. from the University of Chicago. The grandfather lived to be 88 and the little mother—85. The eldest son who began to assume responsibility, at an early age owns the oldest and one of the best papers in Kansas.

The second brother has joined his mother after a life of benevolence—His passing left a void nothing can fill.

The second sister has retired from active business and takes life leisurely, happily enjoying her reading and writing, while the littlest sister is happy and leads a useful life with her good and interesting husband at their home "Tree Tops" in Minnesota.

The eldest sister with the freckled nose and red braids is older grown too, but not in spirit nor appreciation. Most of you know her good husband, his ability and great heart and their happiness in working together.

She has lived over thirty happy years in Chicago and loves its life, bustle and the good friends but it is a different love from the tender affection she feels for the Kansas of the families' childhood and youth, and for Hodgeman, whose golden sunshine developed their bodies, whose deprivations strengthened their characters and mentalities; whose breezes blew from them all affectation and pretense, whose infrequent rains taught them to appreciate blessings and whose men and women taught them friendship and understanding.

Three good friends of the old days have recently passed on—Rev. Will Burns of Wichita, Claude Hullett of Kansas City and Charlie Ruff of Burdett. They and their good letters will be missed.

When the children were grown, the eldest daughter asked her mother why she had come to Kansas—The mother looked her amazement as she said, "I thought you knew! You looked like your father and were a delicate child—I had lost your father and I couldn't lose my first-born—I hoped Kansas would make you strong and it did."

There is a difference between the Christmas then, with its ash or box elder tree wrapped in green paper: the bright lamps shining behind, its useful presents and today's glittering evergreens, but there is no more

Christmas spirit now, with all the expenditure and effort, than in the old days, for Christmas spirit is only making others happy.

Goodby Kansas and Hodgeman until I find time to write some more about you. You are dear to our hearts and we shall never forget you.

We hope your Christmas and your New Year may be the best you have ever had, in spite of this war torn world, whose sorrows and suffering grip our hearts and won't allow us to be merry.

Norman is in the service at Camp Forrest but is home for Christmas, on a ten day furlough. We have missed his always willing hands in our holiday preparations. John Bright is now with his father in Wisconsin.

Mary Jule and family can't be with us this year—We try to be unselfish but we miss them. Little Vera is now five and dear to our hearts.

The log burns low and again, every good wish and God's blessing upon you.

Charles H. and Julia S. Hoinville
Etoile B. Simons
Ardeane Bright
Norman A. Norman
and dependable, trustworthy Katie and John Blackmon who for twelve years have filled important parts in our household.

December 25, 1941.