

Dean Carl W. Ackerman  
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This was the newspaper spirit of the sixties, but apparently there was a sagging during the seventies and eighties. From a business standpoint the newspapers had not been ably enough managed to meet the changing conditions in which Lawrence dropped from a leading to a secondary position among the cities of the state. It was at this time that Lawrence became known as a newspaper graveyard.

December 14, 1891, the writer, as a boy of twenty, came to Lawrence where with a brother-in-law five years older and a brother three years younger, he engaged in the newspaper business. At that time we did all of the office work ourselves. I, having the title of business manager, solicited the advertisements, wrote most of the locals, was society editor, reviewed theatrical and musical events, collected the bills, and in these varied capacities became acquainted with most everyone. For some reason, I attracted the attention of the older business men and residents of the community, and gained a friendship and kindly interest that opened to me the history of the town, its friendships and jealousies.

We also became acquainted with the farmers and their families, as we met them on the streets, in the stores, or waited upon them at our own small office. Being sympathetic in my nature, many persons told me their troubles, and being close mouthed, their confidences were never violated.

Our competition was extremely hard to overcome. Of the eight papers in the town at that time, including our own daily and weekly World, one was owned by a millionaire who was making money in the South, and who besides owning his newspaper was the owner and president of a national bank. The owner of the other paper was a pioneer, who had gained a colonelcy in the Civil War, and who had a good salary as tax commissioner for the Memphis railway besides doing all its job printing. He was reputed to be a man of wealth and was inclined to be autocratic.

Our struggle was hard, but we began to dig out slowly. My brother's interest was purchased and to my former duties were added circulation management and bookkeeping.

I was married when twenty-three to a girl of nineteen, and as our children came, we more and more grew into the life of the community. Music, church, education and civic affairs, claimed much of our time. For four years my wife sang alto in the Kansas University quartette, and was also a member of the choir or quartette of the Baptist church, and for several years was president of the Woman's Society. For a number of years she was called upon several times a week to sing at funerals, often for people she did not know, and perhaps in very humble homes. During the same period I was a bearer at perhaps two hundred funerals. I gave the address at four funerals and was unable to comply with other requests by being out of the city.