

Rolla Clymer correspondence

Section 1187, Pages 35581 - 35610

This series of the Rolla Clymer collection includes sent and received correspondence arranged chronologically beginning in 1909. With few exceptions, the correspondence provides a continuous and very complete view of his activities. Much of the earliest correspondence in the Clymer collection pertains to information about the College of Emporia for the period Clymer was a student there. Scattered throughout the remainder of the correspondence is information about Emporia athletics and alumni activities and letters with former classmates. From 1914 to 1918, Clymer was editor and manager of the Olathe, Kansas, Register. In 1918, Rolla Clymer moved his young family to El Dorado, Kansas, where he became editor and manager of the El Dorado Republican. Except for a six month hiatus in 1937 as editor and manager of the Santa Fe New Mexican in Santa Fe, New Mexico, Clymer served the remainder of his professional career in El Dorado.

In his later years, Clymer devoted much of his time to efforts to preserve the Kansas Flint Hills region which he dearly loved. In addition to newspaper editorials, he wrote and published numerous widely circulated articles and poems about the Flint Hills. Perhaps his best known tribute was his poem "Majesty of the Hills," which helped earn him the designation as Poet Laureate of the Flint Hills. Rolla Clymer died on June 4, 1977, having been the editor of the El Dorado Times for fifty-nine years. For a complete contents list of the Rolla Clymer collection, see the External Links below.

Date: 1909-1977

Callnumber: Rolla Clymer Coll. #9, Box 1 - 49

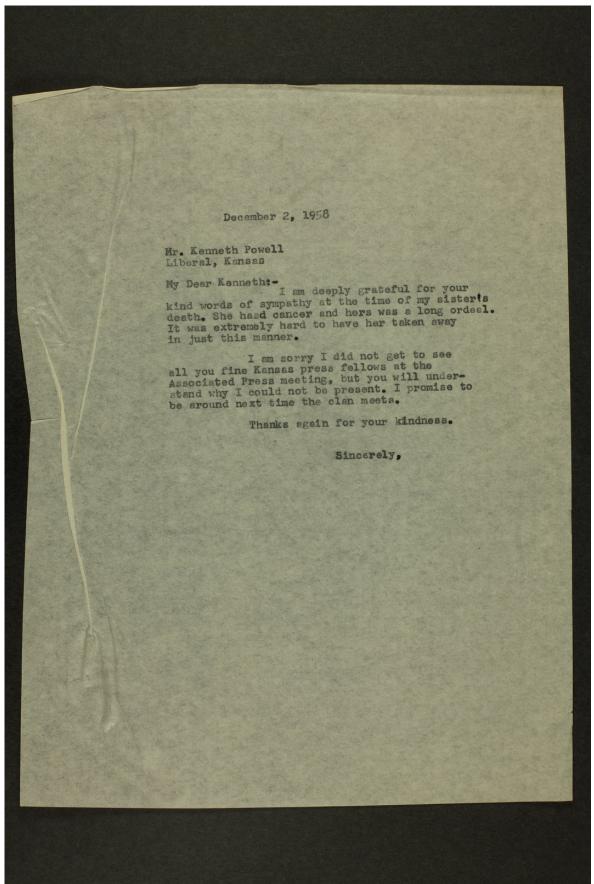
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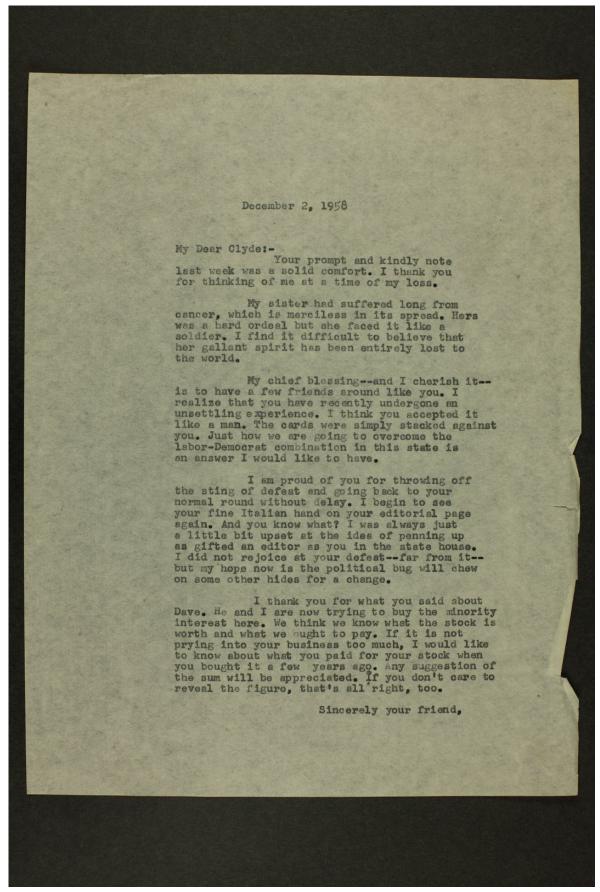
www.kansasmemory.org/item/229011

HISTORICAL SOCIETY

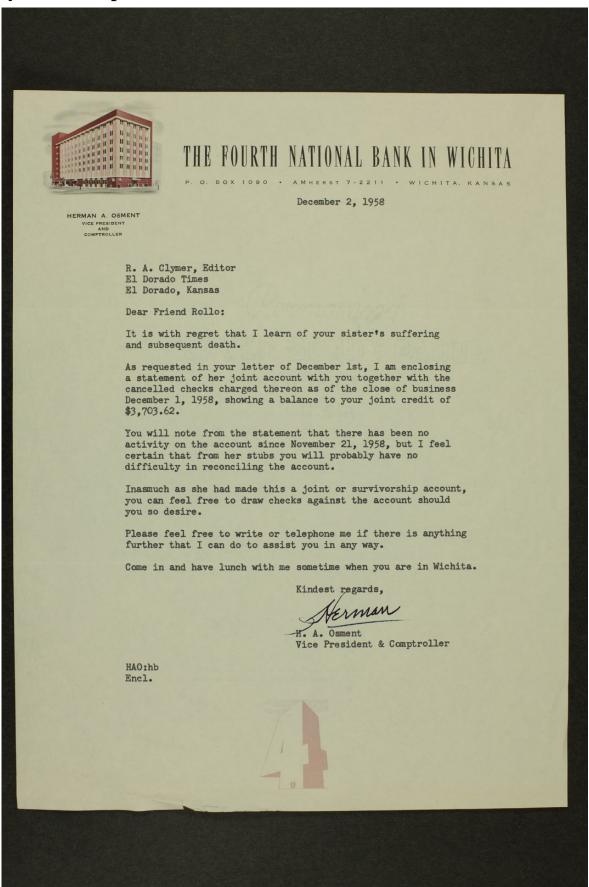




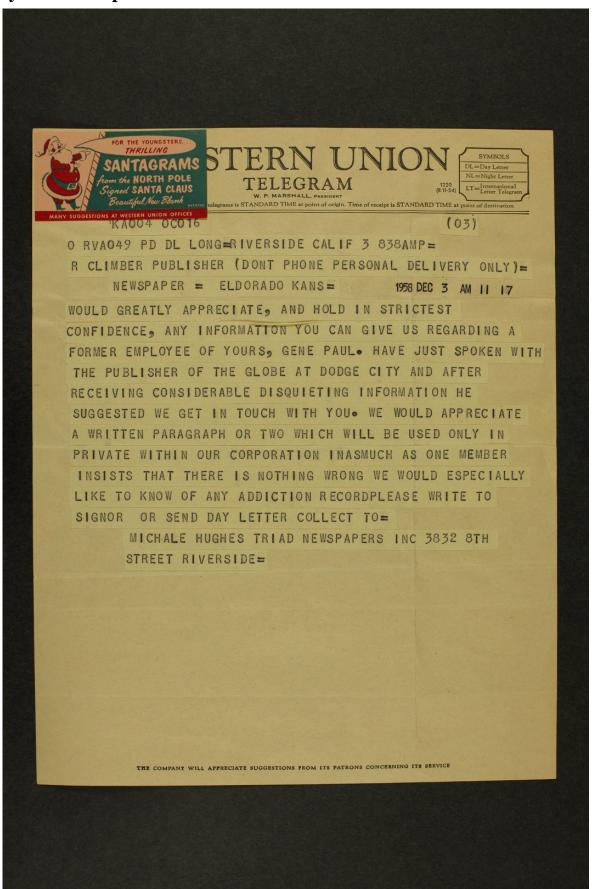




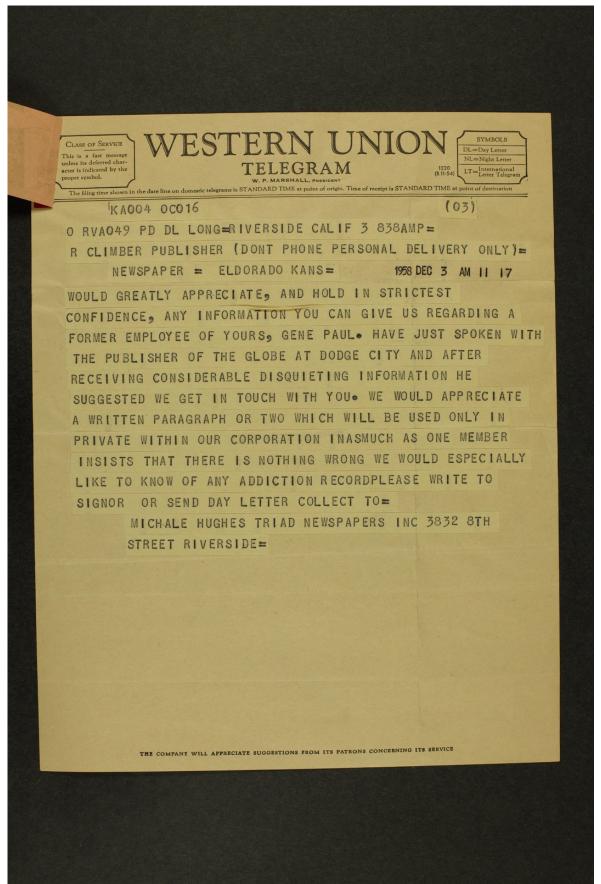














Rolla Clymer correspondence

The Pittsburg Headlight

EVENINGS
EXCEPT SUNDAY

Established 1887

THE PITTSBURG SUN

MORNINGS
EXCEPT MONDAY

Established 1915

THE PITTSBURG PUBLISHING COMPANY

F. W. BRINKERHOFF

Pittsburg, Kansas Dec. 3, 1958

Rolla A. Clymer The Times El Dorado, Kas.

Dear Rolla:

I told Nyle that I cannot be in Topeka Friday. We are having a directors meeting Monday and I simply cannot make two trips so close together. I am awfully sorry.

Do not worry about the books. We will get together sometime.

Perhaps they will set a new date for the meeting. I suggested to Nyle that I would be through after lunch Monday. I think that is the best I can do.

I am much concerned about the employment of a director. But I believe that Maurice and Hewitt, who is already working, can take care of things until we can give proper consideration to a director—and get the fellow we believe will do the job.

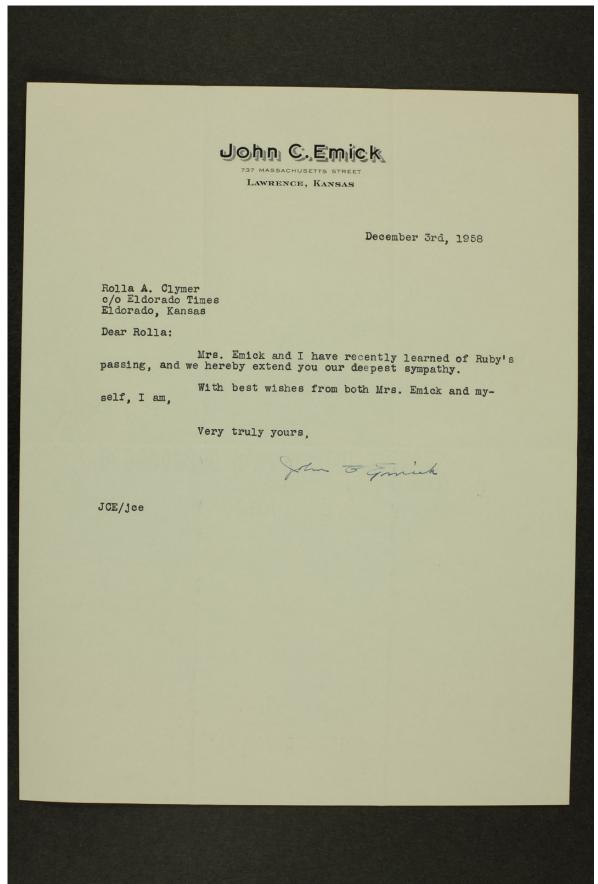
This is certainly a fine day over here. If it gets a little warmer this afternoon, which I anticipate, it will be that weather stuff the old Indian provided for us.

Sincerely,

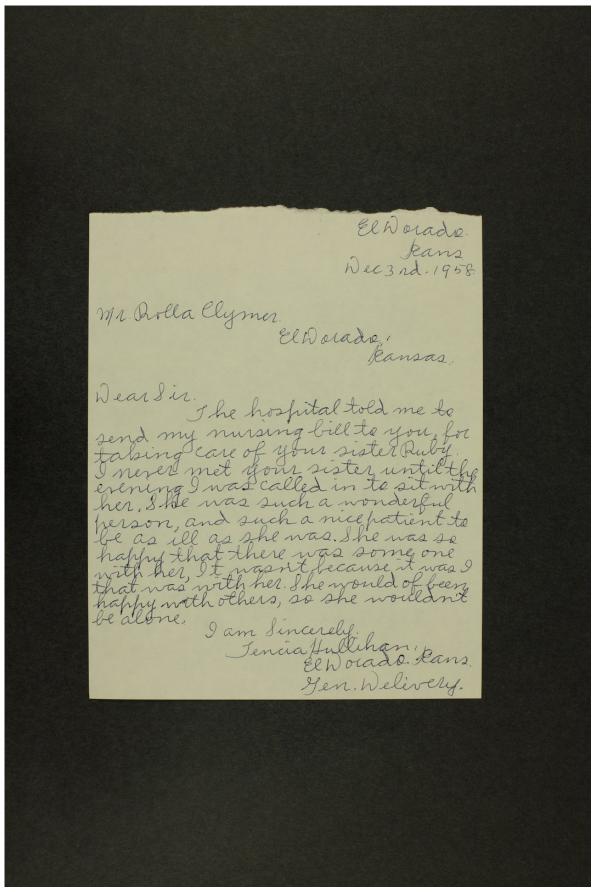
W. Brinkerhoff

FWB:1s

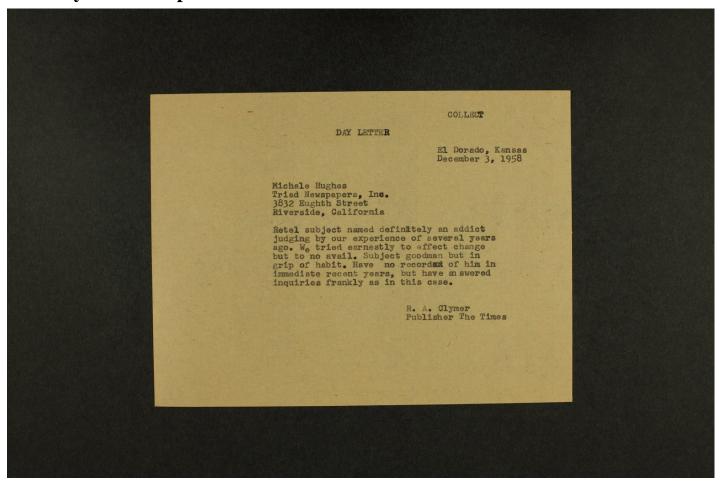




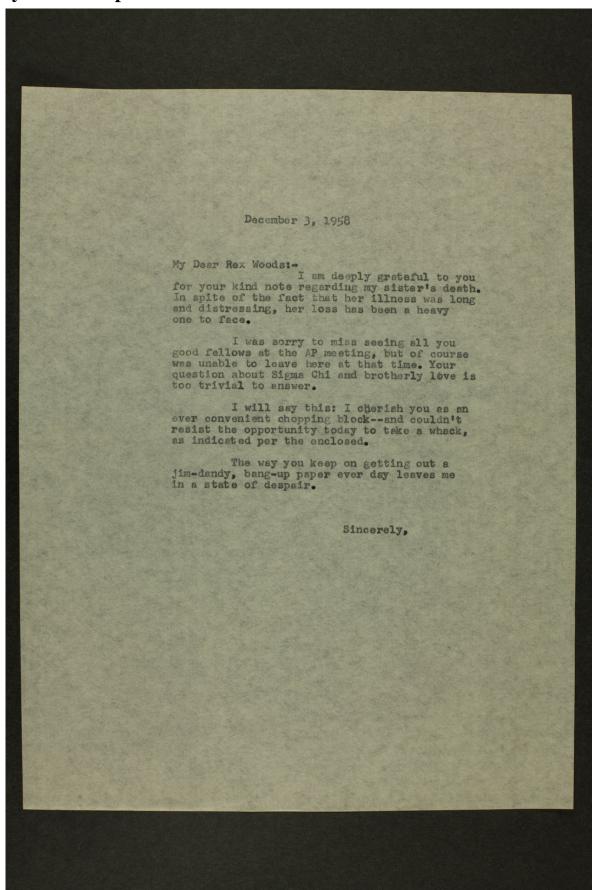




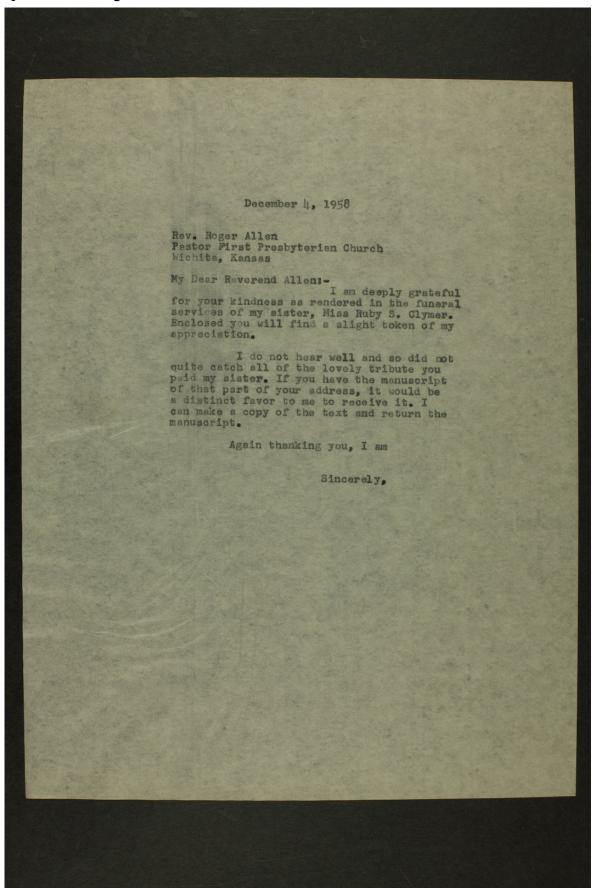




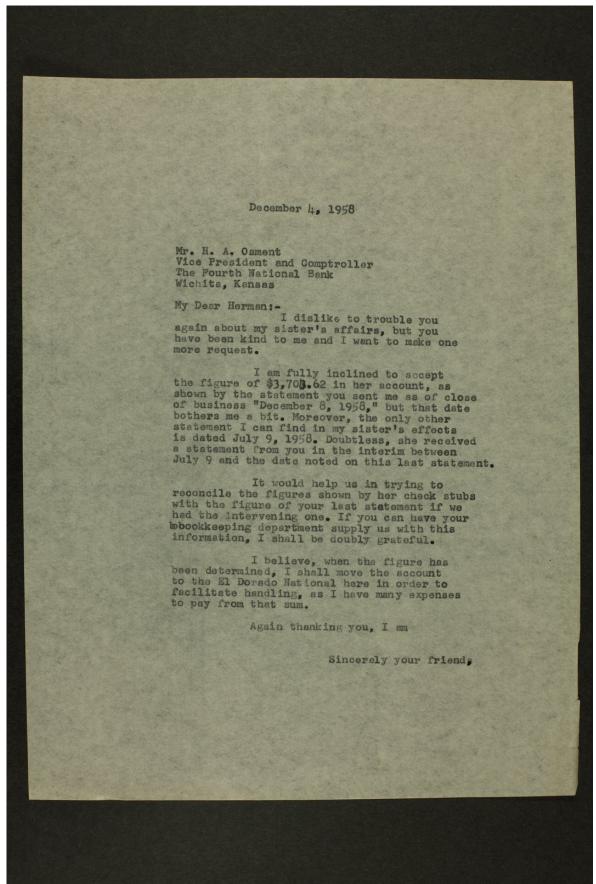




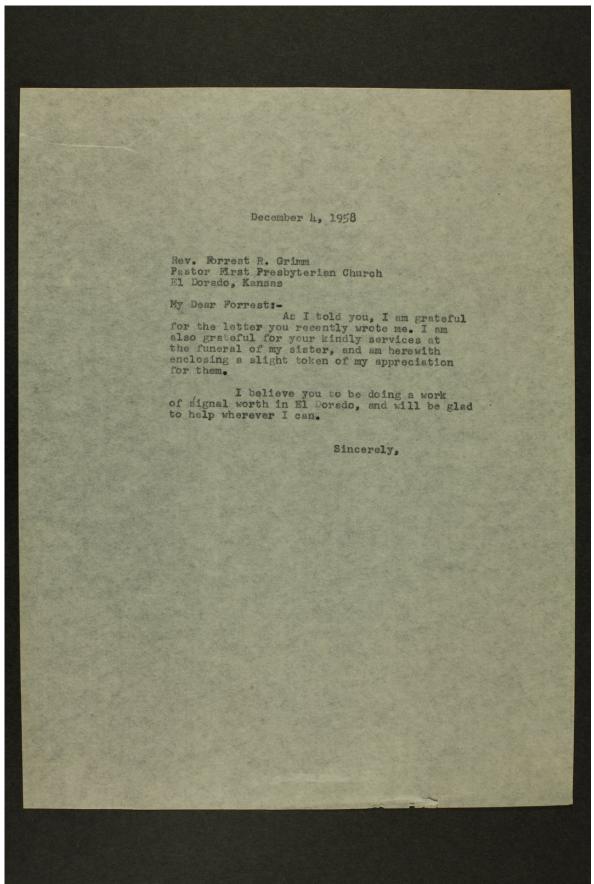




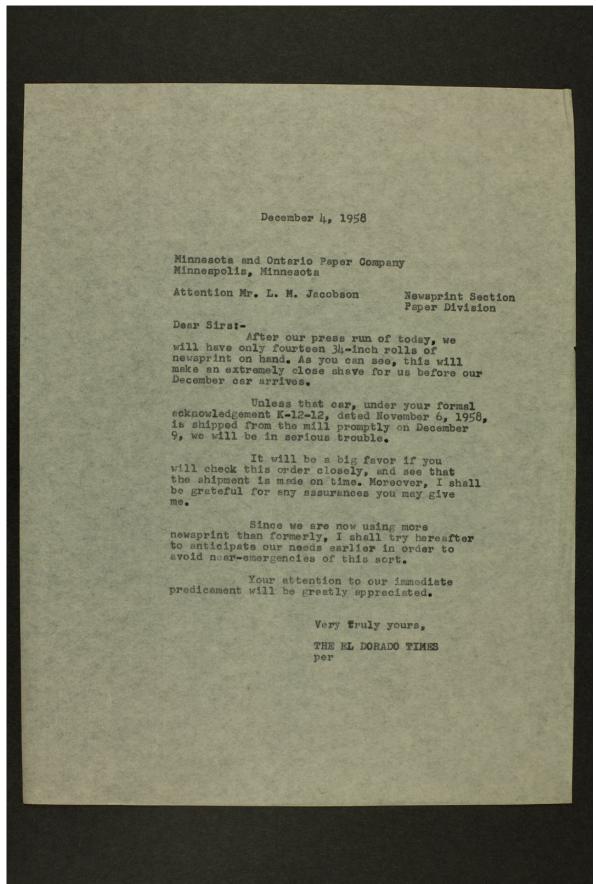




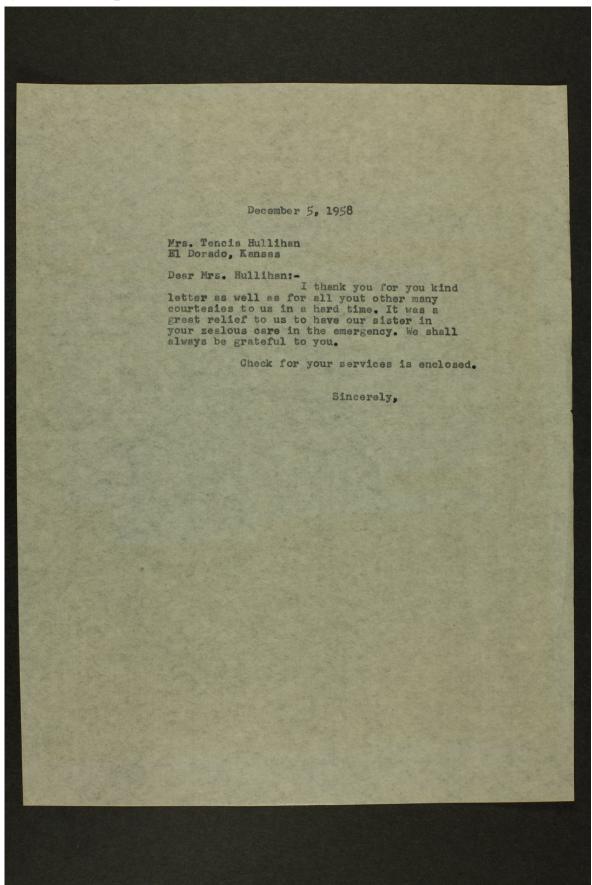




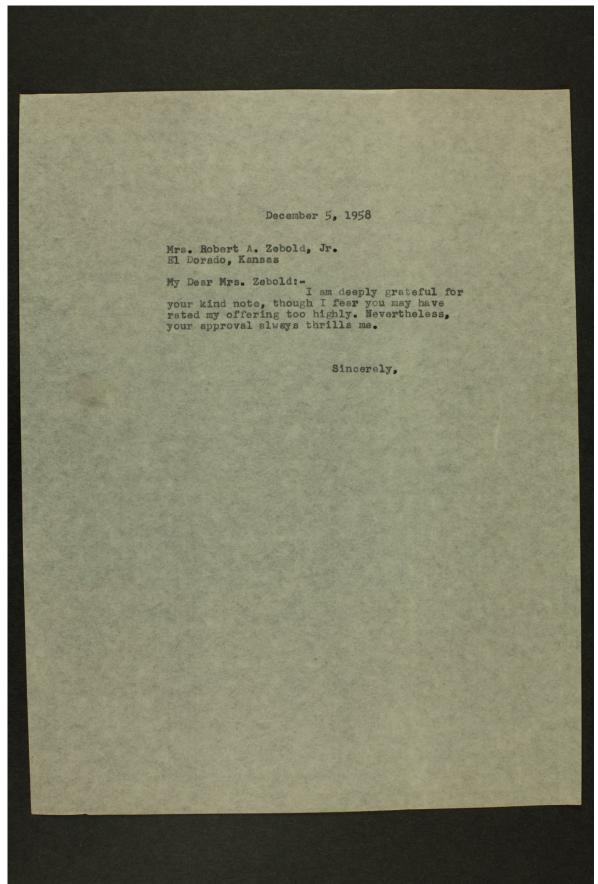




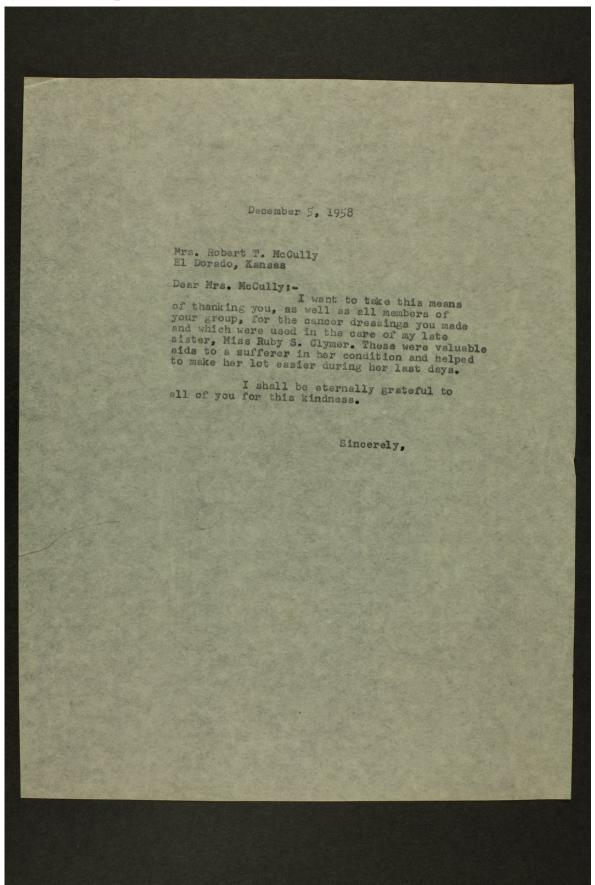




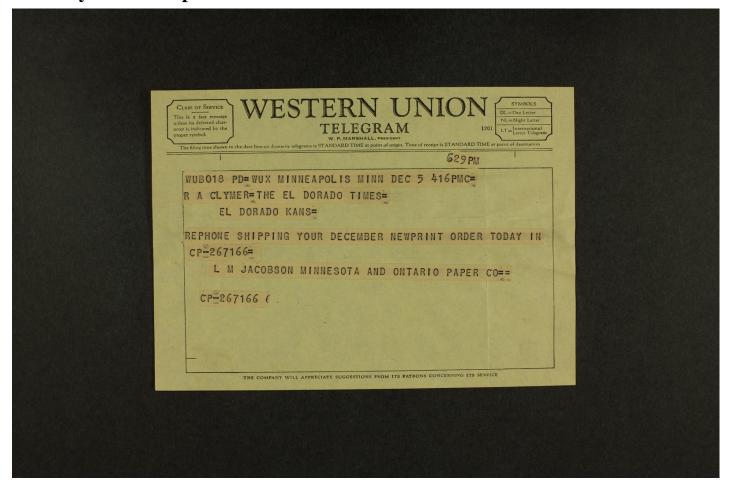






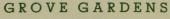








Rolla Clymer correspondence



BOX 977

GROVE OKLAHOMA

Dec. 6, 1958

Dear Mr. Clymer:

Last night I was smashing black walnuts on a hefty rock with the flat side of a hammer. As the no-scatter whele nuts were drepped into a pan I remembered that you had teld me years and years age, that the girl who worked at your house used the wide side of a brick to smash walnuts and that they would held together, practically, making them easier and cleaner to pick out. The incident isn't much but it did remind me again that I had not expressed my sympathy in the loss of your sister. I wish I might have known she was still in the hespital before I was ready to leave there in Oct.

Always I've been too much of a clown trying to make bad things look less bad than they were or might have been. But little things always did get under my skin and, cry I would, ever almost nothing. And as you know I never could make speeches when the Times Fam-i-lee favored me with tokens--I am even werse when it comes to expressing sympathy. I can pray, however, and only the Giver of every good and perfect gift hears what I would like to express to my friends but usually cannot. And I don't mind when He sees

You are fortunate in having had Ruby near you this last season, where you could have snatch-time visits with her.

You wouldn't remember the summer I went to Oregon to see my sick brother, whom I had not seen in 24 years, and who lived only two days after I get there. That was hard on me! But he did know me and we had severa little chats before he passed on.

Time rells up the printed parchment and a fresh pertien of screll unrolls, day by day. When I read your editorial "My Sister", I remembered the lines, beginning "So Live that when thy presence comes to join...."

I'm rather by myself these days. My sister is in Washington D. C. spending Oct. Nev. and Dec. with her daughter and sen-in-law. He is in the diplomatic branch of service and they will be going to Vietnam the last of December for about three years, -leaving the last of December. My sister has never been in Washington D. C. before and really is busy taking in a let of things of which she has only read before. I'm happy she could go-she has stuck right here for at least 30 years and that is too long not to

get eut and see things. Her being a beek-werm has saved the years fer her. . I'm deing pretty well as a beginner in the flewer business. Am taking a study course from the National Landscape Institute, Dept. of Flewer Arranging and like it a let--I'm among 70,000 students this year and my grades are "A" so far. All the work is from the newly copy-righted scientif ic stuff the school is putting out and is so different to all the eld stuff, there just is no way to compare what was taught three years ago with the new.



I think of you all often and am wishing for each and every one a healthy and happy holicay season.

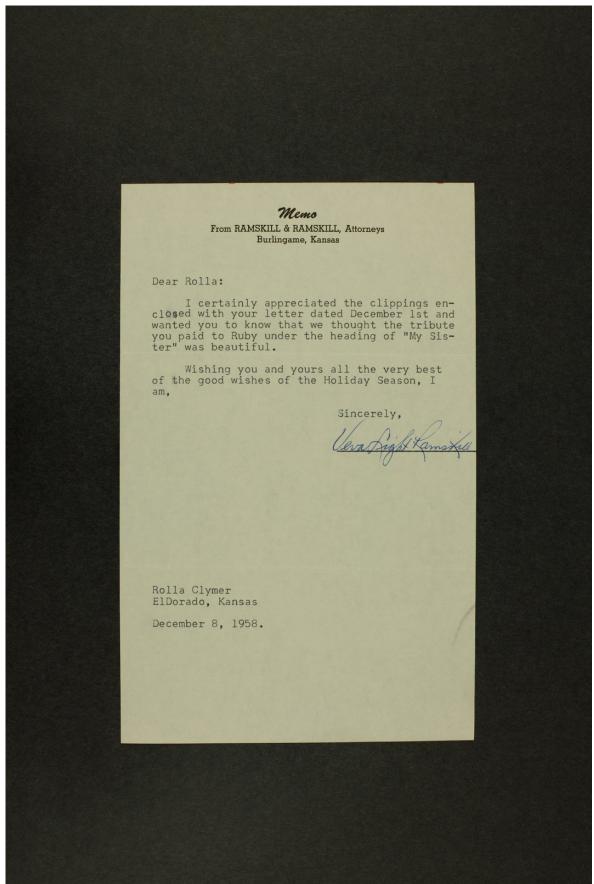
anna Bin

Sincerely,

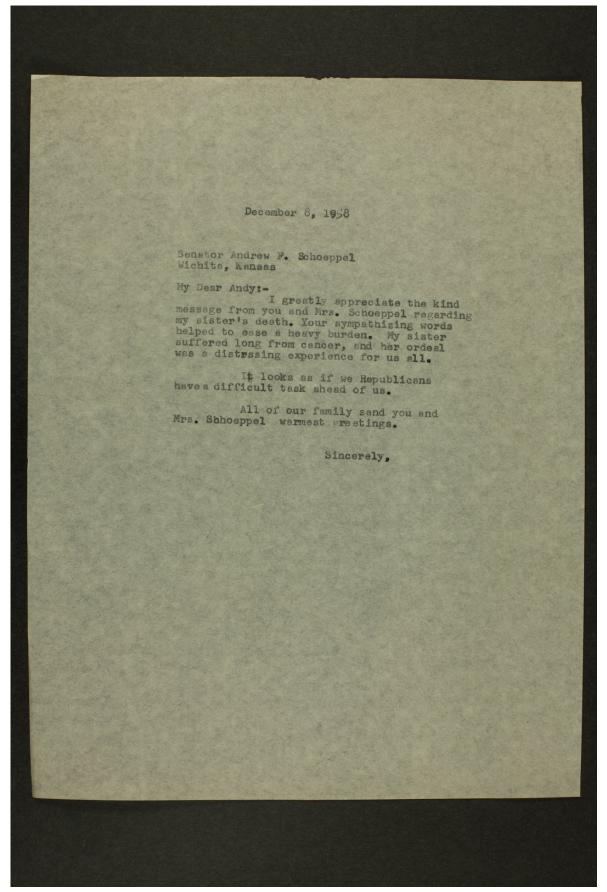
1120 South Mill Street, Phone SU 6-4614

I think I teld you that this stationery has opened a lot of wholesale doors to

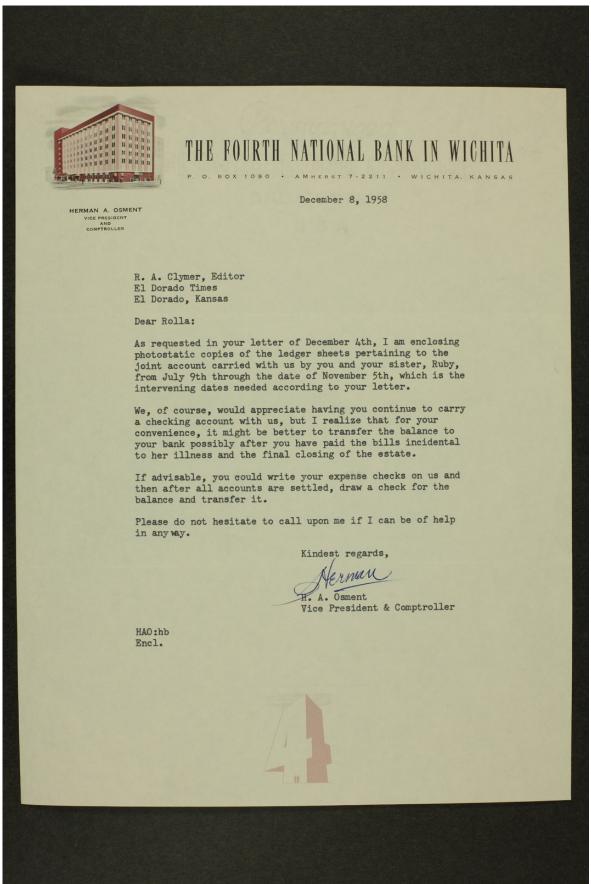




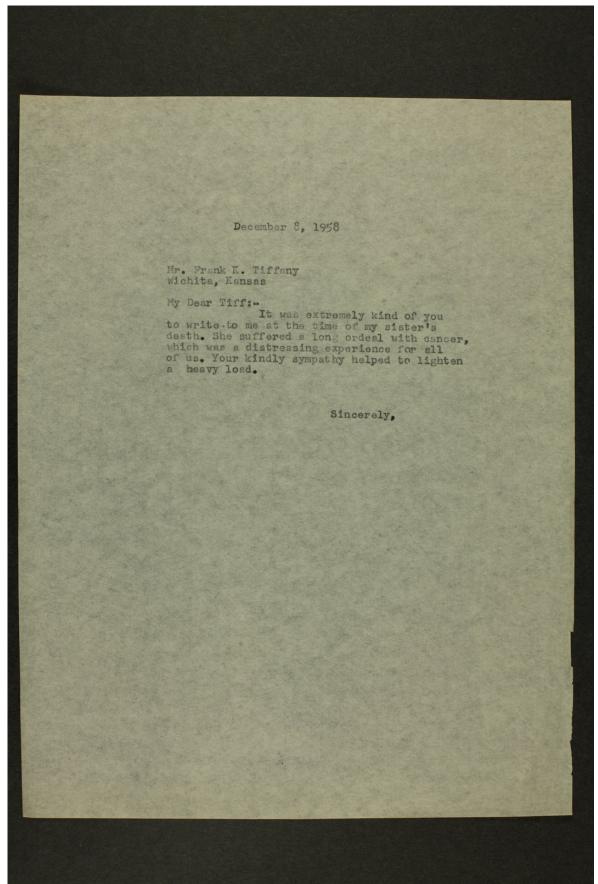




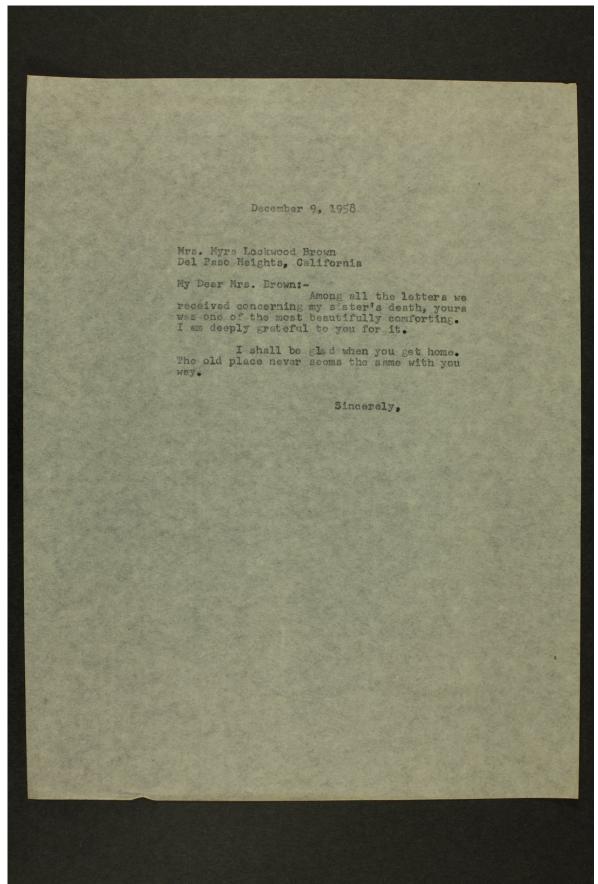




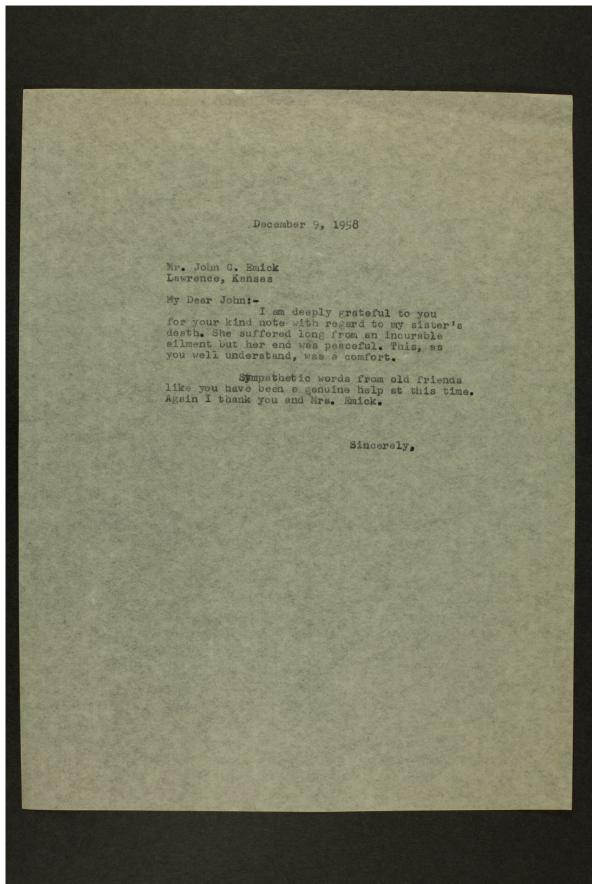




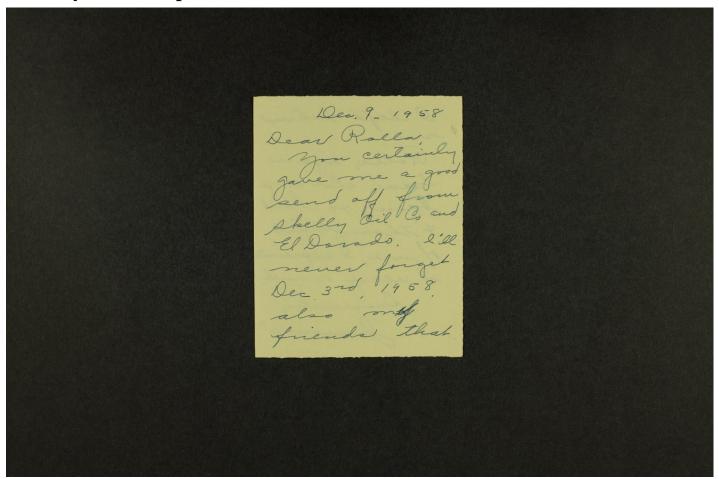




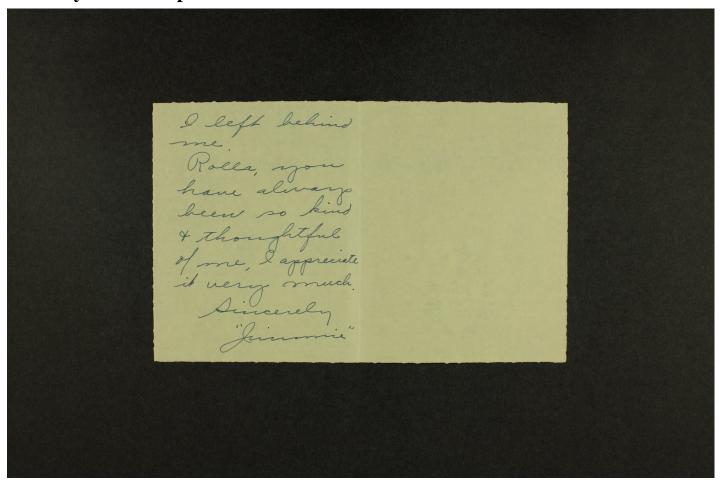




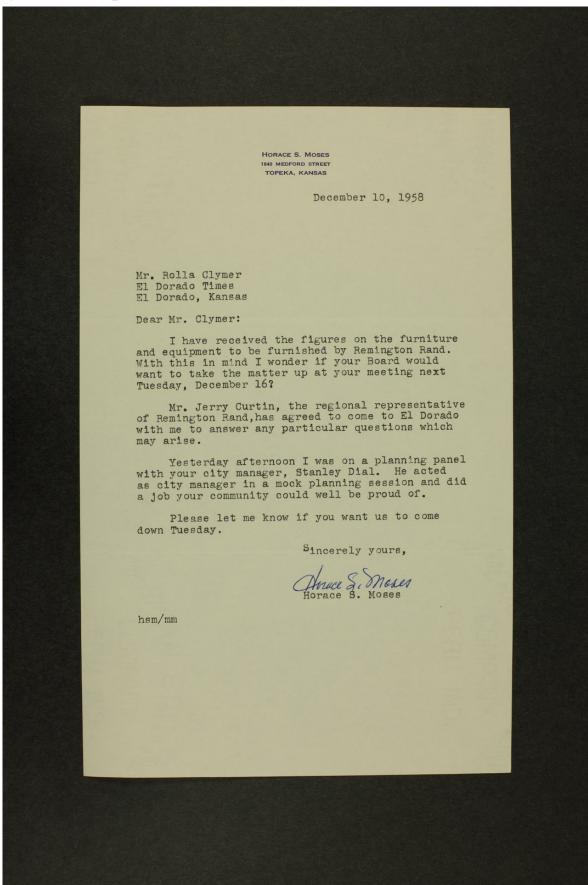














Rolla Clymer correspondence

December 11, 1958

Mr. Wayne Coulson
Wichita, Kansas

My Dear Wayne:I dislike to trouble you with
my little problem, but Frances has indicated

my little problem, but Frances has indicated that you will be kind enough to give it some attention. I sincerely trust it will not take a lot of your time.

A little history might help to an understanding, so here's the lay:

Thomas Benton Murdock came to El Dorado in 1870 and founded the Walnut Valley Times, with J. S. Danford. After five or six years, the paper was sold to Alvah Shelden and Mr. Murdock went to Topeka. He returned in 1882 and founded the El Dorado Republican.

This latter action touched off a lifelong feud between him and Mr. Shelden. The latter doclared that Murdock had promised never to operate another paper in El Dorado when he sold The Times. Murdock insisted it wasn't so. But the two men were bitter enemies all their days afterward.

Both of them had been active in promoting Belle Vista, which was the original cemetery here, and both had purchased family lots. As their hatred flared, Murdock decided he would have nothing more to do with this cemetery. The story is he said he would not permit his kin to be buried in any ground that was contaminated by the Shelden dead. So he bought space in the new West Cemetery—and that is where his family is buried.

Before this happened, however, two of the Murdock girl babies had died, and were buried in the northeast corner of the lot which he owned. A small, faded headstone marks their graves and indicates they were interred there in 1882--76 years ago.

Aside from that, the lot stood unused until my father died here in 1922--forty years later. At that time, Alice and Lena Murdock gave my mother a deed to the west half of the



