

Leo Glenn Swogger Sr. Collection

Section 10, Pages 271 - 300

This collection describes World War I experiences of Leo Glenn Swogger through letters written home between 1918 and 1919, and letters written to his children in 1958 that describe some aspects of his military service. The letters describe daily activities in detail while serving in the war. He spent time at Camp Funston, Kansas, and in Camp Mills, New York, before being shipped overseas. By June 22, 1918, he was in France. He served as a scout and in combat. He was wounded and was sent to a hospital in Paris. He describes learning to speak French and the French people, especially the "mamzelles." As he is preparing to return home, he discusses his plans for the future. The collection contains five letters written by Glenn's father, J. (John) S. Swogger to Glenn Sr. covering his daily activities while serving as Reverend at the Oakland Presbyterian Church in Topeka, Kansas. Also included in the collection, is one letter from his mother, and several postcards from "Berth", someone he met in France as the letter is a combination of English and French.

Creator: Swogger, Sr., Leo Glenn

Date: Bulk 1918 - 1958

Callnumber: 2015-077

KSHS Identifier: DaRT ID: 309506

Item Identifier: 309506

www.kansasmemory.org/item/309506

KANSAS
HISTORICAL
SOCIETY

5 - June 11, 12, & 13, 1918

play every day with a paternal eye on that V. I think he has \$2 left yet, unless they went this afternoon. But the loan is good and I shan't complain. I have traveled $\frac{1}{2}$ way around the globe the past four weeks, at a total expenditure to date of \$9.88! Boat traveling especially is inexpensive, if one keeps out of "crap" games and doesn't patronize

p. 9 patriotic Chineemen. /

Thursday p.m. — Comes now orders to hand in letters, and I avail myself of it, in the belief that you will thus receive this the sooner. So this will now be "continued in our next" —

With love

Glenn

Co L, 353 Inf

89 Division, American Expeditionary Forces

Don't print any of this in the Gazette, the rules governing the printing of soldiers' letters are rather strict; you might state that John Rongisch [Rougisch?], Van Garrison and I are all in the same reg[imen]t, sailed in the same boat and arrived safely in ----- somewhere in Europe.

G

D N Webster Jr

1st Lieut[enant] 353 Inf.¹

TO THE WRITER: SAVE BY WRITING ON BOTH SIDES OF THIS PAPER
TO THE FOLKS AT HOME: SAVE FOOD; BUY LIBERTY BONDS AND WAR SAVINGS STAMPS

¹ Censor's signature.

² Neither of these people could be identified.



1 - June 19, 1918

p. 1

THE
WAVER[L]Y GAZETTE
WAVERLY, KANSAS

THE
HARRIS COMMERCIAL
HARRIS, KANSAS

THE
WILLIAMSBURG STAR
WILLIAMSBURG, KANSAS

THE WAVERLY PUBLISHING COMPANY
GLENN SWOGGER, OWNER AND MANAGER
WAVERLY, KANSAS

A CITY SHOP JOB IN A
COUNTRY TOWN
BOOK AND PAMPHLET
PRINTING, SALE BILLS
CIRCULAR LETTERS
AND
LEGAL BLANKS

Wednesday, June 19
England

Dearest folks tu[sic] home:-

It is about one o'clock p.m., & I have a few moments, so here goes a brief letter. Am feeling excionally fine, rations excellent as to quality, quantity allowance same as Eng[lish] soldier. I wish I had the time to tell you the many curious things I notice in this people. They are, as a rule, smaller than Americans, and look younger; the Eng[lish] soldier often looks but 15 to 17 years old according to our standards, where he is 19 to 23. The Eng[lish] have rotten teeth. They arecourteous, much more so than we. It's daytime all the time here; gets light long before I get up—6:00 p.m., and is as light at 10:30 p.m. as with you at 7:00 (old time).¹ I haven't seen the dark since I've been here. Night-owls wouldn't get exercise enough here.

That draft is a joner[?].² Because of the possibility of its being sunk on the way over, they won't cash it unless I wait until it is collected—6 weeks. I think I'll send it home about next week.

Haven't had any mail since I left U.S., but we shall get it when we reach our permanent destination. We drilled this morning, & this afternoon got orders to wash up everything and take a bath—you know what that means.

The boys are learning that there's much difference between Eng[lish] as she is spoke and the lingo we use. The money, too, puzzles them. They

p. 2

just pick out what they want and hold out a handful of coins. / Some prices are reasonable, some high, some things cannot be bought, a haircut is 7d,³ or about 15c, 'common soda crackers, 2 for 1d, or 1c each. They don't encourage gluttony here.

¹I.e., in Kansas before the spring change to daylight saving time.

²The word apparently expresses disapproval and disgust. See letter of May 30, 1918, note 4.

³The sign d indicating the British coin "pence."



2 - June 19, 1918

One sees constantly in Eng[lish] papers that the hope for ultimate success is in America. I was today reading Bonar Law's¹ speech in Parliament, for example, and it is full of praise for American troop[s] and turns on the point that we are sending troop[s] across faster than the reserves are being used.² The German offensive of this spring² made a profound impression on England, more so, perhaps, than on "Young America," to quote Law's phrase.

Eng[lish] women, of the class we see,³ are not pretty; they lack the "pep" and poise of the American girl; they rather impress one as being, not untidy, but "sloppy." This is not of the best class, however.

I see no automobiles in Eng[land].⁴ American highways are of course crowded with them, but, aside from a few U.S. army trucks, I didn't see them here. I don't believe the Eng[lish] have the automobiliousness that we have.

Am really enjoying this life, and shall like it even better as I become accustomed to it. We have very nice quarters here, almost as good as at Camp Funston.

This is all the paper I can spare just now, so am closing. With lots of love,

Glenn

Mailed you some coins, etc., Monday.⁵ Did you get them?

[Note on outside of envelope: OPENED BY CENSOR. 6631. Postmark: MORR[?] HILL CAMP
645 PM

¹Andrew Bonar Law (1858-1923), a Conservative member of Parliament and supporter of Lloyd George's coalition government from 1916.

19 J-[?]
---[?]

²The staggering losses of World War I, running in the range from 20,000 to 100,000 killed and wounded *per battle, on each side* (see for example below, letter of June 22, 1918, p. 2, n. 1; and postcard of September 27, 1918, n. 2) had brought matters to the point where victory would ultimately be to the side which could continue to supply manpower for continued consumption via such losses. Germany, Britain, and France had by this time conscripted all available manpower, from all age limits from the teens to as high as 45 or 50 years old; whereas of course America's manpower resources were as yet almost completely untapped.

³As Britain was, and still is, a very class-conscious society, Leo Glenn will have been in contact with only members of the working-class (male and female).

⁴On cars, auto-trucks, and the non-motorized war see John Stanton Swogger's letter of August 1, p. 1, n. 2.

⁵No letter of June 17, 1918, survives.



1 - June 22, 1918

p. 1

Y.M.C.A.

ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Y.M.C.A.

WITH THE BRITISH
EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

France, Saturday, June 22, 1918

Dear folks and sister:-

Well, here I am at last in France, arriving this morning after wandering about¹ in a manner that would have made old Ulysses² look like a two-spot.³ We are getting back under the care of our old Uncle Sammie, which means splendid rations and reasonable prices at the canteens; e.g., cup cocoa 2¢, lemonade ditto, tobacco cheaper than in U.S. France and England both seem to be well-rationed, tho' of course nothing like U.S. The streets in the towns are narrow, I should say about 30 feet; this a.m. I saw a woman calmly empty her dishwater in the gutter in front of her house on main street! Houses are flush with streets and sidewalks narrow. Saw street named Rue [*three-inch strip cut out by censor*] U.S. greenbacks worth par or above, but silver \$ not more than 90¢, sometimes not that. The Fr[ench] girls I've seen so far wouldn't heat up any beauty shows, but they have it on the Eng[lish]; they are not[?] smooth-mouthes![?] Am feeling fine now, the best for a long time. I like this army life; enjoy the irresponsibility of it. No advertisers to come in and rave about a mistake in copy; no irate subscribers to stop the paper and threaten damage suits because of a misspelled name. Oh, it's great, I tell you. One runs across all / sorts of persons. The other day as I was reading the paper, a lad in the company asked me how the war was coming. I said that the Austrians claimed 30,000 prisoners.¹ He looked at me a moment, puzzled, and then asked, "Well, whose side is that for?" Have

¹Almost certainly a reference to zig-zag manouvers on the open water between England and Le Havre (where Leo Glenn landed) designed to evade torpedos from German submarines; on Allied shipping versus unrestricted U-boat warfare see letter of August 29, 1918, p. 6, n. 1.

²A compounded spelling of the Latin "Ulysses" and the Greek "Odysseus;" not Classically correct. The story of the wanderings of Ulysses/Odysseus at the end of the Trojan War is told in Homer's epic poem, The Odyssey.

³

¹Probably refers to the Austrians' double-pronged attack down from the Trentino and across the Piave. It was in fact unsuccessful and the Austrians, whatever their claim of 30,000 Italians prisoners captured, suffered 100,000 casualties (Liddell Hart, The War in Outline, p. 270).

2 - June 22, 1918

had awfully hard luck getting Fr[ench] books so far, but think I can land them soon now. A grammar, a lexicon & a primer¹ ought to be plenty for a long time. See lots of men who have been @ front 3 or 4 years and they're still walking around, reckon there must be some good places to hide or else the war has developed some splendid fortresses. Fr[ench] money is strange. 5 centimes is only worth 1¢, & a franc 18¢. The Scotchman would fine France a paradise. He could afford to be charitable, and even, on rare occasions, gamble by matching centimes. You must write me how all the crops are coming, especially I want to know how that Quenemo² place comes out. I'll be glad when we get permanently located and a line of [written communication re]established,³ for it broke off, just like a movie film, at a very interesting place. Here's the rules for you to follow in keeping me informed; tell me all the KΣ⁴ & other interesting dope you happen to hear, and anything concerning old friends; if you make any business deals, write me at once; in case any of my old girls get married, cable me my expense. I'm getting to be a regular spendthrift; I'm gonna line up & buy 2¢ worth of lemonade.

Yours recklessly and with love

This refers merely to the way I squander my money—ain't it awful? 10 centimes! 2¢. Glenn

¹That is, a book of selected easy readings.

²Lizzy MacFittess[?] was an art teacher who taught Leo Glenn's sister Hazel; she had inherited a farm at Quenemo, a small town 20 miles west of Ottawa, Kansas. She was a member of John Stanton Swogger's congregation at Edgerton and he bought the farm from her. It was a very fertile farm, but subject to flooding since it was located directly on the Marais des Cygnes river.

³Words are missing because of a strip cut out by the censor; see p. 1 above.

⁴Leo Glenn's Creek fraternity at Baker University.



October 22, 1958.

Dear Children:-

I suddenly find that I have overlooked something; and I regret it. It is just 40 years ago this year that I had my war experiences; and the point is, that I was at that time just your age, Glenn. It is always hard for us to visualize an older person as ever being our age; we think of them just as we have known them. But I have decided to recapitulate my experiences up to this date; and then take them from time to time from here on.

I was drafted April 26th; just about the time you and I were in Albert Lea, Glenn. But the day before I was to report I came down with the mumps. I had been running around trying to sell my paper at Waverly (unsuccessful) and was feverish; and the next morning called the Doctor and he found it mumps. I had the usual glandular swellings; as a matter of fact my testicles were very tender and sore for 2 years afterward. But I finally reported at Camp Funston about May 16th, on Thursday. Saturday I got my uniform and the following Sunday week I was on a train, with my outfit, bound for Camp Mills N.Y. The following Sunday, June 4th, we sailed in convoy on the Phyrus, 1500 ton, for England. Some seasickness on the way. Landed at Liverpool; we came up in the evening and then at night when the tide was in we came on into the dock. From there to Winchester, near London; and they took all the non-coms on a trip to see the town; leaving us privates at home. The perogitives of army rank irritated me excessively. In a week we sailed from Southhampton across to LaHarve. I still remember my first sight of France; and marching up the cobblestone streets with the French people watching us, and occasionally cheering. We took a train to eastern part of France, to Rimcourt; small town near Chaumont which was American GHQ. I trained there and at Manois nereby, and went to the Y at Andelot, run by a couple of charming old ladies. On Aug 8 went in trucks to the lines, passing through Domremy (Joan d'Arc's town) in Toul sector. Over the top Sept 12 at St Mehiel; then to base hospital at Vittell, then immediately to St Denis, town just at north-east corner of Paris. By this time in October I was up and around, with a cane, looking for adventure. About this time some of the boys had been out & got drunk and so there was the typical army response; we were all restricted and only a few leaves granted and that for but short time. You was supposed to work to get a pass; and so I would stand out with my cane in my right hand and a rake in my left and dawdle around in the morning and thus get a pass. But was only eligible once a week or so; but fortunately a marine seargent, friend of mine, stole a bunch of blank passes and gave me a supply. So I was very happy, and every noon as soon as the gates were opened I would get my cane and saunter gaily down to the gate, and off I was for la ville illdminiere.



So fancy me, Glenn, at your age, 40 years ago today. I would wake up in the morning in this hospital; it was a long tent with 48 beds, 24 on each side and aisle down the middle. We had all been there long enough so were well along in our convalescence; and the boys were feeling good and peppy. First think would come in at one end a couple of french working girls, young girls around 19 or 20; they brought our breakfast and did some orderly work. What an uproar greeted their entrance! (I forgot to say that the tent had no floor; was just on the grass). The girls would come down the aisle; and all the boys would be hollering and shouting and grabbing at them; and they would squeal and holler back (they in French and the boys in English, neither understanding the other). but of course the girls had as good a time as the boys did. Then would come the morning visit of the Doctor in charge, with what the boys called the Vin Rouge wagon (they used the Carrol-Dakin solution so much then for infection, and it was red). Then I would clean up and get shaved and read until maybe lunch; then I was ready to go.

Out of the gate I could go by train, which cost 2 clackers (big English pennies, or 4c in our money) and which took me into the Gare du Nord; or I could catch the street car at half-a franc, (10c) which took me to the Place de l'Opera. Just down a little ways was a lady with a stand, on the Boulevard des Italiens who sold chocolate. I always had commissions from the boys who were still bedfast, so I stopped and bought some from her. It was rather poor chocolate, grainy; not creamy like our chocolate bars; but the boys liked it anyway. So I would wander around until it was time to go home. There were free meals provided by the Red Cross at the Gare du Nord for all personnel in uniform; maybe I would eat my lunch or dinner there. When I went out I usually had my pass read from noon to 6:00 p.m.; fearing to attract attention by going out every day with a long pass because they weren't supposed to issue too many; and after being once out it was a simple matter to doctor the 6 to a 10:00 p.m. (or 11, I have forgotten the exact time we had to be back. Anyway, this was my life, Glenn, 40 years ago today at your age. Now I have brought you up to date and I shall write you further adventures as they occurred.

I had bought a French dictionary and a French grammar and I made good progress in French. My Latin was splendid background. Soon I could read their newspapers with facility. As a blesse (wounded) I was always treated with courtesy and kindness by everybody. Really, it was the most wonderful, care-free period of my Life (so Mamma says)!

Darrell Roach going to build a hardware at Salina; owes \$50,000 on his 21st St here, will borrow another \$50 making \$100M and give mtg on both shores.

Hear the man on 21st St to whom I loaned Grandpa's money has sold house & is going to pay me off. O.K. I make \$600 interest & I can easily find another loan.

Affectionately,



Forty Years Ago

(I started this series on an impulse; but you have all evinced such kind interest in it that I have continued it. I aimed it chiefly at Glenn, because he is now just the age I was when I had these experiences. I wanted to do two things; I wanted you to know your father as he was when he was about your age; and I also wanted to give you a glimpse into an interesting time. As I remember it, I started the series shortly after I had arrived at the hospital at St. Denis (San Denec). I want to back up with this episode. The St Mehiel drive was on September 12th; I think that it was either Tuesday or Wednesday, probably the latter. Anyway, after I was wounded I went through the usual routine; First Aid; Field Dressing Station, then to the Field Hospital at Mannonville -- the boys called it Manureville---. I am a little vague, but anyway Friday night I was on a Red Cross train. The following was Saturday morning.)

We arrived this morning at Vitell. It is a spa, or resort town; chiefly famous because it was here that King Emanuel of Portugal met Gaby des Lys and lost his heart, or head, and also his crown. We were loaded on an ambulance and taken to the hospital. I think that it was a former hotel. I was taken, with many others, to a large, airy room on the second floor. We still had on our uniforms. Here the nurses were working on us. I remembered the recruiting posters; with the pictures of the nurse holding up the wounded soldier with a bandage around his head, and giving him a drink of water. Well, nursing is not like that. It is a lot of just plain drudgery. The first job these nurses had to do was to take off our dirty uniforms and bathe us. I was in pretty good shape; but many were not. Also I had no cooties (lice); but lots of the boys did. It was not their fault. Often you hiked all night (all advances to the front were made after dark) and when you got to your destination, you were assigned a billet and there you laid down to sleep, without any lights; often they were full of cooties. The stock G I joke was of finding an extra big cootie that had a wound stripe and 3 service stripes on; a veteran of the "apoleantic wars. Well, the nurse bathed me and took off my clothes and got me in hospital garb. Then she sang out "Here's another one, Ferguson". Well by and by Ferguson came; he was a young red cheeked soldier, who had presumably been a barber in civilian life. He had a straight-edge razor and it was his job to shave the area around the wound. I had of course kept my few belongings, including my razor; and after he finished, I shaved myself. I asked about breakfast; but they said No, because I must shortly go to surgery. I was very anxious about my leg; and wondered if it would be stiff. About 9 o'clock they came in and put me on a stretcher and carried me down to the first floor, in a sort of a hall; just outside of the room where evidently the doctors were operating on the wounds. Time passed. They kept bringing down other patients; and they kept by-passing me and taking those more seriously hurt. It got noon and I was terribly hungry. I kept hoping that pretty soon I could go in so I could get it over with and get something to eat -- or at least not feel so much like eating. The afternoon dragged on; more patients coming down all the time; and after glancing at my ticket they took the more urgent cases. It got to be about 5 o'clock. A nurse came out. "Listen", I said, "I don't mind being shot at; but I hate to be starved to death"! She laughed; she had a box of chocolates in her hand; she reached in and pulled out one and popped it in my mouth. I never tasted anything in my life that compared with that chocolate!



--- Page 2

It was 9:00 o'clock that night when they finally picked up my litter and carried me in. I was placed on the table. The Doctor examined my leg. "Will it be all right, Doc?" I asked, anxiously. "Oh, I think so", he said reassuredly. He gave some swift orders. They had me breath the anesthetic . . . things swirled . . . I floated off into space . . . I heard . . the faint . . . tones . . of a bugle . . It got louder . . I could hear the notes . . They were playing Taps ! . . Somebody is dead! . . Is it Me? . . I struggled to consciomousness. I heard loud and clear the last theme of the call ! I woke up ! I was in an upstairs room, in a bed; another patient in the room. My leg was throbbing. It was ten o'clock p.m. and the bugler was blowing Lights Out!



at Kansas (do not confuse with Texas). But they inaugurated a system of scribbles (called) of starting to pay everybody in the hospital 45 francs and charging it to their account and straightening it out later; because there was so much confusion at first. So I had that wildcat and was quite happy.

(Next issue -- Yall)

October 23, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Forty Years Ago --- continued.

A word about my finances. The pay of a private soldier in WW I was \$30.00 per month; and this was increased 10% to \$33.00 for overseas duty; so I drew \$33 pper mo after June 4th 1918. From this was deducted about \$6.50 in payment of Life Insurance. Now least this seems small, remember that you had need of little; the army furnished everything including razors & blades; about all you needed was 2 francs occasionally for haircuts. (I resolved that the next war I was in I would learn the barber trade before I started; they sure made a killing). Before I left I had bought a draft for \$50.00 from the bank at Waverly. It was drawn on the Southwest National Bank of Commerce of Kansas City, predecessor of the present Commerce Trust Company. I took this along for emergency. Also Grandpa had given me 3 blank checks on the Bank of Idaho and told me to write a check on them if I needed money. So I had the draft and no doubt a few dollars, \$10 or maybe \$20 when I enlisted.

I was frugal; I didn't smoke or gamble and I refused to loan money to the boys; it was just wasted in gambling; if a man was up against it and hit me for a loan, I offered to give him 2 francs or 5 francs and told him to forget it; this was more profitable than loaning him 20 or 50 and having him never pay it back; besides he wouldn't ask me again in the future. So I accumulated some and didn't cash my draft. We were paid soon after we went into the line, in August. Then before the St Mehiel drive they called us together and said that if we had any money they would recommend that we turn it over to the Company Commander who would take it and put it in the bank for us and give us a receipt; when we wanted it we could draw it out at any time; that way if anything happened to us the money would not be lost. I thought that was a good idea; so I kept out a small amount, perhaps 20 or 40 francs and turned the rest in. I remember my receipt was for 720 franc and some centimes. I also turned in my draft. Now a franc was worth about 18 plus cents; I rather think the exchange rate was 5.20 to the dollar, but I forget. Anyway, you can make some calculations and see about how much I must have spent. So when I started my tour of Paris 40 years ago now, I had some money and my precious receipt for 720 franc.

The only trouble was the uncertainty of additional pay. They had to have your Service Record to pay you; and when you were separated from your outfit, your record was sent to Central Records Office



at Tours (do not confuse with Toul). But they inaugurated a system (because of criticism entailed) of starting to pay everybody in the hospital 45 franc and charging it to their account and straightening it out later; because there was so much confusion at Tours. So I had that windfall and was quite happy.

* * * *

(Next issue -- Mail ↗

Got some lime put on the yard yesterday. But he didn't finish; hope he does today. Going to Rotary as usual today. Next week Conant gone on vacation.

Everything seems to be going all right at Albert Lea. Now is the time we pay John off; and I guess they are going to be able to close up the deal without a hitch. I think we shall make some money up there this year. We are now \$16,000 ahead of the game and have 50,000 bu of potatoes to sell. But of course have expense of running the farm until April 30th when we close our books.

Johnny, sorry about the razor. Mamma sent the new one yesterday. Being the old one home Christmas and we will try again to get it fixed. Suppose the fellow just didn't notice the damage done.

Heard from Graydon last night. Says he feels good; better than he has for a long time; but says he tires easily. That is to be expected.

Affectionately,

Dad



October 29, 1958.

Dear Children:-

I talked with Mamma; and she said that she got a letter from Sylvia today. Evidently Sylvia had heard from Johnny, for she said that Mike's Doctor said he needed a rest, so he had gone to see Johnny! Well, Johnny, that won't mean much of a rest for you, I'm afraid; and that accounts for no letter from you for some time. As for you, Glenn, I have no doubt you have a sheet of paper around with various dates and some communications on it; Obey that impulse and mail it!

Political thinking in Kansas is that Docking will beat Reed by a slender margin and that all three amendments will carry. Of course I hope this thinking is wrong!

40 Years Ago --- Mail .

Of course we did not have air mail in World W I. It took on an average of from 5 to 6 weeks for a letter to be delivered from home. That meant that if you asked a question in a letter, it was about 3 months before you got a reply. The letter of course was addressed to you in care of your outfit (company, regiment & division).

But this service really got fouled up when you were separated from your outfit. Then your letters were delivered to your outfit, whereupon they were returned to CRO (Central Records Office) at Tours, and the job there was to find out where you were and send the letters to you. Of course your people could start writing to you at your new address; but obviously you had to stay there about 3 months before you could hear from them.

I had had my last letters the fore part of September; so now it was about 6 weeks since I had heard from home. I wrote regularly and so they knew where I was; and probably had already written me letters at my new address at the hospital; but so far I had heard nothing from them. The weather continued nice; and each day I sauntered out; and I stopped and bought some chocolate from the lady at the little stand in Paris; and usually I stopped before I came in and bought a loaf of that big long bread; sometimes I bought it first and brought it right back in to the boys and then went out again; the loaves were shaped like Vienna rolls except they were about 2 1/2 inches long; and when they were nice and warm, they were very good. I had bought a fine french dictionary at Brettanno's; and my reading was improving all the time; and I started to read "Eugene Grandet" by Balzac. Every day my reading was improving. And I was learning to ride on the Metro (that is the sub-way) It was very easy to find one's way around in. Except for longing to hear from home, I was entirely happy.

Affectionately,

dad



October 31 1958.

Dear Children:-

Very busy morning; climaxed by some fellow in a family quarrel and wanted transcrip of account closed in 1948. But have a breathing spell and want to get caught up on my letters.

Forty Years Ago.

The war news was very good. The St. Mehiel drive was 12 September; on the 26th the Argonne started. Our outfit was brought over & started about 10th October (of course I wasn't with them then). The English on the right were advancing on the Cambrai flank; the French were pushing up in the center and the Americans on the left were driving for Mezieres, a railroad center. It was obvious that fini la guerre pour moi. The war would be over before ever I got back. Sure, I was glad. I always knew I would get hit; I couldn't go on taking the chances that I did and not get it sooner or later; the thing I always dreaded was to get hit around the face and loose my eyesight. I was much relieved when I got it in the leg. And now I was sure I was through this scrape alive.

Most of the boys in my tent were hurt in the St. Mehiel drive. Next to me was a lad bad hurt in the hip with shrapnel. It was healing well, though, and he was much encouraged; just about now they took some more X-rays and found more trouble, some pieces still in; and they had to cut him all open to take them out and he had to start all over again. The other side of him was a colored boy. He too had been hit with shrapnel. Colored people are natural mimics; he would put on an imitation of a shell coming that was a scream. First a "Boom" as the cannon exploded in the distance, then the whine of the shell "zzzzzzzzzzZZZZZZ BAAM!" as she landed and broke. When he put on a barage, it was realistic. Another colored boy had a painful wound. The minute the Doctor & the dressing table would enter the far end of the tent, he would start to pray "Oh, Lord, don't let it hurt so much! Oh, kind Jesus, make it not hurt this time!" He had a logical philosophy. "Most boys cuss and swear when it hurts", he said. "That don't do no good. I just prays that it will be easier". One of my companions on my trips to town was a boy we called "Grandma". He was a good natured, buck-toothed lad. He had been shot through the stomach with a machine gun. He could walk around all right (by this time) but he had to stoop over; hence the nickname. The boys thought he looked like "Grandma". Also, he couldn't button his blouse. Of course, a soldier was supposed to have all his buttons buttoned at all time.

Glenn, we got your little note. Glad to know you are making life a little easier on the neighbors as far as the piano is concerned. Glad you liked the candy, Sylvia. I bought it at the Kappa Sig house at homecoming. John isn't here today; I shall ask him where he got it. You had a wonderful



*Just got word
from Aunt Lee died
is closed*

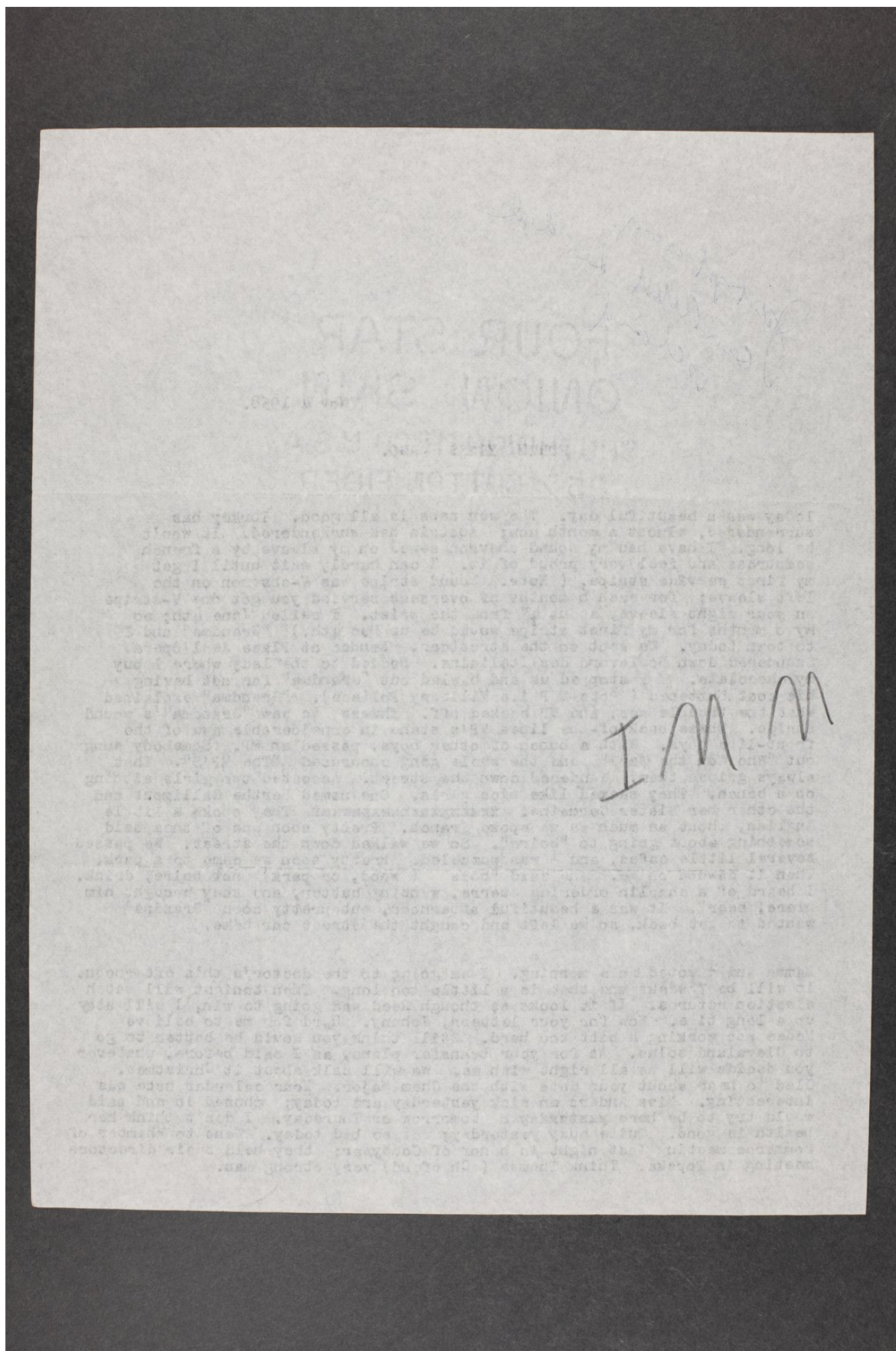
Nov 4 1958.

FORTY YEARS AGO.

Today was a beautiful day. The war news is all good. Turkey has surrendered, almost a month now; Austria has surrendered. It won't be long. I have had my wound chevron sewed on my sleeve by a french sempstress and feel very proud of it. I can hardly wait until I get my first service stripe. (Note. Wound stripe was V-chevron on the left sleeve; for each 6 months of overseas service you got one V-stripe on your right sleeve, about 4" from the wrist. I sailed June 4th; so my 6 months for my first stripe would be up Dec 4th.) "Grandma" and I to town today. We went on the streetcar. Landed at Place de l'Opera. Sauntered down Boulevard des Italiens. Nodded to the lady where I buy my chocolate. M P stopped us and bawled out "Grandma" for not having his coat buttoned (Note M P i.e Military Police). "Grandma" explained what the trouble was, and MP backed off. ~~Thxxxx~~ He saw "Grandma"'s wound stripe. These back-of-the lines MP's stand in considerable awe of the front-line boys. With a bunch of other boys, passed an MP. Somebody sung out "Who Won the War?" and the whole gang chourused "The MP's". That always gripes them. Wandered down the street. Accosted two girls sitting on a bench. They seemed like nice girls. One named Berthe Gallimont and the other her Sister Germaine. ~~xxxxxx~~ They spoke a little English, about as much as we spoke French. Pretty soon one of them said something about going to "boire". So we walked down the street. We passed several little cafes, and I was puzzled. Pretty soon we came to a park. Then it dawned on me. She said "bois" (wood, or park) not boire, drink. I heard of a chaplin ordering buerre, wanting butter, and they brought him biere, beer". It was a beautiful afternoon, but pretty soon "Grandpa" wanted to get back, so we left and caught the street car home.

* * *
Mamma and I voted this morning. I am going to the doctor's this afternoon, it will be 7 weeks and that is a little too long. Then tonight will watch election returns. If it looks as though Reed was going to win, I will stay up a long time. Now for your letters, Johnny. Hard for me to believe McKee was working a bitt too hard. Still think you would be better to go to Cleveland solus. As for your transfer plans, as I said before, whatever you decide will be all right with me. We will talk about it Christmas. Glad to hear about your date with the Chem Major. Your calendar note was interesting. Miss Anders on sick yesterday and today; phoned in and said would try to be here ~~xxxxxx~~ tomorrow or Thursday. I don't think her health is good. Quite busy yesterday; not so bad today. Went to Chamber of Commerce meeting last night in honor of Goodyear; they held their directors meeting in Topeka. Think Thomas (Ch of Bd) very strong man.

And





November 6, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Forty Years Ago.

Beautiful day today. To ~~Kansas~~ town as usual. I waved at my chocolate lady. Wandered around and strolled along, window shopping, enjoying myself thoroughly. My money is beginning to get short. I must see about cashing in my 720 franc. As I went home I stopped and bought my paper at the usual place. I buy it from an old lady right there at the Metro. I suppose one could say "hag", for she is most unprepossessing looking and her teeth are all gone and she is poorly dressed. She sells ~~the~~ L'Intransigent, which is Clemenceau's paper. She holds it there and hollers "L'intra" "L'intra". I noticed a most interesting article. It was headlined "Le Femme In Duil Te Remercient". "The women in ~~mourning~~ mourning thank you". It was a note of thanks to Clemenceau by the widows and mothers of soldiers lost in the war, thanking Clemenceau for pushing the war to a successful conclusion. & I Clipped it out. (Note. I think I still have that clipping in my memoirs collection). The war is coming fine; there are rumours of peace; it will not be long; "fini la Guerre pour moi". and I am not sorry. Home to hospital and to bed!..

* * * * *

Yesterday they brought my record player back. I played it until 11:30 last night (except for time when we had company). It sounded as good to me as it did when I first got it. I think it is a magnificent player. Played first record of T. Istran. After company left played 2 records of Travista. Woundedful. We had Josephine and Hazel for dinner. Hazel is rebuilding her front porch.

Unfortunately, I did not meet too many French people; that is to live with them. What I should have done was to have lived with a French family for 2 or 3 months; but I never had an opportunity. We are going to Knife & Fork tonight. Well, Johnny, your letter most interesting. I hope you get your job at Madison this summer. We came through Madison on our trip; drove across Minnesota to La Crosse and then south through Madison to Chicago. But we didn't get to see the college. We shall, of course, miss you; and would like to have you home this summer; but know how much you would enjoy that job. Hope that it all works out. Andy not here today either. Just as well take a week while she is at it; I'll count it as part of her vacation. Affectionately,

Dad



November 7, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Forty Years Ago

Woke up this morning. Another beautiful morning. I shaved. I have shaved every morning except the morning of Sept 12th, the day of the drive (I was in the trenches all night before we went "over the top".) I set my brush upside-down on my table by my bed, to dry. The French girls came through serving breakfast and the skinny one knocked my brush off. "O-o--o-o", she said "Tömbe ! Tömbe !" After breakfast got up and walked around; all sorts of rumors of an Armistice. They say it is signed. I hear celebration noises in the distance, outside the hospital grounds. As soon as it came noon, I went out. False alarm. Hear U.P. made a mistake. Anyway, it will come soon. (Note. All over the world, the False Armistice was celebrated). I am getting low on money, little less than 30 franc. I must do something soon to get that 720 franc. No mail again today. It has now been two months. Of course, I was almost a week getting here; matter of fact got here on Tuesday night and that night Paris was bombed. That was for the last time for this war. But I ought to be getting some mail pretty soon; they have almost had time to write me at this address.

* * * *

Guess you are all right with your car, Glenn. I think Johnny still plans on coming to see you Thanksgiving, with or without Mike. Ann Frank, the play was not so bad; probably not so grewsome as the book. I am afraid whether your absentee ballot got here on time or not is a matter of little moment, Glenn.

Well, Sylvia, 18 years ago today a sweet little baby came to our house. She has given us a great deal of pleasure, and we love her very tenderly. I think that Mamma is planning on calling you tonight. We are going out to TCC, but she will call after we get home. Anyway, all good wishes for your birthday.

Well, will call this a day for today. Always glad to get all your letters.

Affectionately,



November 11 1958

Forty Years Ago.

Well, the news this morning is all of the Armistice. The war is to end at Eleven o'clock this morning. I guess there's no mistake this time. Already I hear the noise of celebrating. I up and had breakfast shaved and put in the time as best I could until noon. I had one of my phony passes all fixed up and the minute the gates were open, out I went. Decided to take the train to Paris. Landed at Gare St Denis, and ate lunch at the Croix Rouge room. Then I started up the Rue St Denis. The Rue St. Denis runs a little ways, makes a bend and then they call it the Rue Poissonnaire (Fish Street) and then that takes a bend and they call it the Boulevard des Italiens and that runs right up to the Place de l'Opera. So I started up the Rue St Denis. There was a big crowd; all out in the streets. I saw one bunch pushing around a small cannon in the streets, some men and women riding on the cannon. Everywhere there was tumult. I kept pushing up the street to the Rue Poissonnaire; enjoying myself hugely, just watching the crowd. It kept getting thicker and thicker. Everybody shouting and yelling. All the stores were closed (for protection, I suppose) and many of them had pulled wooden shutters down over their plate glass windows, to protect the windows, I suppose. I pushed on up the Boulevard des Italiens. The crowd got thicker and thicker; as I got near the Place de l'Opera the street was jammed full. The crowd got so thick you couldn't move.

I was just standing still, enjoying the tumult and like everybody else tickled to death that "la guerre est fini". I couldn't move. Right ahead of me was a rather pretty Mamzelle. I was squeezing her pretty tight. She didn't seem to mind much. Suddenly I heard a cry over on my right side (toward the stores.) I looked around. I saw two women, one of whom was rather short. Apparently the short one had got down where she couldn't get much air and the crowd had squeezed her until she had fainted. This could have been serious. If she ever fell down, she might get trampled to death. I shoved over and grabbed her. I picked her up and threw her on my shoulder. I pushed toward the inside, that is toward the stores and the crowd eased a little around there to help me. The tall woman was coming too. I looked up just then and who should I see looking out the store window but my Chocolate lady! She was inside the locked store; watching the celebration through the window. She saw what the trouble was, and as I reached the door she unlocked it and let me and the woman I was carrying and the other one in; then shoved the door shut and locked it.

I sat the lady down, and there was a great bustling around and somebody fetched the inevitable french First Aid remedy, a bottle of wine; and poured a glass for the short lady. That brought her to. They poured a glass for me and I drank it so I wouldn't have to be brought to. My two ladies were sisters. The tall one, the younger, was maybe 30 or 35. Her name was Suzanne Roizot. (I still have her card). She had been in America and spoke English quite well. The short one, her sister, was older; her English was about on a par with my French.

Well, by the time the bottle was consumed, we were all quite recovered. The question was, what to do? It seemed most foolish to attempt to venture out again into that crowd. So the Chocolate lady took us to rear of the store, and then down into the cellar. It was well lightened, and all white-washed. It was rather subterranean galleries than a cellar. She gave us directions as to how to go. It all seemed quite romantic to me; my mind was full of adventures and tales of the French Revolution.



Nov 11 1958 --- 40 years Ago -- Page 2

I thought it all quite thrilling.

Well, we followed the gallery along for a ways, and finally we came up to the surface. We were on a side street, 4 or 5 blocks away from the crowd, and there were very few people around. So our troubles were over.

Mme Suzanne professed great gratitude. She insisted that I come and take dinner with her the following night. Well, as you know, Glenn, at 23 you have a perenniel appetite. So I told her that I would. I arranged to meet her the next night a sieze heurs (6 o'clock) at the Church of the Madelaine. From there we could go to dinner.

~~ixxxxxxxxx~~ We parted; and I wandered around for awhile, but I did not go back again where the crowd was so thick. It gets dark early here at this time of year; and so after a while I went back to the Croix Rouge and ate dinner. Then I caught the train back to St. Denis. I wandered up the cobblestone streets toward the hospital. The gaiety of the afternoon had degenerated to a bacchanalle. . . . The sights were disgusting revolting I was tired from the exertions and excitement of the day I arrived at the hospital gates; turned in my phony pass, and went wearily to bed. I had celebrated the First Armistice Day in Paris.



November 12, 1958.

Forty Years Ago

Up, breakfast and shaved as usual. Read awhile this morning. We have a fair assortment of books which have been sent here. As soon as it came noon, fixed up one of my phony passes and with my cane on my way to Paris. I am a little worried. I am sure that Suzanne intends to pay for the dinner tonight; hope so at any rate; I have only about 20 franc; one 20 franc bill and a little change. Oh, well, "San fairy ann" (~~Et~~ C'est ne faire rein) "It makes nothing, it makes no difference") So to town and window shopped and sat on the bench near a park and enjoyed myself. It was entirely ~~i~~ dark ("Il fait sombre") when I finally went to the Madeleine church. Suzanne was there promptly. She took me to a restaurant nearby, upstairs. It was a nice place. The waiters buzzed around. She ordered the dinner. I noticed a couple at a table nearby that interested me. He was a young officier in the French army. His companion was a young girl, rather thin. She seemed famished; as though this were the first real meal that she had had in a long time. She would eat almost greedily for a while, then she would stop and put her arms around the officer's neck and kiss him; then back to her eating, repeating this procedure several times. It was most curious. I enjoyed visiting with Suzanne. She had spent some time in les Etats Unis and spoke English very well. She said that there was one thing she longed for, Keske Ce? "Corn on the Cob!" You see, France is so far North that they cannot grow good corn, with the real flavor. Few people realize that the northern boundry of Kansas runs through Madrid Spain and Rome Italy. That gives you an idea how far North Europe is.

It was a grand feast; and I enjoyed it very much. Finally came the dessert. I still remember it. It was ~~apixax~~ Peaches with Champagne poured over them. Tasted wonderful. Finally came in the garcon (waiter) with the bill. I glanced at it. It was for 55 franc. Bravely I reached for it. "Mais, non", said Suzanne, and she picked it up. With the tip I expect it cost her near 70 franc. Boy, she never knew what a bluffer I was; me with my 20 franc bill. I must tomorrow get some money from my bank account.

It was near huit heur (8:00 o'clock) when we finished the meal. It was quite dark. We visited a bit; and then I decided I had better get back to the hospital; I certainly didn't want to be late. I was getting along so nicely with my phony passes.

I had her goodbye. I never saw her again

So home to the hospital, turned in my phony pass and to bed. Another day, another adventure.

Still no mail from home. Two months now. I am most anxious to hear. Maybe tomorrow some will come. Maybe tomorrow I will get paid and have some money. . . . Maybe



November 13 1958.

Forty Years Ago

When I was in College, I did not smoke. But after I went to Waverly, running the newspaper, I affected cigars. There was something about cigar smoking, especially if it were a 10c cigar, that gave one an aura of affluence and success that I coveted. I did not smoke in the army because they offered nothing but cigarettes. But this morning in the hospital they came through with cigars. It was a Chancellor, a 10c cigar made by Niles & Moser of Kansas City. I knew the brand. I was glad to get the cigar, and I smoked it. When noon came, I got "Grandma" and fixed up a phone pass for him and one for myself, and off we went to town. I was determined to solve my financial problems. I stopped in at a bank, on a street just off the Boulevard des Italiens. It was Cox & Cie. I talked with a M. Savage. I showed him my receipt and told him that I wanted to transfer my balance from the bank at Neuchatel to his bank there at Paris. He had me sign and order, and said that he would send a for it right away; he suggested that I stop back in 3 days as he thought he would have an answer by that time.

In the meanwhile, I learned from the papers that my old outfit the 89th division, through with the Argonne fighting, was now part of the 3rd Army and on its way into Germany to Coblenz.

We walked around a lot; ate dinner at the Croix Rouge, and got back home rather late. My leg was doing all right, but I was tired. I turned in my phony pass and went wearily to bed, sleeping the sleep of the innocent.



November 14, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Very warm today; cloudy; may rain; has been pretty dry. Have been busy as usual. Kansas coming fine. I can see now that Jesse is figuring on dividing up that \$21,000 CD as profit for this year. That would mean \$10,500 for me. Would come in next May. Well, that would give my cash account a welcome boost. Johnny, I bought your tobacco. Now if I can get somebody here to fix it up to mail to you.

Forty Years Ago

This is a Virginia outfit; that is this hospital unit was recruited from Virginia. I like the nurse that goes through here; she seems very nice. I would like to ask her for a date; but of course I can't do that. Nurses are not allowed to date with anybody but officers. These artificial army conventions infuriate me. I resent the implied humiliation to an enlisted man -- and so do many of the other boys. One of the orderlies is a happy, good-natured kid, always grinning. He goes through the tent, the boys are always calling for urinals, which are called ducks. Of course, they just say "Quack, "Quack"! The other orderly is a serious, rather solemn youngster somewhat effeminate; who wears glasses. He tells me how much he envies our wound stripe, and our service record. There are about 48 cots in this tent, in two rows. I am about in the center, on the south side. Next to me is Frank, the one shot in the hip with shrapnel. Across from me is one shot 3 times through the upper leg with machine gun. Machine gun wounds are clean; they either kill you or you get all right; shrapnel wounds are bad. There is one lad here, not in this tent, who was shot through the temple. from side to side; cut his optic nerves & he can't see, and can't hardly eat as can barely move his jaws. He has a tough go. Still no mail.

Going to TCC tonight. Made that Calderwood deal with Grandpa's money. Bought \$6,000 contract @ \$500 discount; 8%. Pays \$100 per mo.

Affectionately,

Dad



FORTY YEARS AGO

November 17, 1818.

Frank's wound is in his left hip. He has to lie all the time facing me, for he cannot turn over. At first I had to lie most of the time on my right side, so I could keep my leg flat. But no longer. No mail today. My money is about gone, but I am off to town as soon as the gates open with some of the boys for today I shall go to the bank, Cox & Cie and draw some of my transferred funds. I go on the street car today. I walked into the bank and went to Mr Savage's desk. He looked up and recognized me. "Well", he said, "I'm afraid I have bad news for you." He showed me a letter from the Bank at Neuchatel. They wrote that it was true that they had a deposit made about the date of my receipt; but the entire amount was deposited in the name of "L" Company, 353rd Division; they had no record there as to whom the money belonged individually; and I would have to withdraw it through my company, where the records were. This was a pretty kettle of fish. Here I was, an opportunity to see one of the great towns of the world; and cramped for a paltry amount of money. I was determined to get some money, if I had to cable home for it. But I would try him first. "Would you cash a check for me?" I asked. He hesitated, and then parried with, "Have you a blank check?" "Sure", I answered, and pulled out my pocketbook and produced 3 blank checks of the Bank of Idaho. My father had given them to me before I left and told me to use them if I needed any money; he knew Vic Rankin would pay it. "How much do you want?" "Well", I said, "I think \$75.00 would do it". I figured that my outfit was now in the march into Germany with the 3rd army; but after they got located I could write them and get an answer back; though that would probably take 2 or 3 months. "Well, all right", he said. I proceeded to fill the check out; he initialed it and I went to the window and cashed it. (Note -- you will still find that check among my memoirs.) As I turned away, I heard him arguing with a Major. The Major wanted to cash a check, and he was turning him down. In the words of the psalmist, "My cup of Joy runneth over!" That ~~caxxx~~ really tickled me. Why did he do it? well, I don't know; but I guess the fact that he knew that I really had money in the Neuchatel bank; and the fact that I had treasured those blank checks sold him. I thanked him and he asked me to do him a favor. He asked me to go to the American commissary and buy him some strawberry jam. (Sugar was very scarce in France during the war). I went over and bought the jam; it was ~~xxx~~ sold very cheap to American soldiers, and then took it back to Mr M. Savage. I was highly pleased with myself as I walked out. Now I had all the funds I needed to tide me over. My leg was much better, and I could devote myself to seeing the sights of the town, because I could get around well now. My heart was gay and light as I hobbled up the cobblestones to the hospital that night.



FORTY YEARS AGO

November 18, 1918

The "comfort stations" of the French highly amuse and to an extent shock the boys. They are for men only. They are circular, and about 5 or 6 feet in diameter. Privacy is afforded by a sheath of iron around them, extended from about the knees of a man to his waist; the entrance is from the street side, for they are right on the sidewalk at the outside. One will note a "frog" and his girl-friend sauntering down the street; they will come to one of these places, the man will excuse himself dash around to the entrance, then come around on the inside where he is standing some 2 or 3 feet from his lady and proceed to urinate ~~while~~ scarcely missing out a word on the conversation he was having with her. I suppose we Americans are somewhat prudish; but perhaps the "frogs" go to the other extreme. They certainly take bodily functions in a most casual fashion.

No mail today. I am getting restless. I think I should try to get back to my outfit as soon as possible; then I know I would begin to get some mail. To town this afternoon, and had a date with Berthe. She works at some sort of a pencil or pen factory. I met her about 5:30 at the Rue St Fiacre. Il fait sombre early at this time of year; and it was drizzling rain and of course the street lights were on. We went to some little restaurant upstairs. The meal was trois francs ~~sankant~~ (3 francs, cinquante centimes -- that is 50 centimes; there are 100 in a franc, so the price was roughly 65 or 70c) and that was Vin compris. (Note -- I think I still have a card from that restaurant). We enjoyed the meal. I should do this often; if I would, I would soon improve my French. I can read it all right, but I don't speak it so well yet. I did not take her home after dinner because I was afraid that would make me late getting back to St Denis. So I left rather early I never saw her again . . . I did have some letters from her later after I left Paris, and some after I came back to the States . . . I think that she was a nice girl .



November 19, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Maybe won't go to Albert Lea after all. Just got word from Dwight that maybe he wouldn't be in town then; so no use of me going as I wanted to see and talk with him. Don't know whether he's spoofing me or not; maybe still sore at me account our Taylor deal; anyway I wrote him I would come up some Saturday when it was convenient with him so will see what I hear tomorrow or Friday. Have all arrangements to go made; but of course can cancel; anyway this way I miss 3 days from bank, if I go up Saturday don't miss any.

Well, Mamma & Sylvia should now (1:45) be at the concert hall to hear Cliburne; starts at 2:00. Mamma had a party on, but she got it started & had Grace Hobbs & Mrs. Carmean in to help out and she just left & caught the buss at 10:30; that red carpet bus, for KO. Sylvia due in at 12:50 p.m. They have Mrs. Adams holding their seats for them, or trying to. Mamma expects to be back about midnight tonight.

Forty Years Ago

To town today, and on Metro to Eiffel tower. I can get around on the Metro easily; there is a big map right out in front and you can easily figure out your trip. Conductors all women. We rode up in an elevator that looked more like a small box car. Was very interesting sight from the upper platform. I am getting so I can find my way around all over town without much trouble.

* * * * *

I have been doing some figuring about my USSteel. If I should sell out now, would get \$198,000. Would have to pay \$23,000 taxes. That would leave me \$175,000 which I could put in Govt's @ 3 1/2% and get about \$3,000 income ~~now~~ per yr as opposed to \$3600 I get off USSteel. But if Steel goes back to 70 (from 90 now) I could buy back. Of course wouldn't accomplish much that way except to have it on my books at a higher price. If I never sell, that doesn't amount to anything. I think that it is too high; I think it could easily go to 70. But it would have to go lower than that to make me any real money. BUT I THINK PRESENT MARKET AS A WHOLE IS TOO HIGH. I think Telephone is too high at 200. Unfortunately, I am a better buyer than a seller; so suppose I shall do nothing. Johnay, read the enclosed & mail to Glenn. I think it's probably right. Last night to birthday surprise party at Seltsams for Irene Flanagan; just us & Roaches & Flanagans there. Don't know where I shall eat supper tonight.

Affectionately,

Dad



November 20, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Well, mother got back about 12:30 a.m. this morning; and said that she and Sylvia had a wonderful time; both very much impressed with Clyburn. I guess they had a fine time; they ate at the Italian Gardens & Sylvia had a big steak; and it was more than she could eat so she took the balance home in a sandwich with her. That will keep her from starvation for a while. Sylvia, you might write Mr. Earl Bauer, Vice-President, Commerce Trust Company, Kansas City Mo., and thank him for the tickets; for he is the one that got them for you.

Johnny, your note of the 17th at hand. Glad you got the tobacco; there is a good place in KC to buy smoking tobacco; if I go down there will get a brand for you to try. They specialize in fancy brands. Are you still going to visit Glenn Thanksgiving? Looks as though you will have plenty of Math & Physics by the time you get through.

Forty Years Ago

Today to town by street car, arriving at Place de l'Opera; thence by Metro to Louvre. This is the first time I ever went to a museum. I spent most of the afternoon there. I was much interested. I didn't care much for the pictures, perhaps I didn't understand them; but I admired the statuary very much. I learned some of the differences between Greek and Roman statuary. Saw Venus de Milo; world's greatest masterpiece; and the Victory of Samothrace, considered 2nd greatest. I got a lot of pictures of them and mailed them all home. It was a very eventful afternoon. I have almost decided to try to leave here as soon as possible; I want to get back to my old outfit where I can see somebody I know and get some mail. I do not have to have a cane much any more and think I would be all right. Stopped and bought a newspaper from the lady, and so back to the hospital.

* * * * *

I am writing this letter late. It is now 4 o'clock. I think that I shall leave tomorrow night for Albert Lea; Mamma won't go; I'll go up on train Friday night, be there Saturday and then back probably Saturday night be home Sunday morning. Rather hard trip, but I want to get it over with. Mamma says she is afraid to stay alone all night. Week after Helen will be here. But I want to go to get it over with.

Affectionately,

Dad



Answering yours of the 25th. Glenn hasn't written us lately. Glad to hear of progress on V dG. Mamma saw Mr. McKee at Church yesterday and told him all about you & Mike. Thought your program seemed interesting.

December 1, 1958.

Dear Children:-

I hope you listened to Bernstein yesterday. I thought it was very fine. It was the best explanation of the 9th symphony I had ever heard. As to the broadcast of the last movement, I did not think it was as good as I have on my 78's; which by the way is very fine. But I think there are great technical difficulties in that broadcast; you have to catch the orchestra, the soloists and also the choir. But all in all, it was to me a memorable hour. We had 2 more hours of Bernstein yesterday, hearing Rosiland Russell in Wonderful Town at 8. Bernstein wrote the music. Your aunt Helen left Saturday about noon for Ness.

Well, the mail this morning; and nothing more from Dwight; neither a word of explanation or a check for that one car of whites. Naturally, it confirms me in my suspicions. I have made my mind up to lay low and await developments.

Forty Years Ago.

I have made up my mind to leave here. It is now 3 months practically since I have had any mail; or since I have seen anybody I ever heard of before; so I am determined to go back to my old outfit. I find the procedure is quite simple; just line up in the morning and give them your name and then when they make up the detail, they will send you along. I have all my things together, and an overcoat, and all my little personal belongings in the little bag the Red Cross gave me for that purpose at the Vittell hospital. So I think that I am going to high-tail out of here toute de suite.

* * *

Well, we are now into the last month of the year. It will go mighty fast. Sylvia home the 18th. Glenn, when will you be home? (I hope we have a letter from you tonight when I get back -- seems like a long time since we have heard from you.) I got my deal fixed up with Earnie on that place on Davies. I hope it is o.k.; \$5,500 @ \$100 per month, including tax & insurance. Think I had better diet this week & go to Doctor's next; as may want to go to KC when Sylvia comes home, on Tuesday.

Affectionately,

Doc

John, send this clipping on to Glenn



December 3, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Well, this morning I get a check for \$943.88 for the balance of the white onions from Dwight. He also said there was some yellow onions we had not been paid for; said maybe the mail miscarried and we didn't get the invoices. I am simply making a copy of his letter and the invoice and forwarding it to the other Hanays. I hope that they take the hint. He said he would check up later and send us the other money.

Herewith ^{October} Citizens report. We didn't do so well last two months. I hope ~~September~~ is better. We certainly fell down. We had some rather large cancellations last month. But those things happen.

* * *

Forty Years Ago

Well, this morning I left the hospital. This was a soft life, but I want to get back to my outfit & get some mail. We rode in a truck down to Hotel St. Anne. I've heard about it. It is the M.P. Headquarters.* We stood out in front until about 1:30 before they fed us. Fellow came along and cussed the boys out that didn't have over-coats -- he thought they had sold them to the Frogs. Finally we formed a detail of about 15 men, in charge of a corporal, and they took us to the Gare de l'Est and we all got on a train and pulled out. When the train stopped, one or two of the boys just got off.** We were going East, of course.

* Hotel St Anne was MP Headquarters and there were lurid tales of hardships and cruelties practiced on the boys there. 60 days later there was a big scandal & some officers were cashiered for their part in abuses.

** Discipline was terrible after the war was over. The boys went AWOL all over France. They would crawl off a train and wander around; when they got picked up they just said that they were lost and couldn't understand the language. All the MP's could do was cuss them out and put them on a train and start them off again for their destination -- and again the boys would just get off the train and the process would be repeated.

Paul



December 4, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Glenn, you sometimes are a long time writing, but you write a mighty nice letter when it comes. Glad to get it, and hear about Johnny & Mike. Say, Glenn, I got to thinking; you could probably just write a letter to Macedonia St Hospital for that W-2 form; in fact I am enclosing a sample which you could date & use or revise as you liked. A letter is lots less work than driving over there. Also, Glenn, check that tan overcoat of mine that I gave you & see if it needs any repairs; if it does be sure to bring it home & we will get Maurice to repair it; sometimes the lining gets worn, or torn a little & needs sewing. I suppose you will be in probably on that morning Santa Fe train the 21st; let us know when you have your plans made. Well, you know already how these young people get you down, gadding around all night! As far as bring records home, it is not necessary if you want them. Keep them and I shall buy some more; glad for you to have them; I have just been trying to see what I have and what I have not. Hope you enjoyed Bernstein, interested to learn of your impressions of the last movement broadcasting was the same as mine.

Weather has been nice here, but clouding up this afternoon and we look for a snow. Enclosed find final chapter in Beidenthal deal. I sure felt glum this morning; As I read the article Gray Beidenthal's share in that family trust was \$1,200,000. He having only 1/5; that made the total \$6 Million; plus some other I know Willard has would make him worth probably \$8 Million. But Conant read the article and he interprets it differently; thinks the whole business was only worth \$1,200,000.00; and Gray had 1/5 of that. So that would hold Willard to maybe \$3 Million or so, which is about what I thought he had. I was mighty cheered up and have felt good all day since. I think Conant's interpretation is right. Johnny, forward the clippings enclosed to Glenn after you have read them.

Forty Years Ago.

We arrived at a place called Grange le Compte. Here is the First Army Replacement Battalion. The idea is to have all the soldiers from the hospitals come here; they are checked and sorted; those able to return to their outfits are fully equipped and sent out; those not able are sent some place else. The original deal of sending everybody direct to their outfits didn't work; here would come in 20 or 30 men some morning, without any equipment; maybe the outfit was in the battle lines and the supply sergeant wouldn't have equipment for them. Also maybe some would be sent not able for service. So that's why we go through this organization now. Has been raining quite a bit.

* * *
Mamma & I are counting the days. Just think, week after next. Mamma is doing Christmas decorating; the tree is to come out today. Love,
Pad



December 5, 1958.

Dear Children:-

Herewith copy of letter I got from Dwight, to which I referred in previous letters. This is only letter since I was up, 2 weeks ago. 2 points. His girl was there next day (2nd ^{year} I know because we got warehouse sales tickets in her handwriting) also he ordinarily sends copies of his letters to me to father, & 2 brothers. Apparently he sent no copy of this letter. I photographed it & sent it to them. Your comments will be interesting.

Johnny, glad to get your nice long letter. Didn't know you liked the Rubbyat. Your experience with V D G very interesting.

FORTY YEARS AGO

I got quite a jolt this morning. I went through the line; there was a fellow with a typewriter and he filled out a card, with my name, rank & outfit, civilian business etc. After I had gone through, a Sergeant came up to me. "I see you were and Editor in civilian life", he said, "Can you run a typewriter?" I told him I could. "Well", he said, "why don't you stay here with us? We need another typist?" "No", I said, "I want to go back to my old outfit. I've had no mail for 3 months now, and no pay, and that's the reason I left the hospital". "What is your outfit?" he asked. "89th Division" I said. "Well", he said, "You're out of luck there. They are part of 3rd Army going into Germany; and they're on the march now. We have orders to send no more men to 3rd Army. We're sending them all to Pioneer outfits. You think this over, better stay with us; maybe after the 89th gets settled you can get transferred". Well, I thought it over and I saw I didn't have much choice. I didn't want to go to any Pioneer outfit. All they do is make roads and do work. Anyway, maybe it would be too much for my leg, hiking 15 miles a day with a 70 pound pack on my back. So maybe I had better stay. I had gone back to my bunk; but after I decided, went back and looked the Sergeant up. I told him I would stay; and then get a transfer back to my Old Outfit after they got settled. He said O.K., and went off to arrange the transfer. So I am now attached to the First Army Replacement Battalion.

Note. I was destined never to see my Old Outfit again.

* * * *

We expected a big snow today; but it didn't come. I got Velmar out to run tar on my driveway cracks. That is one job I didn't get done last year. To Knife & Fork last night; fairly good. I want to go up & see the new Ford Galaxy; they say it is pretty nice. Frank Meek paid off \$5,000 of that mortgage to Grandpa; only owes him \$2,000 now. I'll have to find some more loans for Grandpa's account. Have \$10,000 cash on hand now. Have a total of \$50,000 in Cash & notes; got to get enough earnings off that to pay Hazel her \$2400 & you 3 your \$300; of course have income from farms in addition. Affectionately,

AS