

Leo Glenn Swogger Sr. Collection

Section 11, Pages 301 - 330

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

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December 9, 1958.

Dear ~~Glenn~~ Children:-

Glenn, I think I should tell you that the TCC party given by Columbian T & T Co will be attended mostly by older people; realtors, etc., people who have abstract work done, including lawyers. Mamma won't go and there won't be many women there. Let me know right away if you are interested. Well last night worked late; fellow in with usual problem; had two traffic deals, once arrested for reckless driving & insurance company had cancelled not only his auto insurance but also on his house. We took his house & HHGoods; took his application on car but doubt if company will take it. These boys have a rough time. Letter from Dwight this morning, with check on current deal but no check or accounting for those 1200 bags onions. Maybe he hasn't got money. Is a bad deal and I know Jesse is worried badly.

Forty Years Ago.

This is a good job. No retreat or reveille. All I do is to sit at a desk with a typewriter and as the row of boys come down I fill out the information ticket. We get in ~~many~~ maybe a hundred boys a day. But lots of time to loaf; and I am studying constantly on my French, with my French Grammar and dictionary. It is raining a lot every day. Glad I am not out in it. But this is certainly a loose outfit. Today I got my first service stripe on! Which means I have been over 6 months with AEF (American Expeditionary Forces). I am very proud of it. I am quite envious of those boys from the 1st & 2nd Division with already two stripes; but anyway I am no longer branded a newcomer. Also I've got my 89th Division insignia sewed on too. The 89th has a very fine record; we think much better than the 35th (also from Ks & Okla). 89th was in both St. Mehiel and Argonne drives; 35th only in Argonne & they had to pull them out of that, they say. Boys in this outfit from all divisions. I am just beginning to get acquainted with them.

* * *

Well, Sylvia, a week from today and you will be home. We shall be glad. We are counting the days as I hope you youngsters are, until the Christmas assembly. Tonight expect to watch Gift of Magi on TV. Do you know Berastain's song from Wonderful Town "Why-O-Why-O Why-O"? It is most tuneful, and you would like it. Has been quite cold; around 10 this am and only about 16 now. Was 33 below at Intl Falls; and very cold at Chidago.

Affectionately,

Leo



How and Why I Became A Businessman

My formative years were spent at Idana; and I grew up with the Meeks. The talk I heard was of the crops; how the "wheat made 25 bu" (which was very good) and the livestock, how "Mont did well on his cattle". I heard told and retold the various financial successes in these ventures. I knew what the various farmers were "worth", which were "well-heeled"; I knew my father was "worth" \$10,000; Uncle Scott \$10,000.00; and Uncle Mont most of all, \$25,000. Now I don't suppose the Meeks would have maintained that a mortgage on a farm was morally wrong; it was hardly a sin, or if it were, it ranked considerably above Adultery, or Fornication; nevertheless the difference was rather of degree than of kind -- thus my impression of their attitude. The Meek theory of economics was not complex; in fact it was amazingly simple. It was simply to work hard and get a dollar; and having got it, to exercise squatter's rights on it and fiercely to defend it against any and all comers. The general idea was to annex 90 cents of it, or as near that amount as possible. Now one nice thing about this system; it had no need for Imagination; or Daring, or Ingenuity.

Every individual seeks a gratification of his Ego. When he goes to the baseball game and hears the plaudits for the home-run, he wants to be a Base-ball player; there is no question but Military Medals play a pronounced part in inciting soldiers to acts of Bravery; even the Phi-Beta Kappa Key -- but no, let's not get into that. But you can see how I came to esteem financial success.

Now my father did not altogether fit into this scheme. My father was a Trader -- the Meeks never traded anything in their life. He would buy an old creamery building and move it to Idana and put it on a lot and rent it for a house (a most un-Meeklike procedure) and I think Grandpa Meek and Uncle Mont always regarded his ventures with considerable skepticism. They felt sure that sooner or later he would get into trouble -- which he did. Only the Banker, Harve Rankin, believed in him and encouraged him. (Maybe because he was the only one that would borrow and pay interest -- the Meeks never ~~would~~ would.) But he used to tell him, "Stanton", he would say, "You'll have more money than any of them someday". And Uncle Elmer too appreciated that there could be other ways of getting the job done than the Orthodox one. That is the reason that Grandpa always felt so kindly toward Frank.

Grandpa Swogger's weakness was that he was not analytical. I shall come back to that later.

Even in college, I think I always craved financial success. I can remember confiding in a young lady that I thought a great deal of that "some day I am going to have \$500,000." Now that represented a lofty goal in those days. But I got interested in the Baker Orange the college paper; and then went to K U where I got very interested in writing and English literature. I also was on the staff of the Daily Kansan. Like Horace, I craved someday to say "Exigi momentum aere perennius". It was that in mind that my English teacher encouraged me to go into Journalism. Not just a job on a big ~~paper~~ paper (as Hemingway did later on the K.C. Star): but to go get a small newspaper and run it. I am sure he had in mind the examples of Ed Howe and William Allan White. And I think if it had not been for the War, I would have probably stayed in Journalism. Whether I would have stayed in the editorial and writing end, or whether my submerged business instincts would have made me change to that department, I



shall not attempt to say. The War stopped that.

I fully intended to go again into the newspaper business after I got home from War. But everything was very high; there were labor troubles; I had no immediate pressure to support a family; I thought to wait a year and see if things didn't go down (which they did) thinking that I could thus make easily a good year's wages by buying cheaper. I did look at one or two plants, including one at Trenton Mo. In the meanwhile, I got restless with nothing to do; and got a job for the month of August, 1919, with the Oakland State Bank for nothing; then got one with the First National Bank of Nortonville at \$75.00 a month. I came back to Oakland in March, 1920 and have never since left the Banking business.

I spoke of Grandpa's weakness. Now one must have Imagination, and Daring, and Courage. But one must also be ruthlessly logical and analytical. That means that you have to think a problem through and come to your conclusion, however distasteful it may be. That was the trouble with Grandpa Swogger. He had his brilliant idea; then he twisted the facts (if he took the trouble to assemble them) to bolster his idea.

Let me give you two instances on my part. I knew stocks were cheap in 1932. I knew General Motors was a steal at \$7.50 per share (it has since split 6 for 1 and sells at \$50.). I knew Chrysler was cheap at \$5.00 and steel at around \$25. I could have slipped out a few hundred dollars and bought some. But I refused. I owed on my Bank stock. I was determined not to disappoint my creditor. I kept saying to myself, if I can just get this Bank through, it will make me all the money I shall ever need. I know this other stuff is dirt cheap; but times may get worse before they get better, and I must put every dollar on my debt. Of course, I could not foresee how soon and how great the recovery actually was.

The other instance. In 1943 I was in the clear. I had my Bank stock and home all paid for. My earnings were truly immense, with little income taxes then. I didn't owe a dollar. I wanted to buy a new home; and I was determined to have none but the best. Then came the chance to buy the home Martin's bought, just across back of us, from D.J. Hathaway, for \$17,000. There was never anything I wanted so much in my life. It represented my ideal of a home. It was all Brick; it had Steam Heat; it had a Tile Roof. It had cost \$50,000.00; I knew it would never sell for that price again in my life-time; and I doubted if ever I found another that suited me.

But I thought the thing through. By the time I got it furnished, it would cost me \$25,000. That was little enough if Times kept on as they were; soon I could pay that back. But suppose something happened? Suppose we had a Flood? My sole source of income was the Bank; I had nothing outside; if that were curtailed I would be saddled with a big expensive house. Reluctantly, I decided I was not ready. With infinite sadness, I passed the deal up. Instead, I borrowed \$25,000 and bought Commerce stock. I paid that debt out in 18 months; by that time the stock had practically doubled; thus I figure my present home cost me nothing but patience. And I am sure it is more lifable than the Martin home.

But the Good is always the Enemy of the Best. Had I not been so cautious; Had I been more Venturesome, I should now have had \$10,000,000 instead of maybe ultimately two or three. But for better or worse, I had made my decision as to how I was going to play the game, many years ago; I have religiously adhered to the rules I laid down; and I shall abide by the result.

PORTRAIT OF THE ENTREPRENEUR AS A YOUNG MAN:

NOTES ON GLENN SWOGGER, SR.-LETTERS FROM WORLD WAR I

We mostly learn about entrepreneurs when they are older and successful. Their retrospective story of their path to success may be insightful, but may also suffer from the repression and distortions common to us all when we describe ourselves. At times the story may become an heroic myth.

During World War I, my father, then 22, wrote many letters to his family describing his wartime experiences and thoughts. He often wrote of his thoughts about his postwar plans-alternative choices he might make for his life path. He also wrote some further letters on his wartime experiences to my brother, sister, and I in 1958, on the 40th anniversary of the War. I think these letters provide some interesting "data" for our understanding of entrepreneurs.

When I was young, my father talked very little about WW1. He did teach me some songs from then, e.g.

Mademoiselle from Armentières
Par ley voo,
Mademoiselle from Armentières
Par ley voo,
Mademoiselle from Armentières,
She hasn't been kissed for forty years,
Hinky, Dinky Par ley voo.

The letters are doubly censored: There was strict military censorship, and my father was obviously very careful not to alarm his parents or sister. But I discovered something new about him:

- The thought that went into his decision to go into banking rather than journalism.
- His ambition. Sensitivity to being treated as of lower status, "disrespected".

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- His close working relationship with his father; did he carry out his father's ambitions?

Preacher Jokes.

- Reinforced my sense of his shrewd understanding of people, his writing and journalistic skill, & his sense of humor.
- His experience of WW1, reflecting the American experience, and contrasted to the European.

Themes

My father was drafted into the Army in the spring of 1918, shipped overseas in early summer, and was actively involved in training and then combat from mid-June until September 12. He was a scout, which meant nighttime patrols in what he calls "Nobody's Country". He went "over the top" in the St. Michiel drive, when he was asked to guide his group over the territory he knew from his night patrols. During this attack he was wounded in the leg. The lieutenant he was with was killed. My father was hospitalized and then moved to a hospital in a suburb of Paris, where he stayed while his leg healed, and then after the Armistice on November 11. He tried to rejoin his unit at the end of the year, but that was not possible and he ended up as a clerk-typist in various bases—light duty which allowed leave to visit many places—until he was shipped back to the US and discharged in the summer of 1919.

During his year in the Army, he wrote many letters home to his parents and sister, and I read these, along with some letters from his father and from other family and friends. The letters and packages he received, often delayed, were very important to him, in those

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(can you imagine!) pre-long-distance-telephone, pre-video, pre-email, twitter and facebook days.

Optimism and Adaptability: The letters contain little griping about the Army—he basically enjoyed it, and accepted the delays and bureaucratic red tape as inevitable in such a large, hastily put together organization. He has some specific criticisms, which he states bluntly. He liked the “grub”, ate large portions, and thought he was gaining weight. As regards the dangers of combat, he says “This is not a tea party, and Uncle Sam hasn’t sent us here to raise chickens”. But he rationalizes the dangers of combat by putting together statistical estimates of the small likelihood of death. He says several times it’s all a matter of “chance”:

As I told you once before, war seems to be ruled by the joss Chance. Chance got me to France while Hurst & Stanley never saw the Atlantic, tho’ enlisting before I; Chance laid me out at St. Michiel while others have gone thro’ much severer engagements unscathed—I’ve even been in tighter places myself—And Chance has me here today writing you a letter, under the most luxuriant surroundings while 50,000 of those who came over—many much fitter to live than I—are resting in a cold, damp tomb, “somewhere in France” Or, if, as I suggested before, you don’t like the word Chance, call it an all-wise and far seeing Providence, whose ways and motives are beyond our feeble ken.” (Nice, 2/12/1919)

At the same time, he is proud of his courage. In describing his role as a scout, he says, “I have a little nerve and sense enough to know when to be scared and when not to be”. He adds, “I have proven that I am no coward”. He is cocky, describing how he picked some

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flowers on a night patrol, adding, “next time I’ll take a basket”. As the war goes on he develops a sense of invulnerability.

When wounded, he considers himself “lucky” that it was not serious and lucky that the bullet did not smash a bone and cripple him. He minimizes pain. He seems more anxious to reassure his parents that the risks are small than to worry himself. In the hospital, he made rounds with the doctors and wrote notes they dictated to him in the chart. He was moved by the serious, sometimes devastating injuries he saw in the hospital, “too horrible for description”, and was enraged at what he thought was evidence that the Germans were using “poisoned” bullets and expanding bullets. When I once gave him a book “The First Day of the Somme”, a battle in which 60,000 British soldiers were killed or wounded on the first day, he couldn’t read it.

Strong family ties, especially with his father. His letters are numerous. He describes in detail what is happening, within the bounds of censorship. He discusses personal details in his letters to his immediate family, including a surprising amount on the pros and cons, and latest news of, girl friends in Topeka and Paris. He tells of his insurance, and gives detailed instructions about what is to be done with the insurance money should he die, including a donation to the fresh air fund for city kids to go to the country in the summer. His father writes him to be careful, and also, when he hears he is studying French, to work hard at it, but “also review your Dutch” (German). In a number of letters he complains of homesickness and loneliness, especially after leaving home and before reaching France. After recovering from his wound, and beginning his many visits to Paris and elsewhere, he urges his parents and sister to visit France. In the last six months of his stay

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he writes constantly of when he might be shipped back to the states and discharged.

Focus on "Advancement". Entering as a private, he is concerned throughout with advancing in rank and being selected for officer training school. On joining his unit, he writes he is "getting acquainted with my company and my officers, which acquaintance I shall most certainly turn to my advantage as soon as I deem it feasible." He chooses to stay in the infantry, rather than entering a machine gun squadron which is safer, because he feels his chances for advancement are better in the infantry. He is very angry at officers' special privileges, for example, that only officers can date the nurses in the hospital. This is a recurrent theme. On landing in England, he is "infuriated" that officers are given leave to visit local sites while enlisted men must stay in the barracks. He once told me of an incident while in France where an officer refused to sell him a camera because he wasn't an officer; he resolved to do whatever was necessary to get out of such a lower status position. He was apparently a very good scout, and reports proudly the compliments he got from his superiors and the missions and responsibilities they gave him. It was because of this that he was promoted to corporal during his two months of active combat, and was asked to guide his group at St. Michiel.

There is constant discussion back and forth about his father's, and his own, business deals. His father had the responsibility for selling the 3 small town newspapers he owned and operated before going into the service. After the sale, his father bought some farmland with the money as a temporary investment. His father was involved in buying and selling pieces of farmland, and renting them to farmers for growing crops, to which he responds with praise for good deals

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and opinions on prospects. His father wants his advice. They sound more like colleagues than father-son.

In my father's letters there are many reports of his own financial dealings in the service. He gave up smoking cigars on entry (tho smokes were often available free), didn't gamble, and saved his \$30 to \$33/month pay. As a result, he was sending money home. He speaks with some disgust—and sense of superiority—of his comrades who get drunk and gamble and are broke a week after payday. He quickly decided not to make loans to his buddies—they never paid it back—but just to give them a couple of Francs and say it's a gift, commenting that this usually kept them from coming back. Once he reports selling his pie after a big meal for 2 Fr. He bought a diamond, commenting that its owner wanted 300 Fr. for it, but he was broke and would take less, which he did for 100. He later traded this diamond for another bigger one. He analyzed their quality and estimated what they would be worth in the States.

Service organizations provided lots of good books, and he read a great deal in free time before and after his period of training and combat. Over the course of the year, he cites an impressive list of books and essays he has read, many of the authors unknown to me: The Vicar of Wakefield, Dumas' Twenty Years After, The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table, George Elliot, Bret Harte, Kipling, Harry Edmond, Thackery, Goldsmith, Holmes, Robert Burns, H. G. Wells, Mark Twain, Poe, Van Dyke, Marlowe, Goethe, Shakespeare. In addition, he was determined to learn French, and felt depressed that he hadn't studied French in college—Latin and German instead. After getting to Paris he bought a sizeable French dictionary—"it cost me 9 Fr. but I had to have it"—and studied French with a vengeance. He reported on his progress in reading newspapers and eventually Balzac's Eugene Grandet and a novel by Victor Hugo.

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An American in Paris. After recovering enough from his leg wound to get around, he got passes to visit Paris during the day. He altered them so he could return at 11pm rather than 6pm, and a friend stole some blanks which he could use. He loved Paris and had a glorious time. He visited the Louvre, the first museum he had ever visited, reporting that he like the statues more than the pictures, and had seen some of the most famous statues in the world. He liked the "Frogs", and was fascinated to observe how couples strolled arm-in-arm and frequently kissed. He decided that their culture was different, but he could like it rather than be turned off as he was at first.

When the Armistice is signed, "Paris is wild. You never saw such a celebration...The crowds grab an American soldier, place him at the head, and march down the street. If he resists, they simply carry him. Crowds of men & women come down the streets holding hands & spreading across the street; if they chance upon an American, they form a ring around, playing "ring-around Rosy". Sometimes you dance with them, sometimes you just stand in the center & look embarrassed, in either case every lady in the gang must kiss you before you can get away...(Later) 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...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. ...I shoved over and grabbed her. I picked her up and threw her on my shoulder. I pushed toward the stores...inside the store...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.

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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). ...Well, by the time the bottle was consumed, we were all quite recovered. ...Mmle Suzanne professed great gratitude. She insisted that I come and take dinner with her the following night. (11/13/1918 and 11/11/1958)

Girls. His French studies had an unexpected benefit. He tried his language skills out on French "Mam'zelles" hired as aides in the hospital, commenting "a little learning is a helpful thing". He was asked to translate love letters the French nurses had written their American boyfriends. He benefitted by the enormous positive feeling that the French had for American soldiers at that time. He offered to teach them English, if they would teach him French. "Mille Guilemont is a swell looker and a right nice girl—I'll teach her bokoo English, you bet." There are several letters, in French and/or English, from his acquaintances. He writes his parents, "You are wondering, of course, how my affair with "Berthe" is coming on. Splendidly, I assure you. She wrote me a letter—the first I had had in eight weeks—couched in the quaintest English imaginable. Yesterday afternoon, I met her and her sister and they showed me some very interesting places here." In a subsequent letter, he feels a need to reassure his parents:

I am surely having the time of my life. I don't know when, if ever, I have had as much fun as I have had in Paris the past month. I come to town every day.

Now, when a son writes that he is having the "time of his life in Paris", all well-regulated parents may become a little anxious. Let me dissipate any anxiety by assuring you that I was never

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more well-behaved, that I am just taking a grand vacation—perhaps the first I ever had in my life.

In a letter six days later (11/19/18), he writes that he has been transferred away from Paris at his request. He says he wants to rejoin his old outfit and get mail from the US, which he had not received for two month. I speculate that his relationship with Berthe may have gotten more intense than he planned. On a card written to him later, Berthe says, “I am sad to have lost...my gentle teacher”. In letters he wrote to us in 1958, he ends a couple of stories by saying, “I never saw her again.”

Detailed description. Sometimes the journalist is apparent. He has very nice descriptions of peasant villages, of an actor he met who “bought not for the pleasure of possession but for the pleasure of buying”, of Verdun and the destruction of war, of the old ladies’ stalls in the Nice marketplace with their flowers and vegetables, and of the black humor of seriously wounded soldiers in the hospital.

Sense of Humor. He has an ironic and at times self-reflective sense of humor:

After seeing French peasant villages, he describes how their homes and barns are all lined up along the main street, with manure piles in front of the barns. “The more manure, the more horses, and the aristocrat of the town is the one who can sport the biggest pile”.

In walking to headquarters, “I met several French on the way who found that I was a rather poor conversationalist. I, on my part, found them rather stupid, and unable to understand their own language when spoken in plain English! ...anyway, I learned

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to 'bonjour'. I bonjoured everyone, male, female and animal, between here and there, allay et retour."

"...the girls wear skirts so short you have to look twice to see whether it is a petticoat or a waist; whether they are wearing a belt or a necklace; Pity the Blind."

"I am fast coming to a leading position in the Company. I lead the mess line 2 and 3 times a day, once I was guard and led a prisoner, and if we get to the front and "Retreat" is given, I expect to lead the whole division."

He describes bull sessions where everyone brags about his heroic role in combat: "Many are the Germans who have been killed around that stove...I shudder as I contemplate the savage butchery, and my sympathy goes out to you folks at home; for if such are the struggles fought here, what limits will be placed on the fertile imagination when Johnny comes marching home! In the name of patriotism, what stories will you be called upon to believe! As our old friend House would say, one will need hip boots to get around."

In February, he got a 9 day leave to visit Nice, and was housed free in a casino that had been made available to the military. He reported that Nice was said to be the most beautiful city in the world, and it was. But Monte Carlo was even better. He swore that he would someday make a return visit to France, and urged his parents and sister to do the same.

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Career Plans

After leaving Paris, his letters reflect that he is thinking much more actively about what to do post discharge. A four month program for US servicemen at the Sorbonne is offered, and he applies, but nothing comes of it. He discusses in his letters the possible purchase of a number of newspapers of which his father has written him, and the desirable and undesirable characteristics of a possible purchase. After his father apparently informs him of a bank for sale, he writes a lengthy letter about a banking career vs. newspaper editor:

You cannot know what a temptation you have presented to me, in the banking proposition. It appeals to me for several reasons. In the first place, I could be at home, and after knocking around, that means a great deal to me. My chief troubles in Waverly were owing, directly or indirectly, to the fact that I had no home. For reasons of my own, I am not in the matrimonial market-ergo, the only solution is to stay in Oakland. Another reason: Newspaper work is hard work: that I know, while banking, altho' no lady's job-yet would be much easier, I think. Thirdly-(sounds like a sermon, doesn't it, Dad?) banking is better paying and more respectable than printing. So you see, I make a pretty strong case.

But, there is also the other side. I know nothing of banking, while my newspaper experience places me in a position to go right on. A change of professions would practically lose me the two years I spent @ Wvy-and I have lost enough time already. Again, I cannot see the high good in banking that I see via the type and press; e. g.-Allan, Capper, White, Howe-yes, even old Herb Cavaness. Furthermore, all my training and tastes seem

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to tend much more naturally toward the editorial column than toward the ledger. A smattering of literature, a taste in music and art, a casual knowledge of other tongues and a delight in scribbling might not come amiss—yes, might even develop in the editorial chair, while they would become abortive hobbies, squelched and submerged under business should I become a banker. To sum up, I admire the (apparent) ease and affluence of the banker; his short hours, his solidity, his neat clothes, his power, his fat stomach and big, black cigars—but with a sort of sigh I turn the other way. I wonder if I do not owe it to myself and—others, possibly, to follow a somewhat more rugged path, which I feel to be more illy-paid, less substantial, more susceptible to the whims of popularity—I would not be a common, shallow, yellow journalist, catering solely to the eye of hoi polloi,—and maybe I should fail trying to be anything else.

However, anxious as I am to get started once more there is one fact that must be born in mind. You cannot make a soldier by inducting him into the army; neither, unfortunately, can you make a civilian by signing his discharge. The army will demobilize me with a scratch of the pen; but it will take me some time to demobilize myself. I must get back in my old ways of thinking, get my old “pep” and ambition, learn that there is something else in life beside that shall we eat, where shall we sleep, and wherewithal shall we be clothed. Is not the very fact that I suggest that we wait awhile, a subtle indication of a change in character? Do you not inwardly compare it with my almost reckless energy and haste in 1915? or maybe I’m getting older. But I have no grey hairs yet, I promise you.

Idealism re the War. He believed that the war was fought in a good cause. The French told him the Americans had saved the country.

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He was very proud of his medals—service stripe, and purple heart. There was a status dimension too: those who had been sent overseas ranked higher than those who weren't, and, according to him, those who actually served at the front were envied by those in support groups at the rear. The War was a marvelous, character-building experience, his tour of Europe the first vacation he had ever had. "If it wasn't for the lonesomeness of it, I think it would just be one grand adventure".

(Also included are two pages of one of my father's 1985 letters.)

Questions for discussion

1. What role in the motivation of entrepreneurs for achievement and advancement is played by a narcissistic sensitivity to feelings of being of lower status, being "disrespected"?
2. To what extent do entrepreneurs plan their lives and relationships "strategically"?
3. What role does military and combat experience play in motivating toward serious, adult commitment to career?
4. What role is played by the future entrepreneur's relationship with his father? Is this the same for men and women?
5. What is the role of sexuality in entrepreneurship?

PORTRAIT OF THE ENTREPRENEUR AS A YOUNG MAN:

NOTES ON GLENN SWOGGER, SR.—LETTERS FROM WORLD WAR I

6. Contrasting European and American Experience of WW1
Europe: Enthusiasm, then disillusion.

John Maynard Keynes: The Economic
Consequences of the Peace
Oxford Student Union
"Peace in our Time"
Enduring Fear of German strength,
cf. fears of German reunification.

America: Caution and hesitation, then positive:
"An American in Paris" (1928)

(Concept of Reference War—the war we experience is the war by
which all other wars are measured.)

Comments on the Discussion

These notes are necessarily fragmentary; many interesting questions
were raised, and I'm commenting only on a few that stuck in my
memory.

Bill Wagnon read Ramon Powers' critique. Ramon raised the question
of "ethical intelligence" in the business world. My father's view as a
23 year old was that journalism was a higher ethical calling than that
of a fat banker smoking a cigar. I don't remember him directly
raising the issue on subsequent occasions. My own impression is
that he valued honesty and straightforwardness in those he did
business with, what he called "character." He despised charlatans
and had a good nose for them: when Finney of the great bond
scandal tried to sell him some bonds, he refused, prompting Finney
to indignantly exclaim, "What do you think I am—a crook?! (He

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was.) He also was quite perceptive of self-deception in borrowers. My impression is that my father was seen as honest and trustworthy himself. He also trusted his instincts on assessing "character", and made some loans on that basis which might not have been substantiated by the numbers.

Bill Wagon commented that I was fortunate to have the letters. He noted that in today's focus on very brief communications—twitter, email, etc., the opportunity for reflection and exploration of self and other topics is lost. He raised the question of whether a person such as my father could be called an entrepreneur. An entrepreneur is someone who, with an original and creative twist of mind, develops a new business or manufacturing technique, product or service. My father did not do this, although he was not shy of deviating from the conventional wisdom on specific occasions.

I was reminded of Peter Drucker's observation that start-up businesses go through their most perilous phase not when they begin, but when they achieve initial success with rapid growth and demand for their product. At this point they are often undercapitalized and scramble to find additional financial backing—loans or investors. They run the danger of going broke in the midst of their initial success.

I think that my father was acutely aware of this danger, as exemplified by his painful decisions not to undertake additional business or personal debt in the 30s or 40s. He had an acute strategic sense of his own financial career. It may be that successful entrepreneurs resolve both of these problems: innovation, and successful growth.

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Dave Beale admired the positive relationship between father and son around business doings. Conant Waite recalled that their relationship was sometimes more problematic in the later years of my grandfather's life. When asked whether my father was a "people person", Conant, who worked with him for 30+ years, said no—he understood people and had a good sense of humor, but was reserved and analytical rather than warm.

Regarding the positive feeling of the French toward Americans post WW1, Jim Ahrens described the outraged complaints of a French traveler he met, who insisted that the Americans were bragging about winning the war when it was really the French. Dave Beale had noted earlier that when the Americans entered the war, around 50% of the French troupes were in a state of mutiny.

Shoeb Uddin commented that from his perspective growing up in Bangladesh and his familiarity with India, there has been a shift: many bright foreign students in the US hope to remain here, but recently more and more are returning to their home countries. He believes it has to do with hope. Entrepreneurs are people with "youthful exuberance"; they thrive in an atmosphere, a society of hope. As they now find that opportunities are greater in their home countries than they were in the past, more are returning. He wonders whether the increasing political, economic and regulatory dominance of the government in this country may reduce hope. He added that Marx overemphasized the role of labor, and saw capital as owned by society, neglecting its crucial role in development.

Bill Roy mentioned, as did others, the outstanding WW1 Museum in Kansas City. He and Jim Ahrens described the economic trials of some of their family in the last century.



PORTRAIT OF THE ENTREPRENEUR AS A YOUNG MAN:
NOTES ON GLENN SWOGGER, SR.—LETTERS FROM WORLD WAR I

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THE ARMORY
COMPANY A, FIRST REGIMENT
NATIONAL GUARD OF KANSAS.

CAPTAIN, GUY R. MARTIN
1ST LIEUTENANT, R. N. RAHN
2ND LIEUTENANT, JAS H. MAXWELL

CLAY CENTER, KANSAS.

*Camp Glas. P. Drury
St. Policy Plans
Aug. 10, '11.*

2 fella C.

*I received your card
this afternoon and contrary to soldierly
ways will do the immediate answering.
I haven't been on a hike yet just stood
insp. and been on two parades, big battle
takes place Monday.*

*In regard to your card it seems as though
Gully don't want to sell his junk only
teach us the system, well now about you
think we could experiment for less
than possible ten dollars or more apiece
it would take that to make those picnics
at our own expense. That book I told
you of probably has the same receipt in that
the uses and nothing could be done until
spring, we merely pay for the knowledge.*



which we could learn cheaper

We could or I will be at Clifton Dickie and hang around, scout out his system that is pans used and preparation of camp for sale thus learning his method at no expense to the farm.

To quote P — off (itemizing)

In nine months time I can get the necessary knowledge. Sugar about cost very much make can be home and eat that.

ad. Disadvantages
Get the receipt. no money till
(we've got that) spring money
General knowledge beside knowledge
(you know that) for money.

If you think the other plan is best why I am with you

The Track and Field Meet was pulled off yesterday and I came out lucky

getting 2nd in 100 yds 1st 10 3/5 and 10 4/5
beats 1:5 2nd in 4:40 1st Silver medals
Ford 2:2 2nd in 8:80 2nd Bronze pretty good
Half 1:59 1/2 in winning relay Gold.

run the last lap in the First Reg. relay team had a big lead but still I won the race. Dick helped won a cup for the Co in a dispatch race from the Post to Camp. They got second in it Three cups for first the places. We won 4 or 5 cups and Gold badge for the shoot.



Edgerton, Kans.

June 13, 1915.

Dear Wat:-

As per your suggestion, I send you those papers last week. I trust you found use for the sissors. You should find use for them again when Buck gets out his Mid-Summer edition.

I labored laborously the past week, but am feeling fine just the same. I slept until nine this morning, and about three hours this afternoon, so that I certainly am getting enough 'pose.

The Packers are sure rambling, aren't they? I'd like to get up to see them play sometime this summer, but then you see a man as busy as I can scarcely afford to leave his business. It might suffer.

Say, Wat, can't you come down about this Friday or Saturday? You could leave K.C. either ~~on~~ the four-fifteen, or on the ten thirty, ^{P.M.} and land here later. We could hitch up the old gray mare and go through the wilderness with the aid of a single tree, and spend the evening in Baldwin. You kindly drop them word that we are coming, and get the dates. Then we could have a nice little swim and canoe ride with the girls over here before you got back. I really believe you would find that some of our pleasures are not being taken away from us, Steve.

Had a letter from Buck. He said he had just read one from you that would scarcely pass the National Board. You must be careful when you are writing Buck.

I have been cussing myself because you got all the good ragtime. I never gathered up my quota until Saturday, and there wasn't scarcely a decent piece left. Would you take away my "Ragpicker" just as I was beginning to master it?

Well, I'm too sleepy to write much now. Come down

this Friday. Have you heard from "Silent" yet?



Cher petit Ami je vous envoie
avec mon amicale pensée
un souvenir affectueux
de votre amie
S. Royot

Paris Le 29 Juin 1918

Merci petit Ami de votre
très gentille lettre du 26 Janyer
savy vous Glenn que vous écriez
très gentiment et que vous avez
fait de grands efforts pour arriver à un
si bon résultat... j'admire votre
volonté d'apprendre ainsi tout
cela prouve une grande énergie
et j'aime cette qualité par-dessus
tout chez un homme.

Je suis bien maintenant Ami
et suis très heureux car j'ai
avec moi, ma sœur et son
mari qui habitent le sud de la
France et qui viennent passer quel-
ques jours à Paris. Mon beau frère
vient d'être démobilisé après
5 ans de guerre, il est très heu-
reux de rentrer chez lui.

Je suis très content
petit Ami



que vous avez reçu de bonnes
nouvelles de chez vous, et de tous
vos amis; 5 mois sans nouvelles
ont dû vous sembler bien longs,
et je comprends que vous dormiez
mieux.

Ainsi Glenn vous pensez pou-
voir venir à Paris j'en suis
très heureux, il fera cause
française avec moi, ce sera pour
vous un très bon exercice et
je suis sûr que vous causerez ^{avec moi}
très bien.

J'écris en français mais dites
moi Glenn si si vous préférez
que je vous écrive en anglais
je puis très facilement le faire.

Vous me dites que vous ne
travaillez pas beaucoup en ce
moment cela vous permet

de vous reposer et de étudier
un peu de français. C'est
dommage qu'il fasse si mauvais
temps au moment que vous auriez pu faire de jolies
promenades car le pays est
si joli autour de Reims, je vais.
Avez vous vu Nancy, c'est une
grande ville avec de très jolies
choses anciennes, ses églises,
son palais ducal qui date de
1450 et les merveilleuses portes de la
ville en fer forgé, travaillées par d'im-
comparables artistes.

Je vous attends donc ces jours
ci Ami, écrivez moi dès que
quand vous serez arrivé car je
suis toute la journée à mon
bureau et vous ne me trou-
verez pas chez moi en y venant
dans la journée.

Paris, the 29th of January 1918

Thank you my little friend for your letter of the 26th received yesterday. Do you know Glenn that you are writing very kindly [meaning very well] and that you have small efforts to make to arrive at a good result... I admire your will to learn all that by yourself this proves great energy and I like that quality above all in a man.

I am doing very well now friend and I am very happy because I have with me my sister and her husband who live in the south of France and who will spend a few days in Paris. My brother-in-law just get discharged after 4 years of war, he is very happy to come home.

I am very happy little friend that you received good news from home, and from all your friends. 5 months without news should have seemed really long and I understand that you sleep now better.

So Glenn you think you 'll be able to come to Paris, I am very happy about that. You'll have to speak French with me, it will be for you a very good exercise and I am sure that you'll speak very well.

I am writing in english but let me know Glenn if you prefer that I write to you in English I can do it very easily.

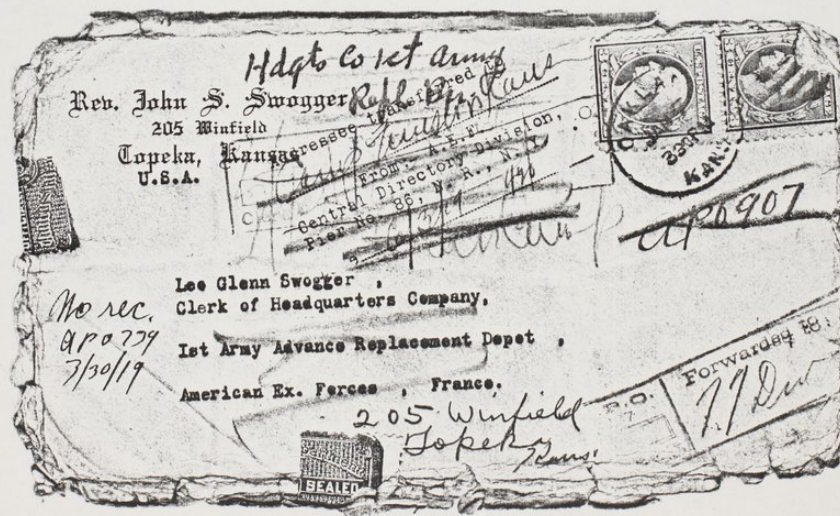
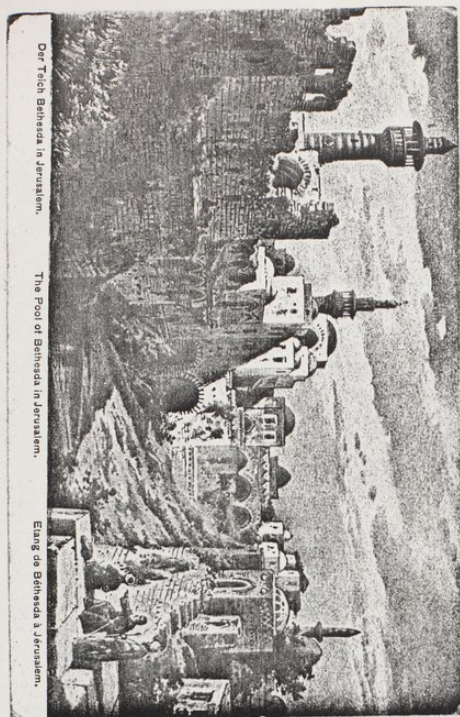
You are telling me that you'r not working a lot at this moment this enables you to take some rest and to study a little bit of French. It is a shame that the weather is bad, you could have made some pretty promenades because the country is nice around Reirigny, I believe.

Have you seen Nancy, it is a big town with some very nice old things, its churches, its duke palace, who was built in 1430 and its wonderful gates of the place Stanislas in forged iron, worked by incomparable artists...

So I am waiting for you these days friend, send me a note when you arrive because I am at the office all day and you wouldn't find me at home during the daytime.

Goodbye Friend, I am sending you, with my friendly thoughts, an affectionate memory.

[Friend or a little friend, are an appropriate but clear way of calling a lover, or a lover-to-be at that time in France. It is clear that they are romantically involved]





The wall which forms the background of this fountain is the wall of the church. The water is very clear & about two feet below the floor of the door

CORRESPONDANCE

CARTE POSTALE

ADRESSE

M.

Jerusalem, Palestine, Asia

July 11-22

We have been on sacred & historical ground. We go on to Nazareth tomorrow.

Elie M. Froelich

W.S.A.

285 Winfield,

W.S.A.

U.S.A.

PAID

12/24/18
 Sample of Carte Postale
 Dear Sir,
 Well, I am glad to hear
 that you are well. I am
 in addition. Hope he
 got on here. I am
 hope not. I am at a
 hospital. I am
 very grateful for the
 fact. When you hear that
 my company home, I am
 a much. I hope for us
 that I had my hand in
 the. I am
 very glad
 to hear that
 you are well.
 Y. Co. 1907



Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men
will say: This was their finest hour.
Come, then, let us to the task, to the battle
to the toil. We shall fight on the beaches,
we shall fight on the landing grounds, we shall
fight in the fields and in the streets, we shall
fight in the hills, we shall never surrender.
Yesterday morning at 2:41 a.m., General Jodl
the representative of the German high command,
signed the act of unconditional surrender. The
German war is therefore at an end. Advance,
Britannia! God Save the King!
As Great a strategic and political error as
that which was committed by Napoleon in 1807
when he invaded Spain.

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LOCAL BOARD FOR
COFFEY COUNTY, KANS.
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PENALTY FOR PRIVATE USE, \$300

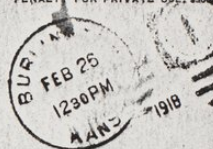


Leo Glenn Swogger
Haverly
Kans.

03-6130

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