
The Newelletters: E. Gail Carpenter Describes Life on the Home Front Part III

edited by Charles William Sloan, Jr.

NEWELLETTER NUMBER TWENTY THREE

January, 1944

Dear Gang:

In our back yard there is the icy remnant of the Winter's most beautiful snow. It started one afternoon, and all that night the angel dandruff continued to fall. The Kansas winds piled ten inches of snow in fantastic drifts around trees and shrubs, and in doorways and in drives. The early morning street scene was trackless except for a single chain of deep footprints linking doorway to doorway in a most neighborly fashion. Since all tracks have a story to tell to those who will take the trouble to read them it did not take long to conclude that the Eagle boy had been by.

January 1944 has come upon us like a quiet snowfall in the night and after twenty-five days there are already a few story telling trails which speak eloquently of events already past. Mothers are impatiently reading the tracks in the back hallway and kitchen—mud tracks on the newly scrubbed linoleum! There in sticky brown mud is the unmistakable outline of a small boy's shoe. There are dog tracks too. The trail leads right to the cookie jar. The lid is off and the jar is empty. There are less distinct tracks leading away and a closer examination reveals a few cookie crumbs on the outward trail. The story of the assault upon the cookie jar is plainly written in tracks of mud.

The War came a little closer to Wichita the other morning as the tracks of four escaped German Prisoners of War led to the corn crib of a farmer about a mile south of town on Waco. The quartette of unwilling passengers had broken a window on the train on which they were being carried near Elmdale and with the aid of a stolen car they headed for Berlin by way of Wichita. They wrecked the car here and decided to go the rest of the way on foot. A member of the Police Force captured

them and lodged them in the County Jail.¹ They were taken to Camp Phillips² and the very next morning three of them were gone again. They repeated the stolen car trick and headed for Japan by way of Hays. Again they were captured, and according to the latest reports they are being well fed in a comfortable prison camp. The story which can be read in the TWO sets of tracks made by the same escaped prisoners may sound a bit silly to dogfaces blasting their way into Rome.

The telltale tracks of that which has passed are not always found on the ground, and these days those who look for footprints only in the sands of time are likely to lose the trail. There are for instance, the thousands of brilliantly lighted windows all over town at the unholy hour of three-thirty or four in the morning. Mothers doing war work are bundling up their children to take them to the nursery. There are now two ten-hour shifts, one of which begins at four-forty-five A.M. The stores are meeting the needs of the workers by keeping open Monday night. The banks for a long time have had evening hours at least one day each week. Then there is the impression left upon the back end of my aging car on New Year's Eve by the fellow who thought he saw two cars like mine ahead of him at a stop sign and tried to go between them. An appointment has been arranged with a body and fender works for sometime in February to remove the tracks. If Robinson Crusoe had only looked for tracks in the sky he might have discovered Saturday and Sunday. It is not unusual for home folks to look into the sky and see the beautiful and gracefully curved tracks of ice which four motors leave when flying at high altitudes. In Wichita we still stop to crane our necks and stare at footprints in the sky.

1. The four homesick German prisoners of war had been imprisoned in a Florida camp in June 1943 and were being transferred by train to a prison camp in Alva, Oklahoma, when they made their escape. Depending on whether one believes the *Eagle* or the *Beacon*, they were either planning to drive to Mexico and return to Germany from there or to drive to California, steal an airplane, and fly home.

2. Camp Phillips was located near Salina.

Charles William Sloan, Jr., a native of Wichita, received his B.A. and M.A. from Wichita State University. The home front newsletters presented here are the third in a four-part series.

NEWELLETTER NUMBER TWENTY FOUR

February, 1944

Dear Gang:

It is only by virtue of the fact that February, 1944, has twenty-nine days that this letter can be called the February Newellestter. Even at the eleventh hour it is being commenced under circumstances not exactly conducive to good letter writing. Only a little while ago Palmer Lake snuggled into the foot hills as we rushed by. Dick Clausing's home is there just beyond the road. Pike's Peak stood guard at Colorado Springs as she drew her purple evening cape around her shoulders. Night has come early to Colorado and George has already tucked us into our berths. As we bounce over the wartime road bed of the Missouri Pacific between Denver and Wichita we shall attempt to draw a rough sketch of the home front as seen through the eyes of one of whom it has been said, "There is a young man who is going places."

Since Wichita for the past few weeks has been nothing more than a convenient place for exchanging the dirty shirts in my suitcase for clean ones it is only natural that you should have a few words concerning the Nation's groaning Transportation System. For example—

If
You want to know
Whether you are a big shot or not
Try to get on the T.W.A.
Because,
If you are not
As big a big shot as you thought
You just won't ride that way.

So one day, disguised as a piece of priority express, your traveling reporter was strapped in among various

and sundry other pieces of baggage on flight #10 leaving Wichita before breakfast for Chicago and Pittsburgh. The weather closed in east of Chicago with all of the elements conspiring to give the passengers their money's worth. My last fingernail had just been nibbled away when both engines ceased their labors and died right where we were. My unstrung nerves were frantically restrung and summoning all of my courage I closed my eyes and prepared to bail out using my neatly folded nightie for a parachute. I made my way to the door on my hands and knees and was just about to have some one push me out when the stewardess took me by the hand and led me down the steps to the landing apron at the Pittsburgh Airport which had been hidden in the snow, smoke and fog. We used to say when we were bumped that we saw stars. Returning to Wichita a few days later I discovered that to be bumped is even to this day to see stars and bars taking the plane space which had been reserved (maybe) for you. The hardest bump of all came at Kansas City. It was late at night. There were no planes on which a civilian could ride to Wichita; the last train had gone, and the hotels were all filled. There was a bus leaving Kansas City at midnight and arriving in Wichita at eight in the morning. To complete the trip an Eastborough Bus bumped me at Pinecrest and Douglas and I came in on the hoof.

Four drilling wells have kept me fighting the snow and mud of Marion, Stafford, and Barton Counties. The old Buick finally joined the C.I.O. [Congress of Industrial Organizations] and immediately went on strike for a new fuel pump, new rods and bearings and a grade C tire with only two sections and a retread job. The Government taking notice of my inability to cope with the situation took over and granted all of the demands and installed new ash trays throughout for good mea-



This photograph, released by the War Department's Bureau of Public Relations mid-way through the war, attested to Carpenter's reports of gliders in the skies over Wichita.

sure. Now the old Buick is back on the job with an "E" (meaning effete) award flag flying right above the "C" ration sticker.³

Further travels took me to Derby, Oklahoma City and Denver. To a dogface inducted in Kansas, trained in Texas, California, and Maine, and shipped to Richmond, Chicago, New Orleans, Goddard,⁴ Salt Lake City, Ft. Riley and San Francisco for debarkation, my travels may seem a mere bag of shells. To Ed Means,⁵ my travels have been a pain in the neck because he has had to keep the Newell Class supplied with a teacher each Sunday. Travel, as most of you know, is very difficult for all at this time and it is understandable that it should be so, especially for civilians. We do have a wonderful system of transportation in these United States and a marvelous job is being done in a manner which can bring nothing but discomfort to the enemy.

NEWELLETTER NUMBER TWENTY FIVE

March, 1944

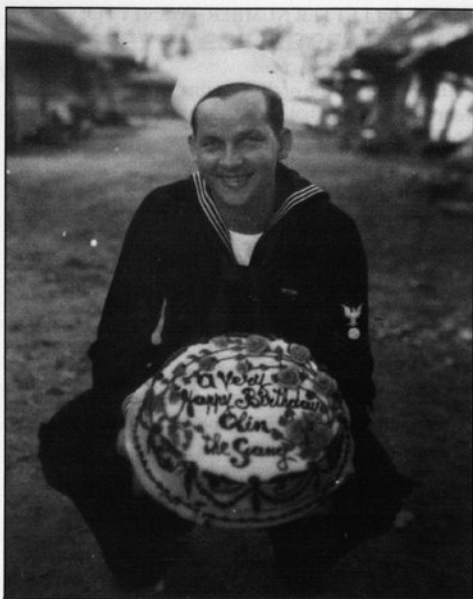
Dear Gang:

Tenacious Old Man Winter and that whippersnapper of a youthful Spring are at their annual tug-of-war. One day it is sunshine and warm showers; the next day it is sleet and cold driving rain. Today the tough old guy has staged what we hope will be his last offensive. We have several inches of snow. Drifts are half way up the retaining wall in the back yard and my "fair weather" drive to the garage is beginning to demand attention from the one man shovel brigade. One would think that Mother Nature would get used to Kansas ways after awhile. Here she is again caught like a dog, with her pants making little clouds of steam in the frigid air with each breath. The pussy-willows have been in bloom for several weeks; the tulips have long tender green leaves; and a few brave jonquils are in bloom. About tomorrow morning the amateur gardeners will examine the buds of their fruit trees only to opine, "Nipped in the bud again!" Other reliable Spring signs have not been lacking. The Salt Marshes have been filled with ducks

3. Carpenter's "C" ration sticker indicated that his occupation was considered essential to war production, and he therefore received a greater gasoline ration than those who had either an "A" or "B" designation. The amount of gasoline received varied depending upon the supply, but the basic ration was three gallons a week.

4. Carpenter states that he assumes the reference to Goddard, the suburban town west of Wichita, as a debarkation point was meant to be humorous, but that time has faded his memory. Perhaps a member of the class had some connection to Goddard.

5. Ed Means (1912-) is a retired accountant and a member of First Presbyterian Church.



Olin "Smoky" Stover received special mention in the March 1944 Newelletter when news was published of Stover's manufacture of an ice cream freezer in the South Pacific.

on their way to look over the Alcan project.⁶ Only the other day a large flock of geese flew over the south end of town in daylight. Gardeners are coming out of hibernation. Spades are being sharpened and the bean poles of last year are being cleared away. Neat piles of barnyard vitamins by the garden plots give promise of fertile soil and a bountiful crop. Even the calendar seems to be filled with confusion over the advent of Spring. That extra day which was tacked on to February caused the first day of Spring to arrive one calendar day earlier.

The Newell Class has really been making the headlines these days. "WICHITA SEABEE FURNISHES ICE CREAM FOR SOUTH PACIFIC GROUP." Many of you could guess who made the headlines even before you read the "quote" from the Army South Pacific Publication - "The direct refrigeration ice cream freezer recently placed in operation at the Fourth special is a product of the inventive genius of Olin Stover, EM 1/c. This trait of Stover's (better known as Smoky) has won him the title of

6. The Alcan project is a reference to the Alaska Highway which was built by the United States and Canada in 1941-1942 between Dawson Creek, British Columbia, and Fairbanks, Alaska.

'Rube Goldberg Specialist.' The freezer was modeled after Stover's memory of a commercial unit, and utilized salvage materials. An oxygen cylinder was used for the inside and an acetylene cylinder for the outside. Between the two cylinders galvanized wire screen was used to break up the refrigerant. The interior is of stainless steel, while quarter inch scrap plate seals the ends. For this part Stover enlisted the aid of blacksmiths and welders. The sheet metal shop contributed its services to fashion the door, which permits the passage of the cream in and out. The plumbers installed a sink and drain and the carpenters built the screen enclosure." Well, you just can't keep a GI from his ice cream. Those who know Smoky better than the rest of us have this to say, "Isn't that just like Smoky?" Nice going, Smoky.⁷

A couple of years ago we had our house painted. At that time one of our favorite people happened to be in the paint business. It was a good job and the paint has shown splendid wearing qualities. For a little while now it has seemed to me that there has been a very noticeable glow to the epidermis of our house. Last Saturday morning the mystery was solved. Right in the middle of the front page of the Eagle was an AP Wirephoto of John Vosburgh and Lieut. Gen. Mark Clark. The General was pinning the Silver Star on John, and the caption read, "Lieut. Gen. Mark W. Clark, Commander of the Allied Fifth Army, pins the Silver Star Medal on Lieut. John R. Vosburgh of Wichita, Kansas, awarded for gallantry in action, in ceremonies for the members of the 36th Division somewhere in Italy."⁸ Our house all of these days has been shining in reflected glory. It is impossible to express the feelings which surge through your Sunday School Teacher at such a time. There comes first pride - then there is a feeling of, "I told you so." Finally there is the very sobering feeling of gratitude. Thanks be to God who protects, for Silver Stars are won upon the field of battle. Saturday was John's day in Wichita, but Sunday was Martha's⁹ day in the Newell Class. Talk about glowing in reflected glory. Martha had Silver Stars in her eyes! John has not only been awarded the Silver Star but he has been given a very nice promotion.

Perhaps it would not detract from the recognition which Smoky has received nor from the honor which



John R. Vosburgh was awarded the Silver Star by Gen. Mark Clark for actions taken in January 1944; some six months after those heroic actions, Vosburgh died in Italy during a German shelling.

John has earned if we would make a comment upon the general subject of recognition. This is a very big war, and our armed forces are made up of more individuals than any mind is capable of visualizing. By far the greater part of the expendable valour which must go into the winning of the battles which will bring about the final Victory will go unrecognized. Knowing as we do our many brave men who are after all a small and scattered segment of our armed forces, it is easy for us to see that within every manly heart there is the stuff from which medals and bars and leaves and stars are made. There are two sides to recognition. There is on the one hand the act of gallantry, and there is on the other hand, perchance, an observer or observers who are able to see that proper recognition is made. This is a combination of circumstances so rare that he who goes unrecognized must be content with the knowledge of duty well done, and he who is recognized must not only be congratulated upon his bravery but also upon his good fortune.

Last Sunday was the semi-annual installation of Officers - Nida Ella Logan, Pres., Marion Bird, V. Pres.,

7. Olin "Smoky" Stover (1917-1969) was an electrical engineer in Washington, D.C., and, at the time of his death, the Bahamas.

8. On January 19-20, 1944, while crossing "the Rapido River in the vicinity of San Angelo in Teodice," Italy, and while under artillery fire, a boat carrying motors and a machine gun capsized. Vosburgh was awarded the Silver Star for retrieving the machine gun.

9. Martha Vosburgh Jackson (1912-) is a housewife and a member of First Presbyterian Church.

Chloris Welchel, Sec., Oletha Sloan, Asst. Sec., Ed Means, Tr.¹⁰ We are determined to work harder upon our first place project of keeping in touch with those of you who are away. It is never easy to write interesting and original letters especially when addressing those whom we have never met. We shall not always succeed but we shall do our best. You have a remarkable group of friends in the Newell Class. We are anxious for R-Day.

NEWELL LETTER NUMBER TWENTY SIX

April, 1944

Dear Gang:

April 22, 1944, has taken its place in Wichita history as the day of the big flood. You may have gathered from letters which you have received from home that this has been one of the wettest Springs imaginable. For the last six weeks work has been carried on in the oil fields under the greatest difficulties. Materials have been moved only with the aid of "cats" which have ploughed great furrows in the soggy fields. The subsoil finally reached the saturation point and a heavy general rain which was measured officially in Wichita at more than seven inches, fell within twenty-four hours. It was just too much for the drainage system. Little River could not handle the water and the drainage canal couldn't take it so we had a real flood. Little River was out of its banks over a large part of the North End and as far south as Central. The drainage canal was out of its banks over its entire length making it impossible for those who were caught downtown to get to their homes on the Hill.¹¹ Many folks were taken care of in the Forum¹² by the Red Cross. Property damage is fairly large due mostly to silt, buckled basement walls and floors and to warped first floors. The water is now subsiding rapidly and folks everywhere in the flooded area are at work cleaning out.

It is interesting to see what even a gentle though thorough flood like ours can do when it enters unexpectedly into the fragile plans of men and women. Experiences ran the entire range from comedy to tragedy. The Santa Fe was making its way toward Wichita, due to

arrive at one P. M. Saturday April 22nd. It had rained all night between Chicago and Kansas City. The Creeks were swollen and in a few places the water was over the highways. The porter in the Club car happened to tune in on KFBI in time to hear flood bulletins from Wichita. The police were calling for boats with which to evacuate folks who had failed to leave their homes. The entire train became a rumor factory. By the time the story reached our car the water was two feet deep in the Orpheum theater¹³ and tenants were being evacuated from the tenth floor of the Hillcrest Apartments by boat. If one didn't like any of the rumors in the air it was a simple matter to make one of his own. We came through Newton and made our way slowly through Sedgwick and Valley Center with the lake through which we seemed to be traveling getting wider and deeper each mile. Just before we reached the outskirts of the North End we came to a halt in water which covered the tracks and which was reported to be four feet deep just ahead. We had seen a flock of sheep on a little island of wheat just large enough to hold them, a rabbit sitting nervously upon a large rock which offered a tiny refuge, and folks looking anxiously toward their belongings surrounded by water. It was a setting in which almost any rumor seemed to have some possibility of being the truth. After awhile we backed into a siding at Valley Center. The water continued to rise and the Santa Fe finally decided that its passengers would be more comfortable in Newton. We backed into the station at dinner time and there we settled ourselves to wait out the flood.

On our train there were service men from all branches who had only a few hours to get back to camp. The telephone lines were jammed with long distance calls. The operator thought that she would be able to get a call through to Wichita in three hours. There was the girl who was rushing home to be with her brother for just a few hours before he went back to camp. There was the lady and her little girl who were traveling across the continent to spend twenty-four hours with dad before he sailed. There was the party from the East - a wedding party. It consisted of a man, his wife, their grown daughter and a very charming young lady who was doing her best to marry their son. The groom had been at an air base somewhere in Nebraska. The wedding date had been set and the party had arrived to discover the boy had suddenly been ordered to Ardmore [Oklahoma]. They had piled aboard the first train to Ardmore without reservations and here they were in Newton held up by

10. Marion Bird (1914-) is a retired teacher and a member of First Presbyterian Church. Chloris Welchel Chapman (1917-), the widow of Bill Chapman, is retired from the Federal Land Bank and is a member of First Presbyterian Church. Nida Ella Logan (1906-1968) was a teacher in Wichita. Oletha Sloan Grout (1909-1983) was an x-ray technician in Hutchinson.

11. The Chisholm Creek (see footnote 19, Part I) in north Wichita enters the drainage canal which runs north-south through the city, entering the Big River in south Wichita. Today highway I-135 follows the canal through Wichita. The "Hill" is a reference to the College Hill neighborhood in east Wichita.

12. The Forum, built in 1910 and later added onto, was Wichita's municipal auditorium and exhibition hall. It was razed in 1965 and replaced by Century II, a complex of auditoria and exhibition halls.

13. The Orpheum Theater, opened in 1922, is Wichita's only remaining vaudeville and movie house from the age of great theaters. It is currently vacant and awaiting restoration.

the flood. The poor bride-to-be was becoming slightly discouraged.

Ours was not the only train in Newton. The Rocket was parked in a siding and two other well loaded trains were standing with our own at the Station. Then there came a long troop train packed with Marines. In a few minutes the streets of Newton were swarming with Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, and assorted civilians. The candy bars and the soft drinks disappeared from the shelves immediately and the boys commenced a good humored but determined search for amusement. The situation was relieved somewhat when the Marines were loaded aboard their train and placed in a siding some distance from town.

Late Sunday morning the Santa Fe gave the lie to all rumors by hitching an engine to our train and heading us in the direction of Wichita. The water had gone down enough to allow us to get through so that we finally pulled into the station just twenty-four hours late.

The old home town had not been without its own bits of comedy and tragedy. There was the girl bus driver

who pulled off her shoes and stockings and carried the little girl passenger to dry land. There was the man who calmly removed his shoes and socks and pants and waded across Battin, where the water was almost waist deep, in his shorts. There was my partner who waited too long for the train which didn't come and couldn't get home because of the flooded drainage canal. There was the wedding of Alice Hawkins which was set for four P. M. Saturday in the Chapel at the Church. At that hour the water was curb high at Seventh¹⁴ and Broadway. The guests, the ushers, the attendant, the groom, and the Minister were all on hand but there was no bride. She was detained by the flood. As she made her way through the flood waters she kept in touch with the Church by phone. From time to time the Minister would report to the guests upon her progress. Finally by traveling in a whole series of amphibious conveyances

14. Carpenter here meant Murdock and Broadway. There is no Seventh Street in Wichita.



The concerns of war were compounded by the disasters of nature in the spring floods of 1944. This scene at Pattie and Douglas avenues, one-half mile east of Wichita's downtown business district, shows stranded automobiles. Rising water from the drainage canal kept downtowners from getting home to the "Hill."

she arrived to be wed at seven P. M. Delbert Parker was the patient but happy groom. After the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Parker were taken to dry land in a furniture truck.¹⁵ You can see that the flood has overshadowed all other events in Wichita for the present.

NEWELLETTTER NUMBER TWENTY SEVEN

May, 1944

Dear Gang:

Recent happenings in the Newell Class would seem to justify the slogan "Never a dull moment." Several weeks ago we were prepared to satisfy one of the whims of the "perfesser" by serving doughnuts and coffee before class. It became noised about that Lawrence Wulfmeyer and Floyd Roby would be there. Just to make the day a memorable one, Dave Moore landed in town Saturday afternoon. We were just recognizing our re-Newells when in walked Morsuo Allison. We had the best time and the poorest lesson that could possibly be imagined. To say that we were glad to have them home is to state the case very mildly. The next Sunday Wynemah Knight brought her husband who was here on furlough after having served in the South Seas for many months. Morsuo spent his second Sunday with us. Dave had gone to Texas to see his folks. Mother's Day we filled the lecture room to the rafters with Mothers, with our regulars, and visitors. Dan and Helen Winzeler were there; Dave was back, and to our surprise, in walked Myron Sayles with his Mother, Helen, and Olive, and a GI hair cut. Last Sunday Otto Winterhalter and LaVerta Schwendker were there.¹⁶ It has been a real thrill to have our service men and women with us from time to time, and we are delighted when good fortune hands any of them a furlough. It is almost trite, and yet so true, to say that we long for the day when furloughs are a thing of the past and you shall all be home once more. We are very much impressed because in every instance the good man who went away seems to be a better man when he shows up on leave. This is certainly not due to the training which the Army has given or to the inspiring

experiences through which you have gone. It is because the man whom we knew had to grow to meet the challenge of a world where most of the savages are at peace and most of the civilized people are at war. Our service men look mighty fine to us, and it makes us wonder just how we look to them.

It is to be hoped that we look like loyal and devoted Americans at war. Many civilians have been very badly hurt; there is worry and anxiety; there are an ever increasing number of gold stars on our service flags; there is loneliness; many small businesses not essential to the war effort have been ruined; most everyone is carrying a part of the load which used to be carried by a man in the service; and there is a shortage of help everywhere so that to shop, to eat out, or to get any kind of repair work done is a test of patience and endurance. If we are supposed to cry over these things we have come far short of the mark. Americans do not wail, they gripe. We buy all of the bonds that we can buy and cuss the ration board while we write the check. We ride buses to save gas and tires and all of the way down town we cuss the Government for the Canol Project.¹⁷ Every American is a General on his own back porch. He can tell you why we have not licked Hitler and Tojo long before this and he can give you the strategy which he will guarantee to do the trick. The next day he will work all day building an airplane which he hopes the real Strategists will use in their own way. He will laugh about Eleanor [Roosevelt] rubbing noses with the South Sea Islanders and will cuss the New Deal and pray for the President in the same breath. It is a little hard to understand Atlantic Charter and Declaration of Quebec¹⁸ and such, but the American civilian is sure that you are fighting for the right of every man to sit on his own back porch and crack bad jokes and laugh and gripe as he wants to.

The American way is a wonderful way of life. My 1940 Buick still looks pretty good when it is washed and

15. Delbert Parker (1895-1958) was a church choir director in Wichita. Alice Hawkins Parker Benton lives in Wichita.

16. Lawrence Wulfmeyer (1910-) is a retired banker and a member of First Presbyterian Church. Morsuo Allison (1906-) is retired from Boeing in Wichita. Wynemah Knight (1915-1944) was a secretary. Dan Winzeler (1909-1987) was a stockman and farmer in Madison; his widow, Helen (1908-), is a retired teacher there. Myron Sayles (1914-) is a retired engineer in Hudsonville, Michigan. Helen Sayles Sisson (1920-) and her husband own a printing company in Palm Springs, California. Olive Sayles Cram (1917-) owns a chemical company in Camden, New Jersey, and lives in Cinnamasson, New Jersey. Elsie Sayles (1881-1954) was the mother of the Sayles siblings. LaVerta Schwendker (1913-1965) retired from the Women's Army Corps in 1953 and is buried in Arlington Cemetery.

17. The Canol Project was Lt. Gen. Brehon Somerrell's \$134 million plan to develop oil wells, a refinery, and a pipeline in Canada to furnish oil to U.S. troops in Alaska. It quickly became known as a "big bonehead play." Sen. Harry Truman's special committee investigating national defense called it "inexcusable." Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes said it was worth nothing. Only the U.S. Army defended it. It was closed down in March 1945 after providing a million barrels of oil per year. The same amount of oil could have been transported from Seattle to Alaska in ten U.S. Navy tankers.

18. The Atlantic Charter of August 1941 was a statement of principles between Pres. Franklin Roosevelt and British Prime Minister Winston Churchill. It provided for national self-determination, greater economic opportunities, freedom from fear and want, freedom of the seas, and disarmament. The "Declaration of Quebec" is a reference to the Quebec Conference of August 1943 in which Roosevelt and Churchill discussed plans for the forthcoming Allied invasions of Italy and France.

polished as it was the other day. We had stopped for a red light. In the other lane there was a rattle and clatter and the asthmatic exhaust of the remains of what many years ago had been an automobile. As it groaned to a stop one of the men in the front seat glanced disdainfully at my shining job and remarked to his companion "Just another Buick." While they were recovering from laughing at their own joke I happened to look at the hub cap on the wobbly wooden wheel and there was a large gleaming, freshly polished "B."

There is a difference between a gripe and a complaint; between good sportsmanship and complacency, and between a good front on the home front and selfishness. We have many problems, as for instance, the manpower problem which could readily be solved if all of the writers and commentators who are complaining about complaints which they themselves dream up at so much per word would go to work in some essential industry. Let me repeat, "Don't allow anyone to shake your faith in your home folks."

One of the lesser War Poets has broken into "worse" over a now infamous and notorious home front episode. His latest is called, *The Battle of Monkey Ward*.¹⁹

Some bard may sing of battles won
Upon some foreign sword;
But who shall sing of those who fought
At the Battle of Monkey Ward?
No convoy stole thru the waters deep
With a million troops on board-
The GIs rode in limousines
To the Battle of Monkey Ward.
There was no surf to lap the shore-
Not even a creek to ford-

19. Carpenter's poem is about Sewell Avery, head of Montgomery Ward, the Chicago mail-order house. The War Labor Board ordered Avery to negotiate with the CIO union that had won representation rights at Ward's. Avery refused. When the union called a strike, President Roosevelt ordered the workers to return to work and Avery to follow the Labor Board's order. Avery again refused. The President then ordered the Commerce Department to seize and operate the company. Attorney General Francis Biddle flew to Chicago, occupied Avery's office, and asked Avery for his cooperation.

No one tells the story better than James MacGregor Burns: "When Avery refused, saying, 'to hell with the government,' [Biddle] ordered him taken out. 'You New Dealer!' Avery exploded, using the worst epithet in his vocabulary. A photograph of the portly executive leaning back in two soldiers' arms, his hands folded benevolently over his stomach, hit the front page of hundreds of newspapers. A great hubbub followed. 'Government by bayonet,' one editor termed it."

The company continued its defiance and later in the year, the President ordered the War Department to take over the company, saying that Ward's under Avery's leadership had "waged a bitter fight against the bona fide unions of its employees throughout the war.... We cannot allow Montgomery Ward to set aside the wartime policies of the United States Government just because Mr. Sewell Avery does not approve of the Government's procedure for handling labor disputes."

The troops advanced with pants quite dry
At the Battle of Monkey Ward.
An enemy lurked behind each desk
Where the catalogs once were stored;
Their muskets were loaded with mail order blanks
At the Battle of Monkey Ward.
The pill boxes were filled with Vitamins X
Which only the rich could afford;
For the prices were high and the wages were low
At the Battle of Monkey Ward
What a charge! What a fight! What spilling of blood!
For the cameraman to record;
Yes, the newsmen came with the very first wave
At the Battle of Monkey Ward.
All hail, to the genius who planned the campaign-
All hail, to the War Labor Board-
All hail, to the Unions which collected the dues
At the Battle of Monkey Ward.
All hail, to the pres of the "country store"
Who fought without hope of reward.
He fell where he sat so they carried him off
At the Battle of Monkey Ward.
The smoke has all cleared from the battle field;
Peace reigns where once was discord;
And the poppycocks grow, row upon row
Since the Battle of Monkey Ward.
Yes, the bard may sing of some foreign land
Where our heroes draw the sword,
But I shall sing of the war at home-
Of the Battle of Monkey Ward.

NEWLETTER NUMBER TWENTY EIGHT

June, 1944

Dear Gang:

One of the most puzzling aspects of the present conflict, to the back porch general, is the careless use of the alphabet in connection with all things military. If my bill, the Alphabetical Bill of Writes, goes through the good old A B C's will once more be put to their proper use, namely the spelling of words. The trouble all commenced a few years ago when the lady with the restless suitcase entitled the running account of her travels "M. I. Day."²⁰ The idea caught on and so the alphabet was neatly divided among thousands of governmental bureaus. Then the Army fell for it, and now all of the days and all of the hours have been assigned mysterious letters. We do not yet know the meaning of

20. Because of the President's infirmity, the First Lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, served as his "eyes and ears" by embarking on extensive tours and reporting to him on conditions, programs, and public opinion. These trips were the butt of "Eleanor jokes" such as Carpenter's here. "My Day" was the title of the syndicated daily newspaper column she began writing in 1936.

ALLIED ARMIES THRUST SEVERAL MILES INLAND

FIRST PHOTO OF ALLIED INVASION OF NAZI EUROPE

Today's Pictures Today by AP Wirephoto



LST's are loaded with half tracks and other armored vehicles by American troops just before heading for D-Day invasion on the French coast June 6. This is the first photo of the invasion, taken and sent from England to Washington, London, and Paris. (Wichita Beacon, Special Extra Edition)

Americans anxiously awaited news of the D-Day invasion. While radios carried news bulletins, Wichita's newspapers brought out "war extras."

BEACHHEADS SECURED IN NORMANDY, SHORE OPPOSITION SMASHED

Eisenhower Directs Naval Landings Made Under Air Umbrella; General Montgomery Is Commanding Ground Forces

By WEN GALLAGHER
 Supreme Headquarters, Allied Expeditionary Force, June 6 (AP)—The Allies landed in the Normandy section of northwest France early today and by evening had smashed their way inland on a broad front, making good a gigantic air and sea invasion against unexpectedly slight German opposition.

Prime Minister Churchill said that the reinforcements were being fighting in Caen, also captured, and had opened a number of important bridges in the invasion area.

Other Allied ships and thousands of smaller landing craft from the United States, Britain and Canada were seen from the coast. The Allies landed in the Normandy section of northwest France early today and by evening had smashed their way inland on a broad front, making good a gigantic air and sea invasion against unexpectedly slight German opposition.

General Eisenhower, who directed the invasion, said that the Allies had secured a beachhead in the Normandy section of northwest France early today and by evening had smashed their way inland on a broad front, making good a gigantic air and sea invasion against unexpectedly slight German opposition.

LEADERS

Here are the men who are leading the Allied invasion of Europe. At top is General Dwight D. Eisenhower, supreme commander. Next below, Sir Arthur Tedder, air force chief; next, Sir Bertram Ramsay, naval chief; and at bottom, Sir Bernard L. Montgomery, chief of Allied ground forces.



A Day, B Day, nor C Day, but in the last couple of weeks we have learned something of the meaning of D Day. This war has something in common with the obstacle courses which most of you have run. Somewhere along the line there was one obstacle which seemed, in prospect at least, more formidable than all of the rest. If you could only make it, the course would not be finished, but you were sure that all of the remaining obstacles could be overcome and that success would be yours. In some such frame of mind we have all approached D Day. We had not recovered from the thrill of the fall of Rome when it happened. It seemed appropriate that one paragraph of this letter should be written upon D Day, so on the afternoon of that day the following was set down in my note book:

"Our phone rang very early this morning. One of the neighbor kids had called to say that the invasion had begun! The muscles in our stomachs and throats tightened and the color must have gone from our faces. It was as if an anxiously awaited but long overdue train had finally pulled into the station. There were no cheers. We went through the motion of dressing without speaking. We were seriously occupied with our own thoughts, listening as if it were, to the voices of our own hearts. We turned on the radio and gathered around the newspaper. News commentators spoke with unveiled excitement in their voices and the headlines screamed the great news. Breakfast was automatically spread upon the table, and we were not aware of having tasted our food. We expressed to each other the hope that it would

not be long, and we named the names of those who make this invasion in particular and this war wherever it is being fought such a personal matter to us. CLIFF BOWMAN, BILL CHAPMAN, SLAYTON ERMEY, EUGENE LOYD, HOWARD RANGLES, BOB TANNER, FLOYD THOMPSON, and CARL WRISTEN all in England, and BRUCE MCVEY, BILL MIERAU, and WALT TROMBOLD, probably in England. JUDD RAMSEY in Africa, BILL MILLER, JOHN VOSBURGH, and DICK WELLMAN in Italy. And LEE CARTER, DICK CLAUSING, FERD EVANS, JACK KING, LESLIE KING (P. W. [prisoner of war] in Japan), J. L. LELAND, PHIL MCVEY, BOB RICHEY, MARSHALL ROSS, and OLIN STOVER all in the Pacific or in some other foreign theater of war."²¹

Now that D Day has passed we all read with tempered hope the opinions of those in high places that the war is not over but that the end is in sight. Prudent appraisal of the facts would seem to lead to the conclusion that there is still much to be done both at home and abroad. Wichita, like most other communities, has settled into the grind of production with all of the sparks which fly from an inflated payroll. The 5th War Loan Drive is well on its way with fine prospects for success in Sedgwick County. The State Semi-pro Baseball Tournament is coming up with many Camp and Base and War Plant teams entered. A great deal of oratory is coming out of Chicago.²² This one very encouraging thing has been brought out there. At a time when the New Deal is being subjected to every possible criticism, both real and imaginary, not one word of criticism has been spoken regarding the conduct of the war by our military leaders and not one bit of comfort can the enemy get from the war aims of either political party. If you are inclined to feel that the present election has no place in our national life at this time, it might be well to remember that the

essentials of freedom and liberty are being preserved at home in spite of the war and that an election at its regularly constituted time is a part of the price which must be paid for something which every American must hold very dear and which can be found no place else in the world.

NEWLETTER NUMBER TWENTY NINE

July, 1944

Dear Gang:

Last Sunday morning the Newell Class met for one of those memorable Sunday morning breakfasts in Linwood Park. There was a good crowd around the breakfast table - a bit long on the feminine side to be sure, but it is impossible to get together upon such an occasion without feeling that those of you who are away are included. We had fried potatoes, bacon, scrambled eggs, oranges, and coffee. Ed Means, Bill Wright and Emil Sabacky were the Boy Scouts. Ray Grout coached at third while Elizabeth Nickell, Myrtle Brady, Florence Sabacky, Christena Conrad, Marie Hoag, and Laura Miller did the heavy work with the skillets. Peggy Bayless led the singing, Willa read a handful of most interesting letters from all over, and Nida Ella told us a very beautiful and very appropriate story about Aunt Jane and her flower garden and her flowers from Bertha Damon's SENSE OF HUMOR.²³ And as she spoke it came to us all once more how like a many faceted jewel is life. Most of us keep one or two little corners polished while others make life sparkle with a whole galaxy of interests. From the letters which come to us from everywhere we know that there is no course of training too severe, no outpost too dull, and no foxhole too miserable to keep many of you from thinking and planning upon certain projects which even in adversity add zest to life. If we are sometimes awed by the scope of the interests of our friends and acquaintances, it is also true that many of us are chagrined by the tiny area and the shallow depth of the little circle within which we do our own living.

Take this matter of flowers, for instance. Within reach of everyone is an inexhaustible source of enjoyment and satisfaction both for the senses and for the Soul. For every person who dares to love flowers, there

21. Cliff Bowman (1912-) is a retired purchasing agent for the Wichita public schools. Eugene Loyd (1910-) is a retired insurance agent in Denver. Howard Rangles (1913-) is a retired accountant in Carmichael, California. Floyd Thompson (1917-1988) was retired from civil service in Phoenix. Judd Ramsey (1918-) is retired from Cessna Aircraft in Wichita. Ferd Evans (1919-) is a retired attorney in Wichita. J. L. Leland (1915-1971) was a Wichita police detective. Phil McVey (1921-) is a retired University of Nebraska professor of business and marketing in Lincoln. Marshall Ross (1909-) is retired from the Hawaii agriculture and customs department in Honolulu. Leslie King (1913-1944) was captured by the Japanese in the Philippines; while being taken to Japan as a prisoner of war, the ship he was on was sunk in an air attack.

22. Carpenter refers here to the Republican national convention. Writes James MacGregor Burns, "It was a dull convention, enlivened only by [Thomas E.] Dewey's choice of John W. Bricker, the popular, wavy-haired Governor of Ohio, as his running mate.... And when Dewey, in his acceptance speech, lambasted the Democrats for having grown old and tired and stubborn and quarrelsome in office, he made clear the grounds on which he would carry the attack to the Roosevelt administration."

23. Bill Wright (1919-) is retired from Boeing in Borrego Springs, California. Ray Grout (1907-1979) was a retired bookkeeper in Hutchinson. Elizabeth Nickell (1915-) is retired from J. P. Weigand in Wichita. Myrtle Brady (1910-1977) was a housewife in Denver. Christena Conrad Watkins (1906-) is retired from Santa Fe Trailways in Wichita. Marie Hoag Denny (1905-) is a housewife in Golden, Missouri. Laura Miller (1907-) is a retired credit manager and a member of First Presbyterian Church. Peggy Bayless (1911-) is retired from Wichita State University and is a member of First Presbyterian Church. No information on the whereabouts of Emil and Florence Sabacky was found.

are thousands who, like Ferdinand the Bull, are content to sit and smell. Those of us who choose to thus impoverish our lives make no secret of our shortcoming. We could not hide it if we would. My own lack of enthusiasm for gardening and flowers is easily explained by that relatively new and very expensive branch of the Medical Science which has to do with allergies. While yet a small boy it was observed that my system reacted unfavorably to spades, hoes, rakes and lawnmowers. Blisters would form upon my hands, my muscles would ache, and an almost uncontrollable desire for the Old Swimming Hole would develop. After years of carefully avoiding certain garden tools my good wife sums it all up in the simple but cruel statement, "You are just allergic to work!" At any rate, it is possible that there are others who have allowed at least one little facet upon the jewel of life to grow dim with neglect because of the spectre of spades and hoes and spraying equipment which haunts every rose bud and every chrysanthemum.

Even through the eyes of a Ferdinand, Wichita is more colorful than usual for the middle of July. The lawns have been kept green by the frequent summer showers. Every school boy who is big enough to push a lawnmower is able to earn all of the pocket money that he needs with a good share left over for War Saving Stamps. The days have been mild and there have been almost none of those searing hot winds for which Kansas is famous in the Summer. This is Petunia season. There is a flower which thrives in our climate. It seems to have no enemies, it requires little water, and very little care and what a splash of color is returned upon such a small investment. The roses are resting. The Cosmos and Phlox are rampant and the Fall bloomers are getting ready to do their stuff. The Victory gardens are producing beans, and tomatoes, and corn, and the mellons in the markets are just beginning to get good.

Baseball is in the air in Wichita. They say that Lawrence Stadium has never been in such perfect condition. The carpet was soft and green and smooth with never a bad hop in the lot. Service teams and Industrial teams make up the long list of contestants. With the Tournament at the half way point the Coleman Lamp Rangers, Ft. Riley CRTC, Pratt AAF, and the Cessna Bobcats are still undefeated. The Soft Ball League is in the midst of a Tournament too. One cannot watch the Soft Ball games without having brought to mind the words of a song which was popular for a few days. "Either too young or too old." The D & A Sporting Goods team has a second sacker who has made an impression upon me because of his shape. Don says that there is something about him which reminds him of his Dad. He wears his shirt tail out for the simple

reason that the circumference of a circle is more than three times greater than the diameter and there is simply not cloth enough to make the bend. In fact, his uniform looks so much like a maternity smock that one is in constant fear that his work at second will be too strenuous for him.

And now, how shall I tell you about Johnny Vosburgh? There is no place in a letter where this little paragraph can be slipped in easily. Johnny was killed in action in Italy on June the 11th.²⁴ He had already been decorated twice for gallantry in action. The particulars of this last action in which he was engaged are not yet known. We have been telling ourselves all along that this is war. We have schooled ourselves too in the knowledge of the price which must be paid. These things which we have known do account for that which has happened, but they do not in any way lighten the loss nor detract from the heartsickness which we all feel. July 9th the Newell Class dedicated a short but very impressive Devotional Service to John. Myrtle sounded Taps, Buck made a simple friendly statement of the facts, and this was our prayer:

Merciful and Patient Father of Mankind, we come to Thee in deep Humility. We are awed and perplexed, in these dark days, by the mysterious workings of Thy Spirit among the willful Peoples, Nations, and Men and Women of the world.

We lived yesterday in the confident hope that all of our number, even those upon the field of battle, were safe. Today we know that in Thine own Goodness a uniform of khaki and a helmet of steel have been exchanged for the unseeable yet real and eternal trappings of the Spirit.

We say that we are perplexed - and yet, in our hearts, we are not perplexed. We have sinned. And like Cain of old we cannot hide from Thee. We have sinned in that we have not learned to live in Peace. We are ashamed when we survey the Material and Spiritual resources which Thou hast placed in our hands for the good of all mankind. Yes, we are ashamed when we behold how we have misused Thy bounties, even for our own destruction.

We earnestly pray for forgiveness. We pray knowing full well that forgiveness is not enough. We do know right from wrong. We are not ignorant of Thy Will, but in our folly we have tried to solve our problems in our own crude and sinful way. In Thy Mercy forgive; and in Thy Goodness grant to us the courage to walk in a new path - Thy Path - the Path of Godliness and Peace.

24. Carpenter states that of all the paragraphs, this was the most difficult to write. Vosburgh was sitting outside a trench cleaning his gun. He was in no apparent danger; the Germans were shelling behind him. A shell fell short, however, killing him instantly.

IT'S TEAMWORK THAT DOES IT



The 5th War Loan starts next week!

WHEREVER your invasion forces are fighting—at sea, in the air, on the ground—they're working together for victory. They know that they must depend on each other, for only by coordinated teamwork will they win through to final victory in the earliest possible time.

The Fifth War Loan starts next week. It's going to take teamwork—a lot of it—to take this drive over the top. For we've got a job to do. As the tempo of invasion rises every one of us must mobilize for support of our fighting men.

In every city, town and hamlet men and women like your-

self, have banded together as war bond Volunteer Workers, giving their time to taking your subscriptions for bonds. Support them. Give them the kind of teamwork our boys are giving to each other on the fighting fronts!

When your Volunteer Worker calls, *double* your war bond subscription. It's their job to help raise \$16 billions of money for victory during this Fifth drive, \$6 billions from individuals like yourself.

Make up your mind to welcome your Victory Volunteer with a friendly smile and an open checkbook—remembering that it's teamwork that does it!



Back the Attack!—BUY MORE THAN BEFORE!

HERE'S WHAT, UNCLE SAM OFFERS YOU IN THE FIFTH WAR LOAN

The "back" of securities to be sold under the direction of the State War Finance Committee during the Fifth War Loan consists of eight individual issues.

These issues are designed to fit the investment needs of every person with money to invest.

THE OFFERING INCLUDES:

- * Series E, F and G Savings Bonds
- * Series C Savings Notes
- * 2½% Bonds of 1945-70
- * 3% Bonds of 1935-54
- * 3½% Notes, Series B — 1947
- * 3½% Certificates of Indebtedness



This Space Contributed by an American Concern That Is Vitrally Interested in the Welfare of the People of Wichita and That Believes in the Preservation of the American Way of Life.

While D-Day signaled a turning point in the war, the American public was reminded that much still had to be done and that teamwork was required.

We are so entangled in the threads of our own mistakes that we hardly know for what we should pray. We dare to pray for Victory. Deliver us from the temptation to place our faith in the might of arms alone or in the schemes of men who look only into their own shallow minds for Wisdom. Let the Victory for which we pray be the bending of the hearts of all men everywhere to Thy Will and may there be Peace at last upon Thy Good Earth. May it be for no shabby mockery of Peace that John and an innumerable host of his buddies have paid with their very lives.

In Thy Tender Goodness comfort the aching hearts of those who love John best. May we who are his friends be worthy of his love, for greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

NEWLETTER NUMBER THIRTY

August, 1944

Dear Gang:

Your August letter is being written from Bachelor's Quarters on Pinecrest. Mrs. Carpenter has taken Mary

Ann and Don to visit their grandparents for a couple of weeks before school begins. Due to the insatiable appetite of the war machinery for oil and due to the real and imaginary hazards of travel, Boots (our cocker with the white feet) and her master are keeping house at Two Forty. We find that we have become so used to the pleasant and comfortable confusion of normal home life that we can truthfully say that there is nothing to this living alone and liking it business. Of course, we make our boasts about doing exactly as we please and about having just what we want to eat and we crow loudly about how nice the neighbors are to us. The neighbors are very kind, but there are problems in our lonely lives which even they cannot solve. Boots wanders through the house looking hopefully in every room. She cannot understand why there is no Mary Ann to make a fuss over her and why there is no Don to romp and play. She wonders where the table scraps have gone and why she has to be shut up all day long. When she sits up and begs for bites of cookie she looks to me for the answers



A steady schedule of games between ball teams from the war industry plants and military camps kept spectators coming to Wichita's Lawrence Stadium for the state and national semi-pro tournaments of the National Baseball Congress.

to these doggoned riddles and I, being so much wiser than she, can only rub her head sympathetically and say, "Boots, it's a dog's life. That's all!"

The back porch strategist has no easy time of it these days. He locates the towns of St. Lo and Le Mans on his map only to be told that the war has moved on to Versailles and Paris and Toyen. He is able to locate Saipan only to learn that the battle for Guam has already been won. He allows himself to hope that the war will soon be over only to have some smart news analyst paint the picture in terms of battles yet to be fought and miles yet to be covered. Naturally your home folks are talking about the battles which you have already fought and won and they are talking too about Victory and about your homecoming. Only a few short days ago a Beacon news butch was yelling, "Ho lookie, A REAL EXTRA!" Southern France had been invaded. Considering the kind of a war which you are carrying to the enemy everywhere these days, the Beacon could put out a REAL EXTRA every day. The folks on the buses are saying, "It won't be long now!" We have not dared to guess how long it will be. This one thing we still do know. You are getting the job done. And how!

It is not easy to sketch the home scene for August 1944. Together with most of the rest of the nation, Wichita sweltered under several weeks of good old fashioned Summer weather. The last few days have brought cool rains so that there is a suggestion of fall in this cool clear snappy afternoon. The National Semi-Pro Baseball Tournament is entering the final rounds. Many service teams have been entered and they have brought with them a liberal sprinkling of big names from Major Leagues. The pitching has been especially fine. The scores have been unusually and consistently close. A good example was last night's game between the Cessna Bobcats and Camp Sherman which went to thirteen innings and ended three to seven in favor of Camp Sherman. Some folks are beginning to worry about the fate of the aviation industry after the war is over. A few are reported to be scurrying to the haven of what they hope will be peace time jobs. More veterans are beginning to appear - mostly those who have been wounded and are on sick leave. Several of the boys are already home from Saipan. The other night I was awakened in the middle of the night by one of the sounds of battle which you who are in the thick of things may never have heard. It was the distressing sound of a woman crying as if her heart was broken. A dim light was shining from the corner room of a neighbor's house. I thought of the service flag hanging in the front window and I could easily guess what had happened. Sleep did not come easily for the rest of the

night. My guess was right. That is a bit of the varied scene in Wichita as we go into the home stretch in this War.

You may know from some of the letters which you have received that your so called teacher has been taking a vacation. Like many of his listeners, this so called teacher has often wondered just how he happened to be a part of such a marvelous group of really fine young men and women. He has never felt like a Sunday School Teacher should feel, in that all of the traditional virtues seem to be lacking. Take, for instance, the matter of preparation - certainly by the end of the week the lesson should be fully prepared. Not so with your teacher. That task is always put off until the last minute. Saturday afternoon when there is the grass to mow, the cellar steps to be painted, and Don should be taken on a hike or to some fishing stream (he sez) there is always that Sunday School Lesson. This July and August vacation has been granted so that I might have the wreckless pleasure of squandering a few Saturday afternoons. There was also the hope among the officers of the class that the well which threatens each week to run dry might fill up a bit with fresh material. This hope, sad to relate, has not been realized. Finally, it is good for the class to see new faces before them and to hear new voices and to get new approaches to the great Art of Christian Living to which we all aspire. I am sure that this little vacation has been to the NEWELL CLASS like a breath of cool fresh air on a hot Summer day. Even blessings must have an end, so next Sunday we shall be back to work again. Each Sunday, as is our custom in these war times, we shall gather around the bulletin board where we have the pictures which you have so kindly helped us to get. There we shall exchange news and comment upon your experiences and from that symphony of friendship there goes up a mighty prayer for speedy victory and for your safe return.

NEWELLETTER NUMBER THIRTY ONE

September, 1944

Dear Gang:

This letter has been postponed a couple of times by a combination of circumstances which sometimes confront a Geologist to make his work both worrisome and interesting. We have been working upon a wildcat well near the town of Stafford, which has all of the earmarks of a pool opener. We have found the producing horizon and from the drill cuttings we know that it carries oil. The customary completion technique has been used and there is no oil. For ten days we have been trying this and that procedure in the hope that we can solve the problem. This letter is being written in the field while awaiting the results of another experiment.

My private opinion is that our trouble is in the weather. In order to be absolutely sure of a well one must hit the producing formation when the mud is ankle deep; it must be three thirty on Sunday morning, and it must be raining a cold drenching rain which soaks and chills one thru and thru. We have been having perfect Indian Summer. The days have been bright and warm and the nights have been clear and just cool enough to make a person pull the zipper on a nice warm jacket. The farmers on all sides have been drilling their wheat. And in that connection comes an observation upon Human Nature. The farmer who owns the land upon which we have been drilling is putting in his wheat too. If we are successful in our venture, he will be richer by a good many thousands of dollars. And yet, all day long he rides that tractor back and forth across the plowed field with hardly a glance in the direction of the drilling well. When the chores are finished in the evening he comes around for a few minutes to see how we are getting along. If it were my land I'm afraid that my wheat planting would be neglected for a few days. Maybe that explains why he is a successful farmer and why I am in the oil business.

It is a bold stroke for a partisan like myself to write about the political situation. However, it is so much a part of life these days that it should be mentioned. It must be evident even to our enemies that the campaign and its outcome are to have no effect upon our determination to achieve a speedy victory. All true Americans regardless of party are devoted to that task. We do have some unamerican forces at work which have never been felt politically before. They have so thoroughly infiltrated our national life that it will take more than an election to rid ourselves of them if we ever do. It is going to require intelligent and relentless resistance upon the part of every person who dreams of having a business of his own whether it be farm or factory, large or small, or whether he plans to be an employer or an employee.²⁵ So far, [Thomas] Dewey has used the vigorous attack in his campaign. He resembles a well trained and hard hitting boxer in the ring. Roosevelt looks like the perennial defending Champion who is still plenty fast on his feet and whose bag is still well filled with tricks. The crowd seems to be pretty well divided with most of the cheering for the Champ coming from the cheaper

seats and the cheering for the challenger coming from the front rows. You will see nothing like it on the other side of either ocean and it is a safe bet that you will see nothing for which you would be willing to trade it.

The Army brought its Shot From The Skies show to the East High grounds to remind us that there is another Bond Drive on the way. My father took me to a similar show during the first World War. It was quite a thrill to see the German "crates" hung from the ceiling with wires, the helmets, the guns big and small, and the German uniforms. This time it was Don who was thrilled by the Messerschmitts, the Junkers, and the Zeros. As for me, the years have dulled that part of my emotional machinery. Two pictures came to my mind as we walked among the exhibits. The first was a picture of similar shows in Tokio and Berlin featuring B-17's, B-29's, American guns, helmets, and uniforms. (Perhaps the Berlin show will be closed by the time you read this.) The second was the picture of those same East High grounds with its soft ball diamonds and you who read this letter playing there. V-Day will indeed be a great day. May it come soon.

As you probably know from other communications our church is coming of age. Next year she will celebrate her seventy-fifth anniversary. The passing of this important milestone in the life of our beautiful and beloved church is an opportunity for appropriate celebration. Elaborate plans are being made for this great Diamond Jubilee. It is fitting that a part of that celebration should take the form of a suitable gift. Since the jewels which have adorned our church have always been her missionary enterprises it was natural that the thoughts of our officers should turn first in that direction. We therefore plan to give a fully equipped maternity ward to the Embudo Presbyterian Hospital in Northern New Mexico. This gift is also to be a memorial to Mrs. Mortimer Preston who was an outstanding missionary leader in the church for many years. As a second part of the gift we plan to raise funds for a new organ to replace our present instrument which has served faithfully for more than thirty years and which now appears to be on its last legs. One of our lesser poets who confines his efforts to the field of non-sacred literature has put it this way:

Seated one day at the organ,
Which was weary and ill at ease,
The organist tried for an amen
But all that he got was a wheeze.
The music, they say, was by Haydn
Who possesses soul moving power
But the notes which came from the organ
Were uncertain, anemic, and sour.

25. Carpenter is a Republican. (In fact, he was a candidate for lieutenant governor in the 1948 primary.) He refers here to the controls on prices and wages imposed by the Office of Price Administration. He believed that it would be many years before they were ended, if ever. History of course proved him wrong. Looking back over the years, he acknowledges that Roosevelt's place in history as a great President is secure, and he states that F.D.R. "did what he had to do."



When captured German artillery went on display in Wichita, Carpenter recalled that when he was a young boy during the First World War, he had been taken to a similar event by his father.

The bellows which these many years
 Had filled each pipe with its breeze
 Must be worked with the organist's hands and feet
 While he plays the stops with his knees.
 So we're giving the Church a new organ
 For her Diamond Jubilee
 And the funds for buying the same
 Must come from you and from me.
 So send us your stamps and your War Bonds
 Neglect not the nickles and dimes
 For one of these days the organ will blow
 And all we'll have left is the chimes.²⁶

NEWELLETTER NUMBER THIRTY TWO

October, 1944

Dear Gang:

These paragraphs have, since their beginning, been written to bring to you a sketch of a few of the things

which are a part of the Old Home Town. It is possible that this letter may come to someone whose present home is a foxhole - someone who is cold and wet and uncomfortable and whose nearest prospect for food is that substitute for a repast universally cursed as K-rations. At the risk of causing such an hero to tear his hair and gnash his teeth, I want to tell you how Dillon's Market at Douglas and Oliver declares the season of the year with all of the accuracy of the Almanac which Dr. Screwball used to give away for free with each two ounce bottle of his Remarkable Rheumatism Remover.

We have just returned from a cooperative shopping expedition in which my chief function was to carry the groceries to the car. I did observe that the folks who buy the groceries are an interesting lot at this time of the year. There are the kids who dash in for one of two items and then wait impatiently, first on one leg and then on the other, as they are detained by the line which forms before the cash register. There are the men shoppers

26. The new pipe organ was installed in 1947 and rebuilt in 1987.

who always carry little white slips of paper to remind them of the things which they are to buy. Then there are the ladies, bless 'em, who wear some of the darndest uniforms for grocery shopping and who go about the business of ferreting out the best buys like a hound on the scent. There has been a noticeable change in the costumes of the feminine shoppers. Slacks and sweaters now cover the variety of odd shapes which shorts and halters of summer so ruthlessly exposed.

The staples which line the shelves, canned vegetables, canned fruit, coffee, crackers, and bread have no mark of the season upon them. It is at the bakery counter that one gets the first hint. There are dozens of doughnuts, and stacks of fruitcakes in suggestive cellophane wrappings. There are no customers at the cold meat counter. Warmly clad ladies, ration books in hand, speculate upon the relative culinary merits of chicken, duck, (no turkey), thin steaks, hamburger, or pork chops. One season conscious shopper takes a dozen weiners, another takes a brick of chili. It is in the vegetable and fresh fruit department that the season makes its most colorful impression. There are bushels of red Jonathan and Delicious apples, green squash split in two to show the yellow meat, great cool pods of reddish grapes, and there are turnips and parsnips and sweet potatoes. There are pecans from Oklahoma and oranges and grapefruit from the Valley. One table is covered with light brown jugs of freshly pressed cider. On another table there are bright yellow pumpkins of all shapes and sizes. We stopped at the pumpkin table, each thinking the same thought. One of us chose a fat little pumpkin, the other selected one which was not too slender but tall. Come next Tuesday night, the neighborhood dogs will bark when they see the flickering light of two hideous pumpkin faces shining from our window. And that is the time of the year it is in Wichita according to Dillon's Market at Douglas and Oliver.

It is a very even keeled man or woman who can keep from shipping a little water these days. The news broadcasters are at a loss to describe adequately the action which is taking place upon all fronts. The European fronts are the fronts of anticipation just now. We know that big things will take place there soon. All of those who are in a position to know are enlarging upon the disastrous results to Japan of our great Naval Victory in the Pacific, a Victory which in no way detracts from the Army's big invasion of the Philippines.²⁷ Each successful operation brings us just one step nearer to

Total Victory. The political pot is boiling slightly more violently than the proverbial "merrily." The contenders are slugging it out with horse shoes in their gloves. The voters seem to be about evenly divided in their desires and we are all quite anxious to have the election over with so that the ether waves can be fumigated and our minds and the minds of those in high places can turn again full time to the job of winning the war.

A couple of weeks ago the War Department sent to Slayton Erney's wife²⁸ one of those ominous telegrams to the effect that he had been seriously wounded. Word from Slayton himself is that he was hit in the leg by shrapnel and that he has been evacuated to England where he is in a hospital. He is being treated in one of those bonesetter's nightmares with all of the weights and pulleys which are supposed to pull a person together again. We are all sorry. We rejoice in the knowledge that Uncle Sam's doctors will do their job well.

It will be Thanksgiving by the time this letter reaches many of you. It is the time to thank God who is the giver and the maker of all things. It is time to be thankful that God is good. It is time to remember that all of our miseries and our sufferings are of our own making because we are a people who will not seek to discover nor strive to do the Will of God. It may take a long time for such a stubborn people to learn. It is time to remember thoughtfully that God does all things slowly and well and that He can wait.

NEWELLETTER NUMBER THIRTY THREE

November, 1944

And Joseph also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem; To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child. And so it was, that while they were there, the days were accomplished that she should be delivered.

And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn.

Dear Gang:

Before this reaches you everyone will have finished his Christmas shopping - that is everyone except me. Mine will be finished just before the Kress store closes its doors on the night of December 24th. Since most of my waking hours between now and the night before Christmas are to be spent in trying to decide what not to buy for whom, you may as well forget for a few moments the unpleasantness of war and come skate with me upon the thin ice of pre-Christmas indecision.

27. Carpenter refers here to the Japanese defeat in the Battle of Leyte Gulf, the greatest naval confrontation of the war, which cleared the way for the U.S. occupation of the Philippines.

28. Alice Erney (1917-1988) was a housewife.

Many of you are laboring under the impression that it is a very simple matter to choose and buy an acceptable gift for one's wife. The rest of you are married. There are several well trodden approaches to the problem. The first might be called the hunt for the hint. All wife to husband conversations about this time of year are carefully decoded to see whether the frequent recurrences of such words as grand piano, fur coat, amethyst brooch, pearl necklace, and similar names of trinkets might add up to a cleverly concealed but unsuppressed desire. Very often a certain manner of speaking, a strange light in the eyes, a well aimed glance, or an eloquent gesture may be the clue to some little thing which is just the thing for a Christmas gift.

If not the slightest trace of a hint can be found it then becomes necessary to submit to that repulsive form of intrusion upon personal privacy which is politely called advertising. Picture if you can that vacant lot on the way to town where one is confronted by a gigantic Santa Claus who dangles a leather suitcase, completely fitted for post-war travel, between his thumb and forefinger as he shouts in loud colors to passers by from the flat face of the billboard. The evening papers devote a modest space to world shaking events while they devote full pages to picturing the wares of worried shopkeepers. The radio is turned on for a bit of soothing music and it fairly drips as a quavering voice from the great beyond urges the male listener to buy heavenly diamonds for his beloved this Christmas at nothing down and a lifetime to pay. Then if one really asks for it, there is that mild form of desperation known as window gawking (sometimes spelled with an s, an h, an o, two ps, an i, an n, and a g). The bewildered one takes a receptive position in front of a piece of plate glass about the size of a barn door. He grasps his pocketbook firmly in one hand while with the other he massages his head as one perplexed. There almost hidden by the stiff form of a sad faced manikin he sees a spun glass dressing table with slenderizing and face lifting mirror, built in radar eyebrow plucker, and spray gun for applying lipstick and face rouge. Through another window may be seen a delightful combination table cloth, riveter's coverall, and evening gown made from flexible plywood with fast colors. Still another window displays upon a remnant of red velvet the 1945 model Amazon hand bag with double length shoulder strap, made from hand tooled elephant hide, and large enough to be fitted with a frozen foods locker and a completely equipped powder room.

It may be that we shall come finally to the state of violent desperation. It becomes necessary then to venture into the teeming marketplace. We step cautiously into the revolving door. At the end of the sixth round we

stagger dizzily into a crowd of people who are pushing and pulling and shouting at each other as they play ring around the rosie. When they finally stop turning we discover that we have been deposited in the Notions Department of a Christmas Shopper's Paradise. Here certainly, if anyplace, a husband should expect to find sympathy and understanding in his search for the ideal gift. But the Notions Department is manned by tough looking beings who have been especially trained in the art of not selling Christmas Gifts. One of the antisales personnel apparently deeply hurt at the prospect of a customer, approaches with fists clenched and that now-don't-you-wish-you-had-stayed-out-of-my-department look in her eye. In full retreat we dash into the Hosiery Department where all hands are thrown into a panic by the sudden appearance of a runner. In the confusion one of the ladies, if such she can be called, gives a customer a sock and another remarks, "Now there is a fine heel for you." We know a hint when we hear one; and eluding the store detective we steal stealthily up one aisle and down another until we are trapped at last in that Christmas Chamber of Horrors the You-don't-dare-mention-a-word-of-it-to-anybody Department. The atmosphere is charged with a sweet smelling gas designed to break down masculine sales resistance. Here and there plaster busts and torsos are draped with bits of bright colored mosquito netting. In spite of the large neon sign which keeps blinking in large red letters, "Men, if you are uncomfortable at home, please be uncomfortable here. We want you to feel at home." We feel unsure of ourselves and like strangers in a strange land. At that moment we are put at ease by a sweet and beautiful young thing who knows how to help men with their Christmas shopping. Smiling her way toward us thru the embarrassment she begins innocently, "Would you care to see something in negligee?" She must think that we are saying yes as our mouths drop open in astonishment or anticipation. Like the well trained sales lady which she is she continues, "Now, if you wolves will just step into this little room." As she speaks she urges us on at the point of a freshly sharpened bassinet. We step hopefully into the room. The door slides shut. Our stomachs tingle. The operator monotonous with a slightly falling inflection, "Second floor, draperies and kitchen furnishings. Mezzanine, boys' clothing. Main floor, everybody out! Merry Christmas!"

To come now to a serious thought about The Birthday of the King - a thought suggested by the passage which opens this letter. Christmas through the centuries has wrapped herself in a colorful array of outer garments consisting of those wonderful embellishments which we all love. Our hearts are warmed by the



Photographs of First Presbyterian Church members in military service were displayed on a bulletin board in the church and later were gathered into scrapbooks. Those scrapbooks and the letters written to Carpenter by Newelleter recipients are now in the archives of the First Presbyterian Church of Wichita.

tinsel, the holly, the gifts in their beautiful wrappings, the candles, the blazing logs in the fireplace and our own folks gathered at home. These are the things which we have unthinkingly called Christmas. This year many of our loved ones and our friends are to have a Christmas stripped of its candles, its holly, and of good fellowship. We are reminded of that first Christmas which was not celebrated at home around a groaning dinner table, but in the cold stall of a barn. There they were surrounded by the Heavenly Hosts and the Soul satisfying manifestations of the Spirit. Consider this Christmas the imperishable and eternal bounties of that Holy Day; the reassurance of God's very presence in His universe; the renewal of Man's faith in the ultimate triumph of Righteousness, Brotherhood, Good Will, and Peace. This year we are deprived of many of those things which we have called Christmas. We shall not complain. Rather, shall we give thanks because our hearts are stirred and warmed by the elemental and true values of a real Christmas.

We continue to add new and strange names to our roster of places made sacred by your efforts, your hardships and your sacrifices. Figuring prominently in the news just now are Metz, Strasbourg, Huertgen forest, Dueren, Bologna, Limon, Ormoc, and Tokyo. Just as your thoughts are turned in our direction by stray bits of well ordered civilian life, an unharmed farm house or the unmolested corner of a garden, our thoughts are turned to you as the winds blow colder, as the sleet falls, and as the roads, which we as civilians can so easily avoid, become wet and muddy. Last Sunday, which was cold and wet and foggy, we asked Bill Miller about the Italian sunshine. He said, "Except for the summer months, this is it. Day after day - wet, and cold, and muddy!" We would like to allow ourselves to feel that the war is drawing rapidly to a close. Your folks at home are certainly not acting as if the war is over. The personal news from the battle front is far too grim for any such behavior. We are grateful for the unvarnished report of those who should know. "The war is going well."

NEWELLETER NUMBER THIRTY FOUR

December, 1944

Dear Gang:

Christmas at the present writing is still several days away. The streets are alive with scurrying shoppers and the stores are filled with fretful folks who just must find some little thing for Uncle Jim or cousin Judy. The six pale blue bulbs which will still do their stuff are draped cockily throughout our Christmas tree and the presents are still unwrapped underneath. The smellers and the feelers and the shakers have been at their little game of guessing but the gayly wrapped and variously shaped packages still contain their secrets. The radio is bringing into our homes that most beautiful of all music, the Christmas Carols. All of these things are warming our hearts in a very peculiar way. Maybe some of you have been on a drilling rig at this time of year. The little steel shelter just off the rig floor is called a dog house. The door is always kept open so that the cold winds can come in and so that the driller can see how his machinery is behaving. In the middle of the two by twice floor there is a stove which is kept a bright cherry red. These nights anyone who faces the stove for warmth soon discovers that his back is cold and he who backs up to the stove soon discovers that his coat tail is smoking while he freezes in front. We on the home front are all like that just before Christmas in this very eventful year of 1944. As we warm ourselves at our own firesides our hearts on the other side are chilled by the happenings in Europe. Just now we hope that the dawn is beginning to break



William H. "Bill" Chapman



LaVerta C. Schwendker



William E. "Bill" Miller



Edmund L. "Ed" Dorsett



Myron Sayles



Garnet P. Mason

over the night of the blackest week of the war.²⁹ Perhaps we had allowed ourselves to forget the true nature of war; perhaps we had forgotten for a little bit that the path to Victory is not all down grade; perhaps we have even allowed ourselves to forget the true nature of the desperate beast which we are fighting. Perhaps we had allowed ourselves to believe that Victory would come too soon and too cheaply. Now we have been brought to our senses again. We feel much as we felt after Pearl Harbor. We are mad through and through. I know that there is a lot of talk these days about the folks at home feeling and acting as if the war was over. Maybe there are a few folks who are idiots in war or peace but you are fighting for folks like little Danney Plumley who came in to play with Don this afternoon. He is a swell little guy about ten years old and he was telling us all about the approaching Christmas at his house. He said, "Aunt Charlotte will not be eating Christmas dinner with us. She is going to Newton to be with Uncle Don's folks. Uncle Don was killed in action you know."

This fellow John Q. Public ought to have a word said in his defense once in a while because he, among several million others, is the fellow who once filled the uniform which one of these days will hang in your own clothes closet. He really isn't a bad sort in war or in peace. Just now he seems a little dokey at times, mainly because he gets some pretty bum steers. The news is colored to suit

the occasion. If it is to raise money for the War fund the news is of one color, if it is to sell War Bonds it is of another color, and if there is no drive in progress John Q. Public is told those things which every newsman knows that he wants to hear. A few nights ago some of the men on the way to work ran over a coyote. They brought it to the well and clipped his ears for the bounty which the State pays upon coyotes. He had a beautiful tail and it occurred to me that with that tail dangling from his belt Don could be king of the neighborhood gang for a couple of days at least. When he saw what I had brought he was thrilled as only a small boy can be over such things, but he put me on the spot when he said, "Now, Daddy, tell me exactly how you killed him." His eyes sparkled in anticipation, and I could read in them the story which he wanted to hear - how my keen eyes had discovered the beast lurking in the underbrush where less observant men had failed to see him - the long chase up and down hill and over fences - and how he had almost made his escape when I drew a bead and with my trusty rifle dropped him at half a mile with a clean little bullet hole exactly between the eyes. I just couldn't tell a whopper like that. Instead I explained that it was a very old coyote and that he had limped up to me wagging his tail and that he had curled up at my feet and died of old age. Don looked at me and at the tail of the coyote in extreme disgust, and he ran off to show the neighborhood kids and to tell them a better story of his own making. Those who dish out the news these days and John Q. Public are very much like a father who brings home a coyote tail to his boy. [K]

29. Carpenter refers here to the Battle of the Bulge, the last German offensive on the western front.