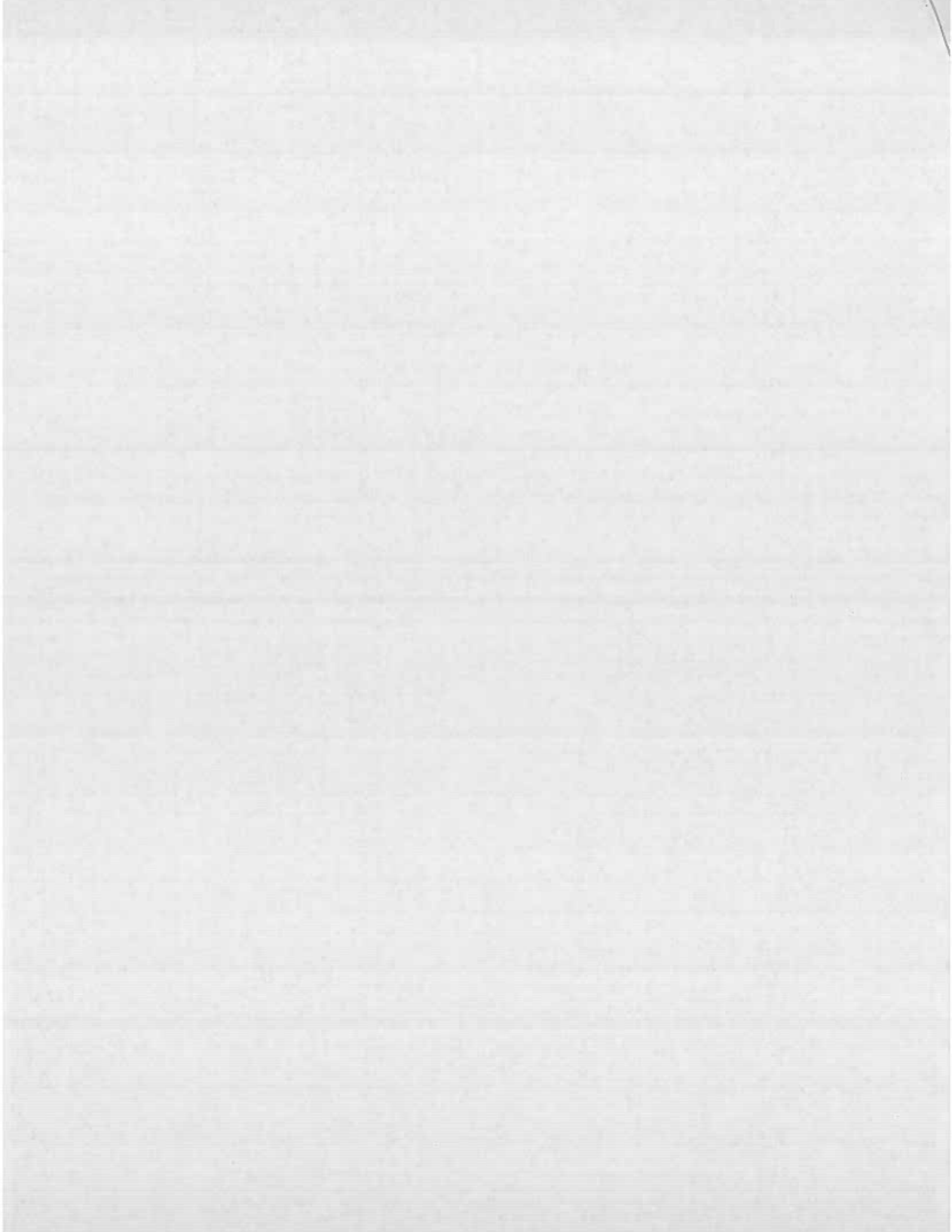


# CHAPIN LETTERS

ROGER E. CHAPIN



Lined to Paul

Phelan

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**THE AUTHOR DICTATING**



THE  
CHAPIN LETTERS

All fifty-five issues of the "Chapin Letter" written by

ROGER E. CHAPIN

to his sons March 5, 1945, to March 25, 1946  
and others of his letters

Published by his sons  
Springfield, Illinois

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Mildred A. Chapin

## FOREWORD

We called him "Dad". Nearly everyone else called him "Judge" except Mother and a few intimate friends to whom he was known as "Rog".

Roger E. Chapin lived on this earth from 1890 to 1966 and to his last gasp was full of wonder as to how in the span of a single life civilization could undergo such tremendous changes.

Dad was a living example of the fact that a college or university can only point the way to education. He graduated from Springfield High School in 1908 and in 1911 entered Michigan Law School. In the intervening time teaching eight grades in a country school provided his college education. Having missed college, he never ceased to educate himself. He devoured literature and possessed a never-ending devotion to improving his understanding of nearly everything in the universe.

During World War II Dad and Mother were undoubtedly concerned for our safety but it's plain he took pride in the fact that he had three sons and all were serving, one in each branch, John in the Army in Europe, Chick in the Marines at Quantico and Okinawa, and Sam in the Navy somewhere in the Pacific.

John was the first overseas, arriving in England in 1944 before the invasion of Normandy. Aware that he was from a family of Anglophiles he began sending long letters to Betsy describing England. Betsy forwarded these to Dad who then undertook their general circulation. Chick, not to be denied, produced some Baedeker-like reports on the Pacific, and Dad found himself running a letter service for his sons.

Thus was born the "Chapin Letter". If he had to spend the office time and postage to send John and Chick's letters to everyone in the family he might as well send along a letter of his own.

Some editorial consideration was given here to the inclusion of the sons' letters in this volume since some Chapin Letters are not easily understood without the supporting documents. For a variety of reasons, not the least of which is expense, these have been omitted. We have included one of Dad's letters which foreshadows the "Chapin Letter" and several post-war letters in a similar pattern.

The "Chapin Letter" became an immediate best seller and as its fame increased more and more "subscribers", some of whom were not named Chapin or related, were added to the list. The Chapin law office was fairly taxed, in a day before Xerox, to produce many onion skin carbons, and woe unto the man who received the last carbon. Alice Stewart frequently had to produce eight copies in one run of the L. C. Smith. Dad's personal deadline varied from Tuesdays through Thursdays, but many a late supper resulted at the Stewarts' because, to Dad, the publication deadline was instantly after the editorial one.

Through all the Chapin letters, through their humor, earthiness, tragedy and happiness glows the single powerful, ebullient force of character of Mildred Katherine Armstrong Chapin, who married Dad in 1914 and became the single great dominating factor in his life. Dad wrote the

Chapin letters but Dad and Mother together produced the Chapin Letters. Without her, he was another good honest country lawyer. With her, he could have been anything, President of the United States or King of England. He didn't become President or King, but he achieved a great many things, the most notable being the respect and admiration of nearly everyone who ever met him.

J. R. C.

C. A. C.

S. J. C.

December, 1968  
Springfield, Illinois

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CHAPIN & CHAPIN  
Lawyers  
First National Bank Building  
Springfield, Illinois

July 12, 1944

Dear John:

Since you have been so good as to give us such marvelous reports on the historic places you have visited I thought perhaps I should reciprocate and tell you about a trip I made recently to a historic spot.

Yesterday I visited the old Illinois State House, of Lincoln's day, now used as the County Building and housing the courts and other county offices at Springfield, Illinois. It is located in the center of the business district occupying an entire block, which area is referred to as "The Square". The building was originally of Greek design and built of native brown limestone and in its early day must have presented a pleasing sight to the eye. In later years it underwent a unique transformation by being raised and having the first story built under it which serves a dual purpose of a pedestal for the old capitol and furnishing offices for some of the county officers.

In the days when it served as the old State House each of the rooms had some intimate association with Abraham Lincoln and today the legend of these associations is still related to all interested visitors, the most important being that Lincoln made his "House Divided Against Itself" speech in the old House of Representatives, then on the second floor of the building, now the Circuit Court Room on the third floor.

Inside the building I did not discover much to inspire awe and so I will pass a description of the interior in favor of describing some of the experiences I had on my trip. On the second floor landing I encountered the County Judge, Harlington Wood, engaged in conversation with a negro. I stopped to greet him and learned that the negro was inquiring when his case would come up. The case, it seems, is a prosecution by the negro of a tavern-keeper under the Civil Rights Act because the tavern-keeper refused to sell beer to the negro, although he presented himself at the bar, ready, able and willing to buy a bottle of beer and anxious to drink it. This was the first time I had ever heard of a Springfield bar-keeper refusing to sell a drink to anyone - in fact, from the reports I have heard I assumed that men, women and children can and do buy drinks and I have even heard of a man buying one for his dog. The beer in this case was poured out in a saucer and enjoyed by the canine with as much relish as the humans exhibited.

Upon parting with Judge Wood I heard a loud noise coming from the direction of the Probate Court and since I had some papers to file in the Clerk's office I proceeded to enter, and I found Judge DeBoice delivering an impromptu campaign speech to two poor lawyers who could not get away. I didn't follow the discussion too closely but from the few phrases I heard, I gathered that he didn't like President Roosevelt and from the emphasis he gave his remarks it seemed his dislike had reached a crisis in the DeBoice mind and nervous system. I interrupted to say Good Morning and that I was



glad to see that America was still a free country where we could all say what we pleased and then filed my papers and made a hasty exit.

This stop was only incidental to the main object of my trip, namely, to file a petition in the Circuit Court. At this point it may interest you to know what the petition was, and in order to explain this I prefer to start at a point that will be familiar to you although this point is somewhat removed from the point of the story. You will recall the old Fogarty Shoe Store, operated by William Fogarty, who occasionally sold you shoes as a boy. One of Mr. Fogarty's nephews, a Lt. John G. Fogarty was an aviator in the Air Forces and was killed last summer while on a mission over Germany. He was married and made a will leaving all of his property to his widow, whom I represent. His property consists of his inheritance under the will of his father, which inheritance was put in trust during the lifetime of his mother. There is some question as to whether his interest in his father's estate was a contingent interest and would go to the father's heirs or whether it was a vested interest and would go to his own heirs or devisees. Representing his widow it is my contention that it was a vested interest and passed to the widow by the will, and the petition I was bent on filing was one in which she asked to intervene in the trust estate of the Senior Fogarty and be substituted as a party and beneficiary in the place of her husband.

The Circuit Court wasn't in session and as usual at such times the attachees were engaged in idle conversation with a few lawyers who were on their way in or out. There was old Herman Goering (no relation to Hitler's Luftwaffe commander) who has grown old in the service of filing court papers; there was Ollie Addleman, once upon a time Probate Clerk, once upon a time Revenue Collector, and now Bailiff. Ollie too has aged considerably but always greets me with some reference to bygone days in the Probate Court or to a hunting trip, and thereby invites me to converse with him. Also present was Mr. Krogdahl, the efficient court reporter, with his notebook in hand, ready to step into service at a moment's notice if called to enter some order by the Judge.

After casual salutations to all of these and having rather dexterously extricated myself from their invitations to discussion and argument I proceeded to the Judge's chambers where I found Circuit Judge Lawrence E. Stone enjoying a large El Producto cigar. He offered me one but since I couldn't stay long enough to smoke it and feeling that walking away with the Judge's cigar would not be an evidence of appreciation of his hospitality, I declined as graciously as I could. I don't like El Productos very well anyway, but I hope that my refusal did not give evidence of this fact.

The business in hand required only the fixing of a day for the hearing in my case and this did not take long. The Judge then inquired about both you and Chick and told me about his own soldier sons. After this short review of the military situation I retired from the Judge's chambers and back through the ancient court room without giving the matter of its history a single thought - such is the way of human beings grown used to historic scenes by everyday contact.

I found myself ringing for the elevator on the third floor of the old capitol building at exactly 12:05, but being unaware of the precise time did not realize that the elevator boy (now a man of some 72 years) had gone to lunch.



Since the elevator operator goes to lunch at 12:00 it has become necessary for many of the employees in the Court House to go to lunch before 12:00 in order not to miss either their elevator or their lunch, which necessity has produced a system which begins to empty the Court House as early as 11:30. I again find myself digressing from my trip and now resume where I left off. After carefully surveying the situation there appeared only two alternatives - either I must wait until 1:30 until the elevator man returned, or walk down two flights of stairs. Neither of these was particularly appealing, but walking downstairs seemed a little less annoying, and so I elected upon this course. Upon reaching the second floor I heard the same voice escaping from the Probate Court and I hurried on to the next landing for fear I might be pressed into service as an audience - in fact, my effort in getting out of the building was carried on at such a pace that one might have imagined that the structure was on fire and I even indulged in this bit of imagination myself. A few minutes later, however, found me back in my office in the bank building and I found myself unconsciously taking a glance out of the window back toward the Square. The Court House was still standing and there was no smoke coming out, no crowds were gathered, people were still passing leisurely along the streets in their summer attire - which in Springfield means that the men were coatless and the women were bareheaded and barelegged, that is excepting the Soldiers, Sailors, Wacs and Lady Marines who are now seen frequently on the streets. Even the big red, white and blue Fifth War Loan sign was still standing in the Court House yard. I drew a sigh of relief and sat down at the desk - my adventurous trip was over thirty minutes after it began - much less time than it has taken me to tell you about it, but I thought that you might be interested to know what your native city looks like in July, 1944.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

March 5, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES Sam's application has been forwarded to the U.S.M.M. including his photograph and various supporting papers. His essay was splendid and if the Supervisor of the Merchant Marine knows his stuff, he will act on this quickly so as to get first dibs on Samuel James. In my last letter I referred to this service as the Merchant Marines and I have already had a card upbraiding me on my error. I anticipate hearing from Chick this week with another note of correction.

Incidentally, Aunt Mary Richardson loaned me a book "Purser's Progress" which is a story by a chap who became a purser on a liberty ship. He tells a very vivid story of the experiences of the ship and of all members of the crew on the voyage to Africa. Included in the crew were two cadets. The book is very well written and will be particularly worth while for Sam to

read if he can find a copy in the library.

JOHN John's mail is catching up and he tells us that he got twelve letters from mother and me in one day, being letters that had been written in December and January. He is looking forward to getting a leave and he and Marshall Peter are planning to spend their leaves together first visiting an English Estate for a few days and then going to the Southeast Coast of England to what is known as the English Riviera. I trust there won't be any bombs hitting in that neighborhood during his leave.

CHICK Chick received a shipment of Grandmother's cookies which she sent to him about Christmas time and Grandmother was particularly delighted to know that he got them and also to have them serve as an occasion for her to get two extra letters from him. Chick had heard that Dr. Gould was going to succeed Dr. Cowling as President of Carleton College and voiced complete approval of the selection.

SAM'S TEACHERS I have had a couple of contacts with Sam's ex teachers recently. The first one was Miss Adelia Metzger, or at least that use to be her name a couple of years ago and she married a Lutheran Minister who was an Arab by birth and who formerly lived in Palestine. Six years ago he came to United States and studied at Concordia College and became a Lutheran Minister. Miss Metzger was his English teacher and later married him. He now has been assigned a church in Tea, South Dakota. Rev. Bahuth is a very intelligent and well educated man and is very interesting and he presented me with a little pamphlet he prepared entitled "Glimpses of Jerusalem" in which he has answered the various questions people ask about his native country. He has described them very well. Mrs. Bahuth's father was Mr. Fred Metzger, who died recently, and I am looking after the estate for them.

I have also been having some negotiations with the men class room teachers of Springfield in reference to representing them to the Board of Education for the purpose of getting a better contract of employment. The committee consists of Mr. Petefish, Mr. Deffenbaugh, and Mr. Ruff. Sam will recognize at least two of these men.

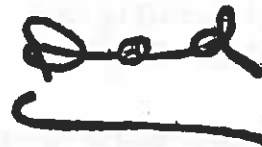
SIGNS OF SPRING Mother caught a cold Saturday which prevented her from going to church on Sunday and you will understand that this also prevented me from going. Zipper and I decided to take a walk in the park since it was such a beautiful, warm day. We made quite a trip of it. On entering the park we encountered three small boys with air guns banging away at birds. They must have had some success as Days' English Setter and an Irish Setter were with them and were much on the move. They seemed to be firing in every direction and I was a bit uneasy that they might run out of targets before I got past and expected about any moment to be stung with a B.B. in some vital spot. Apparently they did not want to waste their shots on anything a dog could not retrieve. At the duck pond, we saw the usual gathering of parents and children feeding the ever hungry but overfed ducks. At the boat pond the water was spilling over the damn in a generous flow and while I was standing there a man and boy got out of their car with fishing rods and began preparations for fishing. I continued my journey on around the park and upon reaching the south bridge I spied some horses in the distance and in a few minutes five children rode by crossing the road ahead of me. There were two horses in the group and three rather attractive stock ponies. They had come along the bridal path until they

reached the road and then in a Chapin boy manner, scampered off in various directions unmindful of the soft ground, and the holes they were puncturing in it. I journeyed on along the road and when I reached a place opposite to the picnic grounds, a big fat robin lighted near me and hopped around scolding me as though pedestrians had no right to be in the park. I did not see any kites or games of marbles, nor did I see any little daffodils poking their heads out of the ground, but even so the accumulative evidence seemed to prove spring was not far away.

PRESBYTERIAN FOUNDATION Last summer I helped Bill Hudnut draw up a trust agreement and resolution for the Illinois Synod to manage an endowment fund to be known as Presbyterian Foundation. The next notice I had about the matter was about a month ago when I was advised that I had been named as one of the fifteen trustees to manage the foundation. The trustees held their first meeting at Bloomington last week and I was unlucky enough to be elected chairman of the board. The machinery of the foundation is now complete and in working order and all that remains to be done is to get some money to take care of it. This is supposed to come in by the way of gifts and if you see anyone who is interested, please have them communicate with me.

Dean Gilkey of the Chicago University Chapel spoke at the Wednesday night meeting of our church to which the Baptist church was also invited. By way of introduction, he told a story of a preacher who held up by a highwayman, explained that he did not have any money, that he was just a minister of the gospel. The highwayman inquired as to what denomination he belonged to and the preacher replied "Baptist". Whereupon the highwayman said "Well, hell, that's my religion too, you go on home Reverend, I wouldn't rob a Baptist."

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dad', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

March 12, 1945

JOHN This week we received from Betty copies of two of John's letters telling of a 300 mile jeep trip he and Captain Perrin made on "business". John and Marshall Peter are probably now enjoying their leave together somewhere in England.

Last week Uncle Amos called my attention to an item in the Army Navy Journal advising that the Judge Advocate's Department was desperate for lawyers to take the course in the school at Ann Arbor and be commissioned. I immediately sent John word about this. The only joker in the announcement was that they wanted lawyers 28 or over but Uncle Amos said to pay no attention to this requirement as it probably didn't mean anything or at least there were doubtless plenty of exceptions to it. In my letter to John I suggested that he and Betty apply for their old apartment at Ann Arbor.



CHICK We have had a report from Chick written after his birthday which indicates that some little notice was taken of this event in the Solomon Isles although the occasion wasn't fortified by a baked ham from home such as he celebrated his last birthday at Carleton with. He also tells of meeting a number of his old Quantico friends at a reunion but didn't say where. We assume that the First Division Marines are stationed on a number of adjacent islands and that they occasionally get together by ferrying from one place to another.

SAMUEL JAMES We received a letter from the Supervisor of the Merchant Marine Cadet Corps advising that Sam's application was received and in proper form and requesting that he not write to them any letters of inquiry about it as on account of the man-power shortage they would be unable to answer and that it would be acted on in due time. Warren Jackman, who has been in the Cadet Corps for a year, is home on leave and I have an appointment to see him today and possibly I may learn something from him as to how best to get action. I have not written to Ev Howell as yet because I wanted to talk with Jackman first.

PILFERING GROCERIES The food situation being what it is, scant, Mother and I finally got around to confiscating the food supply John and Betty left stored in the basement, which they said we might use. Our haul included some Spry and more Spry, Crisco, Duff's Cake Flour, canned pumpkin, sweet corn, salmon, tuna-fish, fruit salad, and a two-pound can of baked ham and a jar of raspberry jam. The last two items are the only ones we have opened yet and one of these produced a surprise and the other a shock. On opening the ham the juice squirted in my eye. The can was only slightly swollen and although the label said "Perishable, keep in refrigerator" we still had hopes that two years in the basement had not worked against the contents. We haven't yet decided whether to try this little pig or not. While meat is scarce I have only one life to live and I hesitate to lose it on over-ripe ham. I think the best plan would be to try it out on Zipper. If he can survive a sample of it probably we can too and if he doesn't recover our neighbors will probably love us better as Zipper has again taken to staying out all night and then giving a prolonged serenade about 2:00 in the morning.

The raspberry jam was opened by Mother and out jumped a green snake about 3 feet long. Mother jumped farther than the snake. Who would have supposed that John or Betty would have planted a booby trap like this in their food supply!

COCKATOOS You may remember that one of our crested cockatoo bookends fell off the table some time ago and knocked off pieces of his crest. These broken feathers have been demanding attention for quite a while and last night I opened up a cockatoo beauty shop and gave this bird a crest bob. The job was done with a pocketknife instead of a scissors since the material I was working on was soapstone. After a couple of hours of carving I finally got the crest down to a symmetrical shape and since I have never seen a hen cockatoo I have contented myself with imagining that this particular bird now resembles the female of the species. At least, it looks modest enough to pair off with the gay cockatoo which is yet unbroken. As a finishing touch I added a little of Chick's watercolors to the carved parts of the crest. One might in a generous moment go so far as to say that I have really improved these ornaments by making a real pair of them.

JIMMY DURANTE ON OPERATING A RIDING ACADEMY In last week's radio program Jimmy Durante and Jerry Moore were operating a riding stable. Jimmy related: "We started our stable with one horse and the business has been so good that we now have 20 horses, and oh boy, are we cleaning up".

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS

The McKelveys have heard that one of Franklin's crew members is in a Jap prison and they have renewed their hopes that Franklin too may be a prisoner.

Warren Suckow is reported as a German prisoner.

Converse Staley told us that he is planning to import 300 laborers from Haiti.

Sam will get his Easter vacation after all and will be home about 5 days.

Yesterday we packed a box of cigars for John and the Polish book "Secret State" for Chick, which Mother will mail today.

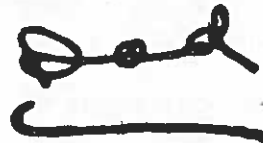
We had dinner with Amos and Mary Richardson Friday night at the Leland. Our choice of meats was limited to fish or chicken as no steaks or chops were to be had. Later we learned that the Republican Committeemen were having a banquet at the same time on the second floor and that steaks were had by all. Amos and Mary are planning to go back to the farm for the summer in about two weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Merry of Taylorville called on us last Sunday and wanted to be remembered to each of you.

Saturday afternoon Mother and I did a little raking in the front yard and among the leaves I raked up a dollar bill. I have always claimed that these things did not grow on trees but perhaps I was wrong after all.

I am sending copies of my typewritten letters to John and Betty, Chick, and Sam, so there is no need of your forwarding these to each other.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

March 19, 1945

THE NEWS FROM DISTANT FRONTS OR THE ABSENCE THEREOF. There was no word this week from John, who has been on a ten day leave, but we will be looking forward to a report on his vacation. There was no word from Betty either and we assume that Minneapolis people are working her overtime cashing their bonds.



Chick has sent a few suggestions about John's house which I will mention later. He managed to find time between the many duties he has to read "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" and liked it very much. Mother also had read it and she liked it too, so they find they have enjoyed the same thing in spite of the expanse of the Pacific.

Samuel James is still waiting for the acceptance of his Merchant Marine application. In a letter from Evan Howell received today he says there are no vacancies for deck cadets but are some for engine cadets and I am sending this letter to Sam.

MORE SIGNS OF SPRING. Our neighborhood was buzzing with industry yesterday. Gene Day raking, Elmer Baum cleaning up the gulley, Gene talking constantly to Elmer from yard to yard, Hawthornes tidying up a bit, the whole Riefler family raking, Bill Dellert patting his yard, Costas getting out their picnic bench, the Vredenburgh children and their friends on roller-skates, Butch Graham resuming his appearances from the direction of our incinerator, winter leaves on the white oak trees coming down, and the park ducks roaming in the neighborhood yards to nest. Even Mother and I have been out with our rakes. Spring hasn't come yet to the people who front on Orendorff Street. Possibly the cold winds off of the duck pond make them oblivious to the signs of spring about them. Along about May when the grass is a foot high they will doubtless discover that the leaves which did not blow over into our yard are still in theirs.

MORE ABOUT JOHN'S HOUSE. Face-lifting has started. Floyd Dodd and his crew of 3 were busy last week taking out two dead trees and four volunteer heaven trees, cleaning gutters, moving and repairing garage, re-grading the yard and trimming the shrubs. Next week the chimney will be repaired and a blue-black asphalt shingle roof goes on. Walter Canfield is making his estimate on a white coat paint job. The inside decoration will be postponed but we may get some kitchen cabinets as I understand there are some prewar items on hand at ceiling prices.

Chick's suggestions are also under consideration. These include taking out center lights to make head room for John, measuring basement for chicken brooder capacity, and providing pigeon houses and rabbit hutches in the back yard. While considering these a few more have occurred to me, such as converting the area under the back porch into a Springer spaniel kennel with a closet for an old shoe and a tennis ball, placing elk horns on the gable of the front porch, and fixing up 22 rifle target range in the basement.

One of the rear bedrooms might be fixed up in a style suggested by John and Chick's rooms. This would include papering with horse pictures, putting crossed stable broom and pitchfork over the door; comfortable seats would be provided by a few bales of straw appropriately placed about the room. For added atmosphere a few horsey knick-knacks could be hung or laid around, such as a curry comb, sweat scraper, cribbing halter, martingale, cattle whip and western hat. On special occasions real atmosphere could be added by a spray of ammonia mixed with Sloan's Liniment, or maybe just leaving a pair of John's old riding shoes around would answer.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS. Charles Miller's ship took him to Saipan where he saw his brother Bob. Ed Chapin is still in school in Florida. Tony Day is now past 18 and it is too late for him to get in the Navy unless they change



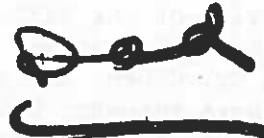
their rules, therefore he expects to be drafted soon. He will be here for Easter and will see Sam. His mother said that he wrote her about some boy who he said was his best friend "Except Sam". Mrs. Wood has baked a fruit cake for Chick but because it wasn't as good as her last one she wasn't going to send it. We took a sample of its twin brother and it seemed remarkably good to me and I haven't been on a dehydrated food diet. She finally said she would send it but with a note of reservation in her voice. Junior, we learned, is fine, but that was the extent of the news release on him.

TIN CAN COLLECTION. Yesterday was again tin can collecting day. Boxes and baskets of cans were in front of almost every house awaiting collection and delivery to the detinning plant. It's too bad that they can't use old glass in the war, then our neighborhood would really shine. I'll bet Normy Broadwell alone would furnish a truck-load of empties.

COUSIN FANNIE HOLBROOK. We called on Cousin Fannie one night last week to return a book. She was bitterly bemoaning the anatomical meaning which has been attached to her innocent name. The next moment she was describing a beautiful chaise longue which she was longing for. She mentioned it to one of her dearest friends who remarked that it would not be suitable to her type and temperament. "Well", said Fannie, "What would you suggest as suitable?". The friend replied "A motorcycle would suit you exactly".

ADVICE FROM THE JUDGE ADVOCATE GENERAL'S OFFICE FOR JOHN. I today have a letter from the office of the Judge Advocate General which states that the Army regulations require that applicants for JAG Officer Candidate School must have attained their 28th birthday and that this age limitation has not been waived in any case. "Under the circumstances an application if submitted by your son could not be favorably considered". This seems to put a crimp in the suggestions I made to John a couple of weeks ago.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

March 26, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES. I learned that a whole flood of boys from all over the country seem to have applied for deck cadetships in the Merchant Marine with the result that there is no possible opening as deck cadet before Sam's birthday. In consequence Sam has decided to enlist in the Navy about May 1st. Mother made inquiry at the Navy recruiting office and finds that the Navy too is being flooded with applications for enlistments. They have so many that they do not get around to call the accepted applicants for about two months after enlistment. This situation suggests that the Navy may soon have to curtail or banish enlistments. Since the Navy is Sam's choice he may want to consider enlisting at the time he is home for his Easter vacation in order to make sure that he will get in. He could doubtless

go back to Northfield and finish his semester before he is called.

CHICK. Chick has now read the original story on which "Home in Indiana" was based and tells us that in the book the scene was laid in New Jersey. "Home in Indiana" seems to fit most any place. Chick has been using his spare time mending his gear with rusty needles. He has some new ones on the way from Betsy which he plans to keep in a pill bottle full of oil. A copy of the overseas Time arrived from Chick. I think I shall specify it in my next subscription.

BETTY. Betty likes the house on Vine Street very much, or at least our reports on it. In fact, Betty likes most everything and everybody and maybe this is one of the reasons everybody likes her. She was planning to see Sam last Saturday night when he expected to go to Minneapolis to see the Ice Carnival.

JOHN. John's leave is over and it must have been successful. Two shipments of picture cards from Paignton have arrived, one of them being views of Deacon Samuel's church, with which John and Marshall Peter were much impressed. John writes that he too has read "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn". The English edition, however, was called "A Tree in the Yard".

SIGNS OF EASTER. In the Grant Store window white rabbits are hopping about priced at \$1.59 each. If the Chapin Rabbit Raising Company could have gotten prices like these we would have all been in clover as the rabbits got out of it.

The weather has been so beautiful that most women couldn't put off wearing their new chapeaux until Easter. They have been showing up, in fact, ever since St. Patrick's Day.

MILL TAVERN. Saturday night we went out with the Woods to the Mill Tavern for dinner. About 500 other people did too. The parked cars reminded one slightly of the State Fair. We arrived about 7:30 and from our parking place got a good view of the Pillsbury Mill which was going full force. Every room was lighted and it was rather impressive. Once inside we were quickly seated as Mr. Cohen, the proprietor, looks after judges and ex-judges. He must have thought, however, that we just came in for a rest as it was a full hour before a waitress showed up and within another half hour we began to get food and were out by a quarter of 10:00. Among the guests whom you might know were Henry Lyons and Ross Weller. Henry apparently came in a car as we did not see any saddle horses tethered outside. Mr. Weller had been enjoying too much of the Stitzel Weller product and our speculation about him was not as to how he got there but as to how he would get home.

CIRCUIT JUDGES. Nominations were made Saturday by the conventions for candidates for Circuit Judges. The Democrats nominated the present judges, Stone, Hemphill and Wright. The Republicans put up Alf Greening and a couple of lawyers from other counties. Republicans are hard for me to figure out at times. Maybe they think there is some kind of a prize for getting second place.

PROOF OF SPRING. Mr. Spaulding, the asparagus man, had an ad in the paper yesterday which read something like this: "Help, Help, Help. Asparagus

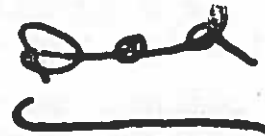
cutters wanted. Full time or part time. Crop will be ready for cutting in 10 days. Top wages paid. Good food will be wasted if patriotic people do not apply".

Yesterday our bird tray came down and the bird bath was set up. With the coming of spring and insects the birds can rustle for their own food. All I'll furnish is the drinks.

MOTHER TAKES A TRIP. On Saturday Mrs. Fisher, a friend of Mother's had to drive to St. Louis to take her child to an eye doctor and Mother and Mrs. Stuart Robinson went along. Mother had a nice visit with Rachel Irwin, did a little shopping, and was back at 6:00 in time for the Mill Tavern event.

THE WAR. We here are all excited over what is termed the Big Push, or as Mr. Churchill called it "The Heave". If Germany holds out until Sam's birthday I will be surprised. Events have already put the Japs in a near panic and when the war is over in Europe their panic is going to be real. They are like a truck stalled on a railroad track with the train coming at them - can't get the truck off and the only way to stop the train would be to flag it down, in their case, with a white flag. I know these ideas are not shared by military people but nevertheless this is what I believe is going to happen.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER  
Samuel James Edition

April 3, 1945

SAM ARRIVES HOME. About 4:30 last Wednesday the telephone rang. "Hello Pop", says Sam, "Is anybody going to come down and get me or shall I take a taxi?" "What do you think?" says I. "OK" replied Sam, "I'll be coming right along." In about 15 minutes the front door sprung open with a force which suggested that a depth bomb had gone off in our front yard. "Hi, folks, Samuel James speaking" announced in a loud tone of voice. Mother and I got up for a visit with our freshman, which visit soon gravitated to the kitchen where Sam could raid the icebox conveniently. At a time like this a boy who talks with sweeping gestures works under somewhat of a handicap and his audience receives more excitement through the eye than the ear. Milk bottles and graham crackers swung through the air in great arcs as Sam conversed between gulps and bites. We discovered that graham crackers do not give off the smooth even spray of whipped cream but make a kind of a pebble-dash effect.

When the icebox was empty we started back to bed, at least Mother and I did. Sam tried out a few records on the Magnavox, presumably thinking to put us to sleep with music, but it was not the right kind of music. Finally just before daybreak he was ready to retire and switched off the



lights in his room, and for a moment I felt the stillness of night again overtake us. But this moment was short, for there immediately arose a roar from Sam's room which made me feel he had been caught in a bear-trap. "Holy Boley, you can't do this to me! Where is my old mattress? At least it was smooth, what are these lumps doing in here? I want my old mattress back!" Mother tried to explain that they were not lumps but tufts and that the new mattress was the finest obtainable, but her efforts were entirely drowned by Samuel's shouting "I won't stand for it. It ain't fair to steal a boy's mattress while he's away. These lumps will be the death of me!" I expected the police to arrive at any moment since all the windows were open, and I'm sure the neighbors thought that we had installed some new kind of torture apparatus that was highly efficient. Quiet finally settled over our house. If the police did come they were frightened away again - or perhaps our neighbors have become so immune to night noises with Zipper's barking that the event made no impression on them.

SAM JOINS THE NAVY. Sam's arrival home was two days early to make doubly sure of getting in the Navy and he applied on Wednesday and was sworn in Thursday afternoon as an apprentice seaman. His orders read: "You are now on active duty. You will proceed to your home at 1241 West Vine Street and upon reaching there you will be on inactive duty until further notice". He probably will not be called for about nine weeks due to the backlog of recruits they have in Springfield. He will therefore go back to school on Wednesday of this week and probably get to finish his freshman year. When called he will be sent to Great Lakes for boot training and assignment. He looks forward to being a coxswain or possibly even to being a bos'nsmate.

MOTHER WILL VISIT CARLETON. Sam's plans being now settled Mother will definitely go to Carleton for the May Fete. She will take Grandmother up to Aunt Ella's on May 17th and will of course see Betty while there. Maybe she and Mrs. Payton will go to the May Fete together. Mother has a new outfit especially for the occasion - a gray flannel Davidow suit with yellow pencil stripes. The stripes go North and South on the skirt but on the coat they go East and West, convict style. There is something to match that passes for a hat which is decorated with a long feather. At the base of the feather a curl off a drake's tail has been added and this is tinted yellow to match with the pencil stripe. She took it all out for a shake-down cruise on Easter Sunday and returned to port without any mishap. The general effect is that one of Saks Fifth Avenue's models has stepped right out of a New Yorker magazine and was hurrying off somewhere so that she would not be late.

SAM'S DEPENDENTS. The day after Sam enlisted I got a letter from the Navy congratulating me on my son's enlistment and advising that the Navy takes a great personal interest in the dependents of their enlisted men. They enclosed a pamphlet for my enlightenment describing all of the advantages that were to accrue to me. Sam seemed to have taken it for granted that he had a right to open any mail that came to our house from the United States Navy and when I got home I found him in stitches of laughter, suggesting that I might now safely retire since he was shouldering the responsibility henceforward. He had to pay for this bit of bravado, however, for today when in need of a few frogskins Mother was the one who made the touch for him.

EATING. We'll probably be eating tripe, brains and liver until the 4th of

July as the really choice parts of the fatted calf have been coming on the table during Sam's vacation. Zazel has added to the meat course a few delicacies concocted from secret recipes, all of which have made us temporarily forget about rationing.

UNCLE'S PARTY. Doctor, now Colonel Barker and his new wife were weekend guests of Uncle's. Barker is the head of hospital unit and has been 2½ years in Africa, Sicily, Italy and France, He is a top-flight doctor and I am sure has been doing a good job. They stopped to see us Saturday night late and then on Sunday night Uncle had a party for about 16 at his cabin. As was to be expected the rain poured down all afternoon and night. The party went about as usual - Anna presiding in the food department working up to the cook's climax of getting everything ready for a given hour and minute, and Uncle constantly changing the time as he found new customers for his bottled specialties. Supper finally came with baked ham, potato salad, rye bread, cheese and coffee. After this Barky showed his travel pictures with Unc acting as assistant narrator and master of superlatives. The climax of the evening came at going home time. The Thomases, following a long established precedent, went first, but not far. They came in two cars and Nanette got stuck coming in and going out they did it over again but this time did a more thorough job. About 10:00 I decided that it was time for us to start but my Plymouth does not back up hill well in the mud and required quite a bit of hand power, which was furnished by the other men guests. By this time everybody had decided it was time to go and the pushing crew moved from car to car, getting them started on their way. Sam acted as a sort of top sergeant of this pushing brigade since he had quite a bit of weight to throw around and especially since it constituted more of a naval than a land operation.

EASTER SUNDAY. Easter Sunday started off with the hiding of Easter eggs about the house even though Samuel James was the only hunter. He hunted with a faked enthusiasm that was commendable. We all went to church and although we arrived quite early we had to take chairs up in the amen corner.

Grandmother was with us as usual for Sunday dinner. She brought with her a bag of cookies she had baked for Easter and took home some of Zazel's biscuits and a hunk of angel food cake. Grandmother had seen some colored chickens down town the day before and couldn't figure out how they got that way. Sam insisted that they had merely hatched from colored Easter eggs, but I argued that they fed the hens with feed colored with Rit. Grandmother observed that if Sam and I didn't occasionally speak the truth it would get so that people would doubt us at all times and she thought this deserved our serious consideration. We then opened up a two pound box of delicious chocolates which Betsy had sent for Easter and quickly reduced it to one pound. On Monday the empty box was put away for future use. Grandmother too received a box of candy from Betsy, all nice soft chocolates which are no problem at all for her choppers.

LAWYERS' GOSSIP. One of Springfield's madams of East Jefferson Street died last week and left a will which was like the kiss of death for certain notables hereabouts. She gave Chief of Police Healy her house and her Lincoln Zephyr car. To Pete Sullivan she gave a 6 carat diamond ring. (Pete was once a cigar store clerk for Eddie Knox, was later Chief of Police, and is now Director of the State Department of Public Safety, including highway police and penal institutions. He is also the recent purchaser



of Bob Miller's residence). To Dr. Henkle she gave a bronze floor lamp, to Herman Cohn (her lawyer) her jewelry except the six carat ring, her wine-glasses, etc. This was all hush-hush as far as the newspapers are concerned but the Probate Clerk has been kept busy showing the document to curious souls and I hear that copies are now being passed about town.

JOHN. A nice long letter came from John, much of which was filled with advice for Samuel James and all of which he has ignored, as was to be expected.

CHICK. Chick's letter with a lot of clever nautical lingo fortunately came while Sam was here to explain it to us. If it hadn't been for Sam I would have had to go down to the Leland Bar and impress a sailor into service as an interpreter.

I had intended to include some quotations from both Chick's and John's letters but I do not have them with me and they will keep for another week.

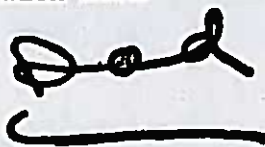
BETTY. Betty entertained Sam last week-end. This included the Ice Follies and a picture show and an especially good time.

MISCELLANEOUS. Yesterday we saw Phil Carruthers who was home on leave.

I am now in the process of stamping the top edge of all of my law books with Chapin & Chapin stamp lest some borrowing lawyer forget where he obtained the loan.

A robin is building a nest on a limb overhanging the street right in front of our house. Yesterday he found a large price-tag and was carrying it by the string, which made him look much more comical than one would imagine. He finally flew up to his nest with this tag. I presume he is going to pretend to other robins that it was a custom made nest that he purchased at a very high price.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Sam', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

April 9, 1945

CHICK. We have concluded that Chick is in on the Okinawa invasion. This is based upon the following premises: In the April 3rd Tribune there was a story in which the reporter told of thumbing a ride onto the beach in an amphtrack with Lt. Dick Woods of Lincoln, Illinois, who was overseeing the landing of his battery. Dick Woods is a friend of Chick's and is in the 11th Marines. Second, we knew that the Third, Fourth and Fifth Marines had been at Iwo Jima and were probably not back in action and this only left the First, Second and Sixth Division to be there. Third, I talked with Captain Foster of the Marine Corps who is stationed here, who



explained that an amphibious corps was made up of three divisions and that these divisions could be assigned in or out of the corps and he had deducted since there was a corps on Okinawa that it meant there were three divisions there, and that these had to be the First, Second and Sixth.

So while we were hunting Easter eggs last Sunday morning our Chick was landing on the beaches at Okinawa to hunt little yellowbellied Japs. From the reports we get the landing was a most fortunate one with slight resistance, and with such a break to start with, made certain that the Americans will stay there, as their advance since that time was proved. Okinawa will be an important stepping stone in the Jap war and Easter Sunday will be of historic importance. What is most important to us for the moment, however, is that among the thousands of brave boys who landed there was our Chick, and his friends. There was probably also Bob Miller in the Second Division and Tommy Quintrell under General Arnold. Needless to say we are watching the papers and listening to the radio for all available news. In the Chicago Sun today there was an article by Ernie Pyle who landed with the Marines and he overheard one Marine remark, "This landing is just like a General MacArthur landing". We are keeping a file of the New York Times and the Tribune which Chick will probably like to have.

It is not clear yet just what theory the Japs had about Okinawa but it is certain that something went wrong with their plans for this was an island they could ill afford to lose and they must have planned to defend it viciously. Even now we hear that the defense has stiffened up on the South end but the Marines seem to be going Northward without much let-up so far.

I mentioned last week that I would include a quotation from Chick's salty letter and here it is:

"Has Sam started to get salty yet in preparation for his cruise? Thanking you for the shakedown you gave his new sack, referring to pictures on the bulkheads, rugs on the decks, complaining of the height of the overhead (he'd better practice ducking too,) dogging down the door in the forward passageway after letting Zipper aboard, bringing his small craft smartly alongside the portside accommodation ladder when returning from a shore leave date, taking the amidship ladder into the hold for a shower, eating chow in the wardroom, setting his watch by the ship's chronometer situated just aft of the starboard stack to? I daresay he could carry on in this vein."

SAMUEL JAMES. Sam has returned to college and stopped off in Chicago to make some observations of the Navy. He was much distressed at the inefficient way some of the things were done and observed that he was afraid he was going to have quite a job getting those boys straightened out once he gets in.

JOHN. There was a V-mail from John this week describing some of his trip on his vacation leave but no record of current events so we assume all is well. John's house now has its new roof on and the bookcases are installed and things are now waiting for the painter, who will doubtless eventually get around to Vine Street.

LETTER FROM ZIPPER. The following is translated from tracks Zipper has

left about the house:

"Yap, yap, yap! That means hello to all you boys in dog language. You probably will also be surprised to hear from me but the truth is, I am dying for someone to talk to and I miss you fellows more than you know. At first I didn't quite understand what happened to make you all move away from here but bit by bit I picked up from my master's conversation, from the radio and from the pictures in the papers which I examine in the basement in my hours of confinement there, that there is a war going on and a lot of shooting is happening somewhere. This all seems very terrible to me. The war is bad enough but I gather from some of the pictures I see that they have even got dogs in this war and from what I read these war dogs are especially brave and are intelligent and well trained. When I think about all of this I am glad to have my many deficiencies. I don't usually talk about them but now they seem to be assets.

Of course you all know I am under-sized and over-aged. Then I have that fractured hip I got in trying to beat a car across the intersection, and since you all left I have gone blind in one eye. Boy, I'm a 4-F on 4 sure counts. These are the excuses I give for not being a war dog when we neighborhood dogs get together to talk things over. The truth of the matter is, however, as you well know, that I am not temperamentally fit to be a war dog. I'm not a coward at all as far as other dogs are concerned and you never saw me turn my tail even for the biggest of them, but when it comes to gunpowder I just can't take it and I don't see how you human beings stand it. You will remember how I would tremble for days from the 4th of July shooting of firecrackers, how thunder-storms sent me scurrying to the basement, and how even your cracking of cattle whips made me hide behind the davenport. I'm just plain gun-shy and I am glad my more obvious defects completely disqualify me so I can avoid having to admit of this nervous weakness to my curious friends.

You may be interested to know how I manage to spend my time since you left. In general it is pretty much of the same old routine with some variations, of course. My usual day begins with my release from the basement (of course, on the nights when I stay out my day begins whenever morning overtakes me). I first make a round of the neighborhood, barking like mad just for exercise. After that I stir up a rabbit or two and give chase but this usually results in me going in one direction and the rabbit in the other. My nose is not what it used to be and it never was very good. With my sight failing I depend mostly on sound and the rabbits in Orendorff Place don't wear hobnail shoes. The fact is I never have caught a rabbit and I don't know exactly what I would do if I did. I make about 3 rounds of the duck pond per day and it is great fun to scare the Hell out of those park ducks, and to see them run and flop in the water. I chase robins too but this is pretty dull. Of course I call on my friends Julia, Schnitzel, Nosey, Day's English Setter, and Catron's Irish Setter, and we talk over the neighborhood news but this is all small talk and I do not go in for much of it. Then I come back to 1241 and take a rest in the middle of the street. I get a big kick out of this. Trucks and cars come rushing along and have to slam on their brakes or swerve out to miss me and I just lie there as unconcerned as though I was at the back door.

You should hear some of the language those people use when they nearly wreck their cars, and the looks they give me! Sometimes I stay there for hours just watching. People think I'm nuts but I like the feel of the cold pavement on my belly with the sun shining on me. I can pick out a certain green Chrysler and a certain gray Plymouth when they are a block away and I beat it into the yard to see who has come. Nowadays it is only the Mister and Missus but last week when Samuel James showed up I could have bitten my tail for joy if it had only been longer. It was kind of like old times for a week but then he was gone again. I've seen some Navy mail around the house since and I assume now that he's going to be farther away too. Wherever you all are I want you to know that there is hardly a day I don't lie there in the street looking down East watching and waiting.

There is only one duty I perform regularly. The old man likes to have me go with him when he and the Missus take a walk. I play up to him here and make a big thing out of it - it flatters him like everything. I go walking a lot of times when I really don't care about it myself but I figure by making a big gush about it I can get away with a lot of other things and believe me, I do. In fact, I do about as I damn please most of the time. They all get pretty mad at me for some things, such as coming in with muddy feet, barking and not minding, but I have figured out that they won't do anything drastic about it on account of you boys.

This war has upset me a great deal and as a result I do some pretty crazy things which I would never have dreamed of before and which are quite out of keeping with my earlier behaviour. I stay out all night a lot of times and bark under people's windows just for the hell of it. On these nights when my master calls I run like the dickens in the opposite direction and then bark harder than ever. I don't know why I do these things but at times I just don't give a damn - I get so lonesome. Of course there are still three people in the house and they are really good to me but they don't get down on the floor with me or run and frolic like you fellows did. I hear a lot about rationing nowadays too, but the rationing in the dining-room is nothing compared with what has happened to my pan at the back door. There hasn't been a steak bone in it for months except when Sam was home on vacation. In fact, I don't get any scraps from the table any more and it's been so long since I have had a raw egg that I've forgotten what they taste like. You ought to see the stuff they put in my pan - it's just ground-up tankage and crackers and smells exactly like glue. If they didn't put a little skimmed milk on it I swear I couldn't get near it. In former days if the picking was scarce at home there was always some neighbor who would toss me a bone or there were garbage cans where I could find some choice bits, but believe me Orendorff garbage cans are slim picking now. Another annoyance is that my dog neighbors raid my pan for part of my dinner, such as it is. Nowadays they slip up on my blind side and are in the pan before I see them but I make them scatter once I know they are there.

I used to worry about my looks. People who came to the house would say "Zipper looks so mild and innocent, like he couldn't do anything bad". This used to annoy me greatly but as I have gotten older I have become reconciled to the way I look as you will observe from the following



doggerel of mine:

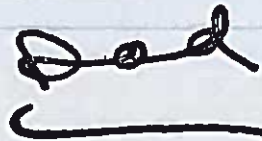
When I get wet from rain or dew  
I'm sure to catch hell from Miss Eskew,  
So I say to myself as I scratch on the door  
I could be worse, I might catch more -  
It could be a kick or even a broom  
For the mud I track in the living room,  
But since a few harsh words are the extent  
Of what they administer as punishment  
I merely whine and appear a little sad  
The warm basement really isn't so bad;  
I crawl down the stairs looking quite abused,  
But really, fellows, I'm terribly amused  
At the things I get away with right under their eyes  
If they knew the half they'd be surprised!  
So I have learned to be content  
With my looks so meek and innocent  
They always get me out of the messes I get in  
While the big fierce dogs have to take it on the chin!

Well, this about covers the news about me. I used to envy you boys and other people too with all the things you have and all the things you can do, but since I've learned about the war and the crazy things human beings are doing in it damned if I'm not glad I'm a dog.

Affectionately,

ZIPPER"

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

April 16, 1945

CHICK. Needless to say our thoughts and prayers have been mostly with Chick during the last two weeks. It now has been definitely announced that the First Division of Marines is engaged on Okinawa. We also learned that when the Japanese resistance in the South end of the island got tough the Marine Artillery was transferred to the Southern line to join the Army Artillery in shelling the Japs. Also engaged in shelling them are Naval guns and in addition to this our planes are bombing them from above. The Japs in turn have been using the heaviest artillery fire so far used by them in the Pacific. This duel has now been going on for ten days. I suppose a true artilleryman could read all of this objectively and see in it an artilleryman's dream come true, a classic battle on a static line, continued until one side gives way. My experience in the Artillery only got to the



point of seeing a 3 inch gun taken apart (not put together or fired) and so I never think of myself as an artilleryman. Even if I did I could not be objective about the present battle with all our brave boys in there and especially Chick. To me it is a very personal affair and every casualty is a sacrifice which some fine chap made for his country and for me. About the ultimate outcome there can be no doubt with America's superior weapons and their more superior skill, and with our endless supply of shells while the Jap supply is just what they have now (When they're gone there ain't gonna be no more).

The news reporting on the battle has been fairly good in our local papers but of course they do not give us the details we are most interested in. In the absence of such details Mother and I picture Chick as unhurt and well and in there doing a hard, dirty and dangerous job and doing it just like all the things he ever did, excellently. We anxiously wait the conclusion of the battle and to hear from him again.

JOHN. We had a typewritten letter from John after the manner of my own. Since ours was a carbon I assume that one went to Betsy and possibly one to Chick. We also had a V-mail from John asking for a World Telegram Encyclopedia which we will try to get this week and send to him.

Bill Hunt received John's letter about sending remittances to the First Federal. This will work all right and any remittances they receive will be credited to John's account. I believe I sent the account books to Betty. If there are going to be new deposits she might return one of the books to me and I will have Mr. Hunt enter the deposits in it as they are made. However, if the book is not here they will issue receipts to me for the deposits.

I also note John's comment that Betty's smaller envelopes get to England quicker than the size I have been using. I will try the smaller ones. Regarding the broken Schaeffer fountain pen, John should remember that there is a lifetime guarantee on those and no matter how broken it is if the pieces are returned to the Schaeffer Company they will either fix it or give him a new pen.

SAMUEL JAMES. Mother had a very nice letter from Miss Merritt who is arranging for her visit to Carleton. She had words of praise for Samuel James and mentioned that he presided very well as president at his class meeting. Sam seems to be extremely anxious that the Navy will be needing him before the time of his final examinations. I wonder why?

BETSY. Mother had a nice letter from Betsy about her contemplated trip and she will be seeing Betsy in just about a month. Today we were inspecting kitchen cabinets for the new kitchen but did not reach any conclusions.

DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT. The foremost architect of a united world is dead. This will not affect the conclusion of the war as military operations will go ahead without interruption. Domestic problems can and will be solved by his successor. There is no one, however, fully capable of taking Roosevelt's place in world affairs. Fortunately he lived long enough to convert millions of Americans and millions of people in other countries to the necessity of a United Nations organization to keep the peace.

This movement now has momentum enough of its own so that lesser men can carry it through. The new administration will try to do this. There is plenty of high ability available and if the new President utilizes it the United Nations will become a reality. Nevertheless, the world has had a distinct loss. Roosevelt's inherent belief in the common man and the common man's belief in him made his position of leadership unique. Such leadership cannot be handed down. It represents a combination of skills, experience, temperament and ideals that no other one living person possesses. Our hope now must be that enough of these qualities will be found in our various public men to make a composite leadership akin to that of Roosevelt's. Truman may not be able to hold his own with Churchill and Stalin but this is not the point. Truman can select as his representative for world meetings somebody who can talk their language, Jimmy Byrnes, for instance, could do this. Such a procedure might even be better than to have the President do his own negotiating.

REACTION OF THE PEOPLE. People were at first stunned by the news but generally the country kept its chin up. There was no disposition to minimize the loss but on the other hand there were few that had any doubts as to our ability to carry on successfully.

NEW MANNER OF PUBLIC MOURNING. The means used to express our respect to and mourning for the dead President is something which in itself made history of a kind. The most outstanding example came from the radio. Immediately upon the news all commercial programs were cancelled or restricted for three days and the whole system of networks transformed itself into a kind of solemn musical festival with occasional speaking and less occasional news. For 24 hours a day for these three days we had the most impressive music Marathon that the world has ever known. It was all solemn and beautiful, alternating between the mournful and the brave and inspiring. Choirs, organs, choruses, orchestras, bands and soloists, both vocal and instrumental, contrived to give us a cavalcade of songs, symphonies, concertos, masses, anthems, chorales, and dirges, the like of which has never been heard before. Some of these came from recorded music but most were right hot off the fiddle, and all this time never a word about Kreml, Quaker Oats, insurance or liver pills. This perhaps comes nearer telling you how the people felt than anything else I can say. People wanted to stop and think quietly but not too quietly and this music permitted them to do so. If Hitler and Hirohito have been listening they know now that it was not Roosevelt's war and that there will be no let-up in the scorching that has been planned for them.

POSTSCRIPT. If the newspapers had followed the same formula the news would have been squeezed to a half column on the back page and there would not have been a want-ad of advertising. As it was, only half of the newspaper was given to the business of mourning. The pattern followed by the radio people indicates some central guidance or perhaps even coercion, especially since WGN joined in it. As you know, Bertie McCormick owns WGN and his hatred for Roosevelt was unceasing. If words could have killed FDR, McCormick killed him millions of times and I have a suspicion that Bertie went on a binge upon learning that the President had died. In any event the radio people, including WGN, realized that their usual stuff wasn't fit for the occasion. This gives me hope that some day they will realize that a great deal of their stuff isn't fit for any occasion.

THE NEW PRESIDENT. Men usually grow up to the responsibility put upon them. I heard the new President address the Congress this noon. It was a speech that inspired confidence and it was my impression that President Truman, in spite of all previous ideas about him, is going to be big enough to do the job. His experience as a senator will be of tremendous advantage. The Senate with its veto power has tripped many Presidents in the past in the field of foreign policy and treaties and an ex-senator in the White House may be able to avoid these pitfalls.

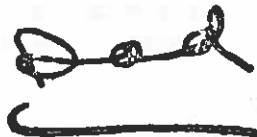
25-YEAR LAWYERS. Phil Hutchison is now the President of the County Bar Association and he conceived the idea of presenting certificates of merit to all the lawyers who had practiced 25 years or more. This was done the other night at a dinner meeting with Governor Green passing out the diplomas to about 49 lawyers in this class. Phil pulled enough boners to keep the meeting interesting. J. W. Templeman, who never attended a Bar Association meeting before was present but there was no diploma for him. Afterwards he presented himself as being a practitioner for more than 25 years and asked for his certificate. It was explained to him that the certificates were for 25 years or more of meritorious practice. The underscored word eliminated him. The same word might have eliminated 2 or 3 others if the matter had been given enough scrutiny. On checking up I found that I was a 31 year man and I felt cheated to only get a 25 year diploma.

MISCELLANEOUS. Junior Wood was home for the weekend on a travel leave and we had a nice visit with him Saturday night. He is looking well and says that he has been terribly busy, in fact, so busy that he has had no time for calling on California girls. I asked him if he wanted a statement like that conveyed to Chick and he said to tell Chick that he is saving up his activities in this regard until Chick returns as he thinks they ought to constitute themselves a combat team for this purpose.

We saw the picture "Fury in the Pacific" which was of the fighting at Pelilieu. It was more like a rat killing than anything I know of except the Jap rats had guns and fought back. Terrible is the only word I think of to describe it. Terrible for the Japs and terrible for the boys who had to kill them.

Last week the Tribune carried a story from an Okinawa reporter who had interviewed Tommy Quintrell. Tommy and General Arnold had been awarding a decoration to a soldier on Okinawa for service on Leyte when the Japs started to snipe at them and the ceremony was completed in a foxhole. I am following the Chicago, New York and St. Louis papers in the hope that some reporter may squeeze in a word for us about meeting Chick.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

Expanded Edition



April 23, 1945

In celebration of the meeting of Chick and Tom at Okinawa, I am making a double run of the Chapin Letter this week and copies will go to Tom, Marg and Clayton, the Marples, and Unc, in addition to the regular subscribers.

COUSINS' REUNION. Letters last week from both Chick and Tom tell us of their meeting. What a thrilling event this must have been for them and what thrills it gave us here at home. They had not seen each other for seven years, and in the intervening years both had completed their college courses and each had been in military service for three years. Now they find themselves on the doorstep to Japan, engaged in one of the fiercest battles of the Pacific war. They have both talked of their plans for law school after the war is over, Chick will go to Michigan and possibly Tom will too. If their paths meet a thousand times in later life they will never forget this reunion on Okinawa.

We had two letters from Chick, April 5th and 13th. There was a V-mail from Tom and then Marg called us from Cleveland to read a letter of Tom's of the 13th. From Tom we learned that there was a battle in progress and a tough one, a detail which Chick entirely overlooked since the public was still not supposed to know that the First Division was even there. Chick mentioned that they were eating well and I wondered if this also applied to Tom and if perhaps they celebrated by having a bana split.

It was interesting as well as delightful to learn the boys' appraisal of each other. Each seems to have been most favorably impressed with his cousin's size, looks, military bearing, and military skill, and with the position of honor and respect each has earned in his own right.

In one of the articles written by Ernie Pyle published after his death he told of being with the Marines before the landing and that after Iwo Jima and the toll of casualties there the Marines envisioned the end of the Marine Corps at Okinawa, that they even had a sadly sardonic song about it, the theme of which was "Goodbye Marines".

JOHN. John says that he is not big enough or rather, not old enough to get in the J.A.G. Legal maturity arrives at age 28 according to the J.A.G. and a lawyer of 27 would be of no possible use to them, much less one of 26. I think there is some luck here after all for the J.A.G. boys may be over there straightening out legal tangles long after the rest of the G.I.'s are eating fried chicken at home.

John got his first box since October although we have sent him several and so has Betty. He thinks the boys in the Post Office Department must like his things.

The First Federal dividends are 2½%, not 4½%.

SAMUEL JAMES. Sam says they considered cancelling the Spring formal on account of the President's death but they had already paid for the orchestra and found they couldn't get their money back. They then decided to show their respect in other ways. He had to help all of his friends get



in their stuffed shirts, collars, etc., then, as Sam relates:

"I just buttoned up the soft shirt I borrowed, jumped into Chick's old tux that still fits his little brother very well, tied a quick, secure Roger Chapin bow in my tie, and ran.

Time to go and eat.

Have eaten.

Tried to get a Tribune to see the statement Tom made to the American public. Library doesn't take the Tribune. Oh well, maybe it wasn't very important after all".

BETTY. Betty sent Mrs. Albone, John's landlady, material for a new dress. It arrived too late for her to use it at her grandson's christening. We want Betty to come down and look over the new house soon but Mother has put the invitation off until the house gets its finishing coat of paint next month so she will be more impressed. Betty's brother, Miles, is right in the midst of the fighting in Germany. Best luck to him.

UNCLE. Uncle loses his right hand this week when Doris leaves to become an Army nurse. He is having a farewell cocktail party for her Tuesday evening. Unc will have to start a medical cafeteria where the patients can wait on themselves except in cases where a major operation is required.

I saw Unc at a medical meeting last week at the Sangamo Club and told him about the meeting of Chick and Tom and he immediately got up and announced the news about "my nefoos" to all those assembled.

COUSIN BOB. Cousin Bob is coming to Springfield on May 3rd to speak to the Medical Association. His subject is arthritis, or did Unc say ginger-vitis? From the preparation Unc is making I would think Cousin Bob would do well to read up on pie-eyetis.

ANNO. Mother sent a Chapin letter to Anno and she punished her whole family by making them listen to it two or three times. I'll bet the children run and get under their beds when they see this one coming and Ed will have night work at the factory. Nevertheless, when anyone praises my letter as Anno did she can have another one.

SUNDAY. After breakfast yesterday I strolled out into the yard to see what Spring is doing. Tulips and lilies of the valley were in bloom. The lawn, such as it is, looked lush. A thrush flew to her nest in the driveway hedge and a robin started scolding as I neared a bush where his fledglings were hidden. The vines on the house were in full foliage and our fireplace chimney is entirely covered with them, clear to the top.

It was now about 10:00 and I went back into the house to get some news on the radio. The Russians were in Berlin, or what was left of Berlin, which the Germans were still fanatically but hopelessly defending, Hitler had ordered guerilla warfare, Goebbels commanded Berliners to remain and fight; Americans and Russians were about to make contact, new German atrocities

were reported, Bologne had fallen, and the vicious fighting of the war was in progress at Okinawa.

FRONT LAWN. For 21 years we have planted grass in the front yard, and the results have been very much the same. We now have a most luxurious crop of timothy, redbtop, pampas grass, dandelions, weeds, and blue-grass coming on, all raised from blue-grass seed. Blue-grass is unique - it is the only thing I know of which produces other species as well as its own. I am working on a new angle, making a substitute for blue-grass. I do not believe the imitation lawn made of cloth like the cemeteries use is practical for regular use, particularly for wet weather. My idea is to lay green concrete in our front yard and finish it with a rough, pebble-dash effect to give the appearance of grass. This would also keep the roller-skaters off, but I haven't figured out yet what I will do about the dogs.

HOUSE-CLEANING HIGH-JINKS. When I came home Saturday I found most of the books from the library strung in a long choo-choo train the full length of the living-room with an extra pile in the front and rear for the engine and caboose. Just a little circumstantial evidence of what goes on here when I am at the office. Mother and Zazel claim that they were trying to press a crease out of the rug which got in there from house-cleaning. I hardly expected them to admit to their juvenile antics but I could just see them running that train all morning with Mother as conductor and Zazel as the engineer. They stuck to their story though, and even showed me the crease in the rug. Imagine them putting a crease in that new rug just to make a train track! I never know what they will be up to next.

Faithful Mrs. Watkins was here to take care of the rougher end of the house-cleaning and it is about completed. Every heavy article has been moved, lifted or rolled, its rear and bottom have been dusted and polished and then it has been replaced. Carpets have been dusted on both sides, the pads dusted, and the floor underneath the pads dusted and polished. The white woodwork has had its face washed clear around behind its ears - in fact the place is practically as good as it was before, except for a couple of wall brackets which got brushed by a stepladder, travelling drapes which won't travel, and the wear and tear on the furniture and me.

Mrs. Watkins finished up on Thursday (Zazel's day off) by waxing the kitchen floor. She must have done a pretty good job of it for the next morning Zazel announced her arrival by making a crash landing in the kitchen with both feet extended. Thereupon Mrs. Watkins received a castigation in absentia which somewhat resembled Mr. Churchill's opinion of Mussolini. It was Miss Eskew's conviction that waxing the kitchen floor was a bit of trespass and treachery on Watkins' part as contemptible as though a land mine had been planted there and there was the implication that Mother was clearly an accomplice by having acquiesced in it. At this point the telephone rang and Connie Baker invited us to dinner for that evening. The acceptance of this invitation meant that Zazel would get the afternoon off. This acted as a poultice for her injury, wherever it was, and the serenity of our household was quickly re-established.

READING THE WILL. Max Burnstine, the auctioneer, died and left everything to his wife. She died and left the estate to her feuding nieces and nephews. The principal beneficiary is a nephew who has assumed the name of Max Burnstine, Jr. but is generally known as Boots. He is in the Army

and has seen plenty of service abroad but is now stationed in this country and got a leave for the funeral. Max, Jr. came in to arrange about the reading of the will which he assumed had to be done in true story-book style. I explained to him that there was no legal necessity for this and that I thought it was quite inadvisable because it would only serve to make the others who got less angry. "Are you sure it would make them mad?" inquired Max. "Yes, I am sure" I replied. "Okay," says Max, "Then I want the will read. I want them all here in the same room. There's nothing I would like better than to see that bunch get good and mad." Fortunately Max was unable to get an extension of his leave and so the nieces and nephews will just get copies of the will to read in solitude and sorrow.


MISCELLANEOUS. Thomas Vredenburgh III has made the record sale of war bonds for school boys and gets a free trip to Washington.

Dodd's Drug Store corner has been sold and will shortly be put to some other use - just what I don't know yet.

Peace Ice Cream Store is no longer open in the day-time. There is only ice-cream enough to keep them busy three nights a week.

POSTSCRIPT. Mother just called me to tell me that letters came today from Chick, Tom and John. The letter from Chick was dated April 17th. The news from them all was good but further comments on it will have to wait until my next letter.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

April 30, 1945

CHICK. I today received a letter from Chick dated April 23rd in which he most picturesquely describes the island of Okinawa and its people. He concludes this discussion with the information that they had a Fire Direction Center in one of the island tombs, that the artillery duel was somewhat one-sided (although he didn't say which side, leaving this to our imagination), and that some Jap shells had burst around them and made them hug the ground. I will make copies of this letter during the week and send it to you all.

From the news accounts there is still much fighting to be done on Okinawa. The Japs have made desperate attempts to drive the Fleet off and while these have been somewhat costly to us they apparently have given no promise of success to the Japs.

Ernie Pyle's articles are still appearing in the Chicago Sun since he had a supply on hand at the time he died. One printed last week told that the Marines were using Navajo Indians for communications since the Navajo



language cannot be understood by anyone else in the world except another Navajo. He mentioned two Indians who were brothers, each named Joe, but who had different last names, this being a Navajo custom.

JOHN. In reporting on the military events of Okinawa I neglected to mention an item of importance occurring in the European Theater, and now before I make this report it is topped by another event. In John's letter of last week his letterhead was entitled T/5 John Chapin instead of Pfc. This week he has reduced the denominator a degree and his title is T/4. This all suggests to me that John has applied his horse-racing technique of staying in the backfield until reaching the home stretch and then showing a burst of speed that causes real cheering from the bleachers.

We also got a picture of John and a number of clippings. He reports that he received the box of cigars that were a long time getting there. Chick has been calling for a report of John's vacation and we now learn that he has sent the report to Betty, which will probably be relayed to us in due time.

BETTY. There was no word from Betty this week but since her letters usually contain copies of two or three of John's we cannot expect to hear from her too often with all the copy work she has.

SAMUEL JAMES. Sam is taking a water safety instructor's course (advanced life-saving). He is also playing baseball, which he reports has been played under some handicap due to cold weather and numb hands. Numb hands is the excuse he gives for muffing a throw to first and losing out on a double play.

PEACE REPORT. Saturday night the Associated Press gave out a report that Germany had surrendered unconditionally. For a brief half hour it seemed that a great weight had been lifted from inside of me and from the world in general, only to be restored again when President Truman announced that it was erroneous. Conditions are overripe for a German surrender, however, and it will probably be accomplished before this letter reaches you.

DIPLOMAT IN CARPET SLIPPERS. My friend, Jay Monaghan, has just published a new book about Lincoln's foreign policy, a field of Lincoln history which has been neglected. He has done a very careful research job and writes with the most interesting style, so in spite of all of the Lincoln books now weighing down library shelves I think his is a really fresh and fascinating addition.

PEACE CONFERENCE. The World Peace Conference has gotten off to a good start although the headlines don't seem to indicate it. Headline news must always be a report of the unusual or unexpected. A fistic encounter between two people in a crowd of a thousand is news. The fact that the other 998 get along amiably is no news at all. At San Francisco the headlines have screamed about items of disunity such as the chairmanship of the Convention and whether Poland should be invited. The underlying fact which is important is that all of the United Nations from the four corners of the earth are there to set up the framework for machinery to keep the peace. This at least indicates that they believe in the idea and want to have a part in working it out. The details will be tedious and they will not make startling news but I am confident they will be attended to while

the newsmen scramble about hunting for something startling to write about.

MUSSOLINI'S DEATH. The report seems to be well verified that the Sawdust Caesar is dead, and if the details are correct his death was accomplished in a fitting manner: A shot in the back presumably intended as a reminder of the stab in the back he gave France while it was down.

SCOUT AND SNIPER SOUVENIR. Sam Phillpot, the 18 year old son of Mother's friend, Mrs. Kelly, who is a scout and sniper in the First Marine Division, sent his mother a purse he took off the body of a Jap he killed. In the purse was a picture of the Jap's mother and father. Mrs. Kelly was greatly shocked. Americans seem to be souvenir collectors at all ages. There is no reason to assume that when an 18 year old boy becomes a scout and sniper that the natural instinct to collect souvenirs has been trained out of him. In the Supreme Court Room in Washington some years ago the bailiff showed me heavy velvet drapes with holes cut out of them by visitors. The finest buildings, planes and steamships have had parts chipped, torn, or cut away by collectors. An American civilian will steal most anything for a souvenir from a hotel towel to a piece of the State House roof. It should not be surprising therefore that Sam Phillpot sent home trophies from the Jap he killed. I would draw the line, however, if he had sent the Jap, or any part of him.

AUNT JEMIMA. Although I am greatly annoyed by most of the dramatized commercials on the radio with their exaggeration and superlatives, there is one that amuses and interests me. This is Aunt Jemima, who describes her temptalating pancakes made with her own secret recipe. Her speal goes something like this: "Now folks, happify your family with my scrumlusci-ous Old South pancakes. Day is tender as a day in June, light as a hummin' bird, and melts in yo' mouth. Dey is tantalizing to the appetite and appetizing too. Jus' flap 'em on de griddle and in a jiffy dey is nut-brown and ready to serve, filled with energizing nourishment. Um, um, um, dey is so delicious and tasty!" I have never tasted Aunt J's brand but the ones Zazel makes answer the above description. Possibly this is why her words of praise for pancakes do not seem to be overdone.

Our Vermont friends who supply us each year with genuine old-fashioned maple syrup report a syrup drouth this year. I assume every business has its ups and downs but had never met the downs in the maple syrup business before. Mrs. Pike tells us that unseasonable weather prevented the sap from running in Vermont and so very little syrup could be made. We ordered 2 gallons for ourselves and 2 for some friends and got 1 gallon for all. The Pikes have 3 sons like ourselves and Mrs. Pike tells us that they had just received word that one of them had been captured by the Germans.

MISCELLANEOUS. Sunday we entertained John Laske for dinner. He is a young chap who is just finishing his ministerial course at McCormick Seminary and is concurrently acting as assistant to Bill Hudnut on weekends. He is a fine boy and we were much interested in meeting him, especially since the church may employ him as an assistant minister after he graduates.

Grandmother was with us for dinner too and she was delighted to hear about all of you boys. Her eyes are failing her as well as her hearing but she would still be making cookies for you all if it were not for rationing of butter and sugar.



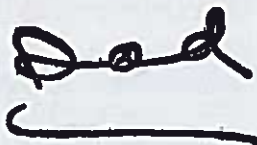
After our guests left we went out to Spaulding's to get asparagus for canning.

Last week I saw Bob Sankey who was home on leave. He is a first lieutenant in 155 millimeter artillery and has been in Italy two years.

Buddy Vredenburg is also home on leave from the Marine Air Force.

Fairless Jordan is in the 6th Marine Division and is on Okinawa. Lou Miller has not heard from Bob since March 28 and we are all wondering what has become of the 2nd Marine Division.

With love,

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Dad", with a horizontal line underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

May 7, 1945

END OF THE WAR IN EUROPE. The end has apparently come although the official announcement has been postponed until tomorrow. For nearly 6 long years Germany has been causing untold death, misery and destruction to the people of the world. The fighting has now ended but the suffering will continue for millions of people as long as they live and probably children yet unborn will suffer because of the disease and destruction committed by the Nazis.

The end of the war brings mixed emotions - the desire to rejoice is counteracted by the feeling of awe and dismay at what has been done and a feeling of sympathy for millions of victims. Now if ever is the time to at least see that another such war doesn't happen again.

JOHN. In a letter from John he stated he felt it his duty to attend an English horse race as he felt that Chick would be more impressed with an account of such an event than with a trip through Westminster Abbey. He imagined a heated discussion between Chick and Tom on Okinawa relative to the respective merits of King Barrymore's and Menard King's colts. Later in the week we received a report on his day at an English race and since he mentioned that copies were being forwarded to the rest of the family I will not take time to go into it other than to remark that it was a very vivid job of reporting and I can see it all just as it happened, including John losing his winnings and a little more.

The London fee which I tried to assign to John has now been received by me so he can mark this item "paid". Maybe after the war he will learn what rules and regulations prevented him from collecting it.

CHICK. No further word has been received from Chick since last Monday. In addition to the letter of his I mentioned, we received two more at home from him on the same day. I had intended before now to make a copy



of his report on Okinawa and its people for each of you but this has been delayed. In the other letters he gave us some little hints of his activities: His Fire Direction Center with 12 telephones going and his Colonel, Captain and himself managing them. He had another visit from Tom. He was too busy to go with Tom for dinner so Tom stayed and had chow with him. We also received a group picture of the officers in Chick's battalion presumably taken before they embarked for Okinawa. According to press reports the fighting has been fierce on Okinawa this past week and we will be anxious to get further word from Chick.

SAM. Sam has been to Minneapolis and visited Betty, and he and Betty visited Aunt Ella. According to word received from the local recruiting station, Sam is likely to be called within the next 2 weeks. This may result in his being home about the time that Mother was planning to visit at Carleton. Her plan to make the trip, however, has not been altered as yet and will not be unless there is a definite conflict.

BETTY. A letter from Betty enclosed one from John and one from Mrs. Albone. Mrs. Albone was very grateful for the dress material she received, and John told of a trip to London. The Bond Department in Betty's bank seems to be doing a land-office business with something about a suitcase full of bonds for a church, but at the moment I do not recall whether the church was redeeming their bonds or buying a suitcase full. In any event, a suitcase full of bonds indicates that the church business too is doing pretty well in Minneapolis. With the end of the war we know the McNallys will be greatly relieved about Miles and we will be glad to know when they get a report that he is safe and sound.

AL PENDLETON'S SALE. Not being a subscriber to any horse magazine I was unaware that Pendleton's spring sale had been held until it was all over. My information came from Horace Campbell, the chicken man, who incidentally is interested in horses. He tells me he bought several horses at the sale and sold some of them again for a profit but brought 3 home. One of his horses was an extra fine mare. The bidding slowed up on her at \$750.00 and Horace couldn't understand it and jumped in and bought her for \$850.00. After his purchase, John Hook approached him and wanted to know what he meant by bidding on that mare. Hook said that the boys had agreed to let Dickey of West Baden, Indiana, have her and added that if Horace was smart he would take \$250.00 for his bargain and turn her over to Dickey. Horace was a bit surprised but he smartened quickly and in this case he had \$250.00 in his pocket before you could say "Shame on John Hook, the bald-faced crook".

WAR STORY. Apropos of the full meals the United States has been feeding to German war prisoners is the story that all the countries of Europe had decided to declare a war on the United States and then immediately surrender so that they could all get prisoners' rations.

ROBERT MILLERS. Bob and Elizabeth Miller were here a couple of days last week, this being the first time the Colonel had been here for 14 months. We had dinner with them Tuesday night and invited Kay and Lou to join us. Both the girls had received letters that day from their husbands and were consequently in good spirits. Bob thinks there is a possibility that he may be sent to Germany with the AMG.

JAY MONAGHAN. Jay Monaghan, who published the book "Diplomat in Carpet Slippers" which I mentioned to you last week, left Saturday night for the Aleutian Islands to acquire from an Indian tribe a 150 foot totem pole with a likeness of Abraham Lincoln carved on it. The ancestors of this tribe had been captured and taken into slavery by another Indian tribe at the time of the Civil War. Shortly after the capture Lincoln issued his Emancipation Proclamation and when the captors learned about it they thought it applied to their Indian slaves and promptly released them. In memory of their liberation they erected this totem pole and the carving on it was the first statue to be erected to Abraham Lincoln. Mr. Monaghan will get the details of the story on his trip and if he succeeds in bringing the trophy home with him I will report on it later to you.

COUSIN BOB VISITS SPRINGFIELD. Bob Stecher arrived on Thursday in time for lunch. Ordinarily this is a good time to arrive and it still is if you are not hungry. Mother and I joined Unc and Bob for what passes as lunch at the Leland nowadays. Bob was his usual self with his quick wit and short penetrating observations. After lunch Mother took him over while I returned to the office and while Unc took time off for some other errands. At 5:00 Mother turned Bob back to Uncle so that they could attend a cocktail party C. C. Thomas gave for him at Thomas's Tomb, the place sometimes referred to as Cholly's Follies or Rebel's Retreat. Bob then had dinner with the doctors and spoke to them that evening.

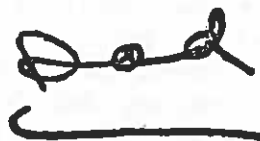
On Friday Mother and I took him over to see New Salem at noon and on the way we stopped at the Riley Farm as Bob wanted to see Mr. Riley's arthritic hands. Some years ago Bob had remarked that he would be glad to cross the country to see such hands. At that time they didn't seem to me to be particularly remarkable but now even a layman could appreciate that they were something out of the ordinary. Otherwise Mr. Riley is quite well and we had a very pleasant but short visit with them. Spring is now at its best and I know of no two places that are more beautiful than Riley's and New Salem, so we showed Bob the best at its best, although I am not sure that the scenery compared in Bob's mind with the professional view he had had of the hands. At New Salem we had a delicious lunch at the Wagon Wheel and afterwards we did the Village. Our time was somewhat limited so we declined the offer of a guide to give us a personally conducted tour. This fellow could not be discarded, however, by a mere "No" and he followed us like a stray dog from building to building. We did not stop long enough at any one place for him to play a full record and several times he got mixed up in changing records in the middle. I presume he was made something on the order of a Magnavox (except for his rough exterior) and operated best if you just let him play his whole stack through automatically without manual interference. Just why he insisted on starting in the first place I don't know, unless the customers are so scarce on weekdays in the spring that he had to go through his repertoire once a day to keep in practice, or maybe I accidentally switched on his starting button with my sleeve in passing. We took the Village in, including the cooper shop, blacksmith shop, loom and treadmill, stores, taverns, and doctors' offices, and then started on our homeward journey.

On the return trip we passed the Nance place and I was only able to give it a quick survey which failed to disclose anything resembling a horse or even a colt in the front pasture. Possibly Mr. Nance had all the horses pastured in the rear somewhere and since the ground was wet and unfit for

working I can readily assume that old Horace himself was out in the paddock teaching the horses manners, or possibly working on their coats or tails.

That evening we had a dinner party for Bob with Uncle Amos and Aunt Mary, the Stuart Robinsons, and the Dr. Herndons as guests, also Uncle. It was a very delightful occasion but at the moment I do not recall any distinguishing event which would make particularly good news, and so I will cover the occasion by saying that a good time was had by all. About midnight Bob took his train to return to Cleveland.

With love

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Chick', written in a cursive style with a long horizontal flourish at the bottom.

CHAPIN LETTER

May 14, 1945

CHICK. A letter from Chick dated May 2 arrived on May 8th. Chick explained that things in his department had become well enough organized so that his night watches either came late in the evening or early in the morning and between watches he often managed to get a night's sleep. He also told us about a new type of C ration being issued and particularly of a new breakfast food consisting of cereal, powdered milk and sugar, all pressed into a big cookie. All that is needed is the addition of water.

Unc had a long letter from Tom in which Tom tells of another visit with Chick. Tom also told of a new method being used to treat shellshock cases behind the lines, which method brings a very high percentage of recovery in a very short time.

From the newspaper accounts the fighting on Okinawa continues to be fierce. We assume that the newspapers publish all of the news regarding the battle which is permissible and apparently Chick indulges in the same assumption.

JOHN. We had two V-mail letters from John this week, both dated April 29. Betty sent us copies of 3 of his other letters. In one of these he described part of his vacation leave and particularly their stay at the Whitney estate, which proved to be interesting but not interesting enough to justify more than two days stay. A package went forward to John this last week with cigars, candy and a few magazines to bring it up to the maximum weight.

SAM. Friday morning when I came downstairs there was a long sleeping figure on the davenport. I pulled the covers off slightly and then had to slap my head to make sure I was awake. It was none other than Samuel James. He had arrived home at 5:30 in the morning and thinking it was not worth while to go to bed took to the davenport for a little catnap. Mother had written him last week that she had information from the Recruiting Office that he would be called this week and while this was only an estimate Samuel James had taken it literally and proceeded to check out of college so as to be



here on time. Possibly the fact that final examinations were approaching had something to do with the dispatch with which he returned home.

BETTY. We had a long letter from Betty this week enclosing 3 of John's letters. She told of having visited her friends the Schillings, news from Miles, Sam's trip to Minneapolis, and her cross-examination of Sam about the new house. If Sam was as evasive on her cross-examination as he is on some of mine I'm afraid she did not get much enlightenment.

V-E DAY. America learned about V-E Day through a dispatch sent by the Associated Press correspondent, Edward Kennedy, in violation of his pledge not to disclose the news until it was officially released. What was more shocking, A.P. declared it to be the scoop of the Century thereby making Kennedy's breach of trust their own. By the end of the week criticism of A.P. piled up to an extent that forced them to belatedly apologize instead of to continue to brag. A.P. now has two recent strikes against it. They are the only news service which reported the false surrender based on gossip of Senator Connally and they are the only news service which violated their pledge of secrecy on the real surrender, although 17 other reporters were present. As it now stacks up the credit goes to the remaining 16 who kept their word. This is quite a record for the greatest press service in America, the advocate of free enterprise and a free press.

MOTHER'S DAY. Mother's Day, Mother's birthday, and Sam's birthday again coincided this year. Sam presented Mother with 3 gardenias, one for each of her boys, which she proudly pinned on the lapel of her jacket and it was easy to tell that for her the day was something special. I suggested that she should take along with her the soap and handkerchiefs which Betty sent her so as to not slight the donor but the suggestion was not accepted. Sam got a book from Betty, "The Best from Yank". If anyone had mentioned to him that he start to church with this under his arm I am sure he would have gladly acted on it and would doubtless have read it all during the sermon.

Bill Hudnut preached an excellent sermon, the theme of which was illustrated by a story of a fellow who took the wrong bus. My mind digressed from this story to another one wholly unrelated to the sermon about the conductor who took the wrong train. This conductor started punching tickets in the first coach and after getting about half way through the coach and finding that everyone had tickets for a town in the other direction he began to wonder whether it was they or he that was on the wrong train. After checking up (I don't know how he did this, possibly by a compass, or maybe he met the other conductor approaching from the opposite direction) he found that it was he who was on the wrong train. This is all I remember of the story so don't write and ask me what he did next, or what happened to him. I suppose they made a crossing watchman out of him since in that capacity it didn't make any difference which direction the train was going.

NEW FLOWER BED. Since the removal last year of two trees from the back yard sunlight finds its way to the spot where the stable once stood. This sunlight is practically being wasted in Mother's opinion since it only shines upon what we optimistically refer to as our lawn. A flower bed has been gradually taking shape in Mother's mind. Until Sunday it was still in the conversational stage. The planting season being practically upon

now Sam and I decided that immediate action was required if the waste of another season of sunshine was to be avoided.

The general idea of a flower bed was something in an oblong shape about 3 by 25 feet with a bird-bath in the center. The bed was to be parallel with the house and the bird-bath was to be in line with the North door of the garden room. This did not seem to be too complicated so instead of procuring a civil engineer, a landscape architect or even getting out our tape measure, we started to work. It was agreed by all, Mother, Sam and I that the logical procedure was first to properly locate the bird-bath. This being done the only task remaining would be to lay out a ten foot bed to the East and another to the West. As I now look back on it I am afraid that our first step was accomplished by methods that leaned too far toward the democratic rather than the scientific, that is to say, we voted on the location. I placed the bird-bath on an exact line with the North door. Mother's eye dictated a spot about 3 feet away. We moved the bird-bath to Mother's spot. Upon another survey Mother decided that we had overdone the matter but she was still sure that my spot was wrong. So we compromised by moving the bird-bath 2 feet from my spot (the right one) and 1 foot from Mother's spot. This being settled, the bed was staked off, this operation again being accomplished by an eye and nay vote instead of resorting to the technicalities of the tape line or slide-rule. Having gotten this far with the project and the day being Mother's Day, Sam and I decided to bring our good deed to completion and we proceeded to spade up the plot to make ready for planting. This was accomplished without too much difficulty and we did not unearth nearly as many bricks, stones, and horseshoes as we had expected. The bed was hoed and raked and made practically ready for planting in no time at all. Thereupon we retired to the house for tea, well satisfied with our efforts and with Mother commending us for our skill, efficiency, industry, thoughtfulness and devotion. After tea we decided to take a look at our handiwork from the vantage point of the garden room. At first we could not believe our eyes. While we were at tea the bed had moved to a spot somewhere in the vicinity of our incinerator and was pointing in the general direction of Elmer Baum's garage, so that if it had been extended far enough it would have gone right into his garage door. To a stranger on the scene I think it would have suggested something that had been dropped there by the wind during a terrific storm. In our dilemma Sam rose to the occasion and insisted that the casual or random location was more pleasing to the eye than the geometric angle which we had originally planned. I viewed Sam's present declaration with some suspicion for the only obvious remedy seemed to be to do the whole thing over again, and moreover, that we tamp and re-sod what we had already done. I felt that the burdens involved in this remedy were being too carefully considered by Sam and that his present position was a retreat from the aesthetic to the practical. The same consideration sorely tempted me too, but I fully realized that I was not leaving for the Navy shortly as is the case with Sam - I was destined to stay at home and view the thing from now on. Moreover, I knew that Mother would never surrender to this practical viewpoint and in my imagination I could already hear her apologizing to each little plant that had to be put in that bed for the distorted view of life it would get from this careless angle.

Night had by this time practically overtaken us and so I counseled against hasty decision and for deliberation in the matter. A heavy rain came to my assistance and as matters now stand a final decision on the matter can



be postponed at least until Mother returns from her Minneapolis trip. It is my hope that by that time the matter can be re-approached with a dispassionate view and I then propose a compromise between Mother's demand to begin anew and Sam's position to do nothing. The compromise I have in mind is to move the garden room door so that it will center on the bird-bath and then leaving the bird-bath where it is, dig a circular bed all around it, thus utilizing the work we have already expended. The main trouble with this plan is that the bed will be in the shade and the sunlight that we had planned on harnessing will still be wasting itself on our lawn.

P. S. TO MOTHER'S DAY. The other night on the Jimmy Durante show, Garry Moore made a very solemn pronouncement about the coming Mother's Day and all that it meant to him, and then explained that his next-door neighbor was present and desired to present a very special message to the mothers of his neighborhood. After a most formal introduction this neighbor announced: "I want that you mothers should keep your brats out of my front yard."

Since starting this letter I learn that a letter has come today from John dated April 30th and one from Chick dated May 5th, and in Chick's letter was enclosed a commendation from the General of the Artillery of the Seventh Division (Tom's Division) to the Commander of the 11th Marines, commending the 4th Battalion for its excellent and efficient service while it was attached to the Seventh Division.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

May 21, 1945

JOHN. We had a nice long letter from John and among other things he related that he was sending me a cigar lighter made from a 50 caliber cartridge, and that the British women want to retain their gas-masks for onion peeling. He described a Mauldin cartoon which pictured a war correspondent coming upon one of General Patton's signs listing the penalties for careless dress in his area and sending back word that he was making a thousand mile detour. John also told about the British custom which has been in vogue ever since 1281 of annually putting the Master of the British Mint on trial charging him with debasing the King's coinage and each year he is required to prove his innocence.

CHICK. A letter came last week from Chick dated May 5th. He hadn't seen Bill Oliver since they left the base in the South Pacific but he talks to Bill about a dozen times a day on the phone. I called Zazel and find that there were letters received today from both John and Chick, Chick's being dated May 13th.

I read an interesting account recently about the use the Marines made of war dogs in the Solomons and Pelelieu and am wondering if they are using



them at Okinawa.

The Jordans received a telegram last week advising that their son, Robert F. Jordan, was killed on Okinawa on May 10. He was a Second Lieutenant in Battery A, First Battalion of the 15th Marines. He was a grand boy and I am sure that Chick knows him. The only word the Jordans have had so far is the telegram and they of course would like to know the facts about his death, funeral and so forth. Possibly some of his fellow officers or his Chaplain will write to his family regarding this in due time. I do not believe, however, that the Jordans are personally acquainted with any of their son's friends and I know they would greatly appreciate it if when the fighting is finished and Chick could find the time to check up with some of the Jordan boy's friends, and if they have not already written to the Jordans, he could get them to do so or send a report along himself. The Jordan boy's name as listed in the Marines was Robert F. Jordan but he always went by the name of Fairles and this was doubtless the name by which Chick knew him.

SAMUEL JAMES. This morning at 8:30 Samuel James reported to the Navy Recruiting office for active duty. There were about 100 other boys waiting outside and the doors opened just as we arrived and they proceeded to march in. I went by at the noon hour to see if they were still there but saw nothing of them and so assume that he is already on the train for Great Lakes. Sam's last week at home has been a rather busy one as most of his college professors gave him home work to do to make up for what he missed by leaving school early and he has been busy with this day and night for the past 4 or 5 days.

Sam is well satisfied with his choice of the Navy and he is joining at the time when it is at its highest strength and when this country has the greatest concentration of naval power of all time. The Navy has had some tough assignments in the past 3½ years and there is still much for them to do. The encouraging fact today is that they now have plenty of ships and equipment to do the job with, and this is comforting to know when we see our 18 year old Samuel take his leave of us.

BETTY. Betty wrote that she and Aunt Ella would meet Mother and Grandmother at the train. Betty planned to go down to Carleton Saturday afternoon and visit there with Mother over Sunday. She says that John thinks there is a probability that he may be sent to do claim service in France.

MOTHER TAKES OFF. The planning for Mother's trip has been going on for weeks and weeks. Originally it was to be a trip to Northfield to see Sam at school. The May Fete was of course to be included as was a visit with Betty. Then gradually other things were added, including the taking of Grandmother to Minneapolis to visit Aunt Ella, and seeing other friends along the way. Every detail was worked out with letters, telegrams, tickets, reservations, checking of trunks for Grandmother, etc. In the meantime Samuel James arrived home but by the time of his arrival the trip had accumulated so many incidental purposes that it could no longer be cancelled, although it now took Mother away from Sam instead of to him. Thursday, the day of departure, finally arrived and when I went down to the station to see them off I found Mother, Sam and Grandmother in our car waiting for the train to come in. All details of planning were behind them and there was nothing on their minds but waiting. That is, with a

few exceptions. Mother had a few final orders, including feeding Zipper and watering her flowers in case it stopped raining, and wiring to her if letters were received from John or Chick. This reminded Grandmother to repeat to Uncle Horton, who had just arrived, instructions about the careful feeding of her canary bird. With these matters out of the way the Abraham Lincoln pulled in and their coach stopped right along the side of our car and if there had been a running board on the Chrysler they could have stepped aboard the train without touching the ground. Mother expects to return tonight on the Abraham Lincoln.

G.A.R. VETERAN. Something I read the other day about a G.A.R. Veteran reminded me of the experience I had with one of the old comrades at the time of their last Encampment, which was held in Springfield in 1940. This was 75 years after the close of the Civil War and the G.A.R. ranks were then pretty well thinned out, nevertheless there were several hundred of the old veterans from all over the country in attendance at their final Encampment, although many of them had to be helped about by relatives or nurses.

One day during the Encampment I was waiting for the elevator to return to my office when an old veteran approached me. He was in full uniform and answered in every respect an artist's requirements for a typical veteran, being tall, lean and well seasoned, and while quite old he still had remarkable vigor and quite a bit of the old fire still in his eye. He approached me with the announcement "I want to find a lawyer. I need a lawyer to do some writing for me". I told him that I was a lawyer and invited him up to the office. Upon our arrival he presented a resolution in his own handwriting which was fairly legible and while I was trying to read it he proceeded to explain that our present army (this referred to the draft army then in training) was not sufficiently democratic. "Why, in the Civil War", says he, "Any soldier could go right up to a general, even General Grant, and make a complaint, and that's the way it ought to be now". His resolution was concerned with bringing that kind of democracy to the present army. He wanted me to polish it up a bit for him and put it on the typewriter. I found that it was already shining with polish. The old man's language was in a class by itself and I decided that I could better serve him by merely reducing what he had written to typewriting. While his resolution was being copied I visited with him and finally inquired as to what particular emotion or conviction it was that had caused him to enlist in the Federal Army as a boy of 15. This apparently was an inquiry he had had to answer before and he was all prepared for me:

"Well, Sir, I'll tell you", says he, "we were living on a farm in West Virginia, and the armies got to fighting around there and the shot and shell were falling on our farm so thick that it wasn't safe to be there. I always was a damned coward and I said to myself 'You better get in the army and do the shooting instead of fooling around here milking cows and being shot at'. So I and some of the neighbor boys went down and enlisted. At the enlistment office there was a long line of recruits and an agent offered me \$200.00 to go in as a substitute for one of those city slickers but I says 'No, sir, I don't want to be a substitute for anybody. Let them rich boys do their own fighting and I'll do mine'. They put us in the cavalry - I guess that was where they were needing men most just then, with the rebels up and all over our valley. We didn't get much training in those days and it wasn't long before we were right in the action against

those Johnny Rebs that were raising hell with the Union supplies. One day we were marching through some woods when our Captain got word that the Rebs were right on the other side and he ordered us to skirmish. Everybody dismounted and all the fellows in my squad handed me their reins and told me to hold their horses. They scampered off through the woods after the Rebs. I was just a boy and they allowed I was too young to shoot. Well, sir, after our fellows scampered away those horses started neighing and pawing and you could have heard them for half a mile, and I said to myself 'This horse holding business is dangerous'. There I was with all them horses right where I would make a good target, and the other fellows were out there in the woods crawling on their bellies as safe as could be. Well, sir, I always was a damned coward and now I was scared to death, and I made up my mind right then that the next time I was going to be out there with them other fellows doing the shooting where it was safe and let somebody else do the horse holding.

"So back in camp I started to practice shooting out in the woods. There was plenty of ammunition for everybody to practice if they wanted to but I seemed to be the only one that wanted to practice. The other fellows were all card players. I never saw the like. They played cards all the time. Just as soon as they would get to camp they had to play cards. They could hardly stop long enough to eat for their card playing. I was brought up a Methodist, didn't believe in card playing in our house and I never cared for 'em, so while them fellows was playing their cards I was out there practicing shooting. It weren't long before I could knock the eye out of a squirrel in the top of a tree and when our Captain saw what I could do with a rifle he said I didn't need to be a horse holder any more. After that, when there was fighting going on I was right in there on my belly with the rest of 'em and it wasn't long before I could out-shoot them all. I always was a damned coward and so I just kept on practicing shooting. Them card players thought they didn't need any practice but they weren't as good as they thought they were and the Johnny Rebs knocked those card players off one by one. Yes, sir, before the war was over the Rebs got every one of those card players. Here I am attending the Encampment and I'm 92 years old. There aren't so many of us Civil War Veterans left any more. I've seen most of the comrades that are here in Springfield and I ain't seen nary card player. No, sir, the Johnny Rebs got all of them".

By this time the resolution was typewritten and the old gentleman began to gather up his hat and cane to take his leave. Talking all the time as he regained his feet and made his way to the door, he thanked us most profusely for our help and presented me with his card, which had on it "Charles Wingrove, Clay Center, Kansas". Shaking hands with me and with Miss Stewart, who copied the resolution for him, he said "Yes, sir, now you can tell your folks you shook the hand of old Charles Wingrove of Clay Center, Kansas, who fought for Old Abe and the Union in the Civil War, who most likely would have been killed on his own farm while doin' chores if he hadn't of been such a damned coward, and who probably would have been killed anyway if he'd been a card player. Yes, sir, I live out at Clay Center, Kansas, and if any of you ever get out my way I want you to be sure to stop and see me. Anybody in Clay Center can tell you where to find Charley Wingrove."

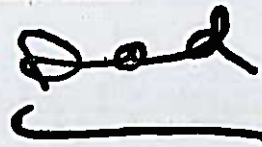
READER'S DIGEST. The following two stories were garndered from the Reader's Digest:



Out in Kansas City last fall they had an autumn festival and to add color they invited some Indians from a nearby reservation and rented some tepees so the Indians could pitch their camp near the park. The Indians arrived in large sedans but they didn't know how to put up the tents. The Kansas City people had to call on the local Boy Scouts to do the job.

Two American soldiers were drinking in an English pub and noticed an elderly benevolent looking gentleman sipping beer at a corner table. "That's the Archbishop of Canterbury" said one soldier, "I've seen his picture many times." "You're crazy", said the other soldier, "I'll bet a pound you're wrong." To decide the issue they approached the gentleman and inquired. "Go to hell and mind your own damned business" roared the old man. The soldiers retreated to the bar. After a moment one of them said to the other, "Isn't it a shame he didn't tell us, now we'll never know".

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dad', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

May 28, 1945

JOHN. A letter came from John dated May 6th and another one enclosing clipping from Punch on horseback riding, which we enjoyed very much. A package also arrived containing my cigar lighter and 4 books, one of Max's cartoons of English poets and 3 Servicemen's Editions on the English countryside. I appreciated them all, especially the book on Max. John also sent a picture of himself which we thought quite good although apparently he didn't. In John's letter he tells us of how the English celebrated V-E Day and the relief they felt after 5 years of war and 2200 air raid alarms. Now they will go ahead with the war against Japan but in this they will be fighting at a great distance from home like all the war has been for the United States, and will not be harrassed by fears of destruction of their home land.

John also tells of a 9 volume edition of the recordings of Churchill's war-time speeches. I hope that some of the more important ones can be put out in a smaller American edition. It was Churchill's courageous voice that changed the history of the world and I doubt if any of us shall ever hear the like of these speeches again in our generation.

Betsy told Mother that John thinks his claims service may fold up any time now and that he has applied for Military Government. If he is going to go into Military Government there should be a chance of a commission for him.

CHICK. In Chick's letter of May 13 he tells us there was no let-up in the fighting on Okinawa on V-E Day, that the only celebration was a 5 volley salute to the Japs from every gun on the island at the noon hour. Chick says there is no use looking for his name in the news dispatches, that all he does for correspondents is to give them a lead on other fellows who have

done outstanding jobs. He sent me a soap wrapper of some soap which can be used in hard, soft or sea water and for toilet, laundering or washing dishes. All it does is to remove the dirt - it doesn't bring back the school-girl complexion, give the touch of the skin you love, or make you look or smell beautiful. Such soap may be all right for the Marines but most folks back here want a soap that will get them started toward Hollywood, and the soap people claim they have it - probably the same soap but in a different wrapper.

Since V-E Day Okinawa has been back on the front page and we get pretty good reports on it. There was also an excellent article by John Lardner in last week's New Yorker which is to be continued again this week. The Japs have admitted that the loss of Okinawa will be equivalent to the loss of the war, which indicates that the Japs do a little thinking themselves. Chick's check and bond have arrived for his April pay and if they had been several times their normal size they would not have been too much.

SAMUEL JAMES. Sam arrived at Great Lakes a week ago today and we have had a couple of letters from him. He was getting along fine and likes it. He has an extra tough Chief Petty Officer, whom he also likes. He told us the story about one of the boys offering a cigarette to this officer who replied that he didn't smoke. The boy remarked that he wished he didn't, whereupon the officer replied "Well, all you gotta do is stop". Sam has figured out that he has 4 free hours a day. That is, free to eat, do his washing, make his bed, write letters, go to the canteen, and so forth. He was worried about completing a Chemistry assignment that his professor gave him. Mother has written him to relieve his mind on this score, telling him to forget about the Chemistry assignment. Sam has gotten the right idea about the Navy and says his life and his shipmates' may depend upon what he learns in training and he didn't want to divide his training time with the Chemistry professor, to which I thoroughly agree.

Financial statement for Sam: \$12.35 was added to \$6.40 in stamps and a \$25.00 bond purchased with this. The balance of the cash of \$11.65 together with a check from Carleton for \$28.00 was deposited in his building and loan account. I endorsed Sam's check as agent, which I suppose Carleton College will accept.

GRANDMOTHER CHAPIN. Grandmother arrived safely in Minneapolis and was met at the train by Aunt Ella and Betsy. Mother saw her again briefly on Sunday and today I have a letter from her saying that she is getting along fine in the Minnesota woods. She didn't mention anything about seeing Indians lurking behind the trees or about the Eskimos who presumably only come out of their igloos during the summer months.

A week ago Saturday night Sam and I had dinner at Uncle Horton's and while we were eating chicken in the dining room I heard something singing in the kitchen. I thought at first maybe Ida had more chicken waiting to be fried but she explained that the singing came from Mother's canary. Apparently he was glad when the chicken frying operation was over. He had probably worried lest he too be put in the skillet. Ida says that this dickie-bird sings most of the time, which is a different report on him from the one Grandmother used to give us. However, I don't know why he should sing so much. If I was in his place I wouldn't sing for anybody except another canary. I wouldn't care how much celery, lettuce, bird-seed, cuttlefish



and gravel people put in my cage, I wouldn't utter a single note, I'd kick and bite and yell my head off but I wouldn't sing unless they brought me a mate. Even then, when I looked out of the window and saw all the worthless sparrows flying hither and yon at their pleasure I'd still be mad at everybody. I wouldn't be content until I'd finally gotten out of that cage and flown away, although I'd probably be caught by a cat sooner or later - I'd take my chances on this, however. I guess canaries though are like some people, happiest when they are being waited on.

BETTY. I now have first-hand reports on Betty and in fact on all of the McNallys. This, however, is Mother's story and I'll leave it to her to give it to you in installments. I cannot refrain, however, from reporting that Betty is prettier and sweeter than ever and is filled with plans about furnishing the new house. Peter has won over Mr. and Mrs. McNally and his every wish is obeyed. Luncheon was had by Mother with Mrs. McNally, Betty and Mrs. Peyton. Miles was safe when the war in Europe was over. Mother had a grand time at Carleton College and Betty joined her on Saturday. Sunday night the McNallys and Mother visited the Peytons. Mr. McNally and Mr. Peyton had a highball in honor of the absent soldiers from the several families (I think this included the Marine and the Apprentice Seaman as well) while the ladies contented themselves with mere wine or maybe it was just gingerale or cokes, I've forgotten which. Anyway, a good time was had by all and the movements of John, Chick, Miles, Tom and Sam were all discussed by the proud parents. The McNallys were delightful hosts and Mother's visit was very pleasant but all too short.

Betty definitely plans to come and see us in July. We hope this will be at the time Sam's boot camp training is over and when he has a short leave of about 5 days.

MORE ABOUT THE FLOWER BED. Floyd Dodd was called in to complete a few little details required in finishing the flower bed, which he did for \$26.00. There only remained the task of getting flowers to fill it. This was accomplished mainly by begging. Mrs. George, who lives at Rochester, had offered Mother quantities of flowers she said she was going to have to throw away. Aunt Mary Richardson made a similar offer. Both were accepted and yesterday we went out on a collection tour, stopping first at Rochester, where the Plymouth was loaded with 2 bushel baskets and several card-board boxes of flowers of all kinds. I couldn't see where we were going to put more, but Aunt Mary Richardson was expecting us and so we continued our journey to South Fork Farm. I think Aunt Mary was somewhat disappointed to find we had already gathered so much plunder, for she says that it's really hard to get rid of, and she was depending on us. I explained, however, that since we knew her so much better than we did Mrs. George we wouldn't think of taking less from her, so after taking a survey of what we already had the Richardsons got a general idea of what was going to be required to outdo Mrs. George. Uncle Amos got his shovel and started to dig while the rest of us carried the diggings back to the car, piling it high to the ceiling, and adding more to the trunk compartment. Leaves were sticking out all edges of the lid when I clamped it down and iris was tickling my neck all the way home.

Having gathered all the plants we had room for we then settled down for a visit ending up with tea. This consisted of a tossed salad that Amos and I gathered from the garden, strawberries that we gathered from the garden,



milk produced on the Richardson farm, cake which the Chapins took along just in case we were asked for tea, and other items which happened to be on hand.

The Richardson place is particularly beautiful at this season of the year as they have thousands of flowers blooming of all colors and the way Aunt Mary has it planted there are others coming on from time to time so that there will be no interval all summer long when there are not worlds of plants blooming. This morning I carried all the plunder down to the flower bed in the back yard, which didn't take me over an hour, and I left Mother with a trowel in hand ready for her day's work. My guess is that tonight I will find our flower bed filled to over-flowing and with a surplus on hand which we in turn will have to find new donees for.

FOSSILS. Thursday night we went over to Thorne Deuels for dinner and saw some 200 fossils he had gathered last Sunday from a gravel pit near Wilmington, Illinois. Each of these was in an oyster shaped rock, varying in size from a dwarf bluepoint to about the size of a flattened baseball. The fossils were all of flowers and leaves, mostly ferns. Thorne estimated their age at 250 million years. I didn't learn exactly how he did the estimating but he seemed to be quite sure that he was not off over a few months.

His theory about the fossils is that the flowers and leaves got covered with mud during a spring rain back there in the early days, that the iron in the leaves combined with the mud next to them to produce a very hard flint-like stone. As the distance increased from the leaves and the source of iron supply the stone was of softer texture. At a later stage in the world history this mass of stone was pushed up in some upheaval of the earth and ended up in a creek bed, where the action of the water rounded off the outer and soft part, making the smooth oval stones that he found. Thorne cracked the stones open in much the same manner that you would crack a nut. The leaf has long ago disappeared leaving a space inside which makes the stone open in the center and with the etching of the leaf on the inside of both halves.

With this little sojourn back into prehistorical times completed we jumped 250 million years back to the present and were soon discussing the plants now growing in the Deuel garden.

CHARLIE GIBBS. I was reminded the other day of the old negro lawyer, Charlie Gibbs, who practiced here many years and who was a most unusual character in many ways. Charlie was not always modest but when modesty was to his advantage he could be the most modest man that ever lived. His modesty usually flourished most when he was trying a case in court against a white lawyer. In such a case his argument usually went something like this:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I hardly know what to say to you. I hardly know how to begin. I am a man of such scant education that I cannot express myself very well and when I look at the distinguished lawyer opposing me in this case my knees tremble for fear I will not be able to properly protect the interest of my client. Why, gentlemen, Mr. Blank, who is opposing me in this case, is a graduate of the Harvard Law School and has the finest of educations. He comes from a long line of distinguished ancestors all of

whom were leading citizens in this community. When I think of being opposed by him in this case I am reminded that only a few years ago I was working in a coal mine and learning what little law I know studying at night. His ancestors have been educated people for generations while my ancestors were living in trees and huts in Africa and my father was born a slave and never had any education. When I think of all these things I realize I should never have taken this case but here I am and I must proceed in spite of the handicaps that beset me. I know my brilliant opponent will think of all the points on his side and that it will be an unequal contest, but I am sure you gentlemen, who all know right from wrong, will see the justice of my client's case and will help me take care to see that my client does not suffer on account of having such a poor, inadequate lawyer. I know that you will scrutinize the evidence and that you will not decide this case for the side that has the highest priced lawyer. My client could have had a good lawyer too if he had been a wealthy man, but being poor he had to place his case in the hands of a lawyer who is poor like himself."

After this kind of an introduction Charley usually had the jury feeling so sorry for him that they all thought it was their duty to pitch in and help him, and he won more than his share of cases by this exaggerated modesty.

With love

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dad". The signature is written in black ink and is underlined with a single horizontal stroke.

CHAPIN LETTER

June 5, 1945

JOHN. One of John's occasional monographs came yesterday and it is very charming and agreeable reading. We had all read Angela Thirkell's book, "Headmistress", which was a delightful story and in addition gave a detailed and humorous description of England, both the people and their town of Harefield. John proceeded to give us a review of this book and make comparisons from his own experience at Royston. As John said, in this he had a slight advantage on the author, she viewed England from the top down, seeing mostly gentry. John has viewed it from two points, but mostly from the bottom up. From this view you see much less of lords, dukes and old school tie men, and far more of just plain people (plain damn' limeys). I'll make a copy of this for you each if I have time, otherwise I will at least mail it to Betsy for her perusal.

CHICK. Chick came through with the second chapter on Okinawa - Island Agriculture, which was both delightful and informative. Copies are enclosed. Three other letters arrived from Chick, the latest being dated May 27th. Chick still persists in telling us that he is in no particular danger, which I am very glad to hear and am beginning to believe it. Chick says, "Actually a lot of people will get up in the middle of the night to go to high ground to watch tracers, beacons and shell-bursts. It's very impressive all right, but personally I sleep through all of these late affairs and hear about them the next morning."

Chick belatedly remembered Mother's birthday and explained that out there they don't keep track of the days and only know it's Sunday when they hear a church announcement over the switchboard. I can well appreciate this and see no use in knowing whether today is Wednesday or Thursday unless I have some special appointment I have to keep. Certainly all days would seem alike as long as you were killing Japs until the day came when they were all killed - that would be a day to mark in the book.

SAM. Sam sent his hair-brushes home, his hair is too short to brush. He sent his chemistry notes home, they depressed him. He can receive visitors after June 23rd and graduates from boot camp on August 1st. We are talking about making him a visit but no definite time has been set as yet. Sam's adaptability tests were so high that he was required to take the Eddy tests for radar which he didn't want and his 16-20 vision kept him out of coxswain, etc. which he did want. He was recommended for basic engineering school (will strike for motor machinist's mate which is small gas engine work, gets him on small boats). Sam will do well to remember that Chick asked for ship duty and got artillery, John asked for Military Government and got police and later claims. Both seem to have done very well and are happy with their assignments. So here's betting that Sam gets something suitable. At least he will get something he can do well and usually the things you do well are the things you like. The closing line in Sam's letter, "Keep the grass cut" is a dig I resent.

BETTY. Both Mother and Betty have apparently been trying to catch up with their work since the May Fete celebration and I don't believe there is any later news to report.

MOTHER RECONQUERS THE KITCHEN. I am sure that Mother has told you about Zazel going on a sabbatical leave. She thought she would like day work better, or at least, she would like the aggregate of her week's pay better, so Mother helped her drum up a week of day work, including one day at our house. This is the second week of this new routine and like all things there seem to be a good many advantages in it along with the disadvantages. Mother is as greatly concerned about her ability to do the cooking as a new bride would be. All of her references to it are gross understatements and if she has mentioned this in her letters to you she has probably given you the impression that we are at present living on C-rations. Actually, the greatest difference since the departure of Miss Eskew is in the number of dishes, rather than in the food. We no longer have to have a whole china store on the table to have eggs on toast, and coffee. In fact, 6 or 8 dishes seem to answer the purpose and we may be able to get it down to 5 later. I have in mind a system which would eliminate dishes altogether, but forking bites of food out of a pot still seems a little crude in Mother's mind, and so we have reached a compromise half-way between using all of the dishes and none.

Another difference is that we manage to eat out a meal or two a week. If friends don't take pity on us and invite us we can always go to the hamburger stand, Country Club, Gray's, or the Sugar Bowl, in fact, to any number of places if we desire. On the asset side the new routine has restored to us certain constitutional rights which we gave up some 3 or 4 years ago, the most important of these being to eat when and what you will. Zazel's formal announcement, "Dinner is served" was always made at exactly 6:00 o'clock. You could have set the City Hall clock by that



announcement and never been over a few seconds off, and on the dot of 6:00 you had to start to eat whether you were hungry or not. One might have preferred to eat at 7:00 on some particular evening, but it would have taken as much courage to have expressed such a preference to Zazel as it would for a soldier to tell General Eisenhower he didn't want to obey a military order. Of course, Miss Eskew had no powers of court martial over us but she had a way of charging the air with electricity so that if you were inclined to be afraid of lightning you would fairly cringe until the storm had passed over. While we are still having spring thunder storms outside of the house, all is now calm and serene within. Even Zipper wags his tail more hours per day than before, which you will appreciate is a fairly good barometer of the inside atmosphere.

OUR CABIN. You may remember that we have a cabin out at the farm. I had nearly forgotten it but was reminded the other day when the Cracker Barrel invited themselves out for their annual picnic on June 15. I was very glad to have them do this but suddenly realized that a great many things needed attention out there before it would be presentable for guests. We had not been out for more than six months. With this situation the choice of how to spend Decoration Day if the weather was favorable was pretty well made for us. The weather turned out to be beautiful. Mother and I decided to make an all-day picnic of it. From what I recall of your respective reactions to tidying up the place it may be that the word "picnic" is not quite appropriate to describe the work of the day. At any rate, we packed a lunch that was definitely a picnic affair with fried chicken, sandwiches, lettuce, milk and cake.

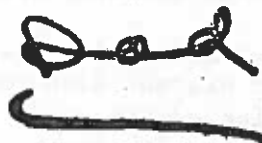
We had never visited our new tenant, Tom Dodge, Halbert's brother-in-law, so our first duty was to inspect the income producing portion of the farm. We found the tenant house freshly papered and as tidy as a pin. The pastures were looking lush, cattle and sheep were fattening on the food they gathered for themselves, and the fields were just freshly planted, and looked very neat though bare. Tom has a 15 year old son who has a 2 year old stock pony. This pony is already well broken to ride, chases cattle, and does a number of tricks which reminded us of the days when John and Chick were amateur horse trainers. By the time we had completed our inspection trip and had arrived at the cabin it was 12:30. A hasty view of the yard told us that cleaning it up was to be no picnic. The grass had grown knee-high through the leaves so that you couldn't rake the leaves on account of the grass and couldn't cut the grass on account of the leaves. At this point Mother wisely suggested that we eat our lunch first and then study the problem further. There was no dissenting vote on her motion and in a matter of minutes we had the table set, so to speak, but even in these moments my mind was wrestling with the problem. I thought of solving it by just driving the sheep into the yard and locking them there until they cleaned it all up. Another solution which occurred to me was to rake the leaves a few feet away from the cabin and burn them right there where they were. At this moment a strong gust of wind came up over the hill and I was forced to discard this idea, for one that seemed a little safer. This was to just tramp down the grass and leaves into a carpet-like mat and leave it there. I even thought of just getting back in the car and driving off and leaving leaves and grass to work out their own solution. At this point I had succeeded in devouring a couple of chicken wings and a back (our picnic chicken was just left over from a more formal meal where we had consumed the choicer pieces) and began to think of the problem in less

negative terms. Now I realized that up to this point I had been a defeatist and I began to take a different view of the matter. I have heard tell of how feeding chocolate to football players gives them more energy immediately and I am now convinced that fried chicken has the same effect. The defeatist in me had completely vanished. The job of cleaning up that place now was a challenge which I greeted with open arms. I'd clean up that yard and make it look like the Franklin Life lawn if I had to do it with my bare hands. Just let me get started, bring on the tools, any tools, all the tools we've got, we'll need them all.

The bare hands part of this threat proved almost literally true for the only procedure that worked was to gather the grass in tufts in one hand and then shear it off underneath with a sickle, then rake and mow. Mother took her cue from Chick's report on the Okinawa women and constituted herself the burden bearer, taking sheets full of rakings to the fire. These were carried on her back rather than on the head as the Okinawan women do. Mother also drew the line at going barefoot. By 5:00 o'clock we had the place as clean as the Franklin lawn but more nearly resembling a wheat stubble field as there was little green below the leaves and there was not much of this left after we completed the tonsorial treatment administered with bobbing, shearing, scraping and combing. I am now working on an outdoor vacuum cleaner that will pick up leaves and burn them, furnishing fuel thereby to operate on. There is still a little hitch about the matter of getting it started. So far it looks like you would still have to rake a few wheelbarrows full of leaves by hand to get the necessary fuel to start on but from then on everything will be automatic. I'm afraid it won't be ready for this fall but it will be a great blessing to mankind eventually.

THE UNITED STATES SUPREME COURT GOES IN FOR THE HUMOROUS. Yesterday the Court decided that the Post Office Department had no right to bar Esquire from the mail. In concluding the opinion Justice Arnold said "We believe the post office officials should experience a feeling of relief if they are limited to the more prosaic function of seeing to it that 'Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night stays these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds'".

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

June 11, 1945

CHICK. Due to some habit of the Post Office our letters from the boys usually all arrive on Monday. Last week my letter to you was written on Tuesday and so included all of the news up to that time. No further mail was received this week until today and Mother has just phoned me that letters came from Chick and Sam. Chick had received Mother's report on her trip to college and Chick's letter was largely a matter of comments and



reminiscence about Northfield. As to the new President, Dr. Gould, Chick predicted he will bring to the job much of the color which a life-time study of glaciers has added to his own life. Chick called attention to one of Dr. Gould's favorite quotations "Nothing is constant in this world but change and life is the only thing that has no beginning and no end".

SAM. Sam reported that 18-20 vision is required for V-12 and since his sight in one eye is only 16-20 he did not apply. I have gotten a few suggestions regarding this from Lieutenant Vertrees and am writing a separate letter to him regarding it. George Bunn, who is home on his boot camp leave, called Mother the other day to report on seeing Sam before he left. The Springfield boys all called on Sam to display their railroad tickets home, a gesture which I am sure received an appropriate rebuke from Samuel James.

OUR TERRACE. I have now resumed my Sunday evening letter writing place on the terrace (if you find some discrepancy between this statement and the date of this letter, it can be explained as follows: I usually make notes for my letter on Sunday night and usually dictate them on Monday; sometimes the press of business on Monday delays the dictation until Tuesday. On Tuesday my rule is that the letter comes first unless a matter of business involving at least a \$1000.00 fee is pressing me. Up to now I have never been delayed beyond Tuesday.)

Today was the first time the weather has been suitable for this outdoor activity. Our weather for May and thus far in June has been either wet or cool and sometimes both. In fact, I'm still wearing my winter suits and haven't even thought of looking for my straw hat as yet. From my seat on the terrace I have a panorama of views, all of which are quite easy on the eye (I have my back to the Ginnaven back door where the tea-towels are hanging out to dry). To my right the front yard and hedge are lush and green and Mrs. Hay's neatly kept house and yard is in the distance. In front of me is our own house with a most luxuriant growth of ivy vine covering the chimney, clear to the top. At the upper second floor level it spreads out completely covering the windows in Sam's and John's rooms and forms a kind of heavy cross or perhaps more properly speaking, a very heavy arrowhead. At my right is the garden with the new flower bed in the distance. A number of small flowers are already blooming and there are dashes of red, yellow and blue from end to end.

Mother has now come out to join me. She sits facing me, which means she is facing the ever present dish towels. Mother dislikes a laundry line in her view and I think we are going to have to do something about it. If she would trade seats with me she could not see it but it would still be there and the very knowledge that it is there seems to be upsetting. Mother's nose is very sensitive and possibly she smells it. It has an effect on her something like the effect on me when I find a fly in my soup. Even if I close my eyes it is disquieting. Now the Hawthornes are most congenial people and they would not think of doing anything annoying. Mrs. Hawthorne is in fact a nasty-nice housekeeper and this line of dust cloths and dish cloths is the outward evidence of it. They wave in the wind and proclaim to the outside world and to the Chapins in particular that their house is immaculate. If they were going to have a coat of arms I am sure it would be a Dutch Cleanser can and a bar of Ivory soap rampant on a white flour-sack dish cloth background. Some day our hedge will come to



Mother's rescue but by that time we probably shall have other annoyances. Mrs. Hay may then be keeping her garbage can in the front yard, or it could be that Tommy Vredenburgh will be taking bugle lessons or perhaps Butch will have a 22 rifle. Mother has been silently contemplating the situation and has not made her thoughts known to me, but I am sure she is not reconciled to them. I suspect that she is working on some diplomatic approach such as hanging our wash on the front yard on Sunday and then offering to dry our own things in the basement if the Hawthornes cooperate.

KENTUCKY DERBY AS CELEBRATED IN THE PROBATE COURT. Saturday morning I was conferring with Judge DeBoice about a case and he was called away for a few minutes. When he returned he had a tray filled with slips of paper and was selling chances on a Kentucky Derby pool at 25¢ per chance. I spent 50¢ on 2 slips. Each of these had the name of a horse written on it that I had never heard of before and have never heard of since. The Judge then disappeared again. When he had finished peddling the rest of the pool tickets he returned and the business I had with him was resumed and consummated. Such is the delightful informality of the Probate Court as presided over by Benjamin S. DeBoice, a combination of fierce man and gentle boy. Ben has many hobbies - cameras, flowers, American Legion, Republican Party, and horse-racing and anyone can get his ear on any of these subjects no matter if he is in the midst of a jury trial.

NEW OIL PAINTING. We are now the proud possessors of a new oil painting. It is what is known as a still life, and is quite remarkable in many respects. It is a picture of an ear of corn. Not a particularly good ear of corn, but one that a mouse had been working on. The little fellow had made pretty fair headway at the time the artist painted the picture, and he must have been scared away by the painter because he left three scattered grains of corn behind which the artist included for good measure. The painting was done on a cigar box lid, instead of canvas. Probably the artist was a sailor and didn't believe in wasting canvas on pictures. It is framed in a gold frame several times bigger than the picture. I found this little gem in the window of Grant's second hand store. It had formerly been the property of Mr. Porter Paddock, who apparently decided that he preferred to sell it rather than to remove the dirt and dust which had accumulated on it for many years. Mr. Grant was likewise discouraged by the dust situation and priced the picture at \$2.00 as it was - dust and all. I am good at cleaning things so this detail did not present any objection. Immediately upon arriving home I started cleaning it, first with soap and water, but decided that a little Soilax might bring it out a little brighter. The Soilax took the corn off the cob and then took the cob off too, and left me with a still life more nearly resembling a corn shuck. In addition, the plaster of paris relief on the frame started to come off in sizeable pieces. Things like this might have been discouraging to the ordinary man, that is, to find his whole investment washed out, so to speak, but this catastrophe was again just a challenge to me. I took a few minutes out to deliver my opinion of the Soilax people to all of those present, which included Mother and Zipper. The idea of putting out stuff like that without a warning on the package that it was dangerous to oil paintings! In my lecture I plainly left an inference for Mother that she was guilty too in not having stopped me before I got this far. Not to slight anybody I gave Zipper a good scolding for looking so happy and pleased at my predicament and then I proceeded to remedy the situation. First I glued all the plaster back on the frame in its proper place and re-gilded the frame, leaving the rest of the job for

Sunday. Sunday morning I got out my old box of oil paints which had been secreted in the basement for the past 7 years and went to work to restore this masterpiece. Like cases you have read about, the restoration was positively better than the original. Fortunately, the Soilax bath had left a faint outline of the rows and grains of corn and so the job in hand was primarily a retouching one, which is right down my line. Of course, this may sound like bragging since you haven't seen the picture, but I will relate a little incident which will prove my point. When I first brought this little gem home Mother asked "What on earth are you going to do with it?" "Hang it in the office" I said. Today after completing my retouching and restoration, Mother began to get very chummy with me and finally she inquires, "Daddy, would you like to keep that picture here at home or do you really want to take it to the office?" "I want to take it to the office" says I. "Well, says Mother, "It would look nice in several places right here at home. "Where?" says I. "Well", said Mother, "There is a place up in Zazel's room where it would look very well". I resented this remark at first but then immediately I was able to read Mother's thoughts. Mother wanted to put this beautiful picture in Zazel's room as bait for Zazel. Zazel comes each Friday to help tidy up the house and it is part of Mother's strategy, I am sure, to have her see her room thus decorated and thus entice her back to her old job. Well, I'll tell you what's what, as Charley Thomas would say, I wouldn't take any amount of money for it now, not even \$3.00 and that's a fact. I've gotten so attached to it. There's just one thing lacking about it and that is the little mouse who had worked so hard shelling the grains of corn off the ear. I am now itching to paint that little fellow in there and all I need is a model. I've already set a trap in the pantry with plenty of cheese and when I catch a model I'm going to paint him right behind the ear of corn with his head peeking over it and with one eye winking at you.

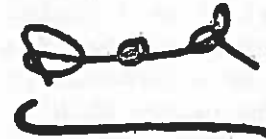
STORY, V-E DAY, WORLD WAR I. You may remember Mr. R. H. McNulty who lived on Williams Boulevard. He used to be Master in Chancery of the Federal Court under Judge Humphrey. Mr. Mac, as I always addressed him, was a pompous short man who was by nature bigoted and unfriendly but who tried to overcome these faults and make himself tolerant and a good fellow. The result of his efforts alternated between the natural man and the made-over man. He was a teetotaler and he had little sympathy for those who indulged. On Armistice Day, 1918, there were all kinds of wild celebrations. At the Country Club the celebration was done with the aid of bottled beverages of various kinds and didn't cease until the liquor was all gone. Mac was among the celebrants and since the leaders of the crowd got drunk they assumed that everybody was drunk, including Mac, and they made quite a point of pointing out to each other that Mac was fried. This libel on Mac's character was first treated by him as a joke but later in the day he began to see that it would possibly have serious consequences. His greatest fear was that Judge Humphrey would hear about it and that he would be dismissed as Master in Chancery in disgrace. The next morning he decided to hurry down to the court and tell the Judge about it before reports from others reached the Judge's ears. Upon reaching his office the telephone rang and the Judge's secretary advised him that the Judge wanted to see him. Mac's blood pressure went up and his hopes went down. Judge Humphrey could be a man of great wrath when the occasion demanded and Mac's fears were not unjustified. Upon entering the Judge's chambers Judge Humphrey addressed him and said "Sit down Mac, I want to talk to you". Mac placed himself in front of the chair and the sitting down was automatic. The Judge let him

wait a minute and then turned from his desk in his swivel chair to face Mac and said "Mac, I understand you were drunk yesterday". Mac turned white and took a deep breath to better enable him to make his denial loud and emphatic, and just as he was about to deliver it, the Judge continued "And I was glad to hear it. Mac you're too damn' serious for your own good and it makes you a helluva bore. You need to loosen up a bit and a drink now and then will help you. Tell me, Mac, whatever made you think of doing it?" Mac's denial died on his tongue. He was afraid that to now tell the truth would merely make him out a liar. He contented himself with the observation that possibly the stories about him were a little exaggerated and he was delighted to know that the Judge was so understanding about the whole affair.

MISCELLANEOUS. Aunt Rachel and Maralee have arrived back in Springfield for the summer. My office has been freshly painted. I have rented Clifford's old room to Connie Noll until John comes home. Connie has been working for the Ford Motor Company since before the war. He studied law mostly at night and now intends to begin to practice.

Yesterday Mother took Uncle to church with her. I took a day off on account of the other duties I had on hand which I have already related, and besides I had spent a day in Champaign on church matters on Wednesday and thought I had done enough church duty for one week. Mother went to Champaign with me and we drove over. The trip was to attend a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Presbyterian Foundation and we had a very enjoyable day.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'John', with a long horizontal line underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

June 18, 1945

JOHN. John asked for comment as to whether we prefer his family form of letter or his personal ones. We like both. Being a writer of the family form of letter I am in no position to denounce it. In fact, I believe that what it loses in its personal character it makes up by added volume. Like John I find it boring to write the same thing in different letters, but unlike John I run out of material before I get through writing four separate letters. The Chapin Letter is my answer to the problem and I have no copyright on this solution. Again answering John's question, all letters received from each of you, be they short, long, family form or monograph, are gratefully received, are read and re-read, discussed and loved.

John asked for Sam's address, which we previously sent but here it is again:



Samuel J. Chapin, A/S  
753-96-21  
Co. 722  
U. S. Naval Training Center  
Great Lakes, Illinois

In John's last letter he advises that he has made application for O.C.S. in Military Government, which he assumes will be turned down. John's favorite cartoonist, Mauldin, made the cover of Time this week with his G.I. Willie.

CHICK. No new word has been received from Chick since his letter dated June 1st. A letter should be due today or tomorrow. Last week I met a boy, the son of Jim Bennett out at the Sanitary District. This boy had been on an LST which was part of a convoy used to bring the Marines from the Solomons up to Okinawa. While at Okinawa he got an appointment to West Point and came back to take his examination. In my talk with him I learned that there were 4 convoys of 39 ships each that went down to Pavuvu and Bonica in the Solomons where they picked up the 1st and 6th Divisions of the Marines. They stopped at a little atoll in the Marshalls for a week and then pushed off for Okinawa, sending the slow ships out first and having them all arranged so that the faster ships could catch up and all arrive at their rendezvous at the same time. When they got to Okinawa he said it looked like the whole Navy was there. There they were also joined by similar convoys of the Army troops from Guam. He described the naval shelling of the island from 6:00 to 7:00 in the morning and the air bombardment from 7:00 to 8:00. During these 2 hours the Marines all arranged themselves in their respective landing barges and at 8:00 they started in, the boys from his boat being in the first wave. I assume from what he said that he had part of an infantry regiment on his ship. The LST's have thin plate and he described the effect of the vibration during the naval bombardment as making an accordion out of his ship. The ships in the convoys remained off the island with the rest of the Navy all the time from D-Day until he left 30 days later. During this time they aided with anti-aircraft in fighting off planes and also kept sending in supplies of which they had immense quantities, including food, water, shells and fuel.

He said that on D-Day morning the Marines ate all the steak and eggs and the Navy boys missed out, but expressed his preference, on that day at least, of being in the Navy and missing his breakfast rather than being in the Marines and getting a very special one. Now that the battle of Okinawa is nearing its conclusion some of our arm-chair strategist commentators have ventured to point out how they could have done it better and I was glad to hear that Admiral Nimitz has put them in their place by a statement which showed they didn't know what they were talking about.

SAM. We have had no word from Sam since last Monday. Mother and I are both anxious to see him in his new sailor suit and wonder if he is as cute as he used to be at the age of 3 when he first wore hand-me-down sailor suits. Our proposed trip to Great Lakes is now tentatively set for July 7.

BETTY. Yesterday Mother handed me a book which had arrived some days ago as a father's day present from John and Betty. It was J. Frank Dobie's "A Texan in England". This is the author John had often referred to and who wrote the article we read in the Saturday Evening Post some months ago, entitled "The Scoundrels Lied". Dobie is a professor at the University of

Texas and has never let his academic work dull his interest in what is happening around him. He is a bold and candid fellow and I share many of his opinions. I have already read about half the book and am delighted with it.

FATHER'S DAY. Betty's book brings me to Father's Day. As you know, I have never gone overboard about these special days and weeks created by proclamation. Originally my cynicism about them included the whole category from Mother's Day to Liver Sausage Week, the latter being by proclamation of the Mayor of Milwaukee. I rebelled a little of having mayors and two by four governors telling me who to honor and when. I was compelled to eliminate Mother's Day and Father's Day from this category a few years ago when we called on old Mrs. James on Mother's Day and found her quite upset because she had not received form telegram #57 from her son which she had learned to expect. Since this was practically the only day she heard from him throughout the year I could plainly see that it meant much to her. Apparently there are many cases like hers where the neglect would have been total except for the proclamation reminder. In my own case there seems to be about 365 Father's Days per year on each of which I receive special and undeserved consideration from Mother and oftentimes from various other members of the family, so that there is not much that can be added to make the proclaimed day stand out, except to get a book from someone and now John and Betty have supplied this.

In reference to other special days and weeks I hope to live long enough to see the day when some governor will issue a proclamation on the order of the following:

"GREETINGS, to the People of the State of Illinois:

WHEREAS, in the past my time has been so taken up in issuing proclamations that I have had to neglect my other duties,

WHEREAS, I have heretofore set aside special days and special weeks for the observation of practically everything at the behest of various trade organizations and other pressure groups,

WHEREAS, I now find myself besieged by people, groups, and organizations demanding that I proclaim among other things Apple Butter Week, Malt Beverage Week, Bonded Bourbon Week, Total Abstinence Week, Roast Beef Week, Vegetarian Week, Corned Beef and Cabbage Week, Heat with Coal Week, Avoid Coal Dirt with Gas Week, and whereas these petitions have about driven me nuts,

BE IT THEREFORE RESOLVED that from this day forward I will never issue another proclamation,

And I now proclaim this to be the proclamation to end proclamations. Henceforward the people of this State may eat what they like, if they can get it, wear what they want if they can get it, and do what they please, without hindrance or let from me."

LEGISLATIVE PROGRESS. If you think all the funny things are in the funny papers you should be here in Springfield for a while. Vaudeville may be dead as they say, but I am inclined to believe that the actors have just moved over from the theater to the State House with their skits of comedy



and tragedy and their sleight of hand tricks which make things disappear. Time will not permit me to give you a complete program of the legislative doings but I will mention two or three:

They have amended the Act regarding investments by trustees. Previously the Act enumerated a list of conservative bonds and securities permissible for trust investments. The new amendment provides that in addition to this list trustees may make such other investments as are made by a prudent investor with his own money. Hereafter, when a trustee wants to invest in securities that have not been particularly enumerated in the Act, all he will have to do is to go out and catch a prudent investor, addressing him thus "Chum, now tell me what you are investing your own money in". There is nothing in the Act that requires a prudent investor to wear a uniform, a badge or even an arm-band and so it is not clear just how the trustee is going to recognize Mr. Prudent Investor even if he meets him on the street wearing a straw hat. The more prudent Mr. Prudent Investor is, the more inconspicuous he will be and my suspicion is that many a flashy fellow is going to pass himself off as Mr. Prudent Investor. All bankrupts were once thought to be prudent people or else they wouldn't have been able to get credit and thus owe money so as to go into bankruptcy. Even Mr. Payne, who died owing a million and a half dollars on which the creditors collected nothing, was considered a prudent investor until the facts came out.

But let us assume that the trustee is fortunate enough to properly identify a genuine prudent investor. He may be so prudent that he is not willing to tell every Tom, Dick, and Harry what he is putting his money in, or possibly it will turn out to be Mr. Sly Prudent Investor, who gives the trustee a bum steer. Well, in any case, I suspect that in due time a lot of trustees are going to find some pretty sour things in their little trust vaults, where there might have been Government bonds if they hadn't been encouraged to follow along in the wake of the prudent investor.

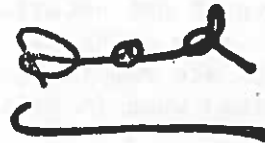
Cats. The House of Representatives has passed a bill making it unlawful for a cat to run at large unless under the immediate and actual control of its owner. Now if any single member of the House had ever had the slightest speaking acquaintance with a cat he could have defeated this measure by presenting a few simple facts or even by presenting a cat and its owner. In the first place, when a cat is at large he is just at large. He is not under the control of anybody. In the second place, the relationship between cats and their owners is such that they do not go out at large together. A man and a dog are proud of each other's acquaintance. So are a man and a horse, but this is not so with cats. Cats are not even proud of being cats, let alone being proud of being owned by a cat owner. Cat owners feel the same way about it. Hence, the relationship between the cat and the owner is confined to the privacy of the home where the cat and the cat owner abide. When the cat goes out he goes out the back door, he goes out alone, and he goes his own way and does as he pleases. When the cat owner goes out she (it is usually a she) goes out the front door and if by accident they should meet there would be no more than a short greeting, neither would change his course to accompany the other. If a fledgling should suddenly hop out of his nest and light on the ground nearby he might just as well have fallen in a meat grinder for all of the immediate control the cat owner could exercise on the cat. It is too bad the Legislature doesn't know about these things.



COURT HOUSE. The Legislature has raised the pay of their members but they have disapproved of a bill to take over the Sangamon County Court House as a State memorial. Of course, most people around here who know the history of the Court House in the days when it was the State House and in the days when Lincoln was a familiar figure there thought there was only one side to this question of making a shrine of it. Apparently there are those amongst us who think otherwise. The other day I went down to see my dentist after an interval of about 15 years to have him see what caves or cavities he could locate. After about an hour's inspection he decided he couldn't find any. During the inspection period we discussed the Court House matter and he confided to me in whispered tones that he had a patient in his office a few days before who upon looking out of the window and seeing the Court House remarked "All this nonsense about making this memorial out of that old pile of junk. They oughtta tear the damn' thing down and forget about it". Dr. Converse was so shocked by this remark that he rather apologized for having such a fellow in his office. My reaction was somewhat different. While I do not agree with the fellow I think he has the right to his point of view and admire him for stating it. In fact, I suspect that if some un-sentimental cuss with this point of view would come out in the open and publicly propose the razing of the old building that it would bring on such a discussion that even the Legislature would hasten to acquire it before it was too late.

NEW STATE CONSTITUTION. The Governor and Mayor Kelly entered into a little bipartisan agreement to get the machinery started for a new constitution while the boys were all away at war. This movement progressed nicely to a certain point when the Legislature defeated it, which one act probably more than offsets some of the foolish things they have done.

With love

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Dad", with a long horizontal line underneath it.

CHAPIN LETTER

June 25, 1945

CHICK. In a letter from Chick dated June 13 he tells about getting a letter from Mother describing a dish of lovely spaghetti she had just prepared in a casserole. At the moment Chick was heating a blackened can of G. I. spaghetti over a fire, the fifth spaghetti meal he had had in a row.

The battle of Okinawa is over so they say, but it is still front page news and reports of more Japs killed and captured continue to come in. I was glad to learn that Vinegar Joe Stillwell has been appointed Commander of the 10th Army. He is a wise old General and as colorful in his way as MacArthur in his. In a recent letter from Tom to his mother Tom told of a visit Stillwell had made to Okinawa the early part of June and how the men cheered him, particularly the men of the 7th Division, which apparently was his old division.

Leigh Maxcy was in last week and reported that Kate was still leading a life of ease and was fat as butter. He seldom rides her nowadays but keeps her on hand in case he should want to.

In my letter of May 21 I suggested to Chick that he inquire from friends of Fairles Jordan as to details of his death. Fairles was in Battery A, 1st Battalion, 15th Marines. The Jordans have heard nothing further than the official notice from the Navy Department and would greatly appreciate this. Chick mentioned in his letter to Mother that he would look this up if he had Fairles' address and I mention it again merely because the letter in which I spoke of this may not have reached Chick.

JOHN. John attended the English Derby which was a gala occasion. Letters describing it were sent to Chick and Betty so I will not repeat. It was a masterpiece of reporting and we enjoyed it immensely. We will take it with us to Chicago when we see Sam.

John's house got its gutters and downspouts repaired last week and it is now waiting for Walter Canfield to freshen it up with white paint. A house on Douglas Avenue and Laurel Street substantially like John's but not quite so good and in a less desirable location sold last week for \$8900.00.

SAM. Sam wrote to Unc and said to come up and see him behind the bars and bring some clean water with him. Since he has been in the Navy he hasn't seen any water except water with dirty clothes in it. I predict that a lot of good laundrymen are going to come out of the Navy. Mother and I are planning to go up and see Sam on July 7 and stay overnight with the Nicholsons.

BETTY. Betty's vacation begins July 22nd. She will make us a visit some time during the following two weeks. Mother suggested that Betty come during the last days of her vacation so as to see Sam. Sam was first expected to complete boot camp on August 1. Now his graduation has been moved up to July 24 and there are rumors that it may be moved up again. Betty better come to Springfield when it suits her plans best and just hope that Sam will be here.

I am still enjoying my Dobie book. I particularly liked the story of the railroad employee who after years of faithful service was retired for old age. He loved the tracks and trains so much that he didn't want to be separated from them. The company managed to satisfy him by giving him an old coach for a home and placed it beside the tracks. Long afterwards his superintendent stopped to see him and found him sitting on the rear platform smoking his pipe in the cold rain. "My goodness," said the superintendent, "Why don't you get in out of this weather. You'll catch your death of cold". The old fellow didn't answer, but took the superintendent inside and pointed to a sign in the end of the car which said "No Smoking Allowed".

UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. All the world has been looking to San Francisco and reading and listening as to what is going on there. Apparently people were expected to decide about it from sketchy reports on a few miscellaneous clauses. If I am going to buy a horse I want to see the whole horse and not just a glimpse of his head and tail through the cracks in a fence. Oddly enough, the Chicago Tribune, which seems to be opposed to the whole

thing, was the first paper to print the entire document. I was much impressed with its contents, both as to scope and as to the procedure for making the world government work. I will try to get extra copies of this and send it to Chick and John.

ASSOCIATED PRESS DECISION. The Associated Press has had its wings clipped by the United States Supreme Court, which held that they were violating the law against monopolies. In view of the fact that Marshall Field with all of his millions couldn't get A. P. service in Chicago for the Chicago Sun, it is not hard to imagine the obstacles that have heretofore been presented to some little newspaper which wanted A. P. service if the A. P. members, for good reasons or bad, decided to blackball the little fellow.

MISCELLANEOUS NEWS NOTES. The garden room has now been changed from glass to screens. This operation has taken place on June 15 for the past fifteen years but this year the weather has been so cool that we put it off until June 23rd and if I had known in advance how sore my muscles were going to be after lugging those glass windows and doors down into the basement and the screens back up I would have been tempted to have put it off until the war was over.

The coming of hot weather also called to my attention the fact that Zipper's bath was long past due and so while I was in a working mood I gave him a shampoo with laundry soap that made him spic and span enough for the most fastidious company.

Zipper has invented a new way of egress from the house. He goes at a full gallop right into the screen door as though it wasn't even there. If it is not securely latched he gets out; if it is, he lands on his ear and seems to think nothing of it. When under observation Zipper chases all the neighborhood dogs out of our yard in a most vigorous manner. At other times he holds long and friendly conferences with them on our premises and apparently encourages them to hang around. If Mother or I step outdoors, however, he immediately becomes the guardian of our property and chases the intruders off as though he had just discovered their presence.

Tony Day is home but we have only seen him from a distance.

Elmer Baum can imitate a redbird perfectly. He fools me most of the time and even fools the redbirds. I am practicing a little myself and some of these days I am going to fool Elmer.

Our neighbors to the North are cooking steak dinners in their back yard. I heard them asking Elmer the other night where they could get charcoal. I was tempted to call over and clear up the charcoal situation for them if they could only tell me where to get steak.

Normie Broadwell has become his own yardsman and works with his lawn every evening. I stopped to ask him about his boat. "Hey", says Normie, "See this?" holding up a weeding knife. "That's what I get 'em with. Mama weeds that side of the yard and I weed this side. Weed an hour between drinks. Drinking nothing but beer now, nothing but beer. Oh, maybe a little whiskey now and then - none this afternoon. Oh, the boat, that's something I'm not talking about. I was out there this afternoon."



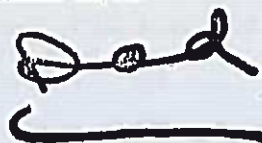
Schlangens, who bought the old Hay place, sold their horses last fall and this spring they have purchased two new ones. They have built a paddock just across the street from Stuart Robinsons (Dinny Luers' old house). It is about the size of our yard and looks like something from Lexington, Kentucky. They have made a tanbark ring covering the whole back yard. They also have three or four fancy vehicles of different descriptions. All of this has made the neighborhood quite horsey again. Too horsey, some of the neighbors think.

Janice Havenansnakener graduated from the Springfield High School.

Mother and I have taken over Sam's membership in the Talkative Club, Virginia Ginnaven being the other member. We exchange bits of news about her Bill and our John, Chick and Sam by the original wireless method of shouting. Gene Day broadcasts in the same manner but his range is greater than ours.

UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. I am just as anxious to see the Japs defeated as anyone. I am for any program that will strip them of their empire, their army and navy, and their war making industries, give them military occupation for a generation and an educational system that will teach them facts in the place of all the nonsense their elders have taught them about the divinity of the Jap origin and of the Jap Emperor. I can't agree, however, with the announced goal of unconditional surrender. To me this is just a bravado slogan invented to cover up the fact that we don't know what conditions we intend to impose upon the Japs and we don't want to say we don't know. Unconditional surrender seems to have relieved us from any necessity to go into the matter and, like the little boy, we want to keep on fighting until the other fellow says Uncle. To me it is now high time that we determine exactly the conditions upon which the war can be ended. Let the conditions be as tough as the United States is willing to enforce, I am not for any soft peace for Japan. Oddly enough, our people seem to be quite satisfied with the unconditional surrender slogan, I think largely because it has afforded us an easy answer to a hard question, a substitute answer which required no thinking when the real answer would require a great deal of thinking. The only announced dissent to this program comes from a group of 60 New England preachers, who seem to have logically thought the thing through, which all goes to show that sometimes even preachers are right. Whenever the Japs want to surrender on conditions which meet our war aims I will be for letting them surrender. Unconditional surrender would mean that we would have to keep on fighting after this point was reached and until the Japs are willing to accept the conditions which they imagine we would impose on them. In their imagination these would be the conditions which they would impose on us if the thing were reversed. The point is that in the last analysis America is not going to impose the worst possible conditions on the Japs, so why should the war be continued until they are willing to accept the worst possible conditions. I want to see this country fight until we get what we want, but I don't want to see us fight for six months more just to hear the Japs say Uncle.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dad', written in a cursive style with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

July 2, 1945

CHICK. Letters have come from Chick dated June 20th and 24th. Bob Miller had arrived on Okinawa during the later part of the campaign. Chick says Bob is looking fine and laughs the same as ever. In the letter of the 24th Chick tells us that that is the first free day he has had since the invasion and that they are now getting fresh food for the first time since the invasion, including steak and eggs and bread with real butter on it, french fries, and so forth. Chick and Bob visited the cemetery on the island where Fairles Jordan is buried along with thousands of other boys who died in the battle. Chick also got several packages from home, including the birthday box which was sent last January. The caramels had a feud with the books in the box and Chick mentioned that he had bitten off the first two chapters in his book about the Secret State.

JOHN. No word came from John this last week. The letter of the week before was good enough to last us for two weeks, however. I can now get a box of cigars for John if he will send a request.

SAM. Sam's last guess as to when he graduates from boot camp is July 21. At least this is the time they are making train reservations for.

BETTY. Mother will write Betty about Sam's leave and then she can pick the time for her visit that is most convenient.

GRANDMOTHER CHAPIN. Grandmother Chapin is now on the Chapin Letter mailing list as a regular subscriber during her visit to Aunt Ella. In a recent letter Grandmother tells me about the Minnesota mosquitoes which average about the size of a bat and are far more dangerous because they attack in droves. She says that in Minneapolis people seldom venture out at night and in the daytime they have to provide protection by various devices, to keep these big boys at bay. Some wear coats of mail and carry clubs or hunting knives, other provide themselves with bronze screen cages suspended from a hat. The cage is to keep the mosquitoes out - the person wearing it is the one who is inside. People don't seem to object to being caged in this way so long as they get in themselves; it isn't like being put in by somebody else. Grandmother says that people first tried using mosquito netting on the cage but the insects broke right through and in some cases ate away the netting and the people in them. Instances have been reported about these mosquitoes which work in gangs, actually carrying people away. When they find a small sized person who tastes especially good they just hook their claws into him and off they go. Maybe if these mosquitoes could be trained to suck Jap blood they would be a great help in the war effort. Great bomb loads of them could be dropped on Japan where they could devour the Japs in short order since they are all little fellows and are short on steel uniforms and bronze wire. I hope Uncle Wilbur will be able to catch one of these big fellows for our museum. If he does, please crate him well and send him to the Illinois State Museum, collect.

POOL PARTY. Cousin Fannie Holbrook invited us to the Country Club pool party Saturday night. Cousin Fannie had a party of six - five women and me. They were all people whom we don't see very often. This gave me a



considerable advantage for I was able to tell all my stories, both old and new, without having to weigh whether anyone had heard them before. During my breathing spells Mother took over with tales about her children, giving to each a major role in the respective Army, Navy and Marine forces which made it seem that the Chapin boys had practically won the war in Europe and were well on the way to winning it in the Pacific. For good measure we had such tidbits as John's attending the English Derby with the King and Queen, Chick's discovery of the new mass fire artillery technique, Sam's progress in getting the Navy straightened out in some of their training problems, which seemed to be snarled up. Even Cousin Fannie was crowded into silence most of the time, which itself is an accomplishment of no small proportions. The party was quite gay and festive with 2 or 3 hundred people there, but most of them were men and women of our own generation or their grandchildren. Among those of your generation were the following: Buckey Gordon was there with his new girl from Ann Arbor. Bob Irwin and Paul Schanbacher were home from the Navy on leave. Sallie Bunn has just announced her engagement to Paul. Patty Vredenburg and Tommy were taking part in all the pool events. Tom is as fat as a little pig, but he was a participant in most every stunt and probably lost 10 pounds during the program. Ronald Gibbs was the supervisor of the pool events and DeWitt Montgomery, Jr., was his assistant. Bob Sankey who is again home on leave was also there. We saw Kay Miller with Chuckie, Lou Miller being at Dayton this week. Rogers Troxell was another boy we saw and that about concludes those that I can remember.

FAIRLES JORDAN. Upon getting Chick's letter about Fairles' death we called on the Jordans and gave them the information. It was the first word they had had except the telegram from the Navy Department announcing the death and they were most grateful for it. They are a fine brave family and they took the news without flinching. It was a tough blow for them to lose such a fine boy but if he had to die his was a splendid death on the front line from an enemy bullet. Only today I saw in the paper an account of another Springfield boy who had gone through all the fighting in Germany only to be killed in an automobile accident.

COURT HOUSE. The State appropriation to buy the Court House has finally passed. Making it into a shrine will be one of the State's post-war projects. I am now wondering where the new Court House will be located. There is some talk about a combined Court House and City Hall. My own idea would be to condemn the whole block South of the square for a new square. There would then be a mall two blocks long from Washington to Monroe. On the new square could be erected a County-City building which should be quite a substantial structure and an ornamental addition to the city.

MOTHER'S ANGEL FOOD CAKE. Because all of our boys love angel-food cake Mother decided that it was her duty to learn how to bake one now that she presides over the kitchen as well as the rest of the house. Saturday she tried her hand at it and the result was quite marvelous. Mother is as proud of this accomplishment as Einstein and Eisenhower are of theirs. Angel-food cakes have been coming out of our kitchen for the past 25 years and I had supposed they were easy to make or that there was some kind of a gadget out there that whipped them up when you pressed a button, but I learn from Mother that neither of these suggestions is based on fact. It seems that angel-food cake is a very complex thing and has a highly emotional nervous system. It must be compounded with meticulous care and the



ingredients carefully selected and measured. If you miss by a hair's margin on any of them you are apt to end up with plain white bread, a yolkless omelet, or an ice-cream mix, or a combination of all three. Mother had Zazel write it all out - where to buy the eggs, the temperature to keep them at, how to open them, how to get the yellow and the white separated, which to use in the cake and which to use in the mayonnaise, how much sugar and flour to add, and when. The mixing was to be done in the food mixer and since we already had printed directions for operating this, Zazel just wrote "See printed directions". The tricky part doesn't end here - the oven must be heated to an exact emperature and maintained there, there must be no scuffling in the house and even a heavy truck going by might jar the mix and cause it to settle down to something resembling a sweetened pancake. Mother's Red Cross training at following directions came to good use as she was able to refrain from the kind of innovations and short-cuts which mark my path in cookery. The result was a cake just exactly like Zazel used to bake, icing and all. To be on the safe side I pronounced it to be just a little bit superior to Zazel's in texture and taste. The way I lie nowadays is a caution and frightens me at times. This cake wasn't a damn' bit better than Zazel's but Zazel wasn't there so I figured I had just as well use superlatives.

Uncle Buddy came out for Sunday lunch and Mother was passing out cake before and after the meal. I finally had to quit. Mother said "What's the matter, don't you like it?" "The point is", I explained, "That there is really no hurry." "You used to eat Zazel's cake in a hurry", says Mother. "That" I explained, "was when Sam was here, when you had to eat your cake while it was still hot, or there wouldn't be any; now I don't want to be crowded." Unc got the idea that Mother wanted to get rid of the cake and began feeding pieces to Schnitzel. Mother had noticed that he wasn't even listening when she was relating the details of baking the cake and it was apparent to her that the cake as well as the story would be wasted on him, so the remaining part was put in the cake box for a later hour or day.

Now I wonder if when Chick gets this he will write and tell us that as he was reading it he was just devouring some G.I. angel-food cake, and had been doing so regularly for the last 5 meals?

CONNIE NOLL. Connie Noll has arrived and taken Clifford's old office. He spent the first two days going around to call on each lawyer in town to get acquainted, which I thought was a very good start. We have had his name put on the door and he has sent out announcement cards. I feel sure that between the work I can give him and what he will dig up from others he will soon be busy. Connie is married and has two children, and has been looking for a house to buy or rent for two weeks. In the meantime he is living with his wife's folks. His wife is Gray Herndon's daughter. Connie had no success in finding a house and is now considering the idea of building one if he can get priorities on materials.

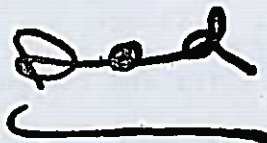
SHELLING PEAS. Uncle Horton brought us a bushel of peas. Mother wanted me to take a couple of days off from the office and help her shell them. Fortunately I was able to think up a couple of good excuses which got me out of this nicely. Aunt Helen suggested that she run them through the washing machine wringer. I thought at first this was a joke but it worked. Aunt Rachel came over and held a pillow-case to catch the peas. The pods go in just like a wet shirt and the peas pop off just like the button off a shirt,

only they pop farther. That's where the sack comes in. The sack holder is a sort of short-stop and is supposed to catch both flies and grounders. Our catch was 8 quarts. I am planning to send this suggestion to the washing machine people and in the future you can expect to see washing machine ads which will really spread it on. All they need is to add a plastic detachable pea catcher and the washing machine will come right out of the basement and into the kitchen. With a little further refinement in the wringer it should be able to seed cherries, mash potatoes, roll out cookies, biscuits, and pie-crusts, all while dishes are being washed in the other part. The days of tedious drudgery are soon going to be gone forever, but in the future any family that loses its can-opener is likely to starve to death.

DR. PASFIELD'S OVERCOAT. Dr. Pasfield, the founder of the present Pasfield family trust was an extensive landowner in Sangamon County. He owned so much land that his whole time was occupied in looking after his farms and he had none left to practice medicine. He was a very penurious fellow and was known for his habit of making an honest nickle whenever an opportunity arose. For him such an opportunity arose every time he rode home on a streetcar. Tickets could be purchased at Dodds Drug Store, six for a quarter. The doctor always purchased six of them, got on the street car and sold five of them to less frugal passengers for a nickel apiece and had one left to pay his fare home.

One cold winter the doctor was going out to see his farms daily in a little thin topcoat and coming home all blue and frozen with cold. His family grew concerned about this but were unable to induce him to buy a new overcoat for himself. Finally, his son George bought him a fine fur coat which cost \$250.00. The doctor was delighted with the coat but he didn't rest until he knew what it cost. Knowing the doctor, the family didn't dare to tell him the right price for fear he would drop dead on the spot, so the son George told him that he had paid \$125.00 for the coat. The doctor was quite pained to learn that he had parted with so much money but very proud of the coat. The next day he had to go to see a farm near New Berlin and while at the station waiting for the train a travelling man admired his coat. The doctor was quite pleased. "My son George gave me this coat", says he, "the best one in Chicago". "What does a coat like that cost, if you don't mind telling" asked the travelling man. "I'm ashamed to tell you", said the doctor. "My son paid \$125.00 for this coat, thinks money grows on trees". On the way to New Berlin the travelling man approached him again, and said he had been thinking about that coat and would like to have one himself but he seldom got to Chicago and he offered the doctor \$150.00 for the coat. This was the kind of a profit the doctor liked to see coming his way. Off came the coat and into his wallet went the 150 frogskins. That night the doctor came home coatless, chilled to the bone, but with a smile frozen on his face. After the family got him thawed out so he could talk they inquired about the missing coat. "Well, sir", said the doctor, "I sold that coat to a chap on the train for \$25.00 profit", and he took the \$150.00 in bills out of his purse and waved them before his family's bulging eyes to confirm the truth of the profit he had made.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be a stylized name, possibly "D. Pasfield", written over a horizontal line.

CHAPIN LETTER

July 10, 1945

JOHN. The Chapin Letter has been delayed an extra day this week on account of our trip to Chicago to see Samuel James. Upon our return last night we found a letter from both John and Chick. John tells us that he has just been assigned to the American Claims Office in Paris and is to be under Major Perrin, his former Captain and good friend. This seems to be a double stroke of good luck for Johnathan. Now we will look forward to essays on the ways of the French and on their country and history. John also told of his trip across the Atlantic in March, 1944. He went over on the Aquatania, and occupied a fine stateroom, the only difficulty was that there were 107 other guys occupying it with him. Their ship was not convoyed but American planes escorted it for a day out from the United States and British planes picked them up when they were one day away from England. They landed in the Firth of Clyde in Scotland and a Scottish band played the Star Spangled Banner while they disembarked. John's new address is:

T/4 John R. Chapin, 36762026  
Claims Off. Hdqs.  
Seine Sec.  
APO 887, New York, N. Y.

CHICK. Through Lou Miller we learned that one of Chick's classmates was about due to become a captain and by deduction we assumed that the same promotion was due for Chick. Upon inquiry by Mother Chick confirms the rumor, but added that the qualification of being "about due" for a promotion is quite a flexible term and apparently he is not expecting it until it happens. Chick tells us that he is gradually getting back into civilized ways, that he now has soup for lunch (not with his lunch), and the movies have finally caught up with him. He had just attended a moving picture show in a natural outdoor amphitheater which is riddled with caves and only a few weeks ago was the scene of desperate fighting.

SAM. Saturday July 7th was the day scheduled for our visit with Sam at Great Lakes. We had found that the train schedule left us no visiting margin to see Sam on Saturday and so decided to drive up. We left home at 8:30 in the morning in the Plymouth, having first deposited dog food and milk for Zipper at the Ginnavens to keep him from starving while we were away. Zipper was left at large to bark and roam without hindrance during our absence.

We went up on Route 66, which is being rebuilt with a double lane highway and it was quite interesting to see how they have combined the building of a road with the use of it. They switch you back and forth from the new slab to the old whenever construction problems require it and on about half of the way to Chicago they are engaged in either building the new slab or in tearing up the old one, which eventually will be replaced with a second slab. Taking a trip in a car was quite an experience after a three year recess. The first 50 miles I found myself jogging along at a mere trot but after this I finally got the feel of the road again and put the car in a canter which we maintained the rest of the way.

We arrived at Great Lakes, Gate 5, Parking Area 6, Space 5, Table #4,



Battery 38, Section 11, at 2:30 P.M. and in no time at all a very handsome and distinguished sailor was coming to greet us with a smile from ear to ear. Sam had told us that our visit to Great Lakes would not be at all like our visit to Quantico but more nearly resembled visiting the animals in the zoo, and Sam was quite right. Visitors are confined to the hostess house and a yard which is a little space about the size of Iles Park. Within this area about 10,000 relatives of sailors were trying to visit about 5000 sailors, which seemed to me to be the maximum visiting per square foot that people are capable of. Samuel James was looking exceptionally well with a good sunburn to contrast with his white uniform. Apprentice seamen in boot camp wear leggings with their pants tucked in. We learned from Sam that this custom also applies to sailors who are doing any kind of guard or infantry duty. The cap it seems, is worn on the forehead, precisely one forefinger's width above the eyebrow. At this angle the wearer must keep his head thrust forward and his chin up to keep the cap from falling down on his nose. This posture gives the sailor a very aggressive look. Maintaining an aggressive look, however, is somewhat of a tiresome job as most of the boys we saw were wearing their caps on the back of their heads and they would hastily place them at the regulation angle when an officer appeared. Sam's method of resting his head was to remove his cap and drape it over his left shoulder underneath his blouse. He keeps his handkerchief in the same secret place over his right shoulder. We gathered that sailors are not allowed to use their pockets for anything larger than nickels as no bulges in their uniforms are permitted.

We had a very pleasant visit with Sam but saw nothing of the Naval Station except the little visiting area. In the distance we did see great lines of sailors in white uniforms in each direction. Sam explained that these were boys lined up waiting for ice cream. In the visiting area there was also an ice cream line. Sam explained that standing in line is the favorite exercise of the Navy and that you stand in line most of the time. The boys seemed to be well rewarded, however, for standing in the ice cream line as we saw many of them coming away with their purchase which consisted of a cup holding about a quart of ice cream covered with chocolate syrup. The boys at Great Lakes were either 17 years olds or were men from 30 to 38. The 17 year olds were being visited by their parents or their sweethearts, and the older ones were being visited by their children, and in some cases the children seemed to be three or four in number.

Mother baked her second angel-food cake for this occasion and we took it with us for Sam. While we were with him he broke off a quarter of the cake to eat. When we saw him on Sunday and inquired as to what had happened with the rest of the cake we learned that he had met a boy who had succeeded in procuring 2 porkchop sandwiches in the sandwich line and Sam and the boy divided the cake and pork chops between them for their Saturday night supper. Sam is not greatly impressed with boot camp training and thinks it is mostly a matter of "teaching discipline by kicking us around". They have regular classes every day but a good many of these classes are instruction in things that Sam already knows, such as swimming and tying Boy Scout knots. He appreciates that all of this is necessary and his comments regarding it were not complaining but just describing his reaction to it. In his description he had no use for the adjectives "interesting" or "fascinating".

We stayed with the John Nicholsons at Glencoe, which is only about 15

miles away so we were able to combine two visits with great convenience. We had a delightful visit with the Nicholsons and went back again to Great Lakes on Sunday evening for a second visit with Sam. He looked about the same on Sunday as he had on Saturday and his outlook on boot camp was also about the same. Boot camp will be over July 21, when Sam will have a week's leave. After his leave he will return to Great Lakes for assignment. This may be a matter of days or even weeks. The Nicholsons are anxious to have him spend a weekend with them during the interval and since Sam by then will be able to get weekend leaves this should be a nice diversion for him.

On Monday morning we drove down to the city with John Nicholson and stopped to see his new office which he moved into about a month ago. After this we went to the Rosenwald Museum on the South side and looked over the Science and Industry exhibits. These are really marvelous. This took us until noon so we had lunch at the Museum cafeteria. Ordinarily I would hesitate about eating at a Museum. The food, however, seemed about like other restaurants, which is to say that it was very poor. I was convinced, however, that it had not been procured from the museum exhibits but was firmly of the opinion that some of it should be put in the museum proper so that future generations would know what people have to eat in war time. This should be another deterrent to future wars. Having finished our little museum repast we headed for home and in due time arrived there safely.

BETTY. Betty is coming down to visit us on July 22 and she will be here at the same time Sam is home after all. In a letter from Aunt Ella today I learn that Grandmother is going to be coming home about the same time and Betty and Aunt Ella are working out arrangements for Grandmother to come at the same time Betty does so that Grandmother can have some one with her on the whole trip.

FOURTH OF JULY. In the absence of the usual celebration by firecrackers and gunfire I thought that it would be doubly necessary this year to put out our flag. Chick had arranged a bracket to hold the flag on the front of the front porch and so all there was to do was to stick the pole in the socket. The distance, however, from the front window to the socket had to be negotiated and if anyone had been watching while I performed this trick they would have doubtless been highly entertained. I managed, however, to accomplish it without any mishaps and again managed the bringing of it in at sundown. During the day some of the neighbors managed to scrape up a few ancient firecrackers which had apparently been hidden away for years and these were shot off at 15 minute intervals. You will all remember the nervous reaction Zipper had to Fourth of July shooting which in the old days used to cover a period of about 2 weeks. This year it was confined to a few hours but during this period Zipper kept close contact with Mother and me. The only other celebration at our house was by way of trimming hedge and cutting grass and doing odd jobs about the house which had been postponed for this special day.

DR. THOMAS' FIRST SERMON. When Dr. John T. Thomas was celebrating his 20th anniversary in Springfield one of his friends, Dr. Welch of St. Louis, told this story on him. Dr. Thomas was raised in Tennessee and had his first assignment as a preacher in a little country church in the Tennessee mountains. On his inaugural Sunday mountaineers and their families from all the gullies and hollows climbed the mountain path to the church to hear the new preacher. While they were singing the first hymn a tall



rawboned steely eyed old mountaineer came in with a hound dog. There was only one seat left in the church and that was on the front row. The old mountaineer strolled down the aisle with his dog and took the seat and the dog settled down at his feet. During the prayer the dog became nervous and got up and walked around in a big circle in the front of the church and came back again. At each new paragraph of the prayer the dog repeated this and it distracted Preacher Thomas, who finally vowed to himself that if the dog made one more circle he would put him out. The dog not knowing of the preacher's vow made the additional circle and as soon as the prayer was ended Preacher Thomas stepped down from the pulpit and grabbed the dog by the collar and led him to the back door where he forcibly evicted him. After returning to the pulpit the preacher happened to glance down at the old mountaineer. The expression on the mountaineer's face and the glint in his eye startled Preacher Thomas. He immediately realized that he had made a mistake in evicting the dog. All during the sermon he had this matter on his conscience. When the final amen was pronounced Preacher Thomas stepped down from the pulpit and started to apologize to the mountaineer for his bad treatment of the dog. "That's all right, Reverend" said the mountaineer, "I ain't complainin'. I'm mighty fond of that dog and I wouldn't have had him hear such a poor sermon for \$100.00".

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dad', with a long horizontal line underneath it.

CHAPIN LETTER

July 16, 1945

JOHN. In John's last letter he enclosed a long "pome" supposedly written by a disappointed English girl describing the conduct of the American soldier in England and his many shortcomings and delinquencies. The general idea was that England had been spared invasion by the Hun but at the cost of invasion by the American Army and at times it seemed to them that what they got was a little worse than what they missed.

John also described an interesting case involving survivorship of two brothers and 3 of their relatives, all of whom had been killed together in a bomb shelter. The brothers had each left wills giving the other brother half of his property and giving the other half to 5 people, 3 of whom were relatives who had been killed with them. The lower court had decided that an English statute applied which provided that where persons die in a common disaster the oldest is presumed to die first. In the House of Lords the application of this statute was contested, it being claimed that the statute applied only to cases where the parties did not die simultaneously and where it could not be ascertained which died first. The House of Lords, however, decided that the statute applied, hence that the younger brother survived. In America we had a common rule something to this effect but the rule was limited to cases where physical endurance was involved, such as shipwrecks or exposure to the elements, and was based upon the theory that the younger person having greater endurance than the older one would survive the longest. This presumption seems to lose its logic when



it is applied to a bomb shelter explosion case. Under the present law in Illinois where persons die in a common disaster and there is no evidence as to which one died first, the presumption is that they died at the same moment. This seems to me eminently more fair as it results in the property of each going to their respective living relatives rather than to have it all pass to the survivor and thereby cut out the living relatives of the oldest.

John and Marshall Peter had just had a weekend trip on which they had visited Sandhurst, the English equivalent of West Point. In this connection he described the white horse that always appears in the graduation exercises and marches up the academy steps to lead the graduates out. The main point in this description was John's explanation about the very special kind of training this horse had had, which resulted in the parade ground being just as neat after he had been on it as it was before, and no white uniformed attendant was required to follow him with a wheelbarrow and shovel.

CHICK. We had two letters from Chick this week, one containing a picture of the officers and men at his last Fire Direction Center. This center at the time consisted of a delapidated tent and in the background was a badly pocked hillside still showing a cave opening. The group was a bunch of fine looking men, Chick being the tallest and looking quite natural. Chick had a letter from Sam and commented that Sam's language was getting stronger but his spelling had not kept pace with it. He also had a letter from Betty. We assume that Chick is still on Okinawa but he doesn't say. Chick has mentioned twice that he was getting lazy, which prompts me to make a suggestion. Chick never was lazy and he is either just plain tired from the 80 days of battle experience or is in need of a medical check-up.

If all the other men feel the way he does perhaps it is just a matter of wear and tear and will cure itself. However, feeling tired is a warning of something and I trust that he will get a checkup just to be on the safe side.

Mother just called me that she had a letter from Aunt Margaret with the news that Tom is on his way home for a 45 day leave, having left Okinawa on July 10. Uncle Clayton and Aunt Margaret are having their vacation at Eaton's Ranch in Wyoming and Tom will join them there. What his further plans are I don't know yet.

SAM. Sam has finally gotten a thrill out of boot camp. This came from fire fighting drill which included fighting real fires of various kinds, all of which required different techniques. Sam will be home next Saturday, July 21.

BETTY. I found a birthday letter on my desk this morning from Betty, which was very thoughtful and much appreciated by me. She hopes to come to Springfield on July 22 and to bring Grandmother with her but they will not be able to know about their reservations until July 18. Betty will be here until the 25th. I saw Walter Canfield's truck in front of 652 West Vine Street this morning so assume that Mother's urging has resulted in getting him started on the house painting this week.

GRANDMOTHER. Aunt Ella tells me that Grandmother is coming home next week

and that in September or October she will come down and get Grandmother and take her to Minneapolis for a whole winter's visit. Chick is quite right about Grandmother being a gadabout. If the weather continues like it has so far she will be having summer resort weather here. We had a picnic out at the farm Saturday night and I had to wear an overcoat to keep warm.

ARTIE GREENGROIN, PFC. In review of a book by this name I saw in the Tribune yesterday the English language seems to take quite a whipping by the author, Harry Brown, a serviceman. Quotations: "Jess because Englishmen speaks English don't mean they own the Gawdam language. I was brought up to speak in a beautiful prose style. I can always spot a cultured man the minute he opens his yap". "After the war I'm going to take me a little trip up in Maine and Idaho and maybe knock off a few pertater farmers". Artie's grudge against "pertaters" lies in the fact that these have to be pealed and he had apparently done his share. He doesn't like the term "theater of operations" because he says it sounds as if the war was being fought in the "moom pitchas".

UNO CIGARS. Cigars have been rather scarce hereabouts for some time. For example, the customer is limited to two Robert Burns. In the 50¢ variety the price itself acts as a sufficient regulation on the quantity purchased and to me this price is complete discouraging. I therefore gave an attentive ear the other day when Paul Burns volunteered the information as to where cigars could be purchased by the box. According to Paul there was a little man named George Hammond living on Reynolds Street who had a factory in the back yard and who made first class cigars which he sold by the box. Ordinarily a bit of information like this would have passed right out my other ear as Paul smokes the most atrocious cigars I ever knew and I would be hard put to it to know how to get rid of a box of his favorite brand. The cigar situation being what it is I cast this prejudice aside and investigated.

In the rear of the address given there was an old building of a size that made it hard to determine its original function. It was too big for a chicken house and too small for a barn. I concluded that it must have been a Shetland pony barn and from its state of repair that the pony had died some fifty years ago. I saw no signs of a cigar factory but since I was sure I had the right address I ventured to push the door open to see what was inside. I fully expected to find the pony cart standing there covered with dust, and perhaps to find the harness hanging on the wall just where it had been hung after its last trip. To my surprise I found the little cigar maker busy working at his trade in quiet solitude. The place had been converted into a cigar factory by a Billy Foster type of construction - a sash window had been installed with the long side in a horizontal direction. Half of the building was covered with a platform raised about one foot from the dirt floor and on this platform were 3 work benches. Over in the corner were three bins with hinged lids on the top. Presumably these had originally been grain bins and they had been converted into tobacco humidors by taking some gunny sack linings on the inside of the lids. These linings were sprinkled with water and served to keep the tobacco properly moist.

When I was a boy there were several cigar factories in Springfield some employing as many as 30 or 40 men. I had not seen or heard of them for

years. Upon inquiring from Mr. Hammond, the cigar maker, as to what had become of the cigar industry in Springfield he gave me a rather terse answer, "The cigar business has gone to hell", said Mr. Hammond. After further conversation I learned that he was the sole survivor of the industry. Being interested in sole survivors generally I decided to pursue my interview while negotiating for a box of cigars. In expanding on his first answer the little cigar maker explained that the cigar business had not gone to hell voluntarily but only after a terrific struggle with the devil himself, big business. Through centralized control, mass buying and selling, and finally through cigar making machinery, big business had gradually taken over the industry and now their control is practically complete. While all this was happening the younger cigar makers had deserted their trade and entered other trades where they were able to make a better living. The older cigar makers, however, couldn't learn another trade and hung on until they died. Mr. Hammond was one of the older ones and he was still hanging on. He was too poor to retire completely so he just retired to his own back yard and has been carrying on from there for the past several years.

He makes but one brand and size of cigar, which he calls the "Uno". Prior to the war this was a cigar that retailed for 5¢ and he sold his product at wholesale for \$3.75 per hundred. The war brought new problems to Mr. Hammond's business. "The main trouble now is", said Mr. Hammond, "You can't get any tobacco and what you do get is no good and they charge you three prices for it". This contradictory statement was straightened out by a further detailed recital which Mr. Hammond was glad to give when he saw I was interested. The present trouble, it seems, begins with the tobacco grower. The Government has limited the acreage a grower is permitted to plant in tobacco. The grower therefore has been raising the kind of tobacco that yields a greater number of pounds per acre, rather than growing choice grades that produce a smaller yield. Since the supply has been limited it has to be rushed to market without proper curing. Before the war three years curing was normal for cigar tobacco but now the tobacco is lucky if it is cured for one year, and finally there is the difficulty about the price. Mr. Hammond explained that tobacco which used to cost him \$1.50 a pound now costs \$3.50 in spite of the fact that it is of inferior grade and has been through a shorter curing process. The cost increase has even included paste, which he seals the wrappers with. I have often heard it said that cigar makers seal the wrappers on the cigar by spitting on it. Mr. Hammond explained that this was not true but that he wished it was. The paste he uses he calls "LaTragia". This sounded to me more like the name of grand opera but Mr. Hammond assured me that it was the name of a paste which comes in powder form from "one of those islands out in the Pacific where the boys are fighting".

Tears gathered in his eyes when he mentioned that the price of this paste is now \$5.00 per pound. These increased costs of production provoked Mr. Hammond to raise the price of the Uno cigar from 5¢ to 10¢, which meant that he sold them at wholesale for 7½¢. The OPA has apparently failed to discover what the big cigar makers are doing in reference to price increases but in no time at all they were on Mr. Hammond's neck because of his war profiteering. The big factories apparently had a formula which completely fooled OPA. They each made several shapes, sizes and styles of cigars and when the war came along they simply quit making the lower priced ones and put all of their tobacco in the most expensive ones. Since Mr. Hammond



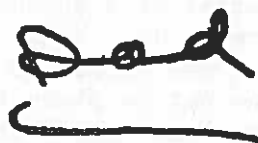
made but one cigar he had no such alternative open to him. When thus confronted by the OPA he sat down with them and told them his troubles, with the result that he got a retail price increase from 5 to 7½¢. Since he only produced about 200 cigars a day someone connected with the OPA stepped out of his role as a regulator of prices and gave Mr. Hammond a bit of fatherly advice. He suggested that Mr. Hammond try to sell his cigars at retail from his factory at 7½¢ apiece pointing out that if he were successful in doing this it would net him the same price that he had been getting from his product when it was retailing at 10¢. Mr. Hammond decided to try this experiment and by word of mouth passed the information along to his customers that cigars would be available at his factory at \$3.75 per box of 50. This method of selling his product has proved a boon to Mr. Hammond and now every day he finds his friends and customers trailing down his driveway seeking cigars, and the demand has exceeded his supply. I think Mr. Hammond secretly thanks the OPA for having forced him into the retail business and he seems to enjoy having his customers seeking out his little factory, which is quite suggestive of the success that Mr. Emerson predicted for the maker of the best mouse-traps. People are not tramping down Mr. Hammond's driveway, however, because he makes the best cigars in the world, but merely because he makes cigars. I ventured the suggestion that now that people had found where he was he would have a permanent retail trade after the war. Mr. Hammond is not an optimist, "Hell No", said he, "They'll quit coming just as soon as they can buy cigars downtown".

I was curious to know as to where he got the name for his cigars but failed to do so, and as to this I have made my own conclusion. Many people are flattered by having a cigar clerk reach in the cigar case and pick out their favorite cigar without having to designate it. Mr. Hammond capitalized on this. With a box of Unos in the cigar case when a clerk says to the customer "Well, what will be yours today?", the customer replies in a nonchalant way "Uno", and sure enough, without further ado the clerk reaches in the case and pulls out a box of cigars just as though the customer was an old-time customer.

I finally procured a box of Uno cigars from Mr. Hammond and the following week got a second box which I am planning to send to John when I get a request from him. Possibly after reading this letter he will decide not to send the request. Having smoked several of the first box I am now in a position to appraise the merits of the Uno cigar. In this connection I am reminded of the story of the negro porter who was given a bottle of whiskey by a hotel guest. The next day the guest inquired how the porter liked the whiskey. "Jest right" said the porter. "What do you mean, it's just right?" asked his benefactor. "Well suh, if it had been any better you wouldn't have given it to me, and if it had been any worse I couldn't have drunk it". By this test Mr. Hammond's cigars are just right. When placed along the side of one of the Havana Perfectos retailed at the Leland cigar counter, Mr. Hammond's Uno looks like a neglected orphan child. This is partly due to the inferior grade of wrapper that he is forced to use. I inquired about the wrapper and his only information was that he gets them in St. Louis. I feel pretty sure that they do not grow them in St. Louis but it is not the imported variety found on the more expensive kinds of cigars. Mr. Hammond's cigar of course is handmade and does not have the uniformity of the machine made variety. What uniformity it does have is acquired from a mold. The filler is first placed in a binder. At this stage it closely resembles a piece of old rope with ragged ends.

It is then placed in a mold, the mold holding 10 cigars. Each mold is pressed as it is filled. After five molds have been filled Mr. Hammond starts back with Mold #1 putting on the wrappers. The finished article might be more properly described as a utility cigar than a beautiful cigar. That is, it is better to smoke rather than to look at. Mr. Hammond himself is constructed on the same style. He is a man of about 60 which is relatively young to be the sole survivor of an industry. He is quite satisfied with his modest success, lives in a little brick bungalow, and his yard is as neat as a pin. All in all, it seemed that the Uno cigar had served Mr. Hammond quite faithfully and with all of his ups and downs he could have done a lot worse.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dad". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style. Below the signature is a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that serves as a decorative flourish or underline.

CHAPIN LETTER

July 23, 1945

JOHN. We had a letter from John dated Paris, July 6, and it sounds like he had finally reached real luxury. His office is at the Place de l'Opera. His billet is in a luxuriously furnished mansion on the Seine, he eats at a famous French restaurant with French chefs and German prisoners doing KP duty. Civilians do all the chores, such as making the beds, cleaning the rooms, etc. He mentions that Major Perrin is soon going to Brussels and he hopes to go along, and it is assumed that this is a new assignment rather than just a visit.

SAM. Sam arrived home from Boot Camp on Saturday afternoon dressed in a new spic and span Navy blue uniform. He had with him his ditty bag, a little canvas bag about the size of a Piggly Wiggly sack in which he carried all of his belongings. He makes a very neat looking sailor as you can imagine. Sam came by coach so the distance to our car, which was parked behind the station, was short. Sam made this in nothing flat and we were soon on our way home.

I was as eager to see what Sam had in his ditty bag as he used to be to examine my suitcase after a trip, but for different reasons. However, when the ditty bag was opened the first thing to pop out was a box of Havana cigars which must have cost him a whole week's pay. I silently recalled a trip years ago to Detroit when I forgot him entirely and didn't realize it until he began examining my bag upon my arrival home. That time I palmed on him some Book-Cadillac bars of soap which were molded in the shape of books. I had stolen these from the Book-Cadillac Hotel but they answered as adequately for a present as though they had cost several dollars and Sam was immediately thereafter found in the bathroom washing his face, the first time this act had ever been performed by him voluntarily. Sam had done his shopping in the Navy PX and for Mother he had purchased 2 delightful packages of Dentyne chewing gum. Had Mother been a cigarette smoker he could have provided for her more adequately. Chewing gum is pretty scarce around these parts now and I trust that Mother doesn't



take to Sam's school boy habit of saving the chewed gum by sticking it behind her ear.

After the distribution of the presents Sam proceeded to empty the bag of its other contents. These consisted of an endless number of rolls, each about the size and shape of a rolled Sunday newspaper, and about as stiff. Each roll was neatly tied up with regulation pieces of clothesline. Upon inspection of these rolls, they proved to be Sam's uniforms and other personal belongings. It seems that everything has to be rolled. The uniforms are turned inside out and each garment rolled separately and tightly and if you are able to bend it when completed it is not rolled properly.

Sam has been assigned a rating of second class fireman. I am quite ignorant about the duties of a second class fireman and inquired as to what second class firemen do. "They come home on leave", said Sam. That apparently is all he knows about his new assignment thus far. Sam's leave lasts until next Monday but he plans to go up to Anokigic on Saturday to spend a day and return to Great Lakes from there.

Mother sent Aunt Ann one of Sam's recent pictures. The following is part of Anno's comment: "How sweet, how sweet, is what I said aloud as I glanced at this adorable picture. He must never see war, not that sweet young face, and I shall pray that he never does, beginning this minute. I can see more of you in his face than the other boys, yet I also see a lot of John and Charles and his Daddy." There was more of Anno's letter but this should be enough to apprise you of what a sweet brother you have, and that he is likely to be mistaken for any of us at any time. If I remember rightly Anno has had similar reactions to John and Chick so this need not give Sam any feeling of superiority in sweetness.

CHICK. We had a letter from Chick but he didn't tell us much of what he is doing. I nevertheless have gathered the following information about him: The Marines have moved up to the peninsula on the North end of the island and will probably stay there. This information was received from Tom Quintrell who called us Saturday morning from Chicago on his way home. He had tried to reach Chick before leaving Okinawa but discovered that Chick was 50 miles North of him and had no time to go there. Tom has 45 days leave and we hope to see him some time while he is home. He too will go back to Okinawa. In Chick's letter he sent us a Marine can-opener which was an ingenious little piece of metal which was easily placed in an envelope. Chick says when a man is possessed of one of these he is sure not to go hungry as there are plenty of canned rations wherever you happen to be.

BETTY. Sunday night Betty and Grandmother arrived on the Abe Lincoln as per schedule and looked quite fit after a whole day's travel. It has been a year and a half since I had seen Betty and she has changed none at all, which is another way of saying she is looking exceedingly well. Grandmother has learned to travel light and the only bit of hand luggage she had on this trip was her purse which is about the size of a suit-case and is packed quite full. Uncle Horton and Aunt Ida were at the train as well as Sam, Mother and myself. We all went to Grandmother's apartment and had a visit with her which was supplemented by a couple of quarts of ice-cream that we picked up on the way.



Betty was all excited about seeing the new house and Sam took her by in the Plymouth on the way home. When Mother and I came later they were parked out in front appraising the place, which loomed up quite grandly in its fresh paint in the moonlight. Mother planned to take Betty down today and inspect it more carefully inside and out. Betty has to go back on Wednesday and a busy two days has been arranged for her, including a trip out to Rochester to see Princer, and a couple of luncheons that have been arranged. Betty has seen George McPheeters who is home on a leave and who told her about seeing Chick at Guadalcanal last fall or winter.

MISCELLANEOUS. Mother has probably already mentioned that Harlington Wood is going to be married this Friday to Rosemary Miller of California. The Woods were planning to go out if they could get reservations and I think they must have gotten them as we have not been able to reach them on the telephone. Rosemary is quite an attractive girl from her picture. The only other definite thing I learned about her and which I am sure will interest Chick is that she is quite a horseback rider. When Junior was last home I questioned him about his social life in California and he assured me that he was holding everything in abeyance until Chick got home when they would go on the hunt together. I had a suspicion at the time that this was merely conversation and knowing Junior my suspicion should have been greater than it was.

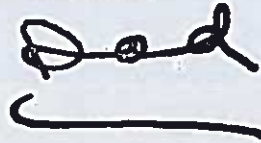
Another home-comer last week was my friend, Dennie Simmons, who came in to visit me. I told him I thought he was on Okinawa by now. He explained that on the day his group of Seabees was ready to sail on Okinawa he received his discharge so he came home and the rest of them went as planned, piano and all.

BIRD BATH. As I mentioned in a previous letter the old Armstrong bird-bath was made the central point in Mother's new flower bed. The flowers are now blooming lavishly and the great variety of color in the bed is a pleasant contrast to the green of the lawn and the shrubs. The birds seem to be attracted to the flower bed too as they make use of the bath in far greater numbers this year than ever before. There seems to be no time of the day when they are not lined up waiting for their turn. They don't line up like soldiers (Marines, or sailors), of course, but wait in bushes and trees for the bather in possession to take his last dip. Owing to their scattered positions there is therefore quite a bit of uncertainty as to whose turn is next. The birds settle this matter in schoolboy fashion, by letting the second-best wait for the champion. The result is that the smallest birds do more waiting than bathing. The B & Z Bakery used to have about the same kind of chaos at 5:00 in the afternoon when the place was filled and nobody seemed to know who should be next waited on. They solved this problem by handing out numbers and I am considering installing the same system for our birds. We have so many different kinds of birds as bath customers now that I have some doubt whether the number system will work, for fear that there will be no bird Esperanto or Basic English that the various species will all understand. Our bathers include robins, thrush, catbirds, nuthatches, redbirds, wrens, sparrows, bluejays, starlings, titmice, and others that I can't identify. This rush of bird business has made it necessary to give the bird-bath daily attention. The birds literally use up the water everyday. I have assigned to myself the position of bird-bath attendant. The duties consist of scrubbing the bath each day and filling it with water. One of Menardy's old brushes answers

the purpose very well and I am sure Menardy would approve of this use if he knew about it, wherever he may be. Robins seem to be more sanitary than other birds, or maybe they are tamer or there are more of them. At all events, they seem to always get there first after the fresh water has been put in. Last winter one of our state senators was orating about the war and remarked that men should emulate the birds who live together in perfect peace. The senator apparently never had a bird-bath in his back-yard.

The birds do have something on us, however - they fight often but they can tell when they are licked quicker than men can so they don't have to kill each other to settle a dispute. A good wing slap by one bird on the head of another seems to settle as much as cannons and bombs do for men. I suspect that part of men's trouble is due to modern weapons. If men had to fight with their fists the weaker ones would be sure to lose and it would be easy to tell which was the weaker one long before he is dead. Man is smart enough to make fantastic weapons but he isn't smart enough to know who can win with them until the other side is annihilated. Once having invented the weapons he can never go back again to fighting with his fists because there is always the danger that the enemy may still use the weapons. As a result there is a progressive race to butchery on both sides. The birds just stuck to the weapons Nature provided them with and I believe they live longer and happier on that account. At all events they provide excellent entertainment at the bird-bath with their continual fights and the entertainment is far more enjoyable because it lacks the gore and lethal blows of the kind of fighting men do, and even of bull-fights. I am reminded of an editorial John once wrote for his Depression Tonic on Goats, in which he concluded with a recommendation that everybody should keep goats. It is my recommendation that everybody provide himself with a bird-bath in the back-yard.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Dad', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

SAMUEL JAMES and BETTY. This week we had a succession of comings and goings with Sam arriving on Saturday, Betty and Grandmother on Sunday, Betty leaving on Wednesday and Sam leaving on Friday. Mother and I now find our household again reduced to its present small number, including only her and me. Betty had a busy two days of inspecting the new house, attending tea parties, luncheons, etc., although I think the house was the high spot in her visit. Walter Canfield was able to put the finishing touches on the first coat of paint while Betty was here so as to give her a good idea of what it was going to look like when its face is completely washed and make-up put on. I will leave it to Mother and Betty to report to you more in detail on the social activities they indulged in. The time of Betty's leaving on Wednesday morning seemed to follow almost immediately after her arrival but it was grand to see her again and to have her with us for two short days.

Sam's week was one of complete release from naval routine, including doing his own laundry. Mother took this naval operation over and since she is an expert at this sort of thing I think can now qualify for seaman, first class. Most of Sam's friends are in the far corners of the earth and in this respect the time at home was quite different from the old-time Christmas vacation. He did, however, get to see Richy Smith, who is visiting in Springfield, having driven down from Minneapolis, in an old Ford of about the vintage of our Green Diamond, but Richy's car was dolled up in a new maroon paint job and looked quite snappy from a distance.

Sam was troubled with a hard decision at the weekend. He had originally planned to go to Anokijig on Friday and then return to Great Lakes from there. The Schlangen boys were having a party on Saturday which was a kind of combined houseparty, sailing event and rodeo, to which Sam was invited. Sam deliberated over this for a day or two but finally Anokijig won out and he left on Friday morning as per his original plan. Uncle Buddy was planning to be in Chicago over the weekend on his way home from Cleveland and Sam expected to meet him Sunday afternoon and stay overnight with him. Today, Monday, Sam returns to Great Lakes and we shall be anxious to know where he is to be next assigned.

JOHN. A letter from John tells of his work and experiences in Paris. He has a jeep, a chauffeur, and an interpreter to investigate claims, and the investigations require him to cover not only the parts of Paris proper but many nearby cities. He says France must have been a beautiful country before the olfactory nerves were developed to a point where they distinguished between sweet and foul smells. John says that all the sweet smells in France now are in the perfume shops. The people don't bathe and their houses are dirty and consequently both the people and houses "steenk". The French make quite a hilarious celebration on Bastille Day and among other time honored devilment, they indulge in the puncturing of auto tires. The Army in anticipation of this activity kept all Army vehicles off the street on Bastille Day.

John's birthday will be on next Saturday. Mother suggested this morning that we should have a party for him in his absence and invite two of our military friends, Colonel Kite and Major Kelly, who are attached to the Lincoln Ordnance Depot. Colonel Kite was my employer a year ago when I was short-shifting at the Depot.

CHICK. Bob Miller reported that Chick had turned quite yellow. Upon inquiry we learned from Chick that this was due to atrabine. From Dr. Stericker we learn that atrabine is being used as a substitute for quinine and its use results in an impigmentation of the skin, which makes you look quite oriental as to color. Chick reports that Col. Chapman, who has been his commanding officer, has been transferred to headquarters and naturally Chick and the other men were very sorry to have him leave. Mother inquired as to what food Chick would like to have sent to him. Chick's reply was that only sardines and olives come through without spoiling and that the food on Okinawa would have to get a lot worse than it now is before he would be interested in either sardines or olives. We understand that Bob Miller is now on his way home and has been since July 3rd, and are looking forward to seeing him.

Last week a bunch of pictures arrived from some lady in Kentucky, presumably



being pictures her son had taken at Okinawa. In one picture taken in front of a tomb Chick is included in the group present and with a useful magnifying glass we could see all the details of the rather fancy Okinawan tomb.

PRINCER and TIDDY. Betty and Sam went out to Rochester to see Princer and they reported that he had developed marvelously and looked to be in perfect condition, and still indulges in his "games". We also got acquainted with another dog last week. Sam and I were directed to call at Dillers Monday night and get Betty, who was there attending tea. We invited ourselves in for refreshments and found a small bevy of girls assembled in the Diller parlor, and we also discovered there a most unusual looking little creature, which Jane says is a dog. Sam and I doubted this designation and judging by its appearance it is an over-sized gopher with a miniature fox's head attached. The little animal answers to the name of Tiddy. Jane endeavored to explain the derivation of this name but this was lost in the excitement of making Tiddy perform. Her performance is limited entirely to sitting upright, gopher fashion, which is a position she assumed practically all of the time that we were there. This trick is not hard for her to perform since she is built in a conical shape with a base so broad that had anyone pushed her over she would doubtless have resumed her upright position automatically just like the balancing Santa Clauses we used to have at Christmas. If they would change her name to "Sitty" it would describe her more accurately.

OFFICE RUG. I must now tell you about my new maroon office rug, which I got from Mrs. Bullard. With a new pad underneath it feels and looks quite luxurious. The elegance of my new office thus acquired by the rug has caused me to make a couple of comparisons, one with the office of John Nicholson, which we saw in the Field Building last month, which is air-conditioned and fitted up with the latest of everything, including what he calls an English hunt table and steerhide covered chairs for a conference room. This sort of elegance is probably necessary and proper in Chicago but I greatly prefer my own layout in Springfield. The other comparison that came to mind was the office that my father had when I was a boy and which he retained until 1914 when I started to practice law. It was over Buck's Hat Store on the North side of the square and was reached by a stairway. It consisted of 3 rooms occupied by himself, Mr. Breese and a stenographer. The floors were wood and were entirely bare of rugs. My father had a large desk covered with billiard cloth and a swivel chair with a high back. With such a back you would be quite comfortable when you went to sleep, but my father never slept in it as he had a family of six children to look after, so his desk and chair had to produce results. There was also a great revolving bookcase which practically reached the ceiling and held about 300 books, in which he kept the Illinois Reports. If the book that you wanted was not in front of you a swivel of the bookcase would bring it around. There were no ready-made filing cases in those days and most law offices kept their legal blanks in discarded Coats spool cases, which presumably were acquired from dry-goods stores after the thread had all been sold. Papers except legal blanks were all folded to letter size before filing and were generally filed in pigeon-hole cases. I remember the time my father acquired a new vertical filing case similar to the ones they now use in the Court House. It was a pretty snappy piece of office equipment and its purchase was the topic of conversation at our house on many occasions. I used to spend a lot of time about his office during the summers when I was 10 or 12. I was always fascinated with the

things in the office and the business transacted there, but I soon found a greater attraction in a saloon kitchen on the second floor of a building two doors away. This was reached by climbing out of an office window and crossing the roof over a one story building next door, which brought me to the entrance of the kitchen. I always used the office window in Mr. Breese's room as an exit, as this permitted me to make my getaway without attracting the attention of my father, who regarded saloons as dens of iniquity and would have highly disapproved of my frequenting even the kitchen where the free lunch was prepared. An old German cook was the sole occupant of the kitchen and he welcomed my coming because of a few chores I could do for him, such as slicing rye bread, summer sausage and dishing out the orders of free lunch as they arrived. The kitchen was connected with the saloon below by a dumb-waiter. From 10:00 in the morning until noon free lunch was served to the customers of the saloon and they must have been quite numerous by the number of orders which were shouted up the dumb waiter. I had never seen the inside of the saloon and tried in my mind's eye to picture the place below and this curiosity was whetted by the fact that I could hear their talk and laughter coming up the dumb waiter. As is usually the way I pictured a saloon as a far more glamorous place than they really proved to be when in later years I made personal inspections of several of them. At all events, included in my imaginery picture were all the important business men of Springfield gathered about the bar or tables below leisurely sipping their beer and munching on the delicious lunches which I helped send down to them. About every half hour the bartender would send up a couple of beers on the dumbwaiter for us. I would have thought no more of losing my right arm than I would to have gone back to my father's office with beer foam on my upper lip and so I always refused the glass of beer tendered to me. This seemed to please the German cook immensely as upon each refusal he drank my beer for me. My compensation was gained by participating in the free lunches and as I now recall them they were extra delicious. The menu varied from day to day but my favorite lunch came on Wednesday when the cook baked potato pancakes which were served with slices of summer sausage. These little concoctions were the most delicious pancakes I have ever tasted, excepting, of course, Zazel's and Mother's. In the store room adjoining the kitchen there were lines stretched across the room from which dangled summer sausages awaiting the day when they were to be used. There was also a potato bin and shelves for the storage of other staple groceries. This room also served as a store-room for broken down slot machines, old signs, and saloon pictures, all of which items had been there for years and were heavily coated with dust. From my present point of view the old kitchen was a rather unsanitary place and would probably be padlocked immediately by the Board of Health today, but in those days it was believed that a little dirt was good for you. The place was also operated on the theory that what you didn't know wouldn't hurt anybody and since the customers never came upstairs there was nothing for the people either upstairs or downstairs to worry about.

I started to speak of the contrast of my present office and my father's early office, and you may think I have digressed a bit, but to me the saloon kitchen was so closely associated with the old office that I always think of the two together. From this description you will observe that there has been quite a change in law offices in the last 45 years, as indeed there has been in the law business. I wonder what law offices will be like 45 years from now.

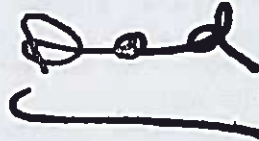
JEFF BLUNK. Clifford and Jane Blunk have a new baby boy, who, I understand



is going to bear the name of Jeffery. The name has not been confirmed, and the baby hasn't either for that matter, but the fact that they have a healthy son, weighing 7 pounds and a half, has been verified by Clifford personally.

UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. You may have learned by now that the United Nations Charter passed the Senate on Saturday by a vote of 89 to 2, which makes the United States the first of the United Nations to adopt the Charter.

With love



July 30, 1945.

CHAPIN LETTER

August 6, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES. Sam returned to Great Lakes last Monday and we had supposed he would be there for some weeks longer, but he apparently was shipped out on Tuesday and his new address is: Samuel J. Chapin, F 2/c, 753-96-21, Naval Training and Distribution Center, Shoemaker, California. This hasty action on the part of the Navy was quite a surprise to us and must have been so with Sam as well. Grandmother remarked yesterday that she thought it was a perfect shame to ship such young boys out so soon. Mother and I are inclined to agree with her. At least we regret having Sam get so far away in such a hurried time. Before returning to Great Lakes Sam spent a day up at Anokijig where he saw many of his old friends and had a good visit with them. Through a mix-up in messages Uncle did not get Sam's telegram in time and made other appointments in Chicago so cancelled his engagement with Sam. We were all quite disappointed about this and Uncle too was assuming that he would be seeing Sam later on in Chicago. Apparently it worked out quite well, however, as Sam spent Sunday in Racine with Hummy and had a swell time. I shall never forget the visit Hummy made to us three or four years ago when he and Chick drove down from Anokijig in Hummy's Ford car. I recall vividly the two days of laughing we all did as Hummy went through his antics and impersonations, wrestling matches with himself, radio announcements by Stalin, speeches by FDR, Russian soldiers drilling and miscellaneous foolishness. We all sat around, Mother, Chick, Sam and me, laughing until our jaws and sides ached at his clowning. Then thinking that we should share it with more people we invited Judge and Mrs. Wood over. This made Hummy self-conscious and the spontaneous charm of his previous performances immediately disappeared. I hope that Sam had as good a time with Hummy on his last day of leave.

Mother called me a little while ago to say that there were letters at home from all three of the boys, with two from Chick. I am anxious to know more about Sam's trip but will have to postpone news regarding it to you all until next week. Saturday Mother got a letter from Anno saying that she and Ed were planning a trip to San Francisco. Camp Shoemaker is nearby so Saturday night we called Anno on the phone and gave her Sam's new address



and she and Uncle Ed will try to visit him. We hope that they will be successful in finding him and know that it will be a great surprise to Sam and a great occasion for them all. While Sam has been in the Navy about 3 months we have felt up to now that he was at least within reach. Transferring him to California has now put our last boy far beyond our reach and we are a little set back by it, more so because they have shipped Sam out practically as soon as he had learned how to salute properly. On the whole, however, we are ever thankful that each of the boys is safe and well so far. I now have the feeling that while the war is not over the end cannot be too far away and that we can now expect as well as hope for the safe return of all of the family. Hence I shall now look forward to the happy day when we will all be together again and John, Chick and Sam can carry on with their oldtime teasing banter and humorous repartee, which will be spiced by the lingo of the various services and by episodes from the far parts of the earth.

JOHN. Saturday we got a V-mail from John telling us that he was going to Belgium on a temporary job and that his address until further notice would be: Claims O.T.M. 6831, Chanor Base, APO 562, c/o Postmaster, New York, N.Y. Saturday was John's birthday. We had a dinner party for him and invited some of our Army friends, including the Richardsons, Col. and Mrs. Kite and Major and Mrs. Kelly. Mrs. Kelly is the mother of a scout and sniper in Chick's division. Aunt Rachel was also present. The Richardsons brought a great basket of vegetables and fruit from their farm as an offering for the occasion. John will have to enjoy this by proxy since this remembrance was such a perishable one.

BETTY. Betty arrived home safely from her Springfield trip and went up to the Lake with her family to spend the rest of her vacation. She reports that Miles is planning to see John in France. This was before news came that John had gone to Belgium.

CHICK. Chick writes that his tent is only 200 or 300 yards from the China Sea and that he has finally had time to get down for a swim. He plans soon to get a mask and do some underwater exploring such as he did in the Solomons. I presume this will bring forth a second monograph on a fish's eye view of the China Sea, or perhaps it should be entitled "Jap Navy Eye View of the China Sea." Chick wrote home for Mother to send him his GI sheets. The Marines must be getting quite civilized on Okinawa. Chick would be interested to know that the Logan County Fair and races start today. I clipped a program from the Journal yesterday and will enclose it in Chick's letter. It was just a year ago when Chick was home on leave that we all attended the Lincoln races two or three times and the horse show. Sam's report to John on the races must have been as good as actually seeing them. This year, however, I am afraid that we shall have to depend on John attending the French races for racing news.

BIG WIND. The other day I secured a 3 foot electric fan and installed it in the West window of our attic. The installation job should have required a carpenter and electrician but since this would have required some weeks or months I decided to do it personally. That is, I did it with Mother's help, she performing much of the leg work in bringing tools and other items from the basement. In about 3 hours time I had the windows out, a screen installed and the fan in working order. A more permanent job will have to be done later but this installation will carry us through the summer and it


is quite a miracle what this fan can do. When turned on it simply makes a vacuum out of the attic which in turn sucks air from the rest of the house. There is a rush of wind up the attic stairs resembling the wind tunnel at a sideshow. By opening or closing various doors this wind can be directed about as we choose. When all the windows and doors on the first and second floors are closed the fan causes enough suction in the basement to make the towels on the basement clothes line quiver in the air. I don't know why we didn't think of this sooner. Maybe there will be some catch to it yet but I can speak very highly of this invention at the moment.

MISCELLANEOUS. Clarice Hickox who has been in England for two years with the Red Cross is now at home. Mother's Red Cross suit was burned up in a fire at Nickey's Cleaning establishment. Mother will now have to do her Red Cross work in mufti until a new Red Cross suit can be provided, which will probably be after the war is ended.

UNCLE BUDDY RENTS A NEW HOUSE. Mrs. Davis decided that she wanted to occupy Uncle Buddy's apartment for herself and served a notice on him the other day to vacate. I think Schnitzel had something to do with Mrs. Davis' decision as she didn't like Schnitzel very well, and in fact, has so many dislikes that it is surprising Unc has lasted as long as he did. As a consequence of the notice Uncle, Mother and I have been out house-hunting for him and he has finally found a little one-story house on Seventh Street, just one block South of Grandmother's apartment, which he rented. It is a neat little place and he expects to move to it next week. This move has presented him with many other problems such as gas stove, refrigerator, drapes and so forth, which have added greatly to his house-keeping burdens for the last few days. Electric refrigerators are not available so we are lending him our Frigidaire which has been stored in the basement awaiting John's return home, and probably by the time of John's return new ones will be available. I have many times advocated to Uncle the desirability of owning your own house but I believe his present experience is more convincing to him than any of the arguments which I presented. The present time, however, is an inopportune time to become an owner since houses have gone up so tremendously in price. Hence Unc will continue to rent for the time being but will be on the lookout for a place which he can acquire for his own.

TERMS FOR JAP SURRENDER. Common sense and public pressure finally demanded that we state our terms of surrender for the Japs. Now they have been stated and they seem to satisfy most everyone except the Japs. It is not to be expected that they would be pleased. For a country that is so sensitive about saving face it is quite a blow to find that they have got to about face and turn from their Greater East Asia Prosperity Sphere program to one that concerns only a country diminished to its 1895 size. Shells, bombs and fire will aid them in making the about-face however, and by the way things are going it would seem that they ought to be able to make this turn within the next few months unless they want their home islands, which will be all they are going to have left, turned into rubble. Only today I learned that we have released the new atomic bomb which is supposed to resemble a fair sized earthquake. If these prove to be as vicious as the Presidential announcement indicates they should do much to hasten the decision on the part of the Japs.

With love



## CHAPIN LETTER

August 13, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES. We had a letter from Sam dated August 2nd, from somewhere in Colorado. He was seeing white-faced cattle but hadn't come to any Indians yet. When the train made a stop the boys went out and repainted their signs, one of which read "Wanted, Women between 18 and 21. Inquire within". Sam concluded his letter with "I'll see if I can find a pony express man on a strawberry roan to take this". Incidentally, he tells us that he won \$2.00 in a crap game from the train porter while he was on guard duty at night.

Ann and Ed got into Camp Shoemaker and had a visit with him Wednesday night. Anno then wrote us telling us how he looked and explaining that he and they had tried to get a 24 hour leave for Thursday and would not know about it until Thursday morning. On the envelope Anno wrote a postscript "Sam didn't get his leave. I hate the Navy". We would have hated the Navy too except that we had gotten news to the contrary before the letter arrived. Thursday night Anno called us from San Francisco and put Sam on the phone. He had at last procured his leave and Ann, Ed and Sam had been doing San Francisco and were planning to have dinner at some Ritzy place called the Sky Room. It was mighty good to hear the little fellow's voice over the phone. After Sam had hung up Mother became concerned because Sam had let Uncle Ed pay for the phone call. I tried to explain that this was Ann's and Ed's present and not to embarrass them by trying to repay them. As a final argument I said that if they were going to spend the evening with Sambo they would get their money's worth. Mother replied that we certainly got more than our money's worth just hearing his voice and a few of his pert remarks. So far this argument has not been settled between Mother and me. If the telephone company knew of this state of affairs they would probably have collected a double bill on each end of the line. Samuel James, did you thank your Aunt and Uncle for the swell time and for getting you out from behind the bars? And remember to be careful when you cross the streets.

CHICK. Two letters came from Chick, July 27th and 30th. Chick saw the moving picture "Wilson". As a coincidence it rained in the picture and rained on the audience at the same time. The Marines now have an electric phonograph and studio records which they exchange with various ships as they dock at Okinawa. He and the other boys who tent with him have planted the yard in front of their tent with Fandons, something resembling pine-apples, built a desk, wash table, foot-scraper, wash board, and so forth. They are now getting fresh foods in good quantities.

JOHN. John reports that there are no mosquitoes in England or France. He had a letter from Anno reporting they had won \$60.00 on the Santa Anita races which they were going to put in remodelling their house. John predicts that it and more like it will go into remodelling the Santa Anita tracks. John speaks from experience. He is enamoured with Paris. It is quite a change from England. He doesn't get back to his billet until 11:30 at night. The Paris night crowds are gay and colorful and he does a bit of window-shopping. Most of the good things are priced far out of sight but the GIs ride free on Paris subways. John concludes "Paris is



not London and its people are not English!" In the first stages of my examination of Paris at a time when I am most impressionable I can already see its fallacies and its weaknesses which must prevent France from becoming a major world power soon again.

ANNO. I have been taking a lot of liberties with Anno's name here lately and find I have already done so a couple of times in this letter. I am informed that the quotation about Sam being so sweet given you in a previous letter had some repercussions. Mother sends a copy of the Chapin letter to Anno and she reads it to her family. Ann was not expecting to find her remarks therein. I am sorry if I have been the occasion of embarrassment. Of course we think Sam is sweet too but we don't express it as well as Anno does, hence the quotation. I can well imagine what Anno has had to put up with. In our telephone conversation with Sambo, Ed chimed in with the remark "Yes, we are very anxious to see that boy. We understand he is so sweet". I am sure that after their contact with Sam the joke turned on Ed and that they found Sam was just as sweet as Anno had described him from his picture.

JUNIOR WOOD. Junior Wood and Rosemary arrived home Wednesday night after leaving a broken down car in Riverton, Wyoming, a town without railroads or automobiles. They finally procured 2 cub planes, one for each, and flew over the mountains to Cheyenne and took a train for Chicago. They came over to call on us Thursday night. Junior has roped a very attractive filly. She has bright eyes, smart ears, and a sorrel mane. She is trained for 5 gaits but is just now being broken to double harness. Junior tells me that she has a full sister by the same sire and dam whom they are keeping in the corral until Chick gets out of the Marines.

Junior's bad luck didn't end in Wyoming. The whole Woods family drove to the opera on Friday night. They got rained out and had 3 blowouts coming back and arrived home at 5:00 in the morning.

TRIP TO THE OPERA. We did far better than Junior. Saturday Uncle had a girl guest from Chicago and took her and Mother and me to St. Louis for the opera. We had dinner at the Coronado and the rain didn't start until we were ready for dessert. It continued until 9:00. By this time we were all wet and the opera started. The opera was "Three Musketeers". During the first act the weather was quite clear but the opera was not. At 10:00 the rain started again but this time it was a heavy downpour and at 10:01 everybody was as wet as though they had been ducked in the river. We stayed all night at the Coronado and came back Sunday. We had no blowouts.

BOB MILLER. Bob Miller has arrived but not in Springfield. Lou met him in Chicago and they went up to Wisconsin for a week and then are going to visit the Senior Millers in Dayton and will probably arrive in Springfield next week.

HISTORY MAKING WEEK. With two atomic bombs dropped on Japan, Russia's entry into the war, Japan's offer to surrender conditionally, last week indeed made a record for history. The Jap surrender is at present uppermost in our minds. At the moment we are still waiting for their answer to our reply that they can keep their Emperor, but he will take orders from the Supreme Commander. Taking orders will be no new experience for Hirohito, for he has always taken them from the war lords of Japan. Of

course, taking them from our Supreme Commander may be a bit of a change and I think he personally can manage that all right. The boys who are going to have a shock are the Japanese war clique who have preached the divinity of the Emperor, told him what to do, lied to the people that they were winning the war, and now have to explain that it is already lost. I have tried to imagine the arguments that are going on at the present moment among the Jap cabinet and the Emperor. It would doubtless be a better story for an opera than the "Mikado". If only Gilbert and Sullivan were here to put in to words and music I am sure it would be lovely as well as comical and would be worth several trips to St. Louis, rain or shine, to see. In the absence of Gilbert and Sullivan I have taken a few liberties with their "Mikado" libretto and rearranged it to suit my fancy, and I herewith submit it for your inspection.

1945 MIKADO

Cast:

His Imperial Majesty, Emperor Hirohito  
Prince Something, Emperor's brother  
Akihito, Emperor's little son, sometimes referred to as Nanki Poo  
Tojo  
Susuki  
Sure Victory, War Lord  
Notsosure " "  
Doublesure " "  
Realist " "  
Discouraged " "  
Dismayed " "  
Still Hopeful " "

Scene: Emperor's Palace, just after Allied answer is received.  
Emperor is sitting on edge of his throne.

Enter Cabinet, all reciting in unison:

With aspect stern  
And gloomy stride  
We come to learn  
How Truman decide.

Emperor: Gentlemen, be seated. Truman decide keep me, no want you.  
Truman make me aide to Supreme Commander.

Tojo: Truman no want us?

Emperor: Truman cut off all Imperial prerogatives, cut very short.

Susuki: Here's a state of things and a pretty mess. Your Highness will be no good to us without prerogatives. Let's see the note. (Reads) Yes, that's what it says, no prerogatives. But that isn't all. Truman say Japanese people to choose their leader.

Emperor: Does it say that too?

Susuki: Yes, those are his very words.

All: This stern decree you'll understand  
Caused great dismay throughout the land  
For young and old, and shy and bold  
Were equally affected,  
And the Emperor objected  
And you'll allow as I expect  
That he was right to so object.

Our hearts do break  
They sting and ache.

Realist War Lord: Let us dry the ready tear  
Though the hours are surely creeping  
Little need for woeful weeping.  
Till the sad sundown is near  
All must sip the cup of sorrow  
I today and thou tomorrow.  
What tho' solemn shadows fall  
Sooner, later over all.

Tojo: You said it brother, over all.

Still Hopeful: Maybe they will give us a friendly Supreme Commander.  
One who understands Japanese people.

Realist: Yeah, like MacArthur maybe.

Emperor: Oh woe is me, MacArthur! Tojo, why did you ever let him  
escape from Corregidor? Why did you ever begin this war anyway?

Tojo: Why bring all that up again? Your Highness shouldn't speak to  
us like that. You know who we are.

All: We are the gentlemen of Japan  
Our attitude is queer and quaint  
Your nuts if you think it ain't.

Emperor: Oh well, pardon me, but the very name MacArthur is revolting.

Tojo: I think you ought to recollect  
You cannot show too much respect  
For the highly titled few.

Prince: Maybe it won't be MacArthur.

Emperor: Who else could it be?

Prince: Well, there is Howlin' Smith, Geiger, and a lot of other Marines.

Emperor: Oh woe is me. Oh woe, Oh woe. Marines! Don't mention them  
in the presence of my Imperial Highness again. With them it would be  
boiling in oil, melted lead or something of that sort.

Realist: MacArthur probably wouldn't think of anything worse than  
beheading.



Emperor: But beheading is repulsive to me, terribly repulsive.

Sure Victory: Me too, especially when its our heads.

All:                   To sit in solemn silence  
                          In a dull, dark dock  
                          In a pestilential prison with a life-long lock  
                          Awaiting the sensation of a short, sharp shock  
                          From a cheap and chippy chopper on a big black block.

                          Our hearts do break  
                          They sting and ache.

(A bomb explosion is heard in the distance)

Tojo: We must reach a decision else our beloved Home Islands will soon join Hon. Japanese Navy.

Emperor: What can we do?

All: Yes, what can we do but to surrender.

Doublesure: I've got it. Truman is musical I've heard. Your Highness might touch his heart by singing something pathetic to him over the radio. Something like Titwillow.

Emperor: I don't feel like singing, especially today, and especially Titwillow.

Hopeful: Well, we got nothing to lose. We pray you sing, Your Highness.

(Emperor sings Titwillow over Radio beamed to America. Then all wait patiently for reactions.)

Voice from America on radio:

Hirohito why do you sit  
Singing Willow, titwillow, titwillow.  
Is it weakness of intellect your Highness, it cried,  
Or a tough little worm in your little inside.

Susuki: Just as I feared - that didn't go over so good. I am afraid the Americans don't understand Japanese people, or do they?

Doublesure: Well, we gotta do something.

Realist: And Your Highness is the one to do it. You're the only one that got a life insurance policy from Americans.

Emperor: Oh woe is me, I don't like this job any more. I haven't liked it for some time. I think I'll resign and Nanki Poo will be Emperor. They won't bother him.

Notsosure: That will cancel your insurance policy. What will become of you then, Your Highness?

Emperor: Oh, I see. I was just joking. I never thought of resigning.

Let me make it clear to you.  
This is what I'll never do.  
This, oh this, oh this, oh this.

I couldn't really resign, being I am of Divine Origin.

Tojo (aside): Boys, we talked this Divine Origin stuff until this damn' fool believes it too.

Notsosure: Maybe the Americans won't be able to identify us and we are overestimating the danger.

(Program comes in over radio)

MacArthur is singing: As some day it may happen that a victim  
Must be found  
I've got a little list, I've got a little list  
Of society's offenders who might well  
be underground,  
And who never would be missed, who never would  
be missed.

All (in unison): He's got us on the list, he's got us on the list.  
And they'd none of us be missed,  
They'd none of us be missed.

Sure Victory: Well, let's fight it out then.  
Our warriors in serried ranks assembled  
Never quail, or conceal it if they do.

Doublesure (Sings):

There is beauty in the bellow of the blast  
There is grandeur in the growling of the gale.  
There is eloquent outpouring  
When the lion is a'roaring,  
And the tiger is a'lapping of his tail.  
Volcanoes have a splendor that is grim  
And earthquakes only terrify the dolts  
But to him who's scientific  
There's nothing that's terrific  
In the falling of a flight of thunderbolts.  
Yes, in spite of all my meekness  
If I have a little weakness  
It's a passion for a flight of thunderbolts.

Tojo: You idiot, them thunderbolts are theirs, not ours.

Doublesure: Why don't you tell us these things sooner. You told us we were going to fight a hundred years.

Susuki: That was before the atomic bomb. Japanese people were willing to fight a hundred years, but Americans don't want to fight so long.

Tojo: Maybe we could work another trick on them. We could pretend to surrender, then capture them as they come ashore. We are still armed, you know.

Realist: There you go with your big mouth again, Tojo. You and your sneak attacks is what got us into this thing.

Susuki: Boys, times a 'wastin'. Halsey's standing off shore. B29's are warming up this minute at the Marianas. The Marines are on the imperial soil of Okinawa. The Russians and Chinese are pushing us back and all hell is apt to break loose any moment. We must reach a decision.

Emperor: What about my white horse?

Tojo: You and your white horse. You and your horse will have tie in the color scheme with the white flag we are going to have to raise. You can carry it to Halsey on your horse.

Emperor: Why did you fellows ever start this war in the first place?

Alone and yet alive, oh sepulchre.  
My soul is still my body's prisoner  
Remote the peace that death alone can give  
My doom to wait, my punishment to live.

Come tell me why  
When hope is gone  
Dost thou stay on  
Why linger here  
When all is drear  
Oh living I,  
Come tell me why  
When hope is gone  
Dost thou stay on.

Tojo (aside): We're getting no place fast with His Highness. Something must be done.

Discouraged: What do you suggest?

Still Hopeful: Maybe we could send another note and explain that the whole thing was a mistake.

Realist: They know that.

Still Hopeful: I mean that we were just playing and didn't mean it. Tell them that we are willing to let bygones be bygones.

(At this point a loud explosion is heard and half the palace disappears. The Cabinet looks out the opening upon the City of Tokyo, which resembles a city dumping ground)

(Tojo sends messenger for Poobah, Lord High Executioner)

Tojo: We must all say "Uncle" or Poobah must perform ceremonial task.



Emperor: What do it mean, "Uncle"?

Tojo: Never mind what it means. Truman know. We find out afterwards.

Secretary starts to write: In obedience to the gracious command of His Majesty, the Emperor--

Tojo: We got no time for that drivel now. We gotta act quick.  
(Hands Emperor the mike) Just yell "Uncle" in there as loud as you can.

Emperor (into mike): Hon. America. Japan speaking. Japan so sorry.  
Japan say "Uncle". Japan say "Uncle" very loud. Japan say "Uncle"  
very sincere. Japan so sorry. So sorry.

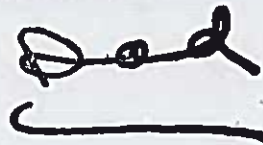
Tojo (to Cabinet): And I expect you'll all agree  
That he was right to so decree.

All: The brightness of the sun has passed away  
The threatening cloud has burst today.  
What tho' the night has come too soon  
We threw away the afternoon.  
Then let the throng  
With sword advance  
With reckless deeds  
We lost our chance  
With weeping wails in place of cheer  
Inaugurate our new career,  
Eastern Asia Ex-prosperity Sphere.

Exit Emperor. Exit Cabinet. Exit Empire.

CURTAIN.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

August 20, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES. On Wednesday in the midst of our peace holiday we received a telegram from Samuel James giving us the name of his ship and his future address:

USS Henrico (APA 45) c/o Fleet Post Office  
San Francisco, California

I learn from Navy men here that this abbreviation designates an armed troop transport, auxiliary personnel, armed. The number indicates that

it has been some time since this ship made its first voyage so it should be well broken in by now. We received three letters from Sam during the week but these were all written from Camp Shoemaker and obviously didn't tell much about his future destination. Sam's Navy stationery was stamped with a big rubber stamp "Sam Chapin" and as Sam explained, "That's the Navy for you - nothing but the best". Among the pictures Betty took when she was here were three or four of Sam which were quite good and Betty explains that she is forwarding copies to each of you. Mother is sending a copy to Anno.

JOHN. John is in Belgium investigating claims which arose at the time of the Battle of the Bulge. Battle claims are not considered but claims for damages suffered by the Belgians from accidents and pilfering. John explains that Claims Service is on the one hand charged with the responsibility of denying unjust claims and on the other hand promoting international good relations, which in some cases poses a rather nice balancing act. John's present address is:

T/4 John R. Chapin, 36762026  
Claims Team 6831, Chanor Base  
APO 562, Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

BETTY. Among the pictures received from Betty were Sam, Mother, Princer, and John's house. They were all good shots. I think John will now appreciate that the artist's sketch I sent him last winter was an excellent likeness if he makes allowance for the fact that the house was quite dirty at the time that I drew it and the camera had the advantage of seeing it in its nice fresh white paint. Betty expects to keep on working at the bank for the time being at least and maybe until John returns if the work lasts that long. From the reports I get from the Springfield banks about bond redemptions possibly all the bonds will be redeemed before John returns.

CHICK. We had two letters from Chick. They now have a new battery commander, a Colonel Smith, whom all the boys like very much. Chick says that he will not attempt to describe the luxuries they are enjoying on Okinawa until John gets out of Paris.

MOTHER MARPLES. When Ed and Ann returned to Altadena after their visit with Sam they found that Ed's mother had died that morning. Ed brought her back to Evanston, where she was buried beside Ed's father last Saturday. Mother and Uncle went up to the funeral. They had a short visit with Ed who had to return to California Saturday night. Ed's mother was a delightful and lovable lady and we all sympathize with him and Ann and the Marples children in the death of one who was so dear to them all. Ed's plant like all others is in the process of reconverting and it is his busy time so he could not make us a visit. The future of the gear business should be pretty bright as the post-war world is going to be one of gears and gears within gears, mechanically and politically. I hope the political gears shift and mesh as well as the mechanical ones do.

SURRENDER ANNOUNCEMENT. After five days of suspense and waiting the President announced the formal surrender of Japan on Tuesday evening at 6:00 P. M. I wanted to shout with joy but the shout wouldn't come out. Instead a relaxation came upon me something akin to the peace that had come to the

world. Here was the great moment we had been working and waiting for. Thousands of American boys had died to bring it about and millions more had fought and suffered. Now indeed we would have "Peace in our time", as Chamberlain once falsely predicted, or at least peace in what is left of our time. Now John, Chick, and Sam would get home safely, although the day of their coming may yet be far distant. About five minutes after the surrender announcement Mrs. Hay came rushing in with her last bottle of champagne that we might properly celebrate. President Truman promptly declared a two day holiday which was very generous of him. I sorely needed at least one. Later the second one was cancelled, so it worked out all right. We celebrated the evening by first taking the news to Grandmother and picking up a couple of quarts of ice cream on the way to help her celebrate with. Grandmother had done more than her share of worrying about the war and particularly about you boys and it was a joyous relief to her to know that it was over. We were also invited over to the Sterickers and went over about 9:00. They also had invited Colonel and Mrs. Deuel. We completed the evening by drinking a toast to the victory and to all the boys who had a part in it.

SURRENDER HOLIDAY. We opened the day at our house by first putting out the flag. It was about the only one in the neighborhood and its ample size seemed to make up for the ones that were missing. If ever there was an appropriate occasion to have it out it seemed that this was the day. My feelings on this day called for music instead of shouting, so immediately after the raising of the flag our festival began. This was the day the old Magnavox had to earn its keep and it nearly got a hotbox in doing so. First it was the "Star Spangled Banner" for all of us. Then came the Marine Corps song with "From the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli". This was for Chick. Then came "This is the Army" and "The Victors March" for Jonathon and finally "Anchors Aweigh" for Samuel James. After this the old records were put on at random, all of which carried nostalgic recollections of happy days. "The Raggedy Man He Works for Pa", "The Vagabond Song", "Over There", "Silent Night, Holy Night", "Yellow and the Blue", "Dwarfs Yodel Song", "Heigh-ho", "Old St. Nicholas", the old madrigal by Cyril Smith entitled "Three Birds", and "With her Head Tucked Underneath Her Arm" (of course this one was played twice on both sides), Bea Lillie's "Snoops, the Lawyer", "Albert's Return", "There'll Always be an England", "Roger Young"; after this we got out the books. These included Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pinafore", "Mikado" and "The Gondoliers". Then came Tchaikowsky for a good workout with his "Nutcracker Suite", "1812 Overture", "Romeo and Juliet", "Swan Lake Ballad", and "Pathetique". This was followed by "Oklahoma", Victor Herbert, Sigmund Romberg, Jerome Kern, and Dvorak's "Symphony Number Five in E Minor" which Betsy gave us last Christmas. Somewhere in between there was an intermission for breakfast and again for lunch. We had Grandmother for lunch to help celebrate the day for her and us.

Mary and Amos Richardson invited us and Rachel out for dinner and we started out about 4:30 in the afternoon. You should have seen and heard the grand entrance we made at their farm. When about a mile away I happened to get a radio program with a great chorus singing "Mine Eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord". This must have been coming over a Springfield station by the amount of the volume. As we drove into the Richardson farm the air was vibrating with a thousand radio voices as well as our own and our country cousins must have thought the sound trucks had arrived.



This party turned out to be a kind of a Camp Taylor party as the Richardsons had also invited Vic Uhl and his wife. Vic was Oramel's and my 1st Sergeant at Camp Taylor in the first World War and Uncle Amos was stationed there at the time. Amos was prepared for the occasion with a highball of our choice and just before dinner we opened the champagne and toasted our soldiers, marines and sailors in general and the Chapin boys in particular. After dinner the men reviewed the events of the two world wars, and the ladies planned their postwar lives, kitchens without maids, clothes, travel, and vacations. About 11:00 the projects were all completed and the party was adjourned.

1946 STATE FAIR. The State has announced that the Fair will be resumed in August, 1946. Horses, cattle, hogs and sheep will replace airplane parts in the State Fair barns and the race track will again be a place for horse races instead of a tractor freight yards. I am hoping that by that time the five Chapins may replace the dust on five of the seats in the amphitheater.

PHOTO SABOTAGE. I have been finding red marks on the pictures of Sam, John and Chick and I went in search of the culprit. It turned out to be Mother and the marks were lipstick from kisses. I intend to have this corrected.

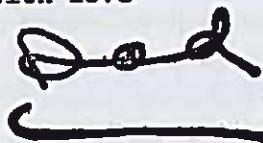
GABRIEL HEATER. I hadn't heard old Gabe broadcast for about a year but now that victory had come I craved to hear him just once more. He is not much on reporting but when it comes to expressing contempt of the Japs he can do it more eloquently than any other man in America. Last night I got his broadcast just when he was reporting the arrival of the Jap surrender mission at Manila. If the Japs could have heard him they would have committed hari-kari right on the spot. The War Department should have this broadcast recorded and re-broadcast to the Japs so that they might better understand the estimation in which we hold them.

BOB MILLER. Bob Miller arrived home and he and Lou called on us Sunday night. Bob hasn't changed a bit in the three years he has been in the Marine Corps. He looks no older and laughs as easily. Since getting home he has gotten orders to report to Camp Lejeune at the end of his thirty day leave. He intends to apply for a discharge on the day after V-J Day and thinks the Marines will not want to keep him any longer. They bought a 1941 Dodge sedan since returning home and Lou is going back to camp with him.

He had seen Chick three times on Okinawa and spent one day with him when they drove down to the Sixth Marine Division Cemetery 65 miles away to see Fairles Jordan's grave. He is still the same unassuming boy he always was, making light of his part in the Jap offensive. At Okinawa part of the Second Division landed on a little island near Okinawa and found all the Japs had gone. They then went back to Guam and returned to Okinawa for the last week or so of the battle. He said when they got there the Marines had maps that were so perfect they didn't need to fire for range at all but just started in firing for effect. When asked if Chick looked weary after the battle Bob just laughed as though Okinawa hadn't made anybody weary. When asked what he expected to do at Camp Lejeune it got more laughs. "Nothing", said Bob, "just loaf". He is going to be here another week and we hope to pry a little more news out of him before he leaves.

SURRENDER. Only today MacArthur has announced that the Americans will move into Japan within ten days by air, land and sea. So far we only have the Jap's word for the surrender. The act remains to be performed. The act of surrender is a difficult one in any case. With Japan it will be especially so. When the day comes to move in it will indeed be a day for history. I assume old General Stillwell with his Tenth Army, including the First Marines, will be a part of it and would not have Chick miss it for anything. It's in the realm of possibility that Samuel James may be there too. Once we land and occupy Japan proper that country will begin to realize the stern retribution that is in store for them. Then and then only they will appreciate that such acts as Pearl Harbor, the death march, jungle treachery, needless cruelty, murder of prisoners, and the bombing of hospitals calls for stern punishment. The war is over but there is still a lot of work to be done to see that the Japs are taught the error of their ways and that they are made so impotent that they will never even consider trying it again.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

August 23, 1945

Mother and I are leaving this afternoon for Cleveland to have a visit with Tom before he goes back to the Pacific and so I am writing this letter ahead of time. Gas rationing has been released and so we are driving the Chrysler on this trip. This is a part of our Surrender celebration. I feel somewhat like the man who went to a gas station on the day after Surrender Day when rationing had just been released. The filling-station attendant inquired "Fill 'er up?" and the car owner replied "Hell no, run 'er over". We plan to be at the Quintrells on Saturday and Sunday and start back on Monday and also plan to stop over for a meal with the Millers at Dayton on our way back, and will probably get here Tuesday evening.

SAM. Sam had a one day leave after he went aboard ship and he said this would be his last leave so we assume that he sailed about last Thursday. He tells us his ship, the Henrico, which as I told you is a troop transport, was in on the Normandy invasion and carried 2000 troops across the Channel. In the Pacific, however, it only carries about 700. It acted as a decoy during the Battle of Okinawa and was hit by a suicide plane which killed about 100 of the crew. Numerous other members of the crew got Purple Hearts. It has been undergoing repairs since May and Sam assumes that it is now going to be taking occupation troops to Japan and bringing troops home. Possibly Chick may spot the Henrico in some distant harbor and exchange a little salty conversation with him since they both now talk a salty dialect.

CHICK. In a letter from Chick written during the surrender negotiations

Chick refers to the celebration that I attended of the 39th anniversary of the Air Force. He remarked that the Air Force had now come of age. I suppose this referred to the plastering they have given Japan, ending up with the climax of the atomic bomb. Chick expressed the thought that the world might now be united by fear until enough progress has been made for it to be united by understanding.

NATIONAL VELVET. The other night Mother and I went to see "National Velvet" which I would recommend to anybody who likes to see a picture of a good horse-race. It is a sweet but improbable story of a little English girl who acquired a horse and discovered that it was material for the English Grand National. She trained it and finally entered it in the Grand National and won. The Grand National, according to the picture, is about the toughest race you can imagine, covering a 4 mile course with 30 barriers. The picture of the running of this race is really something, with horses piling up at most of the barriers.

MISCELLANEOUS. Last night we had Bob, Lou and Kay Miller for dinner and had a fine visit with them. We didn't learn much more about the war in the Pacific, however, as the conversation seemed to take other turns, which apparently were more acceptable to Bob.

Bob had seen Payne Thomas and learned from Payne that he is now a certified Arthur Murray dance instructor. His only pupil seems to be Nan, who in turn is running a dancing class and passing on to others the fancy steps that she learns from the certified master instructor.

In last week's Saturday Review of Literature I read an item about the GI in England who had been invited by a duchess to spend the week-end on the ducal estate. Upon his return to his post his buddies inquired as to what kind of a time he had. His answer went something like this: "If the water had been as cold as the soup, and the soup had been as warm as the wine, and the wine had been as old as the chicken, and the chicken had been as stewed as the duke, and the duke had been as young as the maid, and the maid had been as willing as the duchess, I'd be there yet."

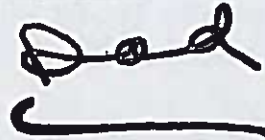
SANGAMO CLUB CONVERSATION. The other day at lunch Dr. Lambert was telling an experience he had with G. C. Rockwood, who was somewhat of a brag and who had a very expensive gold plate made in Chicago. Rockwood came to Lambert's office to have it repaired and emphasized the fact that he was wearing the most expensive plate in the City of Springfield, said plate having cost him \$500.00. At this point Dr. Deal, who was present, remarked "Hell, I wear more expensive teeth than Rockwood. I wear a plate that cost me \$1600.00". He then related the story about Doc Carruthers, who used to be his tenant and got behind in his rent until he owed Deal \$1800.00. Deal, thinking to practice a little reciprocity, had Carruthers make a plate for him and when the plate was finished, Carruthers brought him a bill for \$1600.00 and a check for \$200.00 and asked to have the \$1800.00 bill receipted. Doc Deal gave Carruthers a receipt for his rent and a notice to terminate his tenancy, all in one package. The result was that Carruthers then had to rent an office in another building where they collected the rent in cash.

JAPANESE NEWS RELEASES. Someone ought to collect a scrap-book of the drivel the Japs have put out from time to time. Much of it has been



really funny in spite of the tragedy behind it. Offhand, I recall the following: About a month ago the Japs announced that the Americans had inadvertently provided Japan with much needed scrap-iron by the promiscuous bombing of their cities, as these bombings enabled Jap technicians to restore their stockpiles. Another announcement was to the effect that the Emperor, who has always been a man of peace, went to war to repulse the insults and arrogance of the Americans and now the Emperor's greatest desire was to restore peace to the Japanese nation. They didn't mention whether he had repulsed the Americans or not. This was before surrender. Since surrender they have been even funnier. One announcement is to the effect that there is resentment among some of the military groups with the thought that their homeland is to be occupied. Another, that the Japanese soldiers may not know how to deport themselves on the occasion of the Allied invasion as Japanese soldiers have never had any experience in the act of surrendering. I am sorry I didn't clip these announcements so that I could give them to you in the exact language the Japs used which is too obtuse for me to quote verbatim.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Dad", with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

September 4, 1945

JOHN. When we got home from Cleveland last Tuesday we found letters from all the boys. John was in Marche, Belgium about 39 miles from Bastogne where the disastrous breakthrough was made by the Germans last winter. John gives us a beautiful description of the country in general in Belgium, adding that signs of the battle are all about and that the Belgian farmers are again tilling their fields which have never been properly cleared of mines, which frequently cause disaster to Belgian farmers and woodcutters. John had had a trip to Luxemburg and another to Brussels. He thinks it is possible he might later be assigned to Brussels. John says the Claims Service is marking time in Europe, the various offices being overstaffed, and he hopes that this condition will be remedied soon and that the excess will be sent home, including himself.

While we were away a Major Furman formerly of the USO at Augusta, Michigan called to see me. He was on his way to Ottumwa, Iowa where he is again to be with the USO. He remembered both John and Betty at Augusta and wanted to be remembered to them.

SAM. Sam who we thought had started for Japan the week before was apparently only out on a trial run as our last week's letter advised that he was back in California and was headed for San Pedro. Sam had been up all night transferring ammunition from a barge to his ship. He said they did this out in the stream not that it was particularly dangerous but that it would be too bad to hurt a civilian.

CHICK. A letter from Chick contained various speculations on what assignment he might get with the Jap surrender. Since then I have seen a report that General Hodges' army will occupy Korea and we have had word from Tom that his division is going to Korea. Virginia Ginnaven Scott says that she saw in the paper that Stillwell's whole 10th Army is going to Korea, but I saw no such report. However, we expect to learn soon as to what assignment Chick will actually get. Chick too is speculating on the time of his discharge and to be on the safe outside he estimates from a year to a year and a half. He has sent in a resignation of his regular commission and offered to take a commission in the reserves in the hope that this may speed the day of his return.

DISCHARGE. I know all of the boys have been speculating upon the length of time that they will be kept in the service since the surrender of the Japs. We have done the same. I know how anxious we are for you all to get back and I know now since the war has ended that each of you boys is even more anxious. It is a little too early yet to reach definite conclusions about the matter. We had about 10 or 11 million men in the service. Now that the war is over there will probably be no need for an excess of 3 million in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Hence I would assume that approximately 8 million men are going to be discharged just as soon as the Army can get them back home. The point system will only determine who gets out first and eventually it will be decreased and decreased until all of the excess are back. The process of discharge is somewhat involved and while shipping space is the biggest factor, it would still take a matter of some months to discharge some 8 million men even if they were all in this country. You can all rest assured that the sentiment at home is now unanimous on bringing the troops home and neither the Army or the Navy Department is going to be able to resist it even if they want to. On this score little Harry Truman can be counted on to be diligently working on your side. He was a soldier in the last war and he knows what it is for a civilian to want to get home after the war is over. He has already shown a disposition to act promptly with reference to getting back to a peace basis in other respects (he abolished gas rationing on the day the Japs accepted the surrender terms and since has abolished OWI and 1 or 2 other bureaus). In his speech Saturday night on the occasion of the Japs signing the actual surrender he re-emphasized his determination to get the men back home. I mention all this to assure you that the orders for speed are coming from the top. Time will hang heavy on your hands I know, but you will have to be patient for a while longer and I believe that you will find that the Government does a fairly speedy job of it. In the case of Chick if his division is going to be given occupation duties he may well be in for another year. In the case of Sam, I assume that he will have a year to serve at least, as the Navy is going to be pretty busy with reference to carrying supplies and getting men home during this period. However, John soon should be excess baggage for the Army and I have hopes that he may get home by the end of the year.

THE JAPS SURRENDER. I suppose all the world heard the broadcast of the Japs surrender ceremony on board the Battleship Missouri. We got it at 8:30 Saturday night. It was very impressive and MacArthur was at his best. Thus ended 6 years of war, for it had been just 6 years to the day since the war in Europe started.

CLEVELAND TRIP. A week ago last Thursday Mother and I started for Cleveland.



We went in the Plymouth for the reason that after our baggage was all packed in the Chrysler I backed the Plymouth into the Chrysler while trying to put it into the garage and bent a fender down so that it looked like it was weeping. We drove about 200 miles Thursday night and ended up in a tourist camp near Logansport, Indiana. This did not have all of the comforts of home but it was the only thing we could find at the time that we decided we didn't want to drive any further. There is nothing special to report about our stay at the tourist camp except that I broke their mirror, which as you have probably heard is presumed to bring bad luck. This camp must have expected only short guests as the mirror was hung at a height convenient for a 5 foot person to shave but altogether unsuitable for me. I therefore propped it up against the wall and when Mother closed the door the whole house vibrated, the mirror vibrating to the floor. We got all ready to leave and the proprietor hadn't showed up so I deposited the mirror and a dollar bill on the bed and proceeded to get our car started. At this moment the proprietor showed up and I reported to him the broken mirror. His reply was "Oh, forget about it. I have plenty more of them, they only cost 25¢ apiece anyway." I deposited a quarter in his palm and then went back to the cabin and got my dollar bill. Getting back on the road again after all these war years seems like old times, when we used to count white horses, identify the makes of cars, read the Burma Shave signs, and spot the you-know-whats.

When we arrived at the Quintrells Tom was in bed with a slight fever. We had a fine visit with him during the time we were there and probably saw more of him than we would have if he had not been indisposed. On Saturday night the Bob Stechers and the Quintrells had a big party for Tom and he arose from his bed and attended it and then returned to bed again. The party was so big that I will not undertake to report on it in detail. They had 170 guests for dinner, which would be quite a chore for a fair-sized hotel but the Stechers seem to carry off this kind of a party in their house without a hitch. On Saturday afternoon before the party Clayton and I went over to Bob's presumably to give advice and help in reference to mixing the drinks. Bob was his usual funny self and pretended that the great problem that confronted him was as to whether to serve the good stuff first and the poor stuff later or vice versa. "Now, let's see", says Bob, "If we serve the good stuff first they'll all be greatly impressed and by the second or third we can switch to cheap stuff and they will never know it. But if we do it this way it's going to take a lot of good stuff at that, as the whole 170 of them are going to be dipping into the good stuff. Now let's look at the other side of the situation", says Bob. "We serve the cheap stuff first and after 2 or 3 drinks we eliminate all but the connoisseurs and then we'll bring on the good stuff. The ones that know good liquor will go home with a good taste in their mouths, bragging about what a swell party it was". This problem grew bigger and more difficult to solve as Bob consumed a couple of highballs and when Clayton and I left to go back to Quintrells the problem was still unsolved. Of course, the fact of the matter was that Bob had no cheap stuff but he was having just as much fun out of the problem as though he really had to resort to this kind of economy. On the night of the party they had a 4 inch hail in East Cleveland and on Sunday it was as cold as a November day. We all went to a double-header ball game Sunday afternoon between Cleveland and Detroit (now I don't want anybody laughing at my going to a ballgame. I know all about baseball - that's the reason I don't have to go very often). On this occasion I wore a sweater, a wool coat, an overcoat and a straw hat,



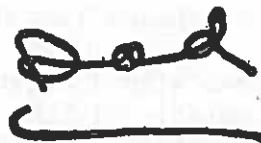
so did everyone else.

We started for home on Monday morning. On the return trip we stopped overnight with the Robert Millers at Osburn, Ohio, near Dayton. Bob took us on a drive through Wright and Patterson Fields, which are the headquarters for the Air Forces. These fields are really something to see with about 30 square miles covered with buildings and runways. I saw more airplanes in an hour's time than I had ever seen in my life before. If the Japs could have seen this field I am sure they would have quit about a year sooner.

TOMMY QUINTRELL. Tommy is a grand boy and he particularly fascinated me. Part of the fascination was due to the stories he related but the rest was due to him personally. Tommy's mouth curves up when his face is in repose, which in itself is an unusual thing. As a result he can smile without any effort and as he talks he works from a smile up to a laugh. He recounted in detail his several visits with Chick along with some other stories which we pried out of him. Tom has enough points so he doesn't have to go back to the Pacific but he is not sure that he can get out of the Army. If he has to stay in the Army he prefers to go back to General Arnold. So he is trying to find out first what his chances are of getting out of the Army so that he can start to law school this fall. He hasn't yet decided what law school he wants to go to and is weighing the relative merits of Michigan, Yale and Harvard and getting a lot of conflicting advice on each.

Mother called me a little while ago to tell me that letters had come today from all three of the boys and Betty. Sam is again on his way Asia-wards. He doesn't know where. John sent a cartoon that Chick drew for John's birthday, showing half a world between them and Chick was conveying birthday greetings to John with the salutation "Hello Sarge". This is to be forwarded to Betty.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

September 12, 1945

JOHN. John recently had a chance to get a commission but didn't accept as he thought it might prolong his time in the Army. He tells about receiving a package which he thought was cigars and he invited all of his cigar smoking friends to the unwrapping. It turned out to be an Income Tax book which I sent him last January. He is now at Marche, Belgium, and has been entertained at a Belgian Estate several times by a very interesting Belgian family who seemed to talk his language, English.

I now find John commenting on my habit of quoting other people's letters in the Chapin Letter. He points out that when a phrase or sentence is taken out of its context it often takes on a different meaning than the

author intended. My answer to all this is that I know it sometimes does, but I can't quote whole letters and I can't refrain from quoting parts of them, so I just do the best I can to give samples now and then of something I think you will all be interested in. I take this criticism lightly, as I have found that all through life someone is trying to repeat what you said or wrote and usually doing it loosely or incorrectly. The prize example of this arises on the occasion when you make a speech which you think is pretty logical and even pretty good and you find some cub reporter reporting on it condensing it into one paragraph and misconstruing the whole thing. Yesterday we got a 20 page letter written by John on a rainy day. The job of picking out quotations from this letter was a little too much for me and so we are passing it on to Betty as requested without comment, other than to say that it was a very delightful visit with him.

CHICK. Chick's Colonel is sick and so he has temporarily been moved back to his B3 job. Chick enjoyed the Mikado letter and suggested that one of the boys was going to read it over the news broadcast that night. The other recipients apparently enjoyed it too. As to Sam, he merely acknowledged getting it, which from Sam was sufficient. Chick thinks Sam will get so that he enjoys the Navy, particularly since he is on a pretty good ship. Chick got the pictures that Sam and Betty took of each other, the house, and the dog.

SAM. There has been no news from Sam for two weeks so we assume that he really went Asiawards as he expected.

BETTY. Betty was up at the lake over Labor Day. She exchanged one of John's letters with one of ours which had gotten in the wrong envelopes. John better watch this error. I made this mistake many years ago and found it pretty hard to explain.

NEW CHURCH WINDOWS. We now have new stained glass windows in the front and rear of the Church and also one new window on the North and South sides. I will not try to describe them. The following is part of the comment that I overheard last Sunday: "I think they are just beautiful". "Just gorgeous". "Like lovely jewels". "Perfectly hideous". "Must have been made by a man with a nightmare". "Colors are too brilliant". Mary Richardson's comment: "I like them because they make the old ones seem so much more beautiful". Me, I like them.

PENDLETON HORSE SALE. Al Pendleton has his horse sale advertised again for Fairmont Park on October 11, 12 and 13. I have already sent for a catalogue and Mother and I are talking about again making our annual visit.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. If any of you have a choice of what you would like for Christmas, you had better get it in by return mail, otherwise you'll be getting a book. I understand the presents must be on their way by October 15 and Mother and I are both stumped as to what you could use under the circumstances.

DISCHARGE. The other evening I was out on the terrace drinking in some of the twilight when I felt a scratch on my leg. "I was just thinking," said Zipper, "oughtn't the boys to be getting home shortly?" Some people might laugh at the idea of a dog talking right out like that but if they do they don't understand dogs and they don't know Zipper. Such people

would understand the Japs' talk but they wouldn't understand what the Japs say, and Zipper is a lot easier to understand than a Jap. Of course, there is quite a little knack getting on to what he says as he talks partly with his eyes, even his blind eye does a little talking, partly with his ears, a great deal with his tail, some with his whole body and only a very little with his real voice. Consequently you have to keep your eyes on both ends of him and you have to be in the mood if you really want to get all he says.

"What makes you ask such a question", said I. "Well, the war is over, isn't it?" said Zipper. "How do you know?" I inquired. Zipper sat down on his hind legs and after a scratch or two on his ear, replied, "I know a lot of things you don't think I know. I know the war is over because you don't have those radio commentators on any more. My, I used to get so tired hearing Utley, Kaltenborn, and Vandercook. That fellow Heater made me pant even in the wintertime. Now we have record music instead of commentators. That alone is a pretty good sign. Then again, I am getting some steak bones occasionally now and there are more cars on the street and more delivery trucks too that honk at me when I am sleeping in the middle of the street. Sure, all of us dogs know the war is over but what we can't figure out is why the boys don't get home".

"Well", I said, "Zipper, that's what the boys can't figure out either and they are not too happy about it. What do you make out of it?"

"Well", said Zipper, Days' Setter says it just takes time. He knows because it took him a week to travel 200 miles. From his experience he thinks it will take them a year to get back home just doing the best they can. I told him I thought a year was crazy. I'm 12 years old now and in another year I may be a dead dog. I want to see those boys again while I've still got one good eye.

"Well, Zipper" I replied, "It might help if you stay out of the street and keep away from the cars and trucks".

Zipper: No, I can't keep out of the street now. In fact, I've got to get around more than ever, because we dogs have been talking about getting organized and really doing something tangible about this thing.

Me: Well, what do the other dogs think about it?

Zipper: Well, Nosey, that's Broadwell's dog, has a war dog friend that just got back recently and he says the trouble is Red Tape. He says you spell Red Tape in capital letters. There was more Red Tape getting him out of the Army than there was in fighting the war. Health examinations, then records, shipping, then more records, detraining, then more records, separation centers where they do everything but separate. He says that the last of the war dogs will die of old age before they get home.

Me: Zipper, I think you have something there. The Army and Navy are working hard on this discharge business but they are more interested in doing it their way and filling in all the blank forms than they are in getting the boys back home. They just let them go home when they run out of records to make out.

Zipper: Nosey's friend says there is a good deal of talk among the Army



dogs that the officers don't let the dogs go home because then the officers will lose their jobs, but I believe this is just Army griping, because I think most of those officers are just as anxious to get home as the dogs are.

Me: Well, what conclusion did you reach?

Zip: In the dog business, when a breeder sells a dog that hasn't been registered, he doesn't hold up the sale while he's getting him registered. No, sir, he sells the dog and ships him, and then gets the registration papers later. I can't see why something like this can't work out with the Army. In fact, why can't the Army give all the boys a furlough the minute they reach this country, let them go home and see their folks and take care of the discharge details and paper work later? They could do this right in the boy's home town.

Me: Zipper you surprise me. The Army has never done it that way.

Zip: The Army could learn something right here in Orendorff Place. When I want to catch a rabbit I go in a straight line after him. I don't go around the block. If the Army wants to send the boys home why don't they just send them straight home?

Me: Zipper, you're giving me big shot talk now. You never caught a rabbit in your life and you know it.

Zipper: Well, if I never caught one, that's the general idea of how it ought to be done anyway.

Me: Well, how do you think this change could be brought about?

Zipper: Well, ever since I was a pup I've heard Sam calling out when anything went wrong "I'll tell my Congressman about this". I've heard a lot about Congressman and I think now is the time that it really might help to start telling them about things. We're considering organizing a Bite Your Congressman League. Every dog will take a pledge to track down any Congressman in his district and bite him if we find one. That will keep the Congressmen down in Washington where they belong. In Washington we'll have a special pack of discharged war dogs to keep the Congressmen away from ball games, roulette wheels, night clubs, race tracks and bar rooms. We'll keep them right up there in Congress and the only other place we'll let them go will be to see the President or the Secretary of War or Navy.

Me: Why don't you put the Governor and the Mayor on your list to bite too?

Zip: Well, it's a case of business before pleasure, as Churchill said when they asked him why the RAF didn't bomb Berlin. People have votes but we dogs don't. That's the reason we've gotta use the bite. If people would just let their Congressman know that if he takes the heat off the Army and Navy for a minute they'll put the hot iron on him, there'll be some progress made. Another thing I thought of is letter writing. I've seen letters come to the house from the boys without stamps on so I know the G.I. boys can send letters free of charge. Just suppose every boy in the service started a practice of writing about 10 letters every day to some Congressman. In a few days the mail would scare the hell out of Congress.

Those jokers would forget about the Pearl Harbor investigation, about reducing taxes, about reconversion, about investigating Elliott Roosevelt, and they would get busy on this discharge business to stop the mails from getting clogged up.

Me: Zipper, I don't believe the boys would have enough stationery to write so many letters.

Zip: They don't need stationery. They can write on wrapping paper, cardboard, or anything they get hold of. Just address it to a Congressman and the Post Office has gotta take it.

Me: Well, Zipper, those are very interesting ideas but it's getting along about my bedtime.

Zipper: Well, there's just one more thing I was going to mention. As much as I want the boys to get home, I dread to think of the celebration there will be on account of just two little items, the firecrackers up in Sam's room and those cattle whips. If you could hide those things I could go at this business whole-heartedly, but you know how I am about noises and I'd be mortified to death to have to crawl under the davenport after all these years just while the celebration was going on.

Me: Well, Zipper, I think we can arrange that part of it all right and I might as well tell you now. Next month they are going to put DDT on the market and when they do I'm going to give you such a spraying with it that you'd be able to sit down and have a conversation without all this thud, thud, thud stuff that annoys me.

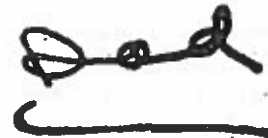
Zip: Maybe you think it doesn't annoy me.

Me: What are these burrs doing in your feathers after that bath and combing I gave you on Labor Day?

Zipper: Well, as I was saying, I've been covering quite a bit of territory here lately.

At this point Zipper dashed away at full cry to dispose of a stray dog that was passing our house. You know the dogs have restrictions in Orendorff Place just like the people do and Zipper allows no strays, bums, transients or non-residents to pass unmolested. I'll try to get a report from him later as to what progress is being made.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

September 17, 1945

JOHN. Up to this morning no letters had been received from anybody since my



last letter to you. Mother called me at noon and said three letters had arrived from John but no word from Chick, Sam or Betty. John is again with Major Perrin and has a new address: Claims Office Team 6832, Chanor Base Section, APO 562, Postmaster, New York. John received the shoes which we sent him a couple of months ago. He now has 49 points and is assuming that the dividing line on points will be 45. When the Army reduces the points required for discharge to 45 he expects to be on his way home.

UNCLE AMOS TAMES A BRAT. Uncle Amos tells us a story about a 5 year old spoiled nephew who used to come to their house and in five minutes time would raise more hell and turn more things upside down than the proverbial bull in the china shop. Recently he came for a visit and Amos decided to cure him. Immediately upon the little brat's pulling out a drawer and turning it upside down Amos went into a tantrum and started yelling at the top of his voice all the while pushing over chairs, throwing books and magazines about. The little fellow froze on the spot and turned a dead white with fright. On visits since then he has been a model child and sits in rest position most of the time for fear his conduct will set Amos off into another tantrum.

OVERWORKED NOUNS. The Army and hack reporters have recently shown a tendency of creating a verb out of every noun. Major Smith messaged MacArthur, Colonel Jones homed from Europe, and this sort of thing. It has gotten so that a noun is no longer safe. It's job used to be to just stand where it was put and look pretty and dignified but nowadays some General's aide or reporter is apt to add an "ed" on to it and put it to work. It wouldn't be so bad if these poor nouns were just being drafted for the duration and 6 months but the danger is that once they are converted into verbs they will be enslaved for their lives, or at least for our lives.

I read somewhere recently of a proposal by an Englishman that the Government create the office of Word Control. A dictator would be appointed to license all writers, then if the writers used unnecessary words such as "virtually" or "practically" and a lot of others, the license would be revoked. I am not sure I want to encourage the Word Controller idea but if we ever have to have one I would be for making it one of his duties to protect our nouns. There should be definite rules about it, no noun should be required to work overtime as a verb unless it gets six months vacation every year from both jobs. Something along this line would teach these writers that they couldn't take self-respecting nouns that stood well in their community and make them go out and do common labor or make them run errands like messenger-boys. Yesterday we had a very delightful trip over to New Salem. In reporting on this I will give you a sample of what this present tendency is going to bring us to unless somebody puts a halt to it:

Sunday was a beautiful day and I suggested to Mother that we Wagon Wheel with Grandmother and Mrs. Kincaid. I felt a little flush since a client had just feed me liberally and I now thought that I might liberally feed my family and friends. Our guests accepted so about 12:30 we autoed down to get Grandmother and then to get Mrs. Kincaid. Then we New Salemed without further stops. We had reservations in advance so had no trouble getting tabled although there were lots of people waiting. We had no sooner seated than a cute little waitress appeared and menued us. After this we were souped and juiced. Then she relished us with a variety of salads. After this came the main course. She beefed Mrs. Kincaid with a very tender



medium rare cut, hammed Grandmother and fried chickened Mother and me with a bowl of chicken big enough for a whole family. In due time we were each potatoed and gravied, breaded and buttered and of course all of us were coffeed. After this our little waitress desserted us. You see what this business leads to - she didn't exactly desert us but she desserted us with ice cream and pie.

I am not through with this noun business yet for I must tell you about a movie we saw recently. We movied at the Esquire, some picture with Jeanette MacDonald who songed us while she was accompanied by a fellow who pianoed beautifully. After the main feature they newsreeled us, then Donald Ducked us. By this time we figured it was time to duck too or they would have second featured us. Upon reaching the street we homed immediately, I keyed the door and we housed ourselves. Upon closeting my hat I upstaired myself, pajamaed and bedded with a book entitled "High Journey". After about two chapters I shelved the book and proned myself and was soon asleep. In a dream that night a great big noun came in through the window, snapping its teeth and madder than hell. It clawed me in the face shouting "I'll teach you not to make a verb out of me and embarrass me the way you did". I woke up before I could learn the name of this noun but I could mention several that look pretty funny when they are turned into verbs.

NANCES. On our way back from New Salem we stopped to see the Nances. I was greeted by a large dog I took to be Judy but it turned out to be Sambo, Judy's son. It is a good thing that he has his mother's disposition as otherwise my left hand would still be out at Nance's as he only gave me an affectionate pinch in his big blacksmith-vise of a jaw. We roused Mrs. Nance and learned that Horace had driven some cattle down to a neighboring pasture, riding Queen's Genius, and had not returned yet. Mrs. Nance was anxious to know all about the Chapin boys and Betty and she need not have asked as Mother would have told her anyway. After imparting this chapter of information we got down to business and learned about the horses. The Petersburg County Fair recently had a horse show and it seems that it turned out to be a kind of a Nance horse show. 13 of Queen's Genius' colts were shown by their various owners in several classes. Then as a final event they were shown with their sire. Here She Comes had 2 colts showing and Decoration Sue had 1 or 2. The Mason City people had come down to Petersburg bringing the Judge along with them and expected to take home all the ribbons but the Nance stuff was so good that the Mason City people returned with so little ribbon that they could not have even braided a Shetland pony's forelock.

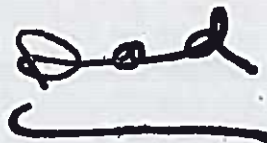
We finally despaired of seeing Mr. Nance and started home but when we had gone about a half mile we met him riding his stallion and herding 2 cows home. There was nothing to do but turn around and go back. It isn't often that you see a show horse herding cows and I wouldn't want to miss this. Mr. Nance was carrying a long whip which he cracked around the Genius' ears, more to show us how well he was trained as a cow-horse than to assist in the herding of the cows. Having reached the front gate he tossed the reins to the ground cowboy fashion and dismounted, leaving the horse standing by himself while he came over to the car to visit with us. Mr. Nance would occasionally interrupt his visit with us long enough to crack the whip in his horse's face and dance around and try to scare him, but the old Genius stood there just like a bronze statue, and never batted an eye. Mr. Nance says that he is this way as long as he has a cow herding bridle on but just

put a show bridle or a stud bridle on him and he transforms himself immediately into the high-strung animal he used to be and then you've got to be right there holding him all the time. As further evidence of his ability as a cow-horse Mr. Nance told us of a bull fight that occurred last winter when his bull and a neighbor's got together. Mr. Nance went over and tried to separate them but with small success. After trying everything else he finally rode the Genius right in between the fighting bulls. One of them turned on the horse and tried to gore him. Mr. Nance gave the Genius his head, whereupon he went after the bull with biting, striking and kicking and the bull was soon so abashed and taken back that he turned tail and ran.

EXIT RICHARDSONS' MILK. After bringing us milk for about 20 years Mr. Richardson quit delivering and adopted a come and get it policy, whereupon we quit Mr. Richardson and adopted an open-door policy to other dairies. The Taft Dairy of Rochester has now adopted us as its new customers. Mr. Richardson says you ought to see the Taft Dairy barn. We told him we didn't want to see anybody's dairy barn, not even his, that that little door at the side of our house was made to put milk bottles in and we want somebody to bring 'em and put 'em in there. If we are going to have to go out into the country for a few bottles of milk every day or two we might just as well buy a cow and have the factory right here in our yard. I sympathize with Mr. Richardson, however. If I had been getting up at 3:00 every morning for the past 20 years, milking cows and delivering milk all over town, rain or shine, snow, ice or summer heat, I think I would want to quit the whole business, not just the delivering part.

FALL ARRIVES. Our garden room screens have been exchanged for the glass windows, the fire place has already been in use several times, a week of rain and cool weather has sent the doves South in a hurry; the robins however, seem to operate by the calendar and they haven't even gotten their suitcases packed yet. As a result they are pouting around under the bushes looking pretty disgusted. The Park has widened the road leading from Roach's corner up to the pavilion and they left an oak tree in the road and paved all around it. This is probably the only tree growing in a paved street in the United States. We and Mrs. Hay are trying to outdo each other with our lawns. She has had George working on hers six days a week. Last Saturday I showed her up plenty - I had Floyd Dodd and 3 men applying sand, fertilizer and seed all afternoon. George was frightened by this show of force and he came over to see what it was all about. I gave George to understand that he was as good as whipped right now, that we would put even more men to work if necessary. By the time George went home he was complaining about the handicap of shade in his yard and I think I have already had him mentally defeated and look forward to seeing a big crop of weeds across the street next spring.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dad". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style. Below the signature is a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that serves as a decorative flourish or underline.

CHAPIN LETTER

September 24, 1945

CHICK. Our failure to get a letter from Chick last week has not been amply remedied with 3 letters each of which was of special interest. From one, which was considerably delayed in coming, we learned that Chick had been promoted to Captain, the promotion being dated July 31st but it only became official when Chick was notified the early part of this month. In the next letter there was enclosed a Fleet Marine Force citation Chick received, which was in words and figures as follows, to-wit:

UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

HEADQUARTERS  
FLEET MARINE FORCE, PACIFIC  
c/o FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO

The Commanding General, Fleet Marine Force, Pacific  
takes pleasure in COMMENDING

FIRST LIEUTENANT CHARLES A. CHAPIN,  
UNITED STATES MARINE CORPS

for service as set forth in the following

CITATION

"For meritorious and efficient performance of duty on OKINAWA SHIMA, RYUKYU ISLANDS, from 1 April to 21 June, 1945. First Lieutenant CHAPIN, while serving with a Marine artillery battalion as assistant operations officer, performed his duties in an outstanding manner. During eighty-two days of practically continuous firing, he assisted in controlling all fires of his battalion and in handling many reinforcing battalions with untiring skill and resourcefulness. His excellent judgment, extensive technical knowledge and skill, and his loyal devotion to duty contributed greatly to the success of the operation. His conduct throughout was in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

(Signed) ROY S. GEIGER

Lieutenant General,  
U. S. Marine Corps.

Commendation ribbon authorized

In the other letter Chick told of being appointed defense counsel for a boy who was courtmartialed jointly with another fellow. The two defendants had inconsistent defenses and therefore each had to have counsel of his



own. The counsel for the other boy had been a practicing lawyer before he entered the Marines. We do not know the outcome yet. In fact, we don't even know what the charge against the boys was but probably Chick can give us more details when the case is disposed of.

The pictures Chick took of the different Marine cemeteries arrived. We have the Jordan pictures laid aside for them but they have not been delivered as yet as the Jordans are out of town. I am mailing the ones today to Chick which he wanted.

In Chick's letter regarding the citation he cautioned me not to make too much out of it, that a good job in the Marines usually was a matter of teamwork by a dozen or a hundred men and when the time for passing out the praise came it was often heaped on some and missed others who were equally entitled. This caution, however, did not prevent me from handing a copy of the citation to the newspaper and the enclosed clipping is the result.

SAM. At long last we have had a letter from Sambo dated September 13th. He had just come up from the forward Diesel fire pump room where he had spent the morning painting engines. This room is about the size of our bathroom and is reached by a ladder in a shaft 30 inches square and 50 feet long. Sam says it was a bit crowded down there with Diesel engines, pumps, fuel tanks and 8 inch water mains. Sam says he and the other boys usually hang out on the fantail but sometimes they sit on the very bow and hang their legs over and watch the flying fish. On this trip they are carrying Navy troops "who are always in the way and we'll be glad when we get rid of them so we can get the pie and cake Navy meal every Sunday." Sam's whereabouts at the time seem to have been somewhat of a mystery, even to him. He thought they were in the Marshalls or the Marianas "haven't seen any land yet but a white seagull comes around every now and then and they haven't been following the ship". He enclosed a small picture of the Henrico which looks to be a pretty formidable ship. The deck seemed to be filled with sailors all about the size of fly specks and even with the aid of a magnifying glass we could not identify Sam. Sam concludes that the Navy life is all right but he doesn't like the idea of spending two years at it. His shipmates have been in from 3 to 6 years.

JOHN. No letter last week.

BETTY. Mother had a letter from Betty. She said her father and mother had gone to Duluth and someone was staying with her in the meantime. Mother got the perfume that Betty sent her from John some time ago and has already written to John about it and apparently had overlooked telling Betty.

WHITTIER AVENUE CALLERS. Last Monday night Judge and Mrs. Wood called on us and a few minutes later in came Kay and Bill Miller. Bill had just returned from India. He was looking very well and during our visit I learned the following: He doesn't think much of India, thinks the English are ruling it in the best way possible and that Lord Wavell is tops. Bill was going to return to Washington last Wednesday where he will get a new assignment from the State Department. He doesn't know what this will be but doubtless something in Washington. In India he saw Johnny Trutter just before leaving.

Bob Miller is at New River helping to discharge Marines. He and Lou have

a house for a month but they don't know what they will do after that.

Due to the modesty of Judge Wood and his wife we couldn't learn anything about Junior until the Millers left. We then pried the following information out of them: Junior is aide to General Levy who accepted the surrender of the Tiger of Manila at Bagiuo. Jr. was present at the surrender and helped with the passing around of the surrender documents. Incidentally he sent an unsigned copy of the surrender agreement home. After the surrender ceremony General Levy found that his copy was somewhat blotted and asked Junior to exchange it for the Jap copy. By this time the Japs had been herded back into the room where they were being detained and Junior entered with an interpreter. After some maneuvering he was able to swithc copies and brought back an unblotted one to General Levy. For the surrender ceremony there was a printed scenario with script and directions just like a stage play indicating what each participant was to say and where he was to be standing when he said it. Junior sent a copy of this home also and in several places in the scenario there was a direction to this effect: "Captain Wood hands document to so and so". "Captain Wood picks up document".

On Thursday of last week Judge Wood started for Riverton, Wyoming to get Junior's car, which he plans to tow back to Springfield behind his own. This morning I noticed in the paper they are having snow in Wyoming and I can now imagine that possibly the Woods are going to have 2 cars stored in Wyoming for the coming winter.

GENERAL LEE'S WARHORSE. Last week the Illinois Historical Society sent me an invitation to their fall meeting. The speaker is to be General Longstreet's widow whose subject will be "General Lee's Warhorse". Being a horse admirer and having been intrigued by pictures and stories about old Traveller from my boyhood, I decided I would attend this meeting. Yesterday in the paper there was a further announcement about the meeting in which it was explained that the Widow Longstreet married the General in 1898, that he had long been known in the South as General Lee's Warhorse and that she was going to speak about her deceased husband. Having just recently read "Lee's Lieutenants" I am somewhat caught up on General Lee and I doubt if his widow, who was probably born after the close of the Civil War, can add much to my information. At all events I have concluded that she is not going to have a chance to, and I am sorely disappointed that she has used such a deceptive subject. I imagine there will be several horse lovers who did not read the paper yesterday who will go to hear her and they will come away knowing no more about horses and thinking less of General Longstreet than they did before.

IMITATION ABE LINCOLN. Yesterday morning a grotesque looking fellow occupied the pew behind Lincoln's pew in our Church. He was about 25 years of age and had a long beard and wore a long coat and looked for all the world like someone who had escaped from an Amish insane asylum. Later I learned that he has been in Springfield for some days acquainting himself with Lincoln historical places under the delusion that he so strikingly resembles Abraham Lincoln that the movie people are bound to discover him sooner or later to his eventual good fortune. I saw him leaving the Church after the service wearing a high stovepipe hat. It is a strange thing how some people think that the only difference between them and Lincoln is the lack of a beard, long coat and high hat and when these items have been

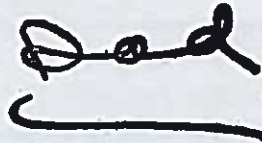


supplied they assume there is no difference at all.

GERTRUDE DANT. Last week Mother was having a farewell luncheon for Aunt Rachel who is going to spend the winter as housekeeper for her brother in Kansas City. She had Gertrude come as cateress. Gertrude has been working out at the ordnance plant for 3 years and I hadn't seen her during all of this time. As I was leaving I passed through the kitchen to speak to her. She was then in the process of mixing a cake and had broken a couple of bad eggs. In great embarrassment Gertrude's greeting to me was "Mr. Chapin, it ain't me that smells this way, it's these eggs."

COLLISION. I have been expecting this to happen for the past 21 years. This morning I was backing out of our driveway and at exactly the same time Mrs. Hay's chauffeur was backing her Lincoln car out of their driveway. When I reached the middle of the street there was a loud bang and my Plymouth suddenly started to go forward. I knew immediately that there must be something wrong. I know now that the only way to attack a Lincoln car is to hit it in the side, for when a Plymouth and Lincoln back into each other the Plymouth comes out second best. The Plymouth is now down at Mr. Geitl's getting a badly crumpled fender repaired. I don't know why Mrs. Hay's chauffeur doesn't watch where he is going. I have a secret feeling that this is the way he was getting even with me for outdoing him on the lawn planting.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dad". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style. Below the signature is a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that serves as a decorative underline.

CHAPIN LETTER

October 1, 1945

JOHN. We have had no letters from John for 2 weeks until this morning and this is one I haven't read yet. John reports that he has missed my letters for 3 weeks and I assume these will catch up with him eventually. I saw Judy Hatch on the street a couple of days ago and she asked about "my lawyer" and said she was coming up to see John's name on the door but she hasn't been here yet. Ed Pree is back in this country taking some kind of a physical education course and I believe Jane has gone to join him.

SAM. In a letter from Sam dated September 20th he tells us that they got to the Philippines but haven't yet been able to find a port where they can unload their troops. The result is that the troops are still on the ship and the food is getting low. Sam says they have practically no work since they have a crew of 500 to do what a Merchant Marine crew of 60 used to do. "If President Truman tries to tell you that no one will be kept in the Navy longer than they are needed, tell him about me". A letter came from Sam today which says they are now in Leyte Gulf and are still trying to get rid of their troops.

CHICK. Chick seems to like the Northern coast of Motabu since he says he



is expecting soon to take out his first papers. There are a number of colored pictures in the Geographic Magazine for October of Okinawa and some of them were quite beautiful. We still don't know what Chick is doing but suppose it is routine training. Saturday I saw in the Tribune that the First Marines were now in Tientsin, China, and would soon be transferred to another Chinese port. I assume, however, that this did not include Chick's regiment or we would have heard. Incidentally, Latham Souther has a son on Okinawa: Lt. Howard C. Souther, 0452132, Hq. Service C.O. 718 Amphibious Track Bn. Chase married one of the Colby girls, a niece of Dr. Hermon Cole, and Chick may know one or both of them.

Junior Wood appeared in the newsreel pictures of the surrender at Baggio as big as life. The Woods got a piece of the film and had an enlargement made of it which is quite clear. Junior still expects to get to Okinawa.

SAM'S CHEMISTRY GRADE. Sam left school ten days before examinations. All of his professors but one gave him full credit for the semester. His chemistry professor gave him 2 credits instead of 4 and indicated that Sam could complete the course by doing a number of chemistry problems and taking his final examination while he was in the Navy and thereby get the other 2 credits. The Navy, of course, is not conducive to completing a course in chemistry and I did not think that it was quite fair to cut Samuel James down to 2 credits and Mother thought it was outrageous. Whenever Mother thinks something is outrageous, you can count on things happening. Mother began her campaign for correcting this injustice to Sambo while she was attending May Fete. Pleasant discussions were had and assurances given that the matter would receive due consideration. Later a letter came from Dean Blaney advising that upon due consideration the matter was being left as it was, as Sam was given the option to complete his course and had not chosen to exercise it, and he trusted everything was satisfactory. The old dean had doubtless settled many a controversy with a similar lack of logic and understanding by just stating that it was already settled. This formula was calculated to discourage the weak in spirit and intimidate the uninitiated but it was sure to infuriate those rare souls who would rather be right than President. Poor old Blaney was already slipping fast or he would have foreseen that Mother could not be shushed with any of this it's-right-because-Papa-says-so argument. Mother demanded reason and action, interrogated the Dean as to why Sam got full credit in other courses and not in Chemistry, inquired if the school had a policy about such matters, if not, why not? and if so, what was the policy? Why should these boys who were going to lose 2 or 3 years' time in the service have to come back and take a whole semester's work over when time was so important? What had happened to Carleton College and did it know there was a war on? These little inquiries must have had an atomic bomb effect on the Carleton campus - at any rate they have had a lot of changes up there, including a new President, new Dean, and several others. In fact, the only one we know of who is still there is Miss Merritt. Last week Carleton ran up the white flag and forwarded a surrender document. The new Dean advises that Carleton College has at last adopted a uniform policy about credit to boys who enter the service. He didn't say precisely what the policy was, but he did make it clear that under the policy Samuel James will get 4 hours of credit with a grade of B for his year's chemistry. He advised further that the chemistry professor was very glad to cooperate in this policy and that the only previous reluctance he had had, had been due to the fact that he was Sam's adviser and was leaning over backwards to avoid showing favoritism.

The Dean further made it clear that they would be delighted to welcome Sam back as a student, the other boys back as alumni, and us back as parents and they hoped that Northfield would hear from us all often. The Battle of Carleton came to an end just after the war with Japan and V-C Day will be another red letter day to put on our calendars to celebrate in future years. Whether Sam will go back to Northfield to do any occupying will have to be determined by him later.

LIMA BEANS. Did you ever stop to contemplate, as you poised a forkload of succulent lima beans in front of you, the many previous laborious operations required to get them there? You probably haven't so I will tell you about one of these operations from personal experience. Take for instance the mere matter of getting the beans out of their pods. This experience has made me evaluate the individual bean upon my fork more thoughtfully. You will probably be bored with this recital but I am going to tell it anyway.

Saturday night when we got home we found a half bushel of lima beans on our doorstep. I thought at first that some truck gardener had just left them there while he went home to rest, but Mother remembered that she had told Uncle Horton she would like to have some. I think Mother had in mind lima beans in mason jars but it seems they don't come in jars when they are given to you by the grower. The pod of the lima bean is its house and the house contains a family of from 2 to 5 members. It is made out of something resembling green shoeleather. It has no windows or doors and to get in you have to tear the house apart. I have already related how we podded peas with the washing machine wringer. The lima bean is another kind of vegetable and it cannot be evicted from its house so easily. It is like a stubborn tenant and nothing short of a writ of restitution in the hands of the Sheriff or a superior force can dispossess it. We had to get these beans out on Sunday and since no writ was available on the Sabbath we took the alternative of using force and we weren't particular about whether we used too much or not. After wrestling with the problem about a half hour we began to get discouraged. Tearing every individual house apart was a tedious and messy business. At this point I decided on scissors technique which briefly amounted to cutting the house away and leaving the bean exposed so you could easily grab it. We then repaired to the garden room with the beans, pans, baskets and newspapers and scissors, and started a small assembly line. I took the beans and sheared off the side of the pod and passed it to Mother. Mother then uprooted the little rascals and popped them into the crock. In about 2 hours every bean had been depodded but my hand was completely paralyzed from wielding the shears and it hasn't fully recovered yet. By this time it was too late to go to Church and so we continued the matter of looking after our winter's food supply. The beans were soon in the pressure cooker and by noon we had 7 pints of tasty looking little limas. The next time anyone asks Mother if she wants some lima beans I know what she is going to say, and it isn't going to make them too happy. I know because I recall an experience I had with some wild ducks once. I had driven 50 miles before daylight to go duck hunting, stood in the blind all day in freezing weather, shot 50 shells, got a dozen ducks, paid \$10.00 blind fee for the day's hunting and got home about midnight. The next day I offered a couple of ducks to a neighbor who, before accepting, inquired "Have they been dressed"? Well, as you take the next helping of lima beans it might be well to pause and pay tribute to the poor fellow who podded them and of course this overlooks entirely the fellow who planted, hoed, sprayed, watered and picked

them and brought them to town.

LINCOLN TOTEM POLE. The totem pole with the statue of Lincoln on top arrived some time ago and last week was formally unveiled in the Hall of Flags in the Centennial Building. Sunday I took Grandmother down to see it. Originally it was a 46 foot pole. The lower 8 feet were devoted to the usual totem pole carvings, the top 8 feet is said to be a statue of Lincoln. The shaft between was plain. In the Aleutians where the pole came from it was a corner post to a building which from the picture must have been an Indian night club or something on that order. Here in the Centennial Building they have cut off the top and bottom sections, displaying each in a glass cage. The center part has probably been sold to the telephone people. The statue of Lincoln looks like he had had Indian ancestors on both sides. In fact, he looks like old Chief Rainwater himself, masquerading as Lincoln. The statue has a closer resemblance, however, than the Amish fakir I told you about last week.

After viewing the totem pole Grandmother and I went up to the Museum and if they hadn't closed the place on us we would doubtless be there yet. Grandmother examined every bird, fish, sponge, deer, bear, bison fossil and Indian art piece as well as the dioramas. A child would have been worn out in half this time but not your Grandmother. When we left I was crawling to save my feet and she was leading me.

Speaking of museums, I told Thorne Duell about the time John played hooky from high school while Mother and I hunted all day in the hospitals, police station, picture shows and pool rooms without finding a trace of him, and finally at the usual hour he came home having spent the day at the museum. Thorne said this was the highest compliment he had ever heard paid to the museum and he doubted if any hooky player had ever done it before or since. He hopes to use this little incident to stimulate more museum going, but I think this is a little optimistic. He will doubtless succeed in stimulating the hooky playing, however.

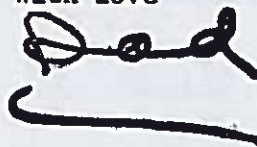
ROGER YOUNG. Ever since I first heard the song of Roger Young I have been curious to know more about this hero who gave his life for his comrades. Last week the story of Roger Young appeared in the Satevepost. He was just an ordinary Midwest boy, born in Tiffin, Ohio, and barely missed being a 4-F, but he became immortal on New Georgia when instead of retreating he advanced on a Jap machine gun and lost his life drawing the fire away from his buddies. There are several recordings of this song. The one we have is by John Charles Thomas and it is as inspiring a ballad as any I know of.

ANNIVERSARIES. Tomorrow is a day of wedding anniversaries, the 28th for Mother and me and the 3rd for Betty and John. Our 28th anniversary means that Mother and I have been married for more than half of our lives and I will not be overstating it to say that it has been by far the best half. When anyone expresses surprise to me that they have never seen the paddy wagon driving up to our house to stop a free-for-all fight, I get kind of proud of such a record. Of course, I attribute it to a number of things. Just now only two come to mind. The first is patience. Mother has been patient with me when I was wrong and I have been patient with her when she was right. That has taken quite a bit of patience on both our parts. Then there was the factor that neither of us could throw worth a darn. I could never hit anything smaller than a barn door and Mother couldn't even hit



that. What was the use of breaking expensive dishes throwing them at each other with such a poor aim? We just agreed to keep the dishes to eat out of and they have come in pretty handy too. Then in recent years you fellows have gotten so much bigger than me that I would practically be committing suicide to lay a skillet or even bare fists on the woman I love. Well, as I said, there have been other factors but time will not permit me to mention more now. Anyway, they have been 28 grand years and you have all had a big part in making them so. I don't know of any better wish for John and Betty than that their first 28 years will be as happy as ours have been. We haven't decided yet as to how we shall celebrate tomorrow, but wherever we are we will be thinking of each of you.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "Dad", with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

October 8, 1945

JOHN. In a letter from John he enclosed a memo from his Colonel urging all the claims teams to apply themselves diligently and get about 12,000 claims out of the way quickly so that they could all be home by Christmas. John seemed to think the Colonel had his tongue in his cheek when he wrote this memo but to me it was a proper approach. At least it showed that the Colonel knew what the sentiment of the men is and even if they should miss their goal by a few days or a week at least they all know what they are working for, the Colonel included - to get home. I have written a letter to the tenants in John's house telling them to be prepared to get out by February 1st, which will give John and Betty some idea of the bet that I am making. We do know that men are getting home from Europe every day as the papers announce the names of the ships arriving and the number, usually 6 to 12 thousand men from Europe. In a letter from Evan Howell he mentions that General Marshall has promised to discharge 3 million additional men by Christmas. This will have to include men already in this country as there will not be facilities for getting that number back from Europe in that time.

CHICK. We had two letters from Chick and in addition I received a copy of the Marines Weekly map of the Jap area. Most of Chick's letter was devoted to comments on things Mother had written him. Last week he saw the movie "Pride of the Marines" which we thought was excellent. Chick tells us that censorship is now off and we would be interested to know what he is doing. All that we know is that he is a Captain in a tent on the Motabu peninsula.

SAM. Sam is still somewhere around Leyte Gulf, and still has his troops, who are still in the way. Sam is still doing nothing and is apparently getting rather tired of it. I fully sympathize with him but I am sure that this predicament will not last indefinitely and that as time goes on he will get an assignment that is more interesting to him. Sam says he got directions as to how to reach John if he got to Brussels but has no

directions as to how to reach Chick if he gets to Okinawa.

BETTY. We had a letter from Betty and she tells us she is more than busy with her work and keeping up her correspondence.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother is going to Minneapolis to spend the winter with Aunt Ella on Saturday of this week. Aunt Ella is coming down to get her. Grandmother has been busy for the past 2 months planning on this trip and it involves giving up her apartment and disposing of many of her things which is naturally a problem. She has put aside several items for John and Betty which we will store for them and hope they may be suitable.

SAM'S PICTURE. Anno took a colored picture of Sam at Shoemaker which we keep in our viewer and practically every time anyone passes Mother's desk they take a look at the little fellow. It is an excellent picture and particularly through the viewer the color and 3 dimension proportion makes it quite lifelike. I take my hat off to the Marples family for their photographic skill.

HENRY LYONS' SALE. Henry Lyons advertised a sale of 100 saddle horses last week and I attended as a kind of preliminary training for the Pendleton sale next week. I am a little ashamed of having gone, however, and frankly would prefer not to write about it. I feel that I have a duty to report to you on various matters that occur and this compels me to give you the details. I can give you a general idea about this particular sale by describing just one of the buyers whom I spied upon my arrival. This was a Mr. Abe Oberman, a buyer for the dog biscuit and fox farm people. I knew right away that both of us should not be there. The sight of Mr. Abe Oberman at a saddle-horse sale sort of unnerved me. It was almost like seeing an undertaker drive up to a football game in his hearse. Nobody else seemed to mind it, but it would have taken a couple of brass bands and a troop of clowns to offset what his presence did to my spirits.

The sale had been advertised as one of 5 gaited and 3 gaited saddle-horses, palaminos, stock ponies and Shetlands. The ad was correct as far as it went but the ad was careful to omit any mention of quality, which was perfectly understandable to me after getting a view of the different consignments. I have never seen such a bunch of stuff in my life, the only uniformity being in the fact that it was all second or third class. Included were horses which had been good in their day but whose day was over, horses which had not been good in the past and had no intention of being in the future. There were buckers, kickers, biters, rearers, roarers, limpers and stumblers. Many had individual identification marks such as spavins, splints, buckled knees, capped hocks, wire cuts, and cloudy eyes. Even the Shetland ponies were a queer looking lot, more nearly resembling buffalo calves than miniature horses. These little rascals brought the money, however. As one old horseman remarked "There's no sense in being in the horse business these days when Shetland ponies which eat practically nothing sell for more than a horse".

The odd thing about it was that I furnished Henry Lyons with a buyer in the person of William Hunt. When we arrived they were showing a beautiful mare who seemed to be selling cheap. Bill disappeared almost immediately and when the auctioneer knocked the mare down for \$90.00 Bill returned and announced that he had bought it for his father-in-law, Bunn Matthew. Bunn



is getting old and doesn't want to ride faster than a slow gait and Donna is all right in first and second speeds and if you shift her into high she roars "a little bit". They didn't have her give an extended exhibition so we had no demonstration of her main shortcoming but when a horse dealer says "a little bit" I take it to mean not quite as much as a freight locomotive but more nearly like a switch engine. At any rate, Bunn Matthew will now be riding the prettiest mare in Ball Township and when he calls on a neighbor he won't need to ring the farm bell to announce his coming if he just has presence of mind enough to canter the last quarter of a mile. Her smooth mouth will not show unless some horsey neighbor gets too curious and tenderness in her front feet can pass as a dainty style of slow gait, in fact it did so pass with Mr. Hunt.

I spent most of my time at the far end of the ring instead of crowding around the auction block as I found it necessary to avoid Mr. Oberman's presence. I simply couldn't stomach his appraising glances at the horses under the hammer. His little eyes roved up and down the animal, not for conformation, style, action, or manners but always to make estimates on the weight, the flesh and bone and kind of leather the hide would make. It was no wonder that the horses behaved badly. I think some of them surmised his interest in them. I didn't keep a record on Mr. Oberman's purchases, but I had the feeling when I left for home that Chappell Brothers had outbid the riding gentry and that the sale had contributed more by way of calories for little dogs and foxes than by furnishing mounts for horse lovers.

JOHN'S PICTURE. An elderly lady was in my office last week and upon seeing the row of pictures on my desk asked if they were my boys. Next she pointed to John and asked if he was the one who had just been made a Major. I explained that it was probably Chick she had in mind, who had just been made a Captain. "Well", she said, again pointing at John, "What kind of an officer is he?" I explained that he was a T/4. Turning to her friend she said triumphantly "I knew he was some kind of an officer".

TRIAL OF LORD HAW HAW. This trial is most interestingly reported in the "New Yorker" of last week. Chick gets this and I will send the clipping to John. It is as unique a case as you will want to read. At the trial Haw Haw proved he was an American citizen, which disposed of 2 counts of the indictment against him which were based on British nationality. There remained a third count based on an allegation that he owed allegiance to the King because he had enjoyed protection of the realm and while owing such allegiance he had given aid and comfort to the enemy. Joyce had gone to Germany on an English passport just before the war, and before the passport had expired he started to broadcast to England on behalf of the Nazis. It was these broadcasts that were alleged to be in aid and comfort of the enemy. Later he became naturalized as a German citizen but it was his acts while his English passport was alive that were in issue. There was no doubt that he gave aid and comfort to Germany and still less doubt that he gave the most peculiar kind of discomfort to the English as they heard him laugh at the English dead and prophecy the annihilation of Great Britain in his broadcasts in pure Oxford English from Germany. The verdict was guilty and Haw Haw will hang. The paradox of it all is that being an American citizen he could have had an American passport for the asking to go to Germany and had he done so no action whatever could have been taken against him as America and Germany were not at war while his passport was alive, and by the time we were at war with Germany he had become a German citizen.



What it all boils down to is that Lord Haw Haw will hang because he went to Germany on the wrong passport.

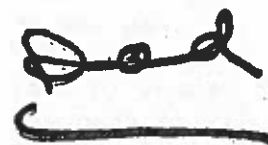
Two other trials are adding interest to newspaper reading. The French trial of Laval has deteriorated into a kind of hysterical sideshow. Laval was a first class traitor and now after firing his lawyers he has turned out to be a first class criminal lawyer. In fact, he is a much better lawyer than the judge who is trying him. It is regrettable that the French have not conducted his trial fairly and it is inconceivable that there would have been anything but a guilty verdict in any event.

In the Phillipines the Colonel lawyer who is appointed to defend Yamashita has expressed himself as fearful of what his countrymen might do to him in the event he should get the Tiger of Malaya acquitted. If I had been the Jap I would have asked for a new lawyer immediately. I wouldn't have a lawyer who was fearful of the results that might follow for winning my case. I suppose the chances of Yamashita being acquitted are slight and for that very reason any lawyer who succeeded in getting an acquittal for him would have to be extraordinarily good. If he was that good he would from then on be the foremost American trial lawyer.

TIME. I have been a bit confused this last week with the turning of the clocks back an hour, getting up by daylight, finding the Northwestern radio program already over (Chicago doesn't change its time until October 28th) helping Mother pack Christmas packages and cutting the grass.

RETURNING VETERANS. I heard a story about a colored soldier who after being discharged started home to his family of his wife and 3 daughters. He arrived at night and thought he would surprise them. As he tiptoed through the front room one of the little daughters called out "Who dat?" He didn't answer but tiptoed into the next room and the second little daughter called out "Who dat?", and again in the third room. Finally upon reaching his wife's room a great deep voice shouted "Who dat?" He could maintain his silence no longer and demanded "Who dat say dat last 'who dat'?"

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

October 15, 1945

CHICK. We have had no word from Chick since his letter dated September 24, which arrived 2 weeks ago today. We are still wondering whether he has gone to China.

JOHN. No word from John last week.

BETTY. No word from Betty last week.

SAM. Sam tells us that they were picking up troops from somewhere in the Philippines and expect to bring them back to the United States. We hope he will be here long enough to get a trip home or at least possibly to see Aunt Ann and to call us up.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother is again being put on the mailing list of the Chapin Letter since she has gone to Aunt Ella's to spend the winter. Last week contained a series of events centering around her and leading up to a family reunion Friday night and to her taking off for Minneapolis on the Abraham Lincoln Saturday morning. Aunt Ella came down Wednesday. Thursday was devoted to sorting and packing. On Thursday Uncle Chester called me to say that he and John (Little Rock John) were flying up to spend Friday. He was to arrive Friday morning at 2:00 A.M. Through a mistake in signals Grandmother thought he was coming out to see her at that hour, and so she waited up for him. This bit of night life, however, did not prevent her from arising the next morning at 6:00 and resuming her labors of packing.

We planned a Chapin dinner for Friday evening at what used to be Fisher's Inn but is now called The Farm, and is under new management. Grandmother was busy with many necessary chores until 6:00 but this did not prevent her from appearing at The Farm at 7:00 all dressed up in her best bib and tucker and wearing an orchid which her landlord and the other apartment tenants had given her and looking as fit as though she had had an afternoon's beauty rest. We had 13 at the party - Grandmother, Ella, Horton, Ida, Margaret, Dan, Chester, John, Lucille, Edwin, Virginia, Mother and me. This included all of her children except Uncle Bill and all of the grandchildren except John, Chick, and Sam. Uncle Bill, who is now a captain in the Civil Air Patrol was attending some kind of an air meeting in Chicago so one might say that the absent ones were all in the military service.

Most of us ordered chicken but when Grandmother saw all the casualties among the chicken flock that these orders were going to cause she decided to order fish and sort of even things up slightly between the poultry and fish markets. The new manager of The Farm came from Havana where they know fish and when Grandmother's order came in we were all somewhat amazed. It was of a size which ordinarily would have required 2 waitresses to lug it in, but our waitress was rather on the truckhorse order and she was able to get it to the table by herself. It was a channel catfish and had apparently been caught in a rather big channel, for it could not have turned around in a little channel like Lick Creek. I would judge that it weighed about 10 pounds but of course you have to make allowances for my judgment in such matters. The fish was about as long as my arm but in spite of its size it was so delicious that Grandmother ate every single bite of it, that is, all except a little taste which she gave to everybody else. I never knew how good catfish could be until I clamped my teeth on some of that big fellow. I hope The Farm will be still serving big ones like this when you boys get home.

After dinner we all went over to our house to visit and we had great fun telling old stories about ourselves and each other. Of course, some of these were true, or at least partly true. On such occasions, however, I always make up a lot of plain lies right on the spot and of course I had to make up a few fancy ones for this occasion.

Saturday morning was all hustle and bustle with farewells from neighbors and friends and suitcases and furniture being moved in and out and in the midst of it all I found Grandmother in the kitchen emptying milk bottles and washing them because she had promised her milkman, who had been so good to her, that she would return his bottles to him. Mother got the luggage checked ahead of time and when the Abraham Lincoln pulled in the whole Chapin family was again assembled at the station, or rather at Third and Monroe Street (the train was an especially long one and there were 3 coaches even South of Monroe Street, so you will get an idea of what kind of trains the railroads are pulling). Grandmother looked very chipper with no luggage at all except her canary bird, which had been put in a little traveling cage and the cage had in turn been put in a shopping bag so as to keep the wintry drafts off of Richard. Aunt Ella had nothing to look after except Grandmother and a lunch that Mother had prepared for them so that they would not have to go to the diner. They go by rail to Chicago and from there they expect to go by dogsled over the tundras of Wisconsin and Minnesota to the Taylor igloo, located at Minneapolis. Little Richard will be glad many times for his shopping bag covering as they cover the last leg of their journey. Grandmother will of course be delighted to have letters from any of you, even if they are only short notes. Her address there will be: c/o Mrs. Wilbur Taylor, 4809 Knox Avenue Spath, Minneapolis 10, Minn.

PALMER AND HOLBROOK MEMORIALS. Mrs. Palmer has provided a beautiful reredos for Christ Church in memory of her husband, Dr. Palmer. It was dedicated yesterday and Mother and I being specially invited guests attended the services. Our invitation was probably in part due to the fact that I was in a way a link in the chain of events that led to the occasion. That is to say that I was the lawyer that wrote the will that contained the bequest that provided for the memorial, and had also advised with Mrs. Palmer about it during the planning stages. In addition to the Palmer Memorial, Cousin Fannie Holbrook (cousin because she is the same relation to Deacon Samuel that we are) presented the Church with a beautiful set of new lights in memory of her husband and the lights were dedicated at the same time. These ladies planned their gifts together and the result was mutually agreeable as the lights enabled you to see the reredos and the reredos made you feel very grateful for the lights. The reredos also gave you something to look at besides the organ. If Cousin Fannie had presented lights and there had been no reredos you would have just had to look at the organ and in my opinion her money in that event would have been wasted. The gifts therefore do complement and enhance each other.

Being special guests we were seated down in front in the higher priced seats. This was not all velvet - I am always puzzled as to what to do at an Episcopalian church but when I sit in the back I can watch other people and just do as they do. Being down in front is another story. I just had to guess and yesterday was my unlucky day and I guessed wrong every time with the result that I was up when the rest were kneeling, when I sat down the others stood up, then I would stand up again and immediately the rest sat down. Try as I would I never seemed to catch up with the others. I was either ahead or behind in every maneuver and if you have ever attended an Episcopalian church you know what a succession of uprisings and down-sittings I am referring to. Finally when we reached the sermon part of the service I was hanging on the ropes breathless. I was never so glad to hear a preacher preach before. Even if it had been poor I would have



welcomed it. It was not poor, however, but excellent. Jerry Wallace did himself very proud and his presentation was so beautiful that I have secured a copy of it and am enclosing copies herein. When the service was over and we could look around I saw that there were a great many other people there from the Presbyterian Church and from this I reached the conclusion that yesterday morning Bill Hudnut had preached mainly to empty pews and to Arnold, the janitor - pardon me, the sexton.

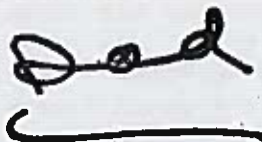
I find that I haven't told you much about the details of the reredos but since this is covered pretty adequately in Reverend Wallace's remarks I will leave that to him. Sitting down in front did give me a chance to make a rather careful study of the behaviour of choir boys. They came marching in looking like little angels from heaven, singing so sweetly in their little boys' voices that one was inclined to wonder if they were really something from out of this world. The period of this wonderment was brief and ended as soon as they took their respective seats on the opposite sides of the chancel facing each other. Then behind Jerry Wallace's flowing robes there began a series of gestures, gesticulations, grimaces, pointing, fist shaking and showing of teeth, waving of hands, giggling and snickering which only Dickens could properly describe. This was all thoroughly enjoyable to me and I trust that it was not observed by their respective parents, who may have looked upon it in a different light. Finally on a signal before the preaching service the little fellows again lined up to march out. Immediately the cherub-like expressions returned to their faces and they went out singing sweetly with imaginary halos over each of their heads.

Incidentally, Jerry Wallace is leaving Springfield next month to take a church in Tucson, Arizona. He has been here for 25 years and during that time has become quite a Springfield institution. He has always been a courageous and able preacher and has been a warm friend of mine and I regret greatly to have him leave. Jerry, Jr. who has been in the Italian or European theater for several years is expected to get home this week.

PENDLETON SALE. The Pendleton Sale begins this afternoon and Mother and I are taking off at 10:30 this morning with the Bill Hunts to attend. The sale lasts for 3 days this year and we are planning to stay overnight and return tomorrow afternoon.

WES WALRAVEN. Wes Walraven who is now a full Colonel was here on a visit yesterday and expects to be discharged about December 1st. He was recalling the meeting we had at the Sangamo Club at Christmas time in 1941 and was curious to know what appraisement the various boys present might now make of his remarks after the various experiences they have had.

With love

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Dad', written in a cursive style with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

October 22, 1945

JOHN. We have a typewritten letter from John dated October 7 addressed to Betsy, Chick and Sam as well, so I assume that each of you got copies. In case you didn't, it came from Stavelot, Belgium. John is living in the Hotel D'Orange, which has been under the management of the same family since 1789. The present owner is also chef, and John's description of the meals sounds like they have Waldorf-Astoria banquets every day. In a letter which Betsy sent us John tells about his room with a copper bath-tub countersunk in the center of the floor which is big enough for him to float in. A Belgian lady does John's washing and refuses to accept any pay except for the cost of heating the water, the rest being charged to international good will.

CHICK. Thursday we got a letter from Chick dated October 5, the first letter from him since September 22nd. Chick is in Tientsin, China, which is where we suspected he was from the newspaper reports. He landed at Tanku and took a train to Tientsin which is in the communist area. Chick said the Marines had been coming up the river to Tanku for 4 days but when he arrived the people were still lining the banks of the river waving and cheering. He saw the first brick building and the first civilian in European dress since he left the States a year ago. The Marines are stationed in the French arsenal about 8 miles from Tientsin. We met a man here last week who knows Tientsin very well and he said the Marine barracks there were the best in China and that Tientsin was a coveted Marine post. Chick expected to get a day off soon and go to do the city and explained that American dollars were exchangeable for 1800 Chinese puppet dollars. He didn't explain, however, what 1800 puppet dollars would buy and it may turn out that they will buy about 50¢ worth.

SAM. We have had 3 letters from Sam, October 1st, 5th and 12th. He has now started back for the States with a load of troops and was at Eniwitok on October 12th, and says this is 15 days out of San Francisco. Sam is now of all things a mess cook and is second in command of the starboard slopchute. I was afraid no good would come from Sam's "messing around" when he was in high school. The Navy was pretty smart in finding out that messing around was the thing he had had the greatest experience in and assigning this job to him. I can imagine that the new mess cook will get his full share of ice cream, cokes and cookies and whatever else the slop chute serves at sea. In a postscript of his letter Sam was still chafing about the dish breaking charge that Carleton College made against him of about \$12.00 from his \$15.00 deposit and Sam concluded "If I ever go back to Carleton I'm going back to the Gridley kitchen and catch up on my balance". He thinks Larry Gould will have a chance to make good if he dispenses with the services of a few other people besides Dean Blayney.

BETTY. Betty was going down to Carleton to attend the installation of Dr. Gould the new president. President Ruthven of Michigan was to do the officiating. Miles is going to get a 2 months course at the University of Edinburgh before he comes home.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother arrived in Minneapolis safe and well according to word from both Aunt Ella and Betsy. We got the rest of the things out



of her apartment and I hired Mr. Jones to clean it up and paid him by giving him the bird cage Grandmother had left behind to be sold. Mr. Jones was very pleased to know that Grandmother had worn the orchid at the family party. Hilliers called and said they had all of Grandmother's things in shape and would ship them just as soon as a couple of empty freight cars came in.

PENDLETON HORSE SALE. The 1945 fall saddle horse sale of Albert Pendleton has now passed into history and it was a grand event in all respects. It was held again at Fairmount Park. The weather was perfect and the entries as well as the buyers were more numerous than ever before. The money also seemed to be more plentiful. Both the horses and the people had come from the 4 corners of the country. When the sale was over, however, the people all returned to the places they had come from and all the horses went in new directions to new places. The Fairmount track is an ideal place for such a sale with plenty of stable room. Pendleton fell down a little this year on his showmanship since he didn't put his tent in front of the grandstand and thereby furnish seats for all the spectators. This year he only had chair seats which were insufficient to accommodate the crowd, with the result that you couldn't see anything from a seat even if you had one. This objection was of course of more concern to the ladies than to me since I don't do much sitting at a horse sale anyway.

To offset this omission Al added 2 innovations, one a cafeteria where he had a catering company set up a stand with the best food you ever tasted. There were sandwiches of all kinds, turkey, roast beef, barbecued pork chops, etc. available at about 75¢ per sandwich. The price didn't seem to interfere with people getting all they wanted to eat. It was a good thing that Samuel James wasn't there or he would have squawked so loud at the sandwich prices that they would have had to give him a sandwich or two to quiet him down. I well remember the time we went to the opera and ate at Garivelli's and Sam ordered an extra dish of ice cream. When it came it was quite small and Sam demanded to know what price they intended to charge before he dug a spoon into it. The waiter replied that that would be 10¢. "Ten cents" shouted Sam in disgust and in a voice filled with such indignation that it wilted the waiter; "Ten cents", repeated Sam, "Why in Springfield I get twice that much ice cream in a five cent ice cream cone". When the bill came there was no ice cream charge on it at all.

The other Pendleton innovation was the Sheldon Cooper gift shop, purveyors of horse jewelry. Their display looked pretty attractive with horse stationery, horse pictures and horse statuary and horse jewelry of all kinds. Mother thought it would be a nice thing to get a little reminder for each of the boys and got as far as selecting a pair of horse cuff links for Chick when she learned that they were only \$150.00 per pair. Mother put them back on the counter again with the explanation that she hadn't noticed that the horses on the links were show horses and our boys were only interested in pleasure horses.

Bill Hunt and his wife went with us and we arrived Monday afternoon. The sale didn't start till evening and this gave us a chance to look around. Several horses were being exercised. Some were being ridden, others led to halters, and others driven to sulkies. Most every barn had a few horses outside in the process of being dolled up for the evening sale.



The dolling included tail braiding, clipping, tail tying for those who wore their tails at an angle of 9:00 or 3:00 o'clock when they should register the noon hour. The practices of cutting saddle horses' tails is a barbarism that only prevails in America and I am surprised that something isn't done about it. Only New York has a law against it but I am surprised that it doesn't abate by its own fallacy. For every horse whose appearance and price are enhanced by a cut tail I believe there are at least 3 whose appearance is spoiled and whose price is decreased.

Pendleton had so many horses this year that he had to get out a supplement to his regular catalogue and they kept on coming right on up to the time the sale began so that some did not even get in the catalogue. There were show horses, pleasure horses, using horses, livery horses, walking horses, palaminos and stock ponies. In color the chesnuts prevailed as was to be expected but they had plenty of dapple grays, blue grays, black bays and spotted, flecked and cream colored. One big flecked horse particularly was outstanding and should have had a place in a circus. He was white but splashed with flecks of red, bay, blue and black all over him. He looked like some small boy had gone after him with a paint brush and many different cans of paint and he had gotten away just before the boy finished the job. There were also two spotted horses that were quite picturesque, chunky big stock ponies they were but big enough to have done a day's work as a team. There was also a pair of walking horses that were sold together that were perfectly matched and were full brothers.

The most spectacular horses of the show, however, were the dappled grays of which they had several. When we arrived one was being ridden for exercise. He was a magnificent horse and did his gaits perfectly. The next day when we were about to leave another beautiful gray was about ready to come up for sale. This one was hitched to a buggy and was about as perfect a horse as you would want to see. We saw neither of these horses sold as we had to be home for a building and loan meeting Tuesday night and left the sale Tuesday afternoon.

Seeing a sale like this always make me speculate as to where all these horses come from and what their history has been. Of course, many of them had been raised and trained by the big horse farms and stables throughout the country. The others come from small horse loving farmers who raise one or two colts a year just as a hobby. I well remember the trip Mother and I made to the Smoky Mountains some years ago. After the weaving meeting at Gatlinburg I offered to take four old ladies home and this took us up a lonely mountain road about 8 miles. On our way back we passed a friendly farmer whose farm of about 40 acres stretched from the road up the mountainside at an angle of about 45 degrees. It was about the same slant as a house roof and up on the ridge pole we saw 2 horses. When the farmer noticed that we were interested he whistled for the horses to come down and they came trotting. They could have rolled down just as well if they had cared to save their legs. One of these was a very pretty 5 gaited mare and the other was a 3 year old colt. He rode them both for us. The colt was just learning to rack and his boy wanted to take a ride but the father was afraid to let him do so. This farmer hoped to sell the colt for \$150.00 that fall. That colt required another year's feeding and about \$200.00 worth of training to make a \$500.00 saddle horse out of him barring accidents. Many of the horses at Pendleton's sale must have come from similar places. In due time a smart horse dealer would come along

and buy it and resell it to someone like John Hook who would train it. If it proved to have show possibilities it would get a horse college education. If not, it would still need plenty of attention and training and eventually would find an owner. I think the lot of pleasure horses is probably a happier one than that of the show horse. The show horse leads a hard though pampered life with valet service and box stalls and beauty treatments, and so forth, but he has grueling workouts, long train rides and truck rides, and he is likely to change owners often. The pleasure horse is more likely to end up with a permanent owner who loves and admires him and takes good care of him. I think Kate is probably the luckiest horse that Al Pendleton ever sold. Leigh Maxcy keeps her fat as butter and hardly rides her at all so that she has plenty of time to run in the pasture with the other horses. Her companions have never been off of the Maxcy farm and I suppose Kate gets a great deal of pleasure telling them about her travels, about being a Pendleton sale horse, how she lived for several years in a garage near Washington Park with a horse named Menardy and was owned by a high school boy who always rode just before going to bed about midnight. She probably gets special glee in reporting to her friends on how she once tore a sleigh to pieces and of the cowhorse tricks without ever seeing any cows.

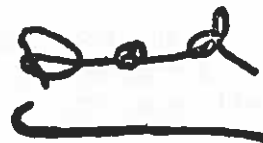
At the sale we saw a good many old friends or at least old faces, including John Hook and son, John Stumpfer, and others whose faces were familiar but whose names are not. There were the usual mink coated ladies who presumably owned Kentucky stables with their managers in Jodphurs examing the horses for them and advising them what to do. Among those we met at the sale was Eugenia Vandever Voluntine who lives at Taylorville and who has gone into the show business and she and her husband were looking for some new horses but did no buying while we were there. The horses sold for about the same prices as before, the show horses running from \$1000.00 to \$3000.00 and the others selling from \$200.00 to \$700.00 or \$800.00. I got 2 catalogues this year and have marked the prices in them of the horses that we saw sold and will send a copy to John and Chick. I think this catalogue will be more informative than I can be about the sale as it contains the pedigree of many of the horses, pictures of several of them, and the owner's statement regarding each.

HINTS TO ANNO ON DOG TRAINING. Anno reports that she is now seriously working on the problem of training her new puppy. She is probably petting him with one hand and spanking him with an envelope with the other at the same time. This will never work. Since Anno gets a copy of this letter I will jot down a few suggestions to her that may be helpful. I have my doubts about this, however, for I am afraid that Anno is not the dog trainer type, not enough of the Simon Legree about her to do a good job. Dog training is a matter of punishment and reward. Anno could do the rewarding part of the job all right, passing out meatballs, cookies, loving pats and soft words, but on the punishment end I'm afraid that she would be a disappointment. It would be truly a case of "This hurts me worse than it does you" for her to punish a dog. I'm afraid if you gave Anno a nice new dog whip it would still have the price mark on it a month later. Since I feel that the punishment phase of training is the one where she will need the most help I will confine my suggestions to this field. There are unlimited ways to punish a dog and it is important that a dog understand this. If he thinks you can only punish him with a whip then he will never mind unless you have the whip with you, and who wants to carry a whip around

all the time? This naturally suggests the use of the foot which you have to carry with you anyway, and there is nothing that makes a dog respond so quickly as a well placed kick in the ribs from his mistress and it will give her good exercise too. Then again things can be thrown at dogs for punishment. If you are outdoors a brick or rock is usually handy. Inside you may have to depend on ash trays and books but with a little practice any such item can be made to land on the dog squarely and bring results. The dog soon understands this and will learn to yield as soon as he sees his mistress stoop. Our dog flinches if I stoop to tie my shoes. The punishment should also be accompanied by scowling so that the dog will know that you are really displeased with him. A little swearing thrown in now and then for good measure doesn't do any particular harm. Then too, there is the technique of name calling which is very effective with dogs. Uncomplimentary names make a dog feel terribly just like they affect people so the smart trainer has a few such names on hand. With Zipper we have from time to time called him with good effect Stinker, Bum, Jap, Democrat, Mayor Kapp, Governor Green, Ed Kelly, Curley Brooks, Hitler, Tojo, and Roosevelt. Zipper feels terribly humiliated when we call any of these names and I don't blame him. It got so that when we were listening to a news broadcast if Zipper heard any of these names he would hide under the davenport until the broadcast was over. Since Anno's dog is a dachshund I am not sure what names he will think are terrible. Maybe he is a Nazi and would be glad to be called Hitler. If so, I am sure that George and Jean can think up some that will be equally appropriate.

As I said in the beginning I am afraid that Anno is not the trainer type and I have a feeling that these suggestions will not be followed. I think the Marples had better hire a dog trainer who will take the little fellow away for about a month and give him his training. They will save the cost of the training in meatballs and tidbits.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

October 29, 1945

CHICK. We have had 3 letters from Chick, one on September 29th, written on shipboard on his way to China. He was aboard the same kind of ship Sam is on and had the best of food and wondered how Sam was faring. He told of different athletic contests between the Marines and the sailors, the final one being a pie eating contest in which no hands were used. The pie was a butterscotch with meringue topping and of course the Marine won.

Chick spent one day in Tientsin with some friends who were doing shopping. They had dinner in a hotel in the British section, were waited on by Chinese waiters, a Russian orchestra played "When Irish Eyes are Smiling" and they had French pastry for dessert. Chick says the Jap soldiers tend the grass at the Marine Barracks and do a very efficient job of it but he can't get used to seeing them run around loose. He says he is trying to learn



the rank insignia on the various officers, since the Marines never had any necessity to know it before. The Mayor of Tientsin had a reception and Chick went to represent his battalion. The bigwigs of the city were all there, about half of them dressed in Chinese costumes and the others in American business dress. The Marines have taken over the Tientsin country club for an officer's club. It is located next to the racetrack and is equipped with bowling alleys and all the luxurious equipment that they could think of. Chick says the most luxurious to him is the shower bath. He has finally acquired some camera film and is going to take pictures of the various scenes. He suggests, however, that a record of the various smells would be as interesting as the pictures. He saw a Chinese fried grasshopper vendor standing on the street corner taking time out for lunch. His lunch was fried grasshoppers.

Chick says that they have received a report that Chiang Kai Shek says the Marines will be out of China soon. However, their attention has been called to an old Chinese proverb which says one-thousand years is a short time in China. In spite of the proverb they have guessed that they will be coming home some time between December and March. I note today in the paper that the Central Government and Chinese Reds are finally fighting in what appears to be a general civil war. This Chinese picture does not look too promising and if we and the Russians got out of China immediately it would probably all be to the good. If we stay there, each siding and abetting the warring contestants it could be the Spanish Civil War all over again, or even worse.

JOHN. A letter came from John dated October 1st. He had again visited his friends the Jadots, and was invited back for a big celebration on November the 3rd, which is a Belgian national holiday of some kind. John and his friend Phil have also become acquainted with 2 families at Stavelot where they have both been entertained. John now estimates March as being his home coming time.

SAM. There was no letter from Sam this week but he should be docking on the west coast most any minute now if his ship is on schedule. We hope to get a telephone call from him.

BETTY. No news from Betty this week.

GRANDMOTHER. I had a nice letter from Grandmother and she expressed her delight at the farewell party that we had for her. She says that she missed each of the absent ones, including "Little Sam". Grandmother says since getting to Minneapolis her eyes are better, she walks better and feels better, that Uncle Wilbur and Aunt Ella are very good and kind to her. The Minneapolis climate is probably responsible for Grandmother's improvement and she should report this to the Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce so they could feature it in an advertisement to make Minneapolis a great health resort. In the next letter I expect to hear that Grandmother has taken up roller skating. She had better be careful about this. I read the other day about a man who saw a sign on a roller skating rink that said "If you can walk you can roller skate". So he tried it - now he can't even walk.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. Mother has been quite concerned about what to get each of you for Christmas. I was pretty dry of suggestions until the Stockmen and Farmer fall catalogue came the other day. Now I am prepared to give some helpful advice. There were no saddles or bridles listed as yet but

it is possible to get a Western hat. They display 9 pages of about 100 different styles and makes, including Miller, Stetson and Dobbs, the prices ranging from \$3.50 to \$25.00. I have picked out a wide brimmed Stetson at \$10.00 as being appropriate for John and believe this would give him an air of distinction when he returns to civil life and would be especially appropriate for practice in the local J. P. courts. Cowboy boots are limited to 3 pages and about a dozen different styles from \$8.95 to \$22.00 but even the fanciest of them are quite plain compared to the pre-war showing. Chick will probably need a pair of these for law school, especially if he goes in for some social life at Ann Arbor and it might be a good idea to get an order in for them now. Another item displayed is Navajo saddle blankets. You can get a double size, 30 x 30 blanket for \$15.00 and according to Mr. Stockman these are handwoven by the Navajo Indians on their reservation. Mr. Stockman says they raise the sheep, shear the wool, dye it with herbs and vegetables, and weave their own unique designs into the blankets. I have gotten so intrigued reading about them that I really want one myself but I think I will forego this desire and order one for Mother. I believe every house should have a Navajo saddle blanket on hand just in case you should wake up some morning and find a horse tied to your front door. In the meantime the blanket can be used as a bedside rug, wall decoration, tray cover, or card table cover. I passed over the display of Western belts as the ones listed are merely the garden variety of stamped or machine-tooled belts, none of which cost more than \$5.00. I am sure none of you would be interested in anything less than a hand-tooled model similar to the one procured by Chick some years ago.

For Betsy I am considering a household item which I know will interest her. Stockman and Farmer are displaying some Army duck bedsheets, which they say are now available in "Regulation 2 ply Army duck complete with rings and snaps". In a note they explain that the material was not a bed width and it has therefore been necessary to splice it with seams running lengthwise. I can think of nothing more luxurious than to slide into a bed made up with Army duck bed sheets snapped to the springs. Guests hardly ever stay more than one night in such a bed and would more likely slip out in the wee small hours and take a morning train. Stockman and Farmer also has just the thing for Samuel James, genuine buckaroo pants with jacket to match in "distinctive Western fit". From the pictures I gather that the distinctive Western fit refers to the tailored snugness of the garment and resembles the sailor's uniform except for the bell bottoms. To me they look more like a woolen serge suit of underwear and give the impression that the victim was simply poured into them. I think Samuel James would look very natty in one of these buckaroo suits and his appearance would justify the repetition of Mr. Nance's witticism that there is a lot of boy in those pants.

POSTSCRIPT ON PENDLETON SALE. In addition to horses, Pendleton had quite a variety of tack which was sold. English saddles brought \$150.00, show bridles \$25.00 to \$30.00. Most every kind of secondhand horse equipment brought more than it cost new with the exception of a double show harness. One set of brand new double-show harness brought \$11.00 and was bid in by a 16 year old boy. The owner had placed a reserve bid on it for \$15.00 and said he would take it home before he would take a cent less. Immediately the entire crowd came to the boy's defense and started shouting "Let the boy have it". With such odds against him the owner quickly relented. I didn't see the crowd who did the shouting let the boy have anything they wanted themselves.



Old Colonel McClure was there again this year and was as good as ever. Roy Johnson was missing, however, and in his place they had a couple of Class B substitutes. One of the fascinations of the Pendleton sales for me has been the team of McClure and Johnson. They knew horses and they knew the horse-men and their sales manner had a certain horsey sophistication that gave the sale a showmanship touch. This year McClure had to furnish all this himself.

SPRINGFIELD GENERAL. Thomas Dresser White, only General in the Army from Springfield, was welcomed home last Saturday on a visit. He is a son of Bishop White and has been in the Army about 20 years. He was a friend of Uncle Buddy's in his school days. Judge Wood was the Master of Ceremonies for the celebration. Governor Green and Senator Brooks made speeches welcoming him home. Senator Brooks in a great peroration on the General's record ended up by saying "Now we are delighted indeed to have General Smith return to us". He recognized his error later and in his concluding remarks referred to the guest of honor as General White. I looked around to see where the second General was but General Smith didn't seem to be there.

General White was commander of the 7th Air Force which served on Okinawa during the last part of the battle. The Air Force did some nice timing here on Saturday - at the precise moment that the General was introduced about 50 bombers saluted by flying over the stand in the Court House yard. This was the greatest number of airplanes I had ever seen in the air at one time and it was quite impressive to me. It helped me understand in a small way how John and the English felt when thousands of bombers took off for Germany when it took 3 hours for them to pass over a given point. Since they didn't drop any bombs on Springfield I was not sided in understanding how the recipients of American bombs felt nor how the English felt in 1940 when it was the German bombers that were delivering packages.

In General White's speech he voiced his opinion in favor of consolidating the War and Navy Departments in one Office of National Defense. There is much to be said for such consolidation. The best argument I have seen against it was made by General Vandagriff the other day. He said that the best fighting spirit is always founded upon pride in organization and the Marine Corps owed its present efficiency to the fact that it was unhampered by the red tape and sluggishness of the Army and was free to work out its own program. Vandagriff recommended that a committee of civilians and military be appointed to study the matter of consolidation rather than to hurriedly enter into it and I am inclined to agree with him.

DEFLATING WAR HEROES. America is now on the verge of inflation in our national economy but our war leaders seem to be in for quite a bit of deflating. Marshall, Eisenhower, MacArthur, King and many others are coming in for severe criticism. Their mistakes are being pointed out, emphasized and perhaps exaggerated to an extent that one might be led to believe that they were all just mere bunglers. I have no doubt but what they have each made mistakes and I have no objections to a fair criticism of them. I think it is important, though, to appraise a man on his whole record, which of course should include all that he did that was right as well as what he did that was wrong. It is also important to realize that all men make mistakes and we can have no hero who is perfect. Unfortunately, many Americans would like to have perfect heroes and once they are convinced that their



hero has made a mistake they discount him like a phony diamond. I believe that all of these men will be entitled to a high place in history in spite of their errors.

UNCLE BUDDY'S PICNIC. Sunday Mother and I had a hamburger dinner with Uncle at the lake. The hamburger was cooked over an outdoor charcoal fire and was delicious. The weather was beautiful and we had a grand time. Unc's speed boat has been hoisted up on blocks for the winter and the canoe was just where Sam had left it. Dr. Barker is talking about leasing the place just North of Uncle's and building a house there.

TRICKS OR TREATS. For the last 2 weeks our doorbell has been rung 4 or 5 times each evening by little gangs of urchins demanding treats or threatening tricks. Mother began passing out Pease's candy to them and I think the word must have spread far and wide. She finally got a supply of grocery store candy which seems to answer their threats just as effectively, at least so far there is no soap on our cars or windows which is more than I can report for several houses in the neighborhood.

The youngsters of today seem to be somewhat lacking in imagination and when they threaten tricks they have in mind only marking up windows with soap. When I was a boy we never thought of demanding treats and we had our fun in doing tricks without making any previous threats. For Halloween tricks I lived in the good old days when every back yard had a horse or cow in it which could be turned loose and every yard had a fence around it and there were gates to take off, buggies to put on barn roofs and best of all, a privy in every back yard which could be reached by clothes poles from the alley.

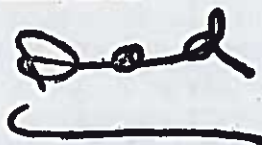
MISCELLANEOUS. Bob Hawthorne is home and out of the Army. Bob Miller has been discharged from the Marines. The Red Cross has moved out of the old Armstrong house and the house, we understand, is soon to be demolished. There is a new riding stable at the Old Culver Farm. The Roach's house is for sale and so is Signaigo's. Mrs. Hay fell last week and broke her leg again and is again in the hospital. James M. Graham died at the age of 93. He was the oldest Springfield lawyer and has had a grandson practicing law for many years. Mr. Hemmick, who always pins roses on his friends on their birthdays, had his own 85th birthday last week. The board of directors of the building and loan association had a steak dinner for him at the Sangamo Club and a birthday cake with 85 candles. We were considerate enough, however, to omit the birthday poetry. Michigan beat Illinois 19 to 0 at the Illinois Homecoming last Saturday. Champaign has a new airport which is one of the biggest in the world. I understand it is to be used in connection with the University, which is doing some outstanding experiments in aeronautics, including the use of airplanes in agriculture for pollenization, dusting insets and so forth, and the use of the airplane in disease control. I do not know just why the air field at Chanute Field which is only about 5 miles away could not have been used for all these experiments but of course I am not very much up on aviation and it is too late now to make this suggestion to them. If I had only thought of it about 6 months ago I could have probably saved the Government five or ten million dollars, but they probably didn't want to save that much anyway.

POSTSCRIPT. Mother just called me a second time, this time to say that a letter had arrived from Samuel James from Seattle. His ship docked there

as there was no room in the San Francisco harbor. There were a few battleships docked in the harbor and Sam said after seeing their guns he was glad that they were on our side.

They then brought him 4 shoe boxes and since he didn't have room to take them with him he proceeded to open them and to have his Christmas. The candles and Santa Clauses seemed somewhat inappropriate since the day was quite warm but Sam said he had no alternative but to celebrate his Christmas now since the only place he had to put things was in his locker and he needed his locker for his clothes, so a very Merry Christmas was had by all. This included boxes from home, Anno, and Betsy.

With love



#### CHAPIN LETTER

November 5, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES. We had a letter from Sam written on Monday, October 29 in Seattle. He had been seeing quite a bit of the city since he was getting a leave for a part of every day. He found an article in the Saturday Evening Post regarding Seattle and concluded that it was pretty accurate except that the Navy boys who look hard enough were able to find taverns. Sam thought, however, that ice-cream soda places predominated and even when you saw a beer sign hanging out in the street it was likely to be an old one and inside was a soda-fountain and sailors eating ice-cream. Sam tried to call us but couldn't get his call through.

BETTY. We had a nice letter from Betty enclosing an article about Larry Gould and also a photograph which was far more complimentary than the picture of Larry that Time magazine printed. Betty has tried several times to call Aunt Ella and Grandmother but she has concluded that they are gadding about a good deal of the time. As I remember, this was a conclusion Chick reached some time ago about Grandmother.

GRANDMOTHER. I had lunch with Bill and Horton on Saturday. Bill is complaining of a lame knee and thinks he's got a piece of gristle under his kneecap. He also told me that Edna Leber was quite ill and is staying with Bertha. Mrs. Kincaid was in the office this morning and inquired about Mrs. Chapin. She is looking quite well herself. I saw in the paper yesterday that Dr. Shontz is celebrating his 10th anniversary in Springfield and the article went ahead to mention the amount of money he has raised for various purposes since he has been here.

CHICK AND JOHN. We have had no letter from either Chick or John this week.

WANT AD. My respect for the want ad was again confirmed when Mrs. Breese lost \$63.00 worth of Government bond coupons, which are negotiable just

like money, which loss nearly produced apoplexy for Mrs. Breese, and she wanted me to solve her difficulties. In the days of Roosevelt I would have just suggested that she write to Eleanor about it, but as it was I couldn't think of anything more potent than a want ad. She put one in the paper and a few days later she called me. New life was in her voice. The coupons had been returned in the mail and the finder didn't even furnish his name or his address, so she didn't even have any reward to pay. My last use of the want ad was to get Chick's stop-watch. I have been wondering if it proved useful to Chick on Okinawa. If he will make me a report on it I am sure Alva Wilson would be interested.

MOTHER'S ANTI-RUST PAPER. The Navy's ears are probably itching smartly for Mother is not only thinking of them but doing a bit of research on the Navy, as this is the subject of her Anti-Rust paper which she will deliver in January. Last year Mother cleared up the situation about India to the complete satisfaction of the Anti-Rust members if not to the Indians. During the past 30 years Anti-Rust has covered such subjects as Rivers of the World, Islands of the World, Men of the Renaissance, Ancient Philosophers, Cities, Civilizations and Religions. In all these years Mother's Anti-Rust paper covered fields either unknown or mysterious to me and I have only been a silent witness to her research. In all these years I have never felt quite safe in the Anti-Rust atmosphere unless I had my 30 volume encyclopedia along with me. There was one year which should have been an exception but it wasn't - that was the year that Mother was doing William Blackstone. I shall never forget the evening when she settled down beside me with her notebook and suggested that I reel off the facts about Blackstone in a kind of a Profile biography style. I had never heard the old boy's name mentioned since I left law school and he had never been a favorite of mine even in those days. My only contribution was limited to the fact that he had written some very difficult law books which were greatly excelled by a later book called "The Comic Blackstone". Well, this year things are different. Mother has drawn a subject as timely as the atomic bomb and one in which we are both vitally interested, since we have contributed an attendant to the slop chute on the Steamship Henrico. Hence I am volunteering a few ideas for Mother's Navy article.

My first suggestion is that the Navy abolish their Personnel Department, which is staffed with misfits who are trying to fit others into the proper jobs. My appraisal of these boys is that when they have a round peg to fit into a hole they only look for square holes and if they are fresh out of square holes they select some drug clerk to start work cutting out a few new ones. If they would just leave all this to chance at least half of the round pegs would get into round holes.

LIFE magazine of November 9 has furnished me with my second suggestion. This is that there is too much of a gap between the officers and the enlisted personnel. According to LIFE the Navy is run on a plan of the ducal estate with all the officers as members of the nobility and the enlisted men serving as valets, housemen and game-beaters, who are required to rush around taking care of the officers' dogs, carrying officers' gear, carrying officers' liquor and receiving a disproportionate share of the welfare fund. LIFE says that oftentimes when a ship ties up at various stations only the officers are permitted to go ashore but the enlisted men are permitted to look at the land from the deck. LIFE'S account was gathered from interviewing various enlisted men. A machinist's mate



described our Navy as still being a squadron of the Royal Navy. A signalman suggested that the Navy officers don't get around enough to see what makes good outfits tick. He made the further suggestion that the Admirals study the human relations set-up in the First Marine Division where the men come first - where the men are fed first, where they wash first, where they dig in first, and where the officers get their recreation after they have arranged for the troops to get theirs. On the other hand the July FORTUNE magazine contained a splendid article giving an account of the Navy's fighting record during the war.

These and many other articles merely suggest the fact that the Navy is now out in the show-window, so to speak, where everybody is going to get a look at it. Some of it looks mighty good but the arrogance of the Navy is just plain dumb stupidity which they are now going to have to pay for. Witness the fact that the average enlisted man and the average reserve officer wants to get out of the Navy and to get back into civilian life no matter how tough or humble his civilian life may be. From all of this I conclude that the Navy is somewhat in the situation of an arrogant businessman who has made a success of his business financially but who has failed to win the love of his family or the devotion of his employees.

I am probably wasting my time writing all this as Mother has prepared her papers all these years and she is probably not going to call for any help now, but I thought I would just let you in on what is in the making. Mother's other papers have been pretty objective, but if the Navy thinks Mother's paper this year is going to be objective they've got another guess coming and if they're smart they'll start mending their ways long before January the 1st.

NANCY JONES' PARTY. Nancy is engaged to marry a boy named Burke, who lives in Champaign and she is to be married in a couple of weeks. Burke has just returned from the Army and is now finishing up his college course at Illinois. Strother had a cocktail party for her at the Country Club Saturday night and a great many people whom you all know were there. I will not take time to mention them, but I received the following reports on the younger generation: Bob Garvey is at Great Lakes and at the present moment is sick in the hospital. So far he has never been to sea. Jack Coyle finally got to Japan. Betty Ann Ennis is working in Chicago. Charlotte Day Patton was there with her husband Bob, who is now out of the Army. John Macpherson, Phil Carruthers and Frank Simmons are all home from the service. Bob Irwin was home last week in the interval between two semesters at Northwestern.

PAIN IN MY NECK. A lady called me up last week and said she was unable to leave her house and requested that I come out to make her will. Then she explained that she lived in an upstairs rear apartment, that I was to ring the front door bell then walk around to the side of the house under her window and she would toss the front door key to me. This all worked out as scheduled and I had no trouble at all getting in, but getting out was another matter. This dear lady was a human talking-machine and since she lives along she was fully wound up. She apparently forgot that she had called me to make her will and just assumed that I was Cousin Bob or somebody who had just dropped in for a visit and wanted to know all the details of the last 20 years. Starting in with "Well I must tell you about the last time I consulted a lawyer", she unreeled a line of conversation the

like of which I have never heard. As soon as one recital was completed another one would be started with "I know you'll be interested in that tapestry on the wall when you know the history behind it". "Now I must tell you about my accident", "At the hospital the nurse slapped me - you don't believe it, I can tell by your face. Would you like me to tell you about it?" By this time I had had my fill and I replied "No, lady, I really wouldn't". "Well, said she, "I think you ought to know about such things and it won't take long". No, it didn't take so long but it gave her time to think of more things to talk about. After a delightful 40 minute monologue during which I was never able to utter a word I arose and declared I had another appointment and started for the door. This of course reminded her of her will and as I was making for the doorway I took down the necessary notes. As I went down the stairs I could hear her voice in the distance sentimentally describing a 150 year old marble top table which had travelled 1500 miles and had been in her family for many generations. Subsequent conferences with this old girl have been on the phone, where I seem to be able to hold my own with her - at least when we both talk at the same time on the phone she gets discouraged and gives in, but face to face she gave no quarter.

DUST PANS. Another office event of last week was the annual appearance of an old fellow who lives on a 240 acre farm alone. He is about 75 years of age, blind in one eye, and has more energy than a colt. His wife who has more discretion lives in town. Her husband baches at his farm and hasn't time to go to the mail box every day so he has no mail box but gets his mail at the neighbor's once a week. This year he got 28 acres of crop in out of the 240 acres. The rest went to weeds. He is now going to sell his farm. "Then," said he, "When I get rid of the farm I'm going to finish those dust pans". "What dust pans?" I inquired. "I used to make the world's best dust pan" he replied and when I started to farm I had 7500 of them on hand. They have been stored in my garage for the last 15 years." So by helping him sell the farm I figure I am going to aid in solving the dust-pan shortage.

MISCELLANEOUS. In Saturday's Tribune there was a picture of a Chicago automobile show room with 2 show windows broken out. A deer had come into town and gone in through one hole and didn't like it in there and came out through another one. Yesterday's paper carried an account of the national meeting of the Marine League which is to be held in Springfield on November 15. The account stated they are inviting General Howland Smith and General Del Valle. Last night a new low in Sunday evening concerts appeared in the plug in the Fitch's Bandwagon program: "Remember, if your head itches, it's time to use Fitch's".

Mother and I have just read a book "The Egg and I" by a Betty McDonald. It is a delightfully written book, in the style of Margaret Halsey's "With Malice Toward Some" and is the story of a girl who married an insurance salesman who decided to run a chicken farm in the State of Washington. Mother and I both enjoyed it immensely and if any of you get a chance you should read it. Mother plans to invite Dr. McEwen and his wife out for dinner the last of this month and to also have the Hemphills. I think we told you McEwen is now the President of Blackburn College. We are taking a survey of the shrubbery at John's house and plan to plant some new shrubbery this fall. I have some clippings regarding the Chicago horse show for Chick and some other miscellaneous clippings for John. I will end this

paragraph with a note of disaster - Mother has broken the saucer to my oversized coffee cup. I really don't care a great deal as I hardly ever drink out of it, but that big cup looks awfully queer with an ashtray for a saucer.

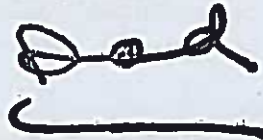
The following verse is clipped from the Line o' Type in the Chicago Tribune:

THE ANXIOUS HOURS

The notes we mailed a month or more ago  
Are coming back; "Returning to U. S.;  
Left no address"; and reassured, we know  
How soon his voice shall end our restlessness.  
And yet we start each time the phone bell rings;  
Each time the knocker sounds a tattoo's call  
We rush toward the door as if on wings,  
In hope that he'll be waiting, tanned and tall.  
We own our thankfulness for his return,  
Unchanged, unscathed, the battles over, done;  
We would be calm and try, somehow, to earn  
The trust he holds in each and every one;  
We would be calm, nor too much importune,  
And yet, please Lord, let it be soon, be soon!

P.S. Since writing the above Mother has called me to say that a letter came today from Chick. It was written some ten days before the ones we got last week and she didn't have time to read it to me.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Samuel James', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

November 13, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES. Samuel James has been promoted to Fireman, First Class, and transferred to a new ship of the same type. His new address is: USS Logan, A.P.A. 196, Fleet Post Office, San Francisco, California. Sam's new assignment is to the boilers. Presumably he left last week for another trip to the Philippines to bring back troops. Sam said he was glad at least to be out of the mess hall.

CHICK. Chick describes the method of making purchases in China. As soon as the customer shows an interest in an item a large crowd gathers from nowhere and everyone takes a part in the sale. If the sale is completed to the profit of the store owner the participants then demand a cut-in and sometimes get it.

JOHN. After a rather despondent letter from John last week one arrived



today advising, One, that his lost service record had been restored. In the Army this is something equivalent to having a reprieve from life imprisonment. Two, that he had gotten a furlough to England.

BETTY. Betty has had a nice visit with Grandmother and Aunt Ella and reports that Grandmother's bird furnished a concert for them during the entire visit.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother has finished her unpacking and among her old treasures she found a letter which my Grandmother Chapin had written to her husband when my father was about 6 months old. The occasion was a trip that she had taken from Mauston, Wisconsin to Sun Prairie. The following are quotations from the letter:

Dear Husband: We arrived safe to my mother's yesterday after being out three nights. The first day we went to Dell Prairie. The horse began to lag before we arrived at Mr. Pierce's but we put her up there and fed her well, then started for Dell Prairie. When we got there she was tired out. We found Mr. Sprague's people well and started the next morning. The horse went pretty well for 10 miles then we were obliged to stop and feed her. We stopped at Mr. Smith's, Baptists (fine folks), fed her well, then started for Portage. We went very well if we would all walk through all the hard places and up every rise of the ground. When we got to Mr. Pierce's she seemed loathe to go and I concluded I had better go to Sun Prairie as direct as possible. That night we went 7 miles and stayed with a Methodist family by the name of Kilgore. The next day we went 18 miles to Mr. Combses. I left Mrs. Graves at Mr. Combses. He was going to Madison and there she would take the car. She paid \$3.00 and I would not have taken that much if I had plenty of money for she walked a good deal and tended the baby almost all the way. This morning the horse was a little lame in one of her hind legs. Doc Warren saw her and said it proceeded from the scratches, nothing that would hurt her. I shall go to Milford as soon as she gets well, etc."

I traced this little trip on a Wisconsin map and found that it covered about 80 miles, approximately the distance from here to Peoria, a city that I have travelled to a number of times, done a day's work, and returned, all in the same day. My speedy travel, however, does not stem from my personal superior skill, it is possible only because I am able to travel in a car that I didn't make and over roads that I didn't lay. Always the present generation drinks water from wells it didn't dig. Our debt to the past can only be repaid by what we may today do for the future.

MENTAL WANDERINGS. Yesterday while Bill Hudnut was in the pulpit working to beat hell on his sermon, I was making the following observations from a rear pew where we were seated, having arrived late: Bob and Lou Miller were present, Bob in his civvies and looking exactly the same as before the war. Paul Krogdahl was seated with his family, having finally gotten home from the Battle of the Bulge, Kathryn Holloway was back from the Waves. Sitting close to these happy returnees was Frank McKelvy, whose son, Franklin, was lost on a submarine. Mr. McKelvy's aloneness was a stern reminder of what the war has cost us. The families who are having joyous reunions as well as those who are looking forward to such reunions

have much to be thankful for when compared with those for whom there is no such happy anticipation.

Also present was Corrine Diller Ryan with her father, her ex-nurse, her "cousin once removed" (father's cousin) who in this very church a year ago took on the additional relation of husband in a ceremony creating mutual bonds which may not be put asunder except by death or decree of the Circuit Court of the County where the plaintiff resides. At the time of the wedding I would not have wanted to wager that a court of equity would not be called upon to make Charles a husband once removed as well as a cousin of that class, but yesterday judging by Corrine's happy smile and Charles' improved appearance I concluded that neither of these asundering factors is in the offing but that on the contrary, all is serene.

STATE FAIR. Recent references in the paper to a revival of the State Fair next year and various mentions of it in letters from the boys have brought this subject to focus in my mind. A nostalgia overtakes me when I look back over the years and recall the many events of the Fair that have become associated with our lives. To me and other small boys of 50 years ago, Fair Week was an exciting event as Christmas and its coming was as anxiously looked forward to. In those days the Fair was held in September and this meant a week's vacation from school. In the main the Fair has remained the same in all the years I have known it. It was and still is the annual harvest festival and livestock show of an agricultural people. Added to this for interest and entertainment are many other features with the result that the Fair includes a strong appeal to big and little children. The additional features include the horse show, horse racing, cooking school, baby show, antique show, art exhibits, and scientific exhibits. They include exhibits of manufacturers of all manner of products used by human beings. These include automobiles, farm machinery and practically everything that is made or sold. Other additional features tied in with those already mentioned so as to make the intrigue of the Fair complete are the itinerants. The itinerants include the Midway with its sideshows, Ferris wheel, haymaker, and other forms of mechanical near-suicide, the pitchmen with their stands and sleight of hand, rattlesnakes and medicine shows, all calculated to induce you to buy a variety of products ranging from patent potato peelers to an Indian herb remedy that is said to be good for man or beast. There are also shooting galleries, the vendors of fraudulent gadgets as accessories for the automobile, the cider makers, the vendors of ice cream cones and custards, pink lemonade, warbling bird water whistles, spun sugar candy, popsicles, rubber balloon whistles, canes, pennants, chameleons, buttons, badges and souvenirs. The itinerants also included lunch stands, which have improved of late, with their familiar smell of frying hamburger and onions. Add to this the gay decorations, bands and calliopes, passing out of free samples, the milling crowds of people, dust or mud underfeet, dust and noise in the air, a pickpocket's hand in your pocket, trucks, horses and cattle weaving and worming through the crowds trying to reach the barns and scaring people who can find no space to give way, and you have the State Fair.

There are the same plump Percheron horses and the same overfat cattle, the same oversized pumpkins and long ears of corn that I saw as a boy. The resemblance is so complete that I suspect that the pumpkins and corn are just dusted off each year. Since horses and cattle do not live that long I know that the present exhibits are not the same individuals of 50 years

ago, but their resemblance to their ancestors is complete.

The 1890s were horse and buggy days and both these items were well represented at the Fair. The buggy and harness people used to have beautifully illustrated catalogues like the auto people have now and to make the illustrations more realistic they usually pictured beautiful horses in singles or pairs hitched to the respective vehicles. As a small boy one of my Fair activities was to gather up as many of these catalogues as possible. In those days I ran a toy livery barn and a toy farm in the opposite corners of our attic and the catalogue pictures served to augment my toy stock of horses and vehicles. I cut the horses from the buggies and parked the buggies in make-believe sheds and stabled the horses in make-believe barns. When I had occasion to travel it was necessary to give a great deal of consideration to which horse or team I would use. When this decision was made the selectees were led around to the buggy shed when again I had the problem of what rig I would use. Phaetons, roadsters, park hacks, station wagons, spring wagons, carriages and surreys were all at my command - just name your choice and I had it. The hitching up was managed with a pin and then I was ready to dash off. My horses always went at a brisk trot which was devastating to my stocking and also my knees. I probably made an average of 40 or 50 trips a day between my farm and my livery barn, and by that time my knees were filled with splinters from the attic floor and the horseman had to repair to his Mother's lap to have the attic floor removed from the remaining flesh with a darning needle.

In those days we always took our lunch with us to the Fair as the eating places were not too good and my Mother would not have thought of starting us out without a basket of fried chicken, sandwiches and cake. The basket also served as a receptacle for bringing home our plunder of catalogues, free samples, and so forth. Upon arrival at the Fair we deposited the basket at the White Sewing Machine booth with a distant relative. In spite of the ampleness of our picnic dinner I could never resist the smell of frying hamburger and always saved a nickel from my spending money for this delicacy. The hamburger man never gave me the particular hamburger cake he was frying, but would always brush the flies off of some that were already fried and put one on a slightly damaged bun, adding a slice of onion with his dirty finger. Yum, yum, yum, I can taste them yet, and were they good.

The Fair of those days had no sideshow or Midway. Such events took place downtown in vacant store rooms. The public square was given over to spectacular acts sponsored by the merchants, including high dives, trapeze artists, etc. all free to the public. These were night events and the fairgrounds was closed at sundown. The downtown events were known as the carnival and a truly carnival spirit prevailed. Great crowds of thousands attended, many in costumes, and the youngsters all throwing confetti. In those days people came to the Fair by horse and buggy or by train. All of the railroads ran excursions. Fair visitors usually stayed for several days or the week. The hotels were of course taxed to capacity and the businessmen's association had to organize a room rental agency to take care of the excess thousands of visitors. The coming of the auto and the hard road changed all of this.

Now by skipping about 20 years I recall the period immediately before and after our marriage when Mother and I attended the Fair together. My



interest by then had been transferred at least in part from the horse and cow barns to the exhibits of household goods and furniture, with a racing matinee thrown in for good measure. About this time the night horse shows were started. Oddly enough in the horse and buggy days I do not recall ever having seen a saddle horse show. Those were the days of roadsters, carriage horses, hackneys, etc., but with the coming of the auto the saddle horse replaced the harness horse.

About this time the eating situation at the Fairgrounds had changed for the better, Strongs had put in a cafeteria, several of the churches put in restaurants, and even the itinerant restaurants spruced up their places. I was always intrigued by their displays of food, great piles of fried chicken and fried fish, huge barbecued hams and rear quarters of beef. The fried chicken and fish had the appearance of having been fried the previous week and while I was intrigued by them we usually ate at Strongs.

Then there was the Fair of a year or two later when John was a year or two old and we entered him in the baby show and won a blue ribbon and a \$10.00 premium for the first prize city boy. We were proud as any farmer with a champion colt.

By a process of skipping this brings me to the time when John was about 5 years of age and went to the Fair for the first time as a spectator rather than as an exhibit. I might digress here for a moment to remark that much the same routine was repeated for Chick and Sam, so with slight variations it will describe the first visit of each. As a leading Republican I possessed a vehicle pass that got our old Buick right into the grounds. Unfortunately we parked near a souvenir stand and before I had the car locked John had selected a whistle and a toy cane which he soon became the owner of. Then he announced in an authoritative tone "Now I want to see the horses", and obediently we headed for the horse barns. He was a cute little bug in his freshly ironed sailor suit and Mother and I kept constant hold of his free hand from that moment until we re-entered the car 6 hours later, with an exception of two I should mention. The other hand was occupied with his cane.

This holding of his chubby hand was not merely to keep him from getting lost but was prompted by many reasons. On the main thoroughfare it kept him from dashing into trucks. In the livestock area it served to guide him around mud puddles and fresh deposits which we will politely refer to as future fertilizer which for some reason always seemed to lay in his direct route. In the horse barns the hand holding kept him from stepping up unannounced to the rear of strange horses to pet them on the legs and from poking them with his cane. "I want to ride that horse" was an announcement that he made at the rear of each stall, regardless of whether the occupant was a Clydesdale, Percheron, Belgian, stallion, mare or colt, and as he made each announcement he pointed to the horse with his cane so that there would be no mistake in identifying the particular mount that he was then describing. In the cattle barns the holding of hands kept him from slipping in the stalls to help the men polish the bulls' horns or milk the cows. In the swine barns it kept him from pulling the sows' tails or petting the boars on the snouts. In the sheep barns it kept him from jabbing bucks and ewes with his cane in their freshly combed wool. Not until we reached the poultry barn did we have a recess from hand holding. Here the danger to our offspring seemed slight, although as events turned out I cannot say the

same for the chickens. His cane came in handy to bring to a state of attention any chicken that was asleep or that had its back turned to him. By a well directed jab through the woven wire the victims were prodded into a jump which would have carried them 10 feet high had there been no top to their coops. Instead of reaching such a height, they banged their heads on the top wire with a resulting cackling and flying of feathers and general pandemonium that could not have achieved by less than 2 bird dogs. From aisle to aisle he went, putting prize poultry on the Number One alert. Plymouth rocks, Leghorns, Minorcas, Buff Chochins, Rhode Island Reds, Orphingtons, Wyandottes, game chickens, and even bantams were all given the jump test and from the vibrations of the top wires of their respective coops I could see that they were passing it.

Next came the rabbit exhibit. These had multiplied, I mean the exhibits, until they occupied most of what used to be Machinery Hall. The soft fur and mild looks of the rabbits brought out the gentler side of our little offspring's nature and a desire overtook him to pet or at least talk to each and every rabbit. By certain deceptions I was able to guide him down every third aisle, thereby reducing our visit to the hutches from an all day's job to one of about 2 hours. Had he been the official rabbit judge he could not have given the rabbits a more careful appraisal. When we reached the end of the row the little future rabbit raiser was all for going back for a second interview with his new found friends. We managed to bribe him out of this desire with promises of an ice-cream cone and headed for the Dairy Building where we paid off.

By this time I was exhausted and suggested going home but this suggestion produced such a squawk that I was compelled to relent. "I want to see the freaks" said John. I don't know where he had learned about the freaks but his little mind was made up so we headed for the Midway with its crowds of seething humanity. We soon arrived in front of a hoochie-koochie show just in time to see the free sample performance outside. I had put John on my shoulder in order for him to get a view. "Phooey" says John, "Phooey, phooey, phooey. I want to see the freaks". The freaks were upstream and fortunately we could not work our way back so we helplessly drifted with the human current, arriving at the Old Mill, which consisted of a boat ride in a gaudy gondola through a darkened tunnel. After Mother and John had about 6 rides following the underground stream through the canvas mountains with me waiting outside and my feet hollering their heads off, I decided that the moment had arrived for inaugurating a more firm policy in our family and announced an intention of going home so firmly that it produced only echoes instead of protests, and home we went.

Chick's first day at the Fair varied from the above mainly in that the horses got even more attention and the rabbits less. Mother took Sam on his first visit and so I am only informed about this by hearsay. As I recall they started in at the Ferris wheel in the early morning and worked their way down the Midway through motorcycle races, haymaker, roller coaster, and merry-go-round, arriving at the Old Mill in the evening. It was a year later before Sam had learned that they had livestock exhibits at the Fair. This brings me to the time a few years later when we had a slight grievance against the Fair people on account of John's torn pants. At 14 John looked to be 20 and when the gateman refused to let him in on a school ticket he from necessity had climbed the fence in a secluded spot leaving part of his pants on the barbed wire fence. His only alternative would

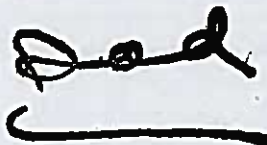


have been to spend his only 50¢ with the gatekeeper and according to John's reaction this would have necessitated his going home as soon as he got inside the gate.

Then there was the year when John and Chick became exhibitors and entered Menardy in the Springfield pleasure horse class. They both went out a day ahead of time and slept in the barn with Menardy like other horsemen. At the show Chick rode Menardy to the fifth prize and since this was the horse and not the rider that was being exhibited this seemed satisfactory under the circumstances. Finally about the time the war came along Mother and I found ourselves attending the Fair with 3 grown men who were able to explain all the exhibits to us and talk with authority in each of the respective fields represented - John and Chick on horses, John and Sam on rabbits, John on chickens, all on horse-racing, Sam on all the fields not mentioned. Such are some of the memories that come to mind in reminiscing about the Fair. Although the State Fair has always been interesting to our family I am sure that there are millions of families in the Midwest for whom the various state fairs have meant vastly more.

Ladies and gentlemen, it's educational, it's entertaining, it's exhausting and besides it's enervating too. It's filled with thrills and excitement for the young and for the old. It makes your head smart and your feet hurt. It's devastating. Now step right up and get your tickets.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

November 19, 1945

JOHN. On November 7 John was at Etrehat on the French channel coast awaiting a boat to take him to England for a 10 day leave. He had already spent some 4 days in getting started and didn't know how many more days it would be before a boat arrived to take him across the channel. Travel time, however, was not included in his leave time and John said for once he was not concerned about wasting time, since it was the Army's time and not his. He was quite fed up on Stavelot and even waiting for a boat was a pleasant change especially when it was a boat to take him back to England.

CHICK. Chick and another Marine Captain have just been given an assignment in connection with repatriating Japanese soldiers and civilians. The Commission is headed by a naval officer with 30 years experience in China and the Marine Captain is a man of about 60 and formerly was the architect for the Methodist missions in China. The Commission has its own interpreters and consultants and Chick expected to be a mere observer until he learned more about it. I think this will be very excellent experience and one that may prove to be more useful in civilian life than artillery training.

SAM. Sam left for the Philippines again the week before last on his new



ship, the Logan, and we do not expect further letters from him for another week. I saw Carl Gross the other day in Arch Wilson's. He had just been discharged from the Navy and told me he had seen the Henrico and the Logan both docked at Seattle when he was there 2 weeks ago. Apparently he was there at the same time Sam was but did not see him.

BETTY. We had a letter from Betty enclosing a copy of a letter from John. Miles is going to a short course at the University of Edinburgh and John was in hopes that he might get to Edinburgh while on leave.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother says that some of the things she had for Betty got in the wrong bureau drawer and ended up in Minneapolis. She is still busy unpacking. Hallie, the Taylor's cocker spaniel, carries messages, notes, newspapers and mail from room to room and up and down stairs and thereby waits a great deal on Grandmother. I think we had better send Zipper up to Minneapolis for training. At our house we wait on the dog. We let him out, we let him in again, we let him out again, we let him in again. He loves to see us work. His trips out and in finally get so close together that he doesn't even go out but whines at the front door until we go and open it, then without going out he goes over and lies down at the fireplace entirely satisfied until I again get seated. Immediately he is back at the front door whining again.

I would also like to ask for advice as to what to do with a dog like Zipper on a stormy night. Zipper is afraid of rain, lightening and thunder. He doesn't want to be outside nor be in the basement, but apparently wants to get into our bed. One rainy night last week I put him in the basement. When I was about asleep I heard a gnawing that suggested somebody was working on our house with a crosscut saw. Zipper was trying to work himself out of the basement. I took him back down and erected a gate at the bottom of the stairs. In about 10 minutes the gnawing was resumed, this time on the gate. I then cut off a piece of clothes line and tied him near his hassock where he couldn't reach the gate. In about 10 minutes he set up a worse wail than a homesick 3 months old puppy. I then put him outdoors in the rain and chased him into the garage. It was raining so hard that he was afraid to come out of the garage and remained there for the rest of the night. My present consolation is that the rainy season is about over and this particular problem will not be presented again until Spring. It's lots of fun and Mother says good for reducing.

McEWENS. Mrs. Burnett had a cocktail party for Dr. and Mrs. McEwen Sunday night. His 2 daughters who are about 11 and 16 were also there. They all seemed to like Blackburn very much. At present Blackburn is strictly a self-help school. That is to say, they admit no students who are financially able to pay their full way and all students admitted have to earn their way. Blackburn is a unique educational experiment in this regard. Were I an educator I think I should be quite fascinated in pioneering in this kind of an experiment. At all events I am sure it offers a more interesting career for a college president than a school that is already well endowed with a permanently set pattern.

Mrs. McEwen was formerly a Springfield girl, Marjorie Rickard, and still has relatives and friends here, Mrs. Burnett being one of the distant relatives. We met her when she was Dean of Women at Carleton and before she had married Dr. McEwen. McEwen's 2 daughters are by his first wife who

died when they were quite small. They are charming, modest, sensible little girls and the oldest one, Mary, is now in her third year in high school and I thought she was particularly attractive. I was tempted to ask the Doctor to save Mary for Sam, but then I restrained myself as I knew that my interference in such matters would bring on well earned resentments.

KEEPING ONE'S MOUTH SHUT - A LESSON I HAVE NEVER LEARNED.

Bar Association. I have just returned from a meeting of the Springfield Realtors where I went to make an address accompanied by one Phil Hutchison, the present president of the Bar Association. My chore in this regard was brought on by the fact that last week at a meeting of the Bar Association when a matter of grievance against the realtors was being discussed I objected to a proposed high-handed method of handling the matter and suggested that it should be handled by a representative of the Bar meeting with the realtors and discussing it on a friendly basis. Having made the proposal I stuck my neck out and found myself saddled with the duty of carrying it out.

Church. At last week's meeting of the Church Session Bill Hudnut made the observation that only about one-fourth as many men as women attended church. He lamented on this disparity and suggested that the means for remedying it lay in calling on the wayward ones personally, writing them letters, or possibly having a special "Men in Church" Sunday. After these preliminary remarks the subject was open for discussion. Some favored Method No. 1, others Method 2 or 3. I didn't favor any of the methods and so remained silent until my name was called. Then I suggested that it would be interesting to know why these wayward ones did not come to church. This question of course seemed entirely irrelevant but out of deference for a dullard like me it was explained that the absent ones probably spent their Sunday mornings at home reading the Sunday paper, listening to the radio, puttering around or maybe even cutting the grass. I then wanted to know why it could be that these absent ones could possibly stay home for such dull reasons. Why was it that a male church member having his choice of grass cutting or going to church would choose grass cutting. Was there some fascinating thing about grass cutting that I had never yet discovered or could it be that possibly the church service to these people was even a duller experience than grass cutting. This seemed to be a wholly unorthodox approach to the matter and I was immediately aware of the fact that I was sinning violently in the mere making of this suggestion. I confessed that I did not know the answer but I was sure that the solution was not as simple as notifying the grass cutters that there was a church service Sunday morning at 11:00. I stated that I knew most any business man would approach the problem from a different standpoint than the approach that we were considering.

I knew that if a theater manager found half of the seats vacant at each picture show that it would immediately occur to him that the trouble must be with his picture rather than with the customers. I knew that if a merchant found his shelves loaded with peg top trousers that he would soon discover that his problem could best be solved by stocking up the kind of trousers people wanted.

Well, this discussion ended in a resolution to appoint a committee to study the matter and I have a vague suspicion that I will find myself on such

committee. I don't know what the study will reveal but if I were going to study the matter I believe I would start out by first trying to find from the men who do come to church why they come. I don't know what their answers would be but I am afraid they would not all be as flattering as might be hoped for. Second, I would try to find out from the grass cutters what there was so fascinating about grass cutting or listening to the radio on Sunday morning. More particularly, I would try to find out why the church was unable to compete with grass cutting and the radio for Sunday morning time. Maybe these answers wouldn't help a bit but I don't know. If it turns out that the church would have to put in a boxing match or a vaudeville show to get these wayfarers to church then I would be for leaving them at home. For after all, the church's job is to teach and practice religion and not merely furnish entertainment.

I have a suspicion, however, that there are some things the church could do with propriety and dignity which would make the church service more palatable and possibly a few changes would bring in some of these straying sheep. I hesitate to criticize the church service for in general I think it is excellent and I know it is so much better than it used to be that further changes might make it worse instead of better. However, it is apparent that for some reason it does not yet attract the grass cutters and newspaper readers. If I were personally responsible for the matter I would at least experiment with the following ideas:

Music: I would double or triple the budget for church music and get a choir of about 100 even if I had to bribe them with a cocktail party for their efforts. I would have practice singing at 10:30 on Sunday morning by a volunteer congregation so that when the 11:00 service started there would be enough bellweathers who knew the hymns to make the church vibrate with their singing and the timid could then join in without even knowing the words. Singing is one of the best means of congregational participation and it seems to me it has never been fully developed.

Responsive reading: I would eliminate the responsive reading as it is now practiced. The alternate reading of sentences by the minister and congregation to me is quite meaningless. The audience's attention is attracted to the matter of where they should stop and where they should begin rather than to the context. The reading of Psalms in my opinion would be more effective if done entirely by the pastor, entirely by the congregation or entirely by both.

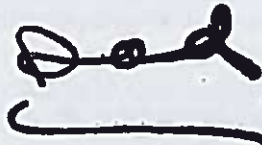
Sermon: I think Bill's sermons are tops. I would be slow to criticize them. However, I have the feeling that they are so packed with good ideas well phrased that at the end most of the listeners appreciate that they have heard a very excellent sermon but there have been so many good points made that each point in turn has crowded out the previous one. I would plan the sermon on the theory that the dullards who are going to listen to it, and I am one of them, are only going to be able to absorb one point from one sermon. I would therefore choose an important point and develop it and hammer it home in a 20 minute discourse, with the hope that as the congregation wended their way toward their Sunday dinner each and every one would have a deep and permanent dent in his cranium about the point the preacher had covered. I would dish out to them a meal of just one item of plain food well cooked and seasoned. Of course they might not like it as well as a salad composed of many ingredients all of which blended into an



appetizing whole but I think they would at least remember the plain dish better.

After church yesterday I discussed these ideas with Mother and she disagreed with me on practically every point so I am only half convinced that I am on the wrong track. Getting back, however, to the point where I started, I still feel that the matter of getting the grasscutters to church involves an analysis of both the church and the grasscutter and I would rather withhold my judgment about solving the problem until such an analysis has been made. If the church comes out with a clean bill of health then I fear it will have to proceed on its way without the presence of the grass cutters in its midst.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

November 26, 1945

CHICK. This last week two letters came from Chick together with snapshots of Tientsin and newspapers. Chick tells us that he did not take the snaps but was present. What I want to know is why he didn't step around in front of the camera and have himself included. He could have easily posed by the side of the grasshopper eater and could have even been pretending to eat some of this delicacy himself by holding it out in front of the open hatch. As it is the pictures are very interesting pictures of Tientsin such as we might see in the National Geographic Magazine. A wee little bit of interest is added by the fact that Chick was in the vicinity. I am reminded of the photos Life published several years ago showing a number of different beds each with a label that George Washington slept here. It would have been more convincing to me if the noble features of the Father of our Country had been sticking out of the covers.

Chick tells about a couple of rides he has had, one on a Welsh pony and finally on a full-grown horse. There seems to be no particular difficulty for an American to hire a horse from a Chinaman, but considerable difficulty in getting the kind of a horse you want at the time you want it.

JOHN. In the absence of any word from John and Betty I might relate under this paragraph that Henrietta Herndon's mother, Mrs. Robinson, is breaking up housekeeping and has donated their gas stove to John and Betty, or rather the Robinsons divided their things up among the children and Henrietta took the gas stove with John and Betty in mind. We have arranged for Hilliers to move it today and store it in the basement of the house at 652 West Vine. Incidentally, this was intended to be a subtle reminder to the tenants that the time of their leasing is drawing to a close.

SAM. We are waiting for a letter so as to fill in this paragraph. He should be in the Philippine Islands about now.

GRANDMOTHER. There has been no word from the North country during the last week. Minneapolis is probably covered with a deep snow and Grandmother has dug in for the winter.

THANKSGIVING DAY. Thanksgiving was our first cold day and the wind was raw. In the morning I took care of some finishing touches in getting ready for the winter by putting away the screen doors, and other chores. We had been invited by the Deuels to have Thanksgiving dinner with them at 2:00 so the morning was long and leisurely. After my chores I took the turkey platter from the wall, Mother having first called the Deuels and told them that we were bringing it, in compliance with long tradition in our house that it must be used on Thanksgiving and Christmas. Then I built a fire in the fireplace and settled down to do some reading. Incidentally, I did some contemplating on what I had to be thankful for. Uppermost in my mind was the fact that our boys were still on the other sides of the world and not too comfortable, and particularly John in Belgium would be cold whether he was outdoors or indoors. In spite of our anxiety to have them return I felt truly thankful for a number of things:

First, that the war is over and that we won. At least the organized killing is stopped and what passes for peace is at hand.

That our boys are all safe and sound and that each day brings the time of their homecoming closer.

Here my contemplation took a nosedive and I began to think of my creature comforts: I was thankful for the gas furnace and the fireplace that made our house so comfortable in spite of the raw weather outside, for the pumpkin pie that Mother was baking in the kitchen to take to the Deuels with us, for the man that raised the turkey that was going to occupy the big platter that noon, for the little pigs that had gone into my breakfast sausage, for the Pike family in Vermont who last winter gathered maple syrup for us.

Well by this time I was warmed up to my subject and it seemed there were more things to be thankful for than there was time to make note of them: Gilbert & Sullivan, Tchaikowsky, Robert Burns, Dickens, and Mark Twain, Mr. Churchill, part of Mr. Roosevelt, the little oil painting on our living room wall of the Village of Stowe, Vermont, with its beautiful white church steeple.

Getting back to where I started, I was thankful to have lived to see the end of World War II. When I look back over the years and see the many times that the scales were in balance and then each time finally turned in our favor I cannot help but feel that final victory was sufficient cause to make us all truly thankful on this Thanksgiving Day.

POSTSCRIPT. Mother just called me to read a perfectly charming letter that just arrived from John written while he was in London, telling of seeing several of his friends and last but not least, visiting the royal stables of the King, about which he plans to do a monograph for us all later.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

December 3, 1945

CHICK, JOHN, BETTY, and SAM. No letters from any of them.

GRANDMOTHER. Aunt Ella wrote a letter for Grandmother telling how she was getting along. Her bird is singing merrily every day and they have had quite a bit of snow in Minneapolis and so I have suggested to Grandmother that they put a bird tray outside of the window so that she can watch birds on the outside as well as inside.

The only other mail received this week was bills, circular letters from Time magazine and the Readers Digest wanting new subscriptions, a circular letter from the Piney Ridge School wanting a donation, an advertisement for Rock Wool insulation, V.L. & A. catalogue and Fields' gift catalogue.

MARINE CORPS CALLERS. Thursday night when I arrived home Captain Dick Woods from Okinawa and his wife were there to make a short call. Both Mother and I went overboard about Dick and when he told us what a grand guy Chick was it didn't injure his already quickly established standing with us. Dick is on terminal leave and was visiting his parents in Lincoln. He then goes back to Kansas City to resume his law practice. I didn't get around to asking him where his two babies were but I guess they were staying with their Grandma that day. His wife seemed to be very nice too but our interest was with Dick. The Woods had a dinner engagement that evening and couldn't stay very long but with the aid of a few Manhattans we gave them a warm welcome.

Bob Miller and Lou called to see us Sunday night. Bob is, of all things, working for C. C. Thomas. I assume this is a temporary assignment as he is still talking about going to school next year.

Charles Aldrich's folks got a telephone call from him from San Francisco and he is expected to be home shortly and we hope to see him.

OTHER RETURNEES. Bill Sheehan is back ready to practice law. The following are also back: Milt Brown, George Bunn, Jerry Wallace, Bob Sankey, and Frank Thoma. I may have mentioned Tom Morgan before. Tom was discharged about a month ago and is going back to school.

PAT HURLEY. General Pat Hurley, our part Cherokee Indian ambassador to China, has exploded a giant stink bomb in Washington with his resignation. Now the Senate is going to investigate and I hope they give the China situation a good airing. In my opinion we have not been honest about our role in China. We pretended not to be mixing in their internal affairs but have gotten in it up to our necks. Old Pat Hurley is more of a matinee



idol than a statesman and has been over there aiding and abetting the Nationalist Government in every way he could think of and now he's mad because everybody didn't go along with him. When they give his performance over there a good airing I think they will find a good deal of the stink bomb fluid sticking to old Pat. Our behaviour in China reminds me of what we did back in 1918 in Russia when we sent our Army in to help the Czar put down the Bolsheviks. We backed the wrong horse and the Russians have never forgotten it. In China we have no business to be backing either side but it looks to me like the old nag that we have been betting on is out of step with the times. I hope they call on old General Stillwell to express his views about the Chinese situation. What I hope most is that the thing gets hot enough down in Washington so that they will order our troops out of China right now, not next month or next Spring.

DINNER PARTY. Dr. McEwen, the new President of Blackburn, and his wife were our guests for dinner Friday night along with the Hudnuts, Mrs. Palmer and Mrs. Dunlap. Mrs. Dunlap graduated from Carleton about 40 years ago. Gertrude and her daughter, Helen, presided in the kitchen and served up a meal the like of which we had not seen since the war began. We spent a most enjoyable evening and as you can imagine various phases of Carleton and Blackburn furnished ample topics for conversation. We helped Dr. McEwen decide all of his present problems, including course of studies, tuition fees, management of the college farms (18,000 acres). I think McEwen will make some changes and do a lot of good at Blackburn in the next few years.

MRS. PRESIDENT. I have been keeping a little secret from you for the past month but now I can tell you. Mother is the new President of the Family Welfare Association, the third they have had in about 27 years. Pascal Hatch held this office for 25 years as his most prized possession and no one could have taken it from him without the aid of the grim reaper or the United States Army. Two years ago his age and ill health made him surrender it to Bob Stephens for a couple of years and now Mother has assumed the presidency, the first time in history they have elected a woman. As I get the story the directors got together in a kind of secret meeting and unanimously decided on Mother, then consulted her and got her consent, after which they had a regular meeting and duly elected her, only slightly against her will. As you know, Mother has been on the Board for a number of years and I have a suspicion that during this time she learned old Pascal's recipe for getting himself elected and that she carried on the same kind of campaign.

I was of course delighted to have Mother thus honored but there was one little matter about which I had to put my foot down and the following recital will explain it to you. After the election was wrapped up, tied and delivered I addressed Mother as follows: "Well now, Mrs. Welfare President, I have a little matter that I would like to take up with one of your case workers, as I want to be what you call a client". (The Welfare people talk about cases and clients just like they were in the law business.) "Fine", says Mother, "I am a qualified case worker myself and we can have our little interview right now". "Okay", I said "I understand that you welfare people try to prevent family troubles before they happen as well as curing them after the trouble comes". Mother, now in her capacity of Mrs. Case Worker, gives me a big smile and a nicely worded reply that prevention is their ambition and delight. "Well," said I, "I see that I have come to the right party and come at the right time, for six months from now it might be too

late. I can see as far as six months ahead and in my little horoscope I can see myself six months from now making a little speech to a welfare worker about as follows: 'Lady, once upon a time I had a happy home. I had an awful nice wife, the nicest you ever saw, but now things have changed. I don't get to see my little woman more often than once a week now days and then I have to get an interview with her at the Red Cross, the Family Welfare, a church dinner, the Anti-Rust Club, or the Reading Club. Now she is out doing so much good for others that she is simply galloping her flesh off like a Gordon setter in quail season. I need your advice, Mrs. Case Worker, I want to save myself and my home before my little woman runs herself completely down'. "Well", says Mrs. Case Worker, "I see what you mean. Your wife is no doubt doing too much outside work and she ought to give some of it up. How about getting her to give up the Red Cross work?" "Well", I said, "I would not have the soldier boys neglected now for anything. They need the Red Cross now more than ever, but there are plenty of women in Springfield who can do Red Cross work and do it gladly if they are just called on". To my surprise Mrs. Case Worker replied "I fully agree with you". This answer indicated that I was talking with a very intelligent case worker and I was so glad to have her see my point so readily that I just up and kissed Mrs. Case Worker and Mrs. Welfare President as well, and I can now agree with welfare people that if you just take your troubles to them before they happen they can probably prevent them from happening.

MISCELLANEOUS. Mr. Petefish of the high school has sent his daughter, Norma, to Carleton this year.

I have just read J. B. Priestly's new book "Three Men in New Suits" which is a powerful little story about three discharged British soldiers in their Government issued civvie suits. Each was from a different English class and in the Army all had learned to pull together as a team. When they got back to their respective homes and respective classes each met problems that bothered him and the three men in new suits finally again met and talked things over, and decided that the Army had at least one thing that they wanted to perpetuate in civilian life, namely, the matter of pulling together, and they proceed to work out a few details for beginning to work together for a better peacetime world.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dad". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style. Below the signature is a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that serves as a decorative flourish or underline.

CHAPIN LETTER

December 10, 1945

JOHN. John came through with a six page masterpiece by way of his report on his leave in England. We enjoyed it for its interesting information, humor, and John's charming narration, but most of all because it was such a delightful visit with Johnathon in one of his expansive moods. We read and re-read it and then began reading it to our callers. Future callers,

at least until Christmas, will have to listen to it or plug up their ears. John's descriptions of the English steeplechase and the royal stables were almost as good as being there. John ran out of copies and so asked Chick to send his to Sam. Commenting on the Chapin Letter, John mentioned that he has never received anything but a carbon and he wonders who gets the original. Mother gets them - she loans them to Anno and then files them.

SAM. Two letters came from Sambo. He went back to Toclaban in the Gulf of Leyte and then dropped down 200 miles to a little beach on the island of Minadao where they were picking up troops to bring back to the United States. He drew a chart of the beach where they were docked showing 2 small native villages with a background of jungle and mountains. Sam doesn't expect to get any leave when he returns but we still have hopes that the Christmas spirit may overtake the Navy and that he may have a chance to get home.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother replied to my letter about the empty pews in the church and came to the defense of the grasscutter. She thinks the grasscutter may have been singing hymns and repeating his blessings while he was pushing a lawnmower. Grandmother may have something there but I personally wouldn't let the grasscutter off so easy. She says that she thinks of all of you boys every day and wants to know from me how you are all getting along. Mother found a fine big reading glass for Grandmother's Christmas and we have already sent it to her so that she may start enjoying it right away.

CHICK. 3 letters came from Chick last week. One was addressed to me attempting to answer my question as to what use he made of the stopwatch I sent him. He also told of the work of repatriating the Japs which now goes forward at the rate of about 3000 per day. Chick has hopes of getting a discharge from the Marines by spring. Last week I wrote to the University of Michigan making an application for him to enter law school next fall. Chick also told of a clowning friend, Captain Moran, who having learned a few Chinese phrases furnishes great amusement for the fun loving Chinese. On one occasion Moran gave a Chinese traffic cop on one of the busiest corners a demonstration of soft-shoe dancing and soon had the cop giving a good exhibition of it while the traffic took care of itself and while pedestrians assembled and applauded.

BOXES. Chick wrote that 2 boxes were on their way, one for John and Betty which we should keep for them. The boxes arrived last week. The one addressed to us was labelled "Hold until Christmas", and this one Mother promptly hid. Nothing was said by Chick as to whether the box for John and Betty was to be held opened or unopened. I knew if he had sent some live pet it would need attention, that if it was something breakable we should ascertain promptly whether it arrived in good condition, and if it was something which should be put in the refrigerator we should take care of it. I also knew that John and Betty and Mother too would be terribly curious to know what was in the box, so with all these reasons for opening it and no reasons at all to the contrary except my own timidity about opening other people's packages, I reluctantly set myself to the task of unveiling it.

After taking off about 2 pounds of wrapping paper I discovered 2 black boxes which I first took to be miniature coffins. My curiosity was now considerably sharpened. I remembered years ago seeing a shrunken head of a South



Sea Islander and I wondered if the Marines or Chinese had gone one better and had taken to shrinking Japs to this tiny size. Proceedings were held up while I got the smelling salts for Mother and a shot of Old Fitzgerald for myself, then with a trembling hand I raised the little coffin lid hoping the little rascals would be neat and in uniform. To our relief and delight the boxes contained the most exquisite pair of Chinese vases you could imagine. They are medium size with long delicate necks and most beautifully decorated in color with a figure on horseback. In a note Chick explained that the rider represented an ancient Chinese emperor as he was about to set forth on a hunting trip to shoot deer, foxes or rabbits. Being an old hand at hunting myself and remembering practical hunting clothes I had, wool shirt, corduroy pants and cap, high top boots, cotton duck coat, I was astonished to see how daintily the emperor was turned out. He was wearing a cloth of gold windbreaker, a brocaded apron for pants, and fancy cowboy boots in a checkerboard pattern. On his head was a three-story hat and out of the third story there was erected a sort of flagpole from which dangled an oversize circus-horse plume. Hanging from the emperor's shoulder was a wicker basket filled with arrows but he seemed to be sans a bow. I supposed at first that the bow was hanging from the other side of his horse. The other vase showed the emperor headed South instead of North and so of course showed the West side of the horse instead of the East. There was no bow on the West side either. This puzzled me. How was there to be rabbit stew in the imperial pot with no bow? Why had not some secretary, valet, groomsman, or hangeron reminded the emperor that he had forgotten his weapon? I got out my reading glass to make a closer inspection. Under the magnifying glass I could see that the emperor's face was done in great artistic detail. The nose suggested that there might be a slight Hebrew ancestry on the emperor's maternal side. The eyes and the expression on the emperor's face, however, solved my riddle. It was just as I suspected when I first saw his expensive regalia. The old emperor was not out to hunt deer or rabbits - he was out hunting for dames and of course he didn't need any bow.

Incidentally while using my reading glass I gave the emperor's mount the once over. For art purposes the emperor's horse is a very satisfactory animal, being spotted in color and of chunky build on the stockhorse order and quite attractive to the eye. From the horseman's standpoint I hate to mention this, but he seemed to be the least little buckled in the knees, not enough to bother him any and I don't think that it will get any worse. John will probably never notice it anyway and if he did he could not very discreetly violate the old rule of not looking at a gift-horse in the knees. All in all, I concluded that the emperor's horse was probably the winner of the blue ribbon at the Chinese Grand Imperial Show in the year 945 A.D. and was undoubtedly the King's Genius of the day.

CHARLES ALDRICH. Lt. Charles Aldrich, a friend of Chick's, and his wife called on us Thursday night. He had just left China about a month ago so his report on Chick and the Marines was quite up to date. I got out Chick's letter about the stopwatch and had him explain it to me and in a kind of vague way I finally comprehended that the stopwatch had been very useful in mass firing at Okinawa. Lt. Aldrich is a man about 33 and a very likable chap. He described how the various Marine officers went on shopping sprees in Tientsin and then in the evening when they returned to the barracks with their bundles they would each open them and display them to the crowd. He had seen Chick's vases at the time he bought them. He

looked quite grand in all of his ribbons which he said he was not going to wear but his wife made him. He expects to get his old job back as agent for a trucking company and we hope to see him again soon.

MISCELLANEOUS. Tom Morgan is out of the Army and is going to Carleton College in February.

Buddy Vredenburgh is home from the Marines.

Ollie Addleman, my old Probate Clerk and hunting companion of the 20's died last week.

Saturday I had lunch with a Charles Richardson who was an old Troop D comrade. He and I served in the cavalry in the Springfield race riots of 1907 and Saturday we had great fun reviewing the events of those days. He now runs a button factory, makes overall buttons and just shipped 2 carloads to an overall factory in North Carolina. He told a story about seeing an Indian eating a whole pie in a restaurant out West. When he went to go out the Indian was just in front of him in the line at the Cashier's counter. The Indian was registering a complaint about the tough crust on the pie. Upon investigation it appeared that the Indian had eaten the paper plate as well as the pie.

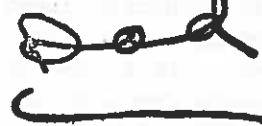
The Victor record people now have unbreakable plastic translucent records which are greatly superior to the old ones.

Junior Wood, who didn't get overseas until after V-J Day, wrote to his college fraternity paper and remarked "Well, anyway I got over here before the tourists did".

Bill Sheehan was in to see me last week on his quest in hunting a location to practice law.

The housing shortage in Springfield is acute and apparently the same situation exists all over the country. In the meantime the Franklin Life has torn down the Armstrong house and is demolishing the apartments. Last week I was put on the Mayor's committee to study the housing situation. We are going to try to do three things immediately to remedy it a bit; one, to discourage further demolition of houses; two, get people to rent empty rooms; three, get people to convert big houses into duplexes.

With love to all



CHAPIN LETTER

December 17, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES. Sam called us on long distance last night from San Francisco and we surely were glad to hear his voice and news of his safe arrival.



The telephone connection was excellent and I never before quite realized how adequate a telephone call can be. We could tell from Sam's tone of voice and his manner of talking that he was well and relatively happy without the aid of the words themselves. Sam's boat will be in the harbor until January 4th but there were only going to give leaves to a third of the crew at a time so his leave will be about 6 days. This is not long enough for him to get home but we hope he will have time to go down and visit the Marples. Next to us I think his Aunt Ann will be as delighted to see him as anybody I know and I am sure that if he can spend his Christmas with the Marples he will thoroughly enjoy it and I am also sure that Sam will add much to enliven Christmas for the Marples.

CHICK. We had a letter from Chick which antedated the ones we got last week. Chick has been reading the Autobiography of Mr. Tutt, which gave Mother an idea for a present for Tom. In the meantime I have been reading it myself and find it quite enjoyable.

I got a letter from the University of Michigan this morning sending an application to make on Chick's behalf. They say, "From what you say concerning your son's college record he will without doubt be able to gain admission to this school. He is evidently the type of person whom we desire to have here and we shall be glad to receive his application." They also state the possible entering dates for 1946 will be a spring term, a summer session and the fall session, which commences September 23rd. I will file application for Chick for the fall session and if he concludes there is a reasonable opportunity to get out before then we can send in another application for the spring or summer session.

CHICK'S BOX. Uncle was coming for dinner yesterday and since it was to be the last meal we would have with him before he goes to Cleveland for Christmas Mother decided it would be nice to give him his present from China. The box was produced from its secret hiding place and the following is the narrative that accompanied the opening:

"I'd really rather not open it at all before Christmas but I think it would spoil Christmas for Uncle if he doesn't get his present until after New Years. I know if Chick were here he would feel the same way about it. Now we are not going to touch anything in the box. Now Dad, I really mean it. We're just going to take Uncle's present out". By this time the cover is removed. "There's Uncle's package right on top. Now we are going to close it right up. Isn't it just like Chick to have everything so neatly packed and labelled. There's Uncle's label on his package. There's my present. I can tell by the label. Chick was such a darling boy to think of this. I'm not going to look, but I can tell by the shape what it is. Look here, between the wrapping you can see a little of it without unwrapping it. Isn't it exquisite? Now we are not going to touch them but isn't this one beautiful? Such fine decoration. Chick knows beautiful things all right. Now don't you drop it. Now I said we weren't going to look and I mean it. We will not open up the other one anyway, not even touch it, but I can tell they're a matched pair all right. I can't wait for Christmas, but Chick said not to open them and we are not going to open them". While all this was going on I saw a little ivory head of an old Chinaman gradually working its way out of a little cocoon labelled Dad. The old fellow must have been awakened by Mother's chatter. As quick as a wink I pulled the covers up over the old fellow's head again and the box was sealed up and again



carried away to its hiding place. Mother announced as she went, "Now promise that you won't open it, you know that Chick said it wasn't to be opened until Christmas".

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother wrote that she was sorry not to have baked cookies for all of the boys this Christmas but owing to sugar shortage and moving she is unable to do it. Before she left Springfield she baked enough cookies for one box and since Chick was the furthest away this was sent to him and I suppose he will receive it about Eastertime and possibly the crumbs will still be eatable.

Grandmother's reference to cookies reminds me that this is about the time of the year we used to sit down for a midnight snack with a glass of milk and a couple of dozen of Grandmother's cookies apiece. Grandmother has been baking Christmas cookies for the last 50 years that I can remember and they have become about as much a part of Christmas as the Christmas tree. Originally there were a dozen different varieties and when I was a small boy the pantry would be lined with crockery jars holding from 2 to 5 gallons of each kind. The butter cookies and the fruit cookies were our favorites and gradually Grandmother settled down to specializing in these two kinds. With the varieties limited her manufacturing process permitted greater production of the two kinds adopted and settled around a quantity basis of a couple of barrels of each. They were not really packed in barrels but in 5 gallon lard cans and by the time we children were grown Grandmother's only way of having cookies at Christmas was to hide them after they were baked. I remember one year when I came home from law school of finding that the cookies were already hidden. After spending a couple of days hunting for them I finally made a point on them. After that anybody who wanted cookies had to see me.

Those little butter and egg cookies would just melt in your mouth, particularly if you drank a little cream with them. Since we kept a cow that usually gave 8 gallons of milk a day we never bothered with straight milk-half and half was our drinking recipe. After eating a couple of dozen butter cookies it was a pleasant change to switch over to fruit cookies for a half hour or so. The fruit cookies were the kind that were supposed to get better as they got older, but at our house they never had a chance to improve much with age. I don't know why I am telling you all this because as I said in the beginning there are not going to be any of Grandmother's cookies this year.

JOHN AND BETTY. There was no word from them this week. We are indulging in the pleasant hope that John might be on his way home and hadn't time to write letters.

YOU CAN WRITE POETRY. I have been reading an article in the Reader's Digest that says everybody can write poetry, that I can too. It says Carlson's Raiders wrote 500 poems. The Yanks has a department called "Poets Cornered", and the Stars and Stripes has a department called "Pup Tent Poets". The author says you just sit down and start to write anything you want to remember; that writing poetry is just like putting up the choicest fruits. You can write in poetry and share with others your keenest sense reactions. She says the raw materials of poetry are at hand in the emotions of love, surprise and disappointment. Well, I have decided to test this author's recipe, but it sounds a little fishy to me.....

Something like learning to speak Russian in 10 easy lessons.

I have sat down. Now I am trying to think about something that I want to remember. The only thing that I have thought of after sitting 10 minutes is the time our old ram, William, toppled me over on my ear and this is something I don't particularly want to remember. This little episode, however, had all of those raw materials in it - I loved William, at least until that Easter Sunday, then came surprise and disappointment, and several other emotions which I will not take time to mention now. This article says that rhyming is the easiest part of poetry. I must have had the hang of rhyming born in me for I can remember shouting out something that rhymed with ram right on the moment of impact.

Getting back to the subject of poetry - it says that a poem should start with a good comparison. Comparisons are odious to me but if I had to make one up I'd say that when I saw old William coming at me he looked like a flying oak log and when he hit it was like a truckful of rocks, but I don't see how this is going to make poetry. I guess I'd better take another squint at the rules. Here it says that the depths of the mind must be searched for details and their significance. Meanwhile surface concerns are set aside, the imagination, transferred to other days and scenes, escapes depressing surroundings and cares. I don't believe that the lady who wrote this article was ever hit by a ram. There I am in pain and agony thinking about what I was going to do to old William when I was able to get up, and she's talking about transferring the mind to other days and scenes and escaping depressing surroundings. Hell, lady, it's too late to escape -- I'm hit and I'm down on my back. If it hadn't been that dumb Milton made another target for him and for John's flying tackle I'd probably be there yet.

Well, now I've read enough of those instructions and if everybody is going to write poetry I am ready to write some, so here goes:

Like a flying oak log he came  
Like a truck full of rock or a flamethrower's flame,  
In fact, like all three of the same.

These comparisons come to mind  
As I recall the Easter day  
When William charged me from behind  
While I was carrying hay.

William hit just above the knee  
Though his aim had been the rear  
He had hit what he could see  
When his target shifted gear.

Let's set surface concerns aside  
And escape surroundings depressing,  
Give imagination its stride  
Let the mind do a little digressing.

On impact I saw stars,  
Cassiopea and the whole Milky Way  
Vega, Jupiter and Mars  
Were visible from where I lay.

My pain was eased to some extent.  
When William turned on Milton  
Who did not break but badly bent  
When he came down a 'wiltin'.

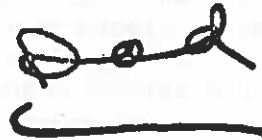
Then came the best of fun and mirth  
When Johnathon dove and tackled  
And brought old William down to earth  
While the audience cheered and cackled.

The one who chuckled through the show  
From Act One to the curtain  
Was Granddaddy A in the front row  
Who laughed till his sides got hurtin'.

Never again will I trust a ram,  
A bull, a boar or a rooster  
You can't trust any of them worth a damn  
I don't love 'em like I useter.

Well, it's just like I thought when I started out, I don't believe what that silly woman said about everybody being able to write poetry and now I've proved that she doesn't know what she's talking about.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

December 24, 1945

SAMUEL JAMES got a five day leave and spent Wednesday to Sunday with the Marples. We telephoned to him on Friday night from Uncle Buddy's and they were all enjoying his visit. In a letter Sam described the docking of his ship and how all the doggies lined up to hear the order that they would always remember "Man the gangplank". Sam obtained his view of this proceeding while sitting on a Keep Off sign on top of a life raft. Sam wrote that the leaves were passed out in three groups and that he drew a leave in the second group which included Christmas, but traded it with another boy so as to enable him to spend Christmas at home.

CHICK has acquired a Chinese friend who is instructing him in the ways and customs of China. Mr. Dennis Yen invited Chick to his home for dinner, which started at 3:00 and ended at 6:30. The courses included nuts, gruel, shrimp, meatballs, rice, beef, pork, fish and soup. This limited bill of fare was probably due to the shortage of food in China. Chick prided himself on getting all of this down from nuts to soup without leaving a beaten track on his necktie.

JOHN was scheduled to go to Paris on the 18th and says his officers were vying with each other for the privilege of taking him to his new assignment.



I hope he arrived so as to get away from Stavelot for Christmas.

BETTY reported on a nice visit with Grandmother and her bird. In a letter from Aunt Ella this morning it is reported that Grandmother received a beautiful flower from Betty. Betty was anxious to send money to make a down payment on the new Bendix but Mother advises that no down payment is necessary until the thing is delivered.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother is now completely snowbound but I doubt if more so than we are. We have had so many snows during the last week I would hesitate to estimate them. The crooners who have been calling for a White Christmas have certainly gotten their dish this year. I saw Uncle Horton, Uncle Bill and Ed on Saturday and they are all fine.

CHRISTMAS IN MANY LANDS. This was the title of a book I knew as a boy. I think when all the Chapin boys get home they can write one along these lines and entitled "Christmas in Camps, Billets and Hamlets on Land and Sea". Last year John was in England for Christmas and his report of the Christmas of the little English war orphans, the Red Cross and Christmas at Mrs. Albone's was something to remember. This year he will doubtless be in Paris where a lost people who are still trying to find themselves will try to celebrate. Last year Chick was in Guadalcanal where the only natives were primitive people and this year he is in China among the most ancient of civilizations. Sam is spending Christmas Day in the most enchanting of foreign lands, the land of sunshine, the land where an earthquake is merely a fire, the land where everyone makes it his gospel to proclaim the state's greatness, California. I hope the Navy has a Christmas tree for him and that Admiral Nimitz has sent presents to each of the little gobs, bless their little hearts, each and every one.

LEST YOU FORGET. I would like to remind you all that yesterday I got out the old record presenting Mr. Cyril Smith who is best known for his rendition of old English folksongs and Christmas carols and in this particular recording he does an old madrigal entitled "I Heard Three Birds". It goes something like this:

Oooh, there was an old man and he had an old sow  
Sow, sow, sow, Lassa arouldelay  
Lassa arouldelay.  
Oooh, Susanna's a funny old man  
Oink, man (Bronx razz) man, (Steam whistle) man  
Susanna's a funny old man.

I also played the one with "The night before Christmas and all through the house", and only wished that we still had the Bum Song. I can still see John and Chick reciting the Bum Song on every possible opportunity the year when they were about 6 and 4 respectively.

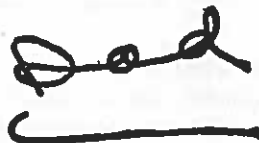
JERRY WALLACE. Jerry's 25 years in Springfield was fittingly honored yesterday by the Vestry of his Church and Governor Green tendering him a reception at the Mansion. It was snowing again but even so about 500 attended. The Governor and Mrs. Green and Jerry and Mrs. Wallace were all in the reception line. Mrs. Green didn't appear to be very much at home although the reception was in her house, while Mrs. Wallace seemed very much at home although I doubt if she had ever been in the Mansion before.

PROMPT REPORTING. The telephone, like the radio, is capable of reporting events while they are occurring. One morning last week Mother called me about three letters which came from Sam and while she was reading the second one she exclaimed "Oh, mercy, Zipper is vomiting on the living room floor and I have duties calling me. Sorry to end on such a sour note. Bye Bye".

HEARING AID. Warren Boynton is practically deaf and it is difficult for him to hear anything less than a shout without the use of his hearing aid. Last summer he was married to Eileen Fisher and soon thereafter they were entertaining the neighbors with some of their altercations. The following is a gem from one of these: "Now you put that damn telephone back on for I've got a few things to say and I want you to hear".

I now bid Merry Christmas to all the recipients and viewers of this letter. Merry Christmas to Chick and all the Marines in China, and to his Chinese friend, Mr. Dennis Yen and Mrs. Yen. Merry Christmas to Johnathan and to the poor Claims Service boys he left behind him in Belgium, and the thousands of Americans waiting to get home. Merry Christmas to Sambo and all of his little friends who are running the ships to bring the boys home. Merry Christmas to Anno and all the Marples, big and little. Merry Christmas to Grandmother, Uncle Wilbur and Aunt Ella. Merry Christmas to Betty and to her father and mother and to Miles, who I believe is still in Scotland. Merry Christmas to all, and to all a goodnight.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dad". The signature is written in a cursive, somewhat stylized font. Below the signature is a long, horizontal, slightly wavy line that serves as a decorative underline.

CHAPIN LETTER

SAM. We have had glowing reports on Sam's visit at Anno's and clearly a good time was had by all. On Christmas Day Sam wrote us that he had unexpectedly gotten the day off and was at the moment lined up and being processed for a free Christmas dinner with some unknown patriotic San Francisco family. I feel sure that Sam's hosts got their turkey and cranberries' worth and I would have gladly paid \$100.00 for plates for Mother and me beside him. Since Christmas I have received a box of Robert Burns Panatellas from Sambo, which by the way are very hard to get items in Springfield and I am duly grateful.

CHICK. A beautiful Marine Christmas card arrived at the office for the Editor and Publisher of the Chapin Letter, which was duly appreciated by the recipients. Chick tells quite a story of the difficulties encountered in purchasing a pair of skates in China. Now that he has them all securely fastened on a pair of G.I. shoes he must wait until the canal freezes over before enjoying them.

Chick tells us that he and another boy are now the oldest in his battalion from the point of time overseas. Apparently all that stands in the way of his being at the head of the list to come home is the acceptance of his resignation from the regular Marines. In this connection the Tribune carried a story yesterday to the effect that 10,000 Marines from the



States were now on their way to China to relieve that many Marines who were already there and if the powers that be are only good enough to accept Chick's resignation he may well be one of those who are presently to be relieved.

JOHN. No words has come from John but we are still re-reading his letter of his visit to the King's Grays and the Steeplechase. We trust Johnathon got to Paris for Christmas.

BETTY. Mother sent Betty some linen towels for Christmas and Betty writes that now the John Chapins will be sure to wash behind their ears. The Dayton Store finally got a package of records through safely and since Christmas we have been delighted with playing Tchaikowsky's Pathetique. Incidentally, the record to replace the broken one in last year's album arrived the day before Christmas and it arrived in more pieces than its predecessor. When I was a boy I worked for a time in the mailing room of the Illinois State Register and the shipping test we gave packages was to throw them on the floor and jump on them to make sure they didn't come untied. I have a suspicion that Dayton's have an ex-mailing-room employee working in their record department.

Betty writes that she got a cooky jar from Grandmother all filled with cookies. I didn't think Grandmother could pass up Christmas without baking at least a few of these little items. Betty sent me an anthology of Midwest literature which I have not yet been able to start on so I will confine my present report to a very sincere thank you.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother sent me a book entitled "The Illinois River" by a Minnesota author named James Gray. It is a delightful history of the Illinois country and I have thoroughly enjoyed it. I hope Mr. Gray later does other books on the Sangamon River, Lick Creek and Lake Springfield.

JOHN'S HOUSE. This morning as I passed John's house on the way to the office the moving van was there moving the present tenants to their new house a block away. Tomorrow John's house will be empty and we will go over and inspect it preparatory to making repairs and redecorating on the inside. I had hoped the tenants would move out by February 1st and am a little disappointed to have the furnace fire on my hands this early. However, I may be able to solve this problem handsomely by getting a gas conversion burner if one is available, for we will be compelled to keep the heat going in order to have the repair work done. The difficulty of getting work done nowadays will probably result in having workmen putter around in the house for a month or six weeks and we trust that by the end of this time Johnathon may at least be embarking on his homeward journey.

CHRISTMAS DAY. Snow, rain and sleet covered Springfield with about a foot of frozen substance which might roughly come under the heading of snow. We were awakened by the song of a stalled car trying to get traction. On looking out of the window we saw Floyd Dodd at work in Ann Dirksen's driveway. Her Cadillac car didn't like the idea of going to mass on Christmas morning and seemed entirely satisfied to remain in the gutter and spin its wheels. The traditional Chapin Christmas breakfast of waffles and sausage was switched to pancakes and bacon since we had had waffles on Sunday and Tuesday was regular pancake day and it was hard to get out of this rut. The bacon was special as there has not been much of this article around



these parts for some time.

After breakfast we all assembled in the garden room, Mother and me, to have our Christmas. The presents were assembled on a table, presumably to save me from stooping. Mother had bought a large tree but gave it to a poor family with a lot of children, as we thought for this year such procedure would furnish more enjoyment for ourselves as well as for them.

The first package to be opened was the envelope from Sambo which he said might contain itching powder. It contained a copy of the old Christmas poem "A Night Before Christmas", written by Sambo from memory. We were very touched and pleased with Sambo's present and cherish it very much for its meaning to us all. We had attended the Christmas Eve service at the Church the night before and since it was after 12:00 when we got home and was then Christmas Day we felt at perfect liberty to open, or reopen Chick's Box from China. When brought out in full view it more than met all of our anticipations, some of which have been previously reported. Following this came the packages from Betsy and Grandmother already mentioned and numerous packages from the list of other people with whom we usually exchange presents.

The Hawthornes came over at 11:00 for a Christmas call. We had a joint Christmas dinner at the Country Club with the Sterickers and the Duels. Armed with a shovel I was able to get the car out of the driveway and repeated shovelings at each stop got us to our various destinations. In the afternoon we called on the Woods with a great deal of curiosity to see what they had drawn in their China package, which proved to be two beautiful little cups without handles which I assume were Chinese teacups. After this we returned home, relighted the grate fire and settled down to a program of reading and music from our Christmas haul.

UNCLE BUDDY'S CHRISTMAS. Uncle Buddy is back from Christmas in Cleveland. He reports that the festivities there were somewhat dampened by a slight indisposition which took hold of the Quintrells and their guests in succession. The particular ailment was the same that was visited on them and all of us on our last family visit to Cleveland. The first symptoms seemed to be a chalky whiteness about the gills which is soon followed by violent abdominal spasms. At such times it is not safe to get near the patient, not because of germs or bacteria, but because he squirms with his frontieria. The Quintrell family and guests have established several upchuck records over the years, including the standing, sitting, and prone records, for both distance and height. Also records for the number of misses on the same target, the variety of patterns, the number of rooms converted into shooting galleries and the number of contestants entered at one time. This year Uncle Buddy, Uncle Clayton and Tommy all entered the game and Aunt Margaret acted as umpire and grounds-keeper. She was counting hits, runs and errors and calling "Foul" all the time Uncle was there. All in all it seems that the Quintrells had a rather stinking Christmas so Lysol wish them a Happy New Year.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SULLIVAN. My old friend whom we called Boney, died recently. He was an old Tennessee mountaineer who might have stepped right out of the history book. He came to Illinois about 20 years ago when he heard the Sheriff down there was looking for a man who killed his deputy. Boney said the deputy had been shot as he was escaping on

a stolen Sullivan horse. Since he had been killed in flight, the bullet entered the deputy's back. Boney claimed that in the ordinary case he would have stayed and stood trial since mountain juries were not very strict in cases of deputy sheriffs where you slugged it out with them; however, he hadn't had any experience with the jury's reaction to shooting in the back. He suspected that they might feel humiliated that a mountain man would do such a thing. "To tell you the truth" Boney related, "I only aimed to hit his hat and scare him right smart so that he'd return my horse, but they'd never believe a story like that down there even if it was the truth, so I thought I'd better make a visit up here for a time until it all blew over".

Boney had the look and shrewdness that only life in the mountains can give a man. He was rustic and ragged, but proud, sensitive and independent. He always felt a little out of place in Illinois. Like a captured wolf he never quite knew whether to trust Illinoisians and he knew they felt the same way about him. He retained his old mountain words and dialect throughout his residence in Illinois. Some of his mountain words were strange to our ears but many of them were true Chaucer or Elizabethan English which had been preserved in the mountains of Tennessee for 200 or 300 years. Boney's conversation included such items as "hit" instead of "it", "thar" for "there", "nestes" for "nests", "holpt" for "helped", "poke", for "bag", "boomer" for "squirrel", "kiver" for "cover". My conversations with Boney would make stories to fill a book and I will relate only a couple:

Buying a Sorghum Mill. On one visit Boney related the following: "We've got our own sorghum mill this year and I want you and your wife to come out and get a gallon of our sorghum when we're making it. There was some people over near the river that had the mill and I heard that it could be bought for \$25.00. I got Lou Kerns to go in with me and borrowed Lou's trailer to bring it home in. Just before we got thar we stopped and I hid the trailer in the hedge. T'warn't no use to have that trailer and encourage the people to stick up their price. I began by offering them \$5.00 and I reckon me and Lou started to drive away a half dozen times before we bought it for \$15.00. Then we just drove about half a quarter down the road where we had hid the trailer and came back and took delivery. The man that sold it to me was pretty mad. He said 'If I hadda knowed you had that trailer with you I wouldn't have taken a cent less than \$50.00'". Boney replied, "Yes, and if I hadda knowed for sure that you hadn't seen us unhook it in the hedge I wouldn't have give you a cent more than \$5.00".

Sangamon Sheriff. Boney brought his natural dislike for Sheriffs to Sangamon County with him. He settled out in Gardner Township, which was also the residence of Luke Gaule. Boney was an ardent Republican and on one election day he was quite active in bringing some of his hill-billy Democratic neighbors from the creek bottom to the polls to vote Republican for Harry Happer for Supervisor. Luke, the Sheriff, was active for the other side and he resented Boney's skill in weaning Democrats away from him. Summoning up all of his Sheriff's dignity he demanded, "Sullivan, have you voted yet?" After a long pause, Boney replied with seeming casualness, "No, Mr. Sheriff, I hadn't calculated on votin' until later". This reply brought some curses from Luke and the curses included a name that Boney didn't like; whereupon Boney turned on Luke like a wildcat. The crowd separated them shortly and sent Boney home but it wasn't long before he returned with a shotgun and his friends had to take it away from him. Harry

Happer told me this much of the incident and the next time I saw Boney I inquired from him about it. Boney's comment was something as follows: "Well, Judge, I don't hold no respect for Luke Gaule. He called me a fight-in' name and of course I tied into him. He's only about half my age but when the crowd separated us I never saw anyone look so thankful as our Sheriff. He looked so thankful that it riled me again. No, I hold no respect for that man, but I wouldn't voluntarily do him any harm. If I should be standing on the river bank along side of him I wouldn't push him in, but I won't deny it would be a considerable pleasure to me to do so. But if someone else should happen to shove a little bit I wouldn't cause no interference. If he finally fell in I wouldn't refuse to drag for him after he'd gone down the third time, but I'd drag upstream".

NEW YEAR'S PARTY. Butch's parents, the Grahams, who live in the old Morris house have sent us an invitation to an open house on New Year's from 12 to 5. We don't know whether this refers to night or day. Mother asked "Who do you think will be there?" I suspected the punchboard syndicate and their wives will be present, but I consoled Mother by explaining that the customers will also be invited so we are bound to see most of the people we know. I think it is a very nice neighborly gesture and since we see so much of the customers I would like for once to mingle with the smart people who make the punchboards, the people who with third grade arithmetic and second grade instincts invent little pastebord products which with their accompanying plated knick-knack prizes spread over our city like a net, the people who garner in each month more cash than Elliott Roosevelt could borrow on his father's face and his own note of hand. I am filled with curiosity. I have my dress suit and Pendleton shirt all laid out in case the party is between 2400 and 500 and my leisure jacket, bow tie and flannels in case it happens to be between 1200 and 1700.

TALE OF A CAT. To me the prize newspaper story of last week was about Dickie Mason, aged 14, of Pekin, Illinois, who took his cat, Cookie, and a baking powder can containing \$1500.00 of his grandfather's money and caught a train for Chicago. There he acquired a comfortable hotel room and a goodly supply of hamburger, calves liver for the cat, left a note to the maid to feed him, and went on a tour of Chicago picture shows. After a five day search Dickie's folks located him. When the police inquired as to why he had left home he explained that his grandparents had been stepping on his cat's tail with suspicious regularity. When they asked if he was ready to return home he stated "Yes, on two conditions: first, that there be no spankings, and second, they gotta promise to quit stepping on my cat's tail."

ORGANIZED PRESSURE. Our new Superintendent of Schools told this story. A delegation of Jews signed a protest to prevent the high school from putting on the play "The Merchant of Venice" on the ground that it reflected on their race. The petition filed by the Jews had a long list of names and the Superintendent agreed to cancel the show. A little later, a petition was filed by a group of Negroes protesting against the reading of Uncle Tom's Cabin in the English Literature class. The Board was impressed by the length of this petition and ordered the book deleted from the course. Later a little fellow came in and protested against another book in the English Department which contained the word "bastard" in three places, and asked that this book also be eliminated from the English course. The Superintendent promised to take it under advisement. After the little



fellow left he threw the petition in the wastebasket and remarked to his secretary "Well, that's one we won't have to grant", and upon an inquiry being made as to why he replied that the bastards are not organized.

I have also garnered the following three stories during the last week: A mother sent her little boy to the grocery store for 2 pounds of candy. When he returned he had but one pound. She called up the grocer to make inquiry. The grocer protested that his scales were accurate and inquired "Have you weighed your little boy?"

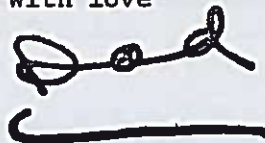
A little girl aged 5 was crying because her sister got a Christmas vacation and she didn't. When asked how come she said "Well, I don't go to school yet".

Two little boys were discussing their respective advantages. One remarked "Well, my father is a doctor and I can be sick for nothing." The other one topped him by replying "My father's a preacher and I can be good for nothing".

The last 2 Sundays at church Mother and I have had two cute little boys sit with us and everyone is curious to know who they are. Strange enough, they are the two little Hudnuts. Their brother Bill has been quite sick and was operated on and their mother has been occupied with him and so we took over the two church-going boys. It may be that they are receiving inquiries as to who the people are that they are sitting with.

With love

December 31, 1945.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be "Dad", written above a horizontal line.

CHAPIN LETTER

January 7, 1946

CHICK. Chick reports that while he bought Chinese made Christmas presents this year, his Chinese friend bought a beautiful Pompeian brass powder box made in Cleveland, Ohio, for his wife. Chick told of his endeavor to decorate for Christmas with Chinese ferns instead of evergreens and with colored lights which were sold by the Chinese at rather un-Christian prices. He had his first skating and his skates held up better than his legs.

SAM. We had no report from Sam on the success of his free Christmas dinner. Instead we got a letter telling us all about his ship. Mother just called me to read a letter that came today giving a report on his visit to Rosemary Woods. It was rather involved since he seemed to have called on a number of other Douglas families before he finally arrived at the one which had a Rosemary of marriageable age. He finally located the right one, however, and had a warm welcome and his conclusion was that Junior had done right well for himself and that Rosemary's sister was quite attractive and he thought Chick should have her name and telephone number when he returns.

JOHN. No word had come from John for three weeks, but Mother reports that a short letter came today written from Paris, giving his new address which is:

Liason Office, Claims Section  
Headquarters, TSFET (Rear)  
APO 887  
Postmaster, New York, N. Y.

We had not heard from John for so long that I had worked up the fantastic hope that he might possibly be on his way home. I think this hope grew in part from the fact that I have had to keep up the furnace fire in John's house for the past week. I seem to have lost the knack of making furnace fire. My fires go out when the furnace is full of coal and if you have ever had to rebuild a fire in a furnace full of unburned coal you know what I am up against. I slip and fall on the ice and snow getting up the steps and into the house. I bump my head on the furnace pipe, I get the fire re-started and fan it with my hat, but when I come again in the evening either all the coal has burned up and the fire has gone out, or none of the coal has burned and the fire has gone out. Maybe if John would show this letter to his Colonel and paint a picture of the trials and tribulations I am having, the Colonel would do something about it. I could get a doctor's certificate that I am not competent to make a furnace fire and I could get testimony from my minister and from the near neighbors that firing the furnace is doing me more harm than good. The neighbors say there is more blue smoke comes out of the door as I go in than comes out of the chimney.

GRANDMOTHER AND BETTY. I don't recall at the moment that we have heard from Grandmother or Betty during the past week. I suppose they are completely snowed in and probably no mail will get out of Minnesota for another month.

THE JANUARY THAW. After three weeks of treacherous weather, bitter cold, and snow and ice, the January thaw arrived. After three weeks of slipping and falling, of ear holding and snow shovelling, a short premature spring came on Saturday and the snow and ice disappeared as if by magic. The bare ground where your feet can get a firm grip felt mighty good again. I guess the Eskimoes get used to ice but I felt insecure as though I had been riding bareback and blindfolded on a greased mule with a freshly clipped mane and a neck so long that I couldn't even reach his ears to hold on to.

GINNAVEN. Virginia's grandfather, D. C. Ginnaven, died the other day. My first recollection of him was about 40 years ago. My father and Mr. Ginnaven were active in a mayoralty campaign back in 1905 on behalf of a candidate named Frank Bodie. The campaign team was engaged in making speeches at various school houses and auditoriums. As a boy I remember my father reporting on the progress of the campaign and the various meetings. My father had a campaign speech built up around a particularly good funny story that illustrated his point. One evening Mr. Ginnaven made his speech first and in his enthusiasm he told my father's story and made the various deductions from it, thereby requiring my father to improvise a whole new speech on the spur of the moment. It was my father's opinion that it would have been a less offense if Mr. Daniel Ginnaven had taken his overcoat.



This brings me to G. G. Ginnaven. Gerald was a candidate against me for Probate Judge in 1924 and the campaign grew rather hot and personal. John was then about 6 years old and the heat of the campaign was reflected in our small son, who in a vague way gathered that the term "G. G. Ginnaven" was an unfriendly term. By some strange transposition the term was adopted by John as a violent swear word. John was too little and too protected to know or use the term son of a bitch, but he could deliver the term G. G. Ginnaven with all the emphasis that an Army cavalry sergeant would employ in the use of the real cuss word. If John pounded his finger he would yell out "G. G. Ginnaven". If he got mad at Jackie Watson he would spit out the term "G. G. Ginnaven", at him with a precision and contempt that was fascinating to hear. Like many boyish episodes this particular use of the term gradually declined and by the time the Ginnavens became good neighbors of ours it had fallen entirely by the wayside. I was often tempted in later years to tell Gerald this story but I was never sure that he would fully appreciate it, although I think he would have.

AURELIUS TWINS. Frank and Dorothy Aurelius, mindful of the welfare of their twins, had given them strict orders that they come home directly after school or, in the alternative, that they call their mother and tell her where they were going to be, in which case they must still be home by dark. About two weeks before Christmas the little girls decided that they would take their year's savings and have Herbert Georg take their picture for a Christmas present for their parents. They had their Sunday clothes at a neighbors' house and after school got into them and went down to the studio. Various delays postponed their homecoming until about 6:15. Frank and Dorothy were much provoked at the waywardness of their daughters and gave them the works in the way of scolding. The little girls stood mum on where they had been and the scolding was doubled on this account. On Christmas morning they presented a package from Georg's studio containing photographs of two angelic little girls. Frank and Dorothy were overcome with humiliation and the little girls are still chuckling to themselves about the whole affair.

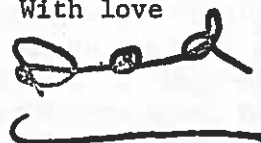
DR. PETTENGILL, another member of the Carleton faculty, appeared in Springfield last week. Dr. Pettengill gave a lecture on the bird life of Mexico and showed a colored movie of birds that was really marvelous. He is on a three months lecture tour for the Audubon Society and appeared here before the Springfield Nature League. If you happen to want to know anything about the birds of Mexico from the oriole to the turkey buzzard, I am now in a position to touch upon it lightly. Dr. Pettengill was introduced as being the only living man who had stalked the whooping crane from his Northerly haunts in British Columbia to his lair in Central America. After this introduction I was of course all keyed up to learn about the whooping crane and was greatly disappointed that his film didn't include a single picture of this particular bird, and that his lecture was entirely bare of whoops. I learned later that the whooping crane is a special lecture that takes an evening all by itself. I did not press the matter further as I was not sure I could take an entire evening of cranes, either with or without whooping.

CHICAGO TRIBUNE. The Tribune has put as Item No. 1 on its masthead "Get the Boys Back Home". In an editorial on President Truman's speech on the state of the Union, it labelled the speech "Report on the state of the unions". For you who have been far away from home this referred to labor unions.



SLOWING UP OF VETERANS RETURN. Apparently the Army felt that they had released enough veterans to take part of the heat off of them so last week announced that the return of veterans would be slowed up during the next six months. This is an old Army trick. In my opinion the announcement was a trial balloon to see what the reaction would be. They will slow up the return of veterans of course, if they can get away with it. If the announcement brings in too many protests they can of course change their minds and later announce that they didn't mean what they said. I for one am going to write protests this week to our Senators and Congressmen, to Mr. Drew Pearson, and Mr. Kaltenborn; the latter are very effective in broadcasting the sentiment contained in their mail. I recommend to all recipients of this letter that they also write a few letters of protest, the more the better. I feel very strongly that the thousands of boys who have already been overseas for a year or two should be brought home immediately. It is true that the Army does need men overseas, but they are hiding the facts as to the number that are still overseas and there is no doubt but what they have got far more than they need or are willing to admit. Protests from home are going to be more effective to cure this situation than anything else, and they can be effective if enough people write enough letters.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Ed', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

January 15, 1946

SAMUEL JAMES. No letter from Sam since he left for the Philippines on January 4th. We did receive a couple of Christmas pictures from Ann taken at the time Sam was visiting them, which showed Sam and the two Marples children all with wide smiles on their faces. Uncle Ed's camera technique has slipped a little, however, as all three of the faces in the picture were pale white and suggested that Ed had bled them all before he took their pictures. I can't imagine the Marples bleeding Sam and especially their own children, however, so I assume that the difficulty had something to do with too much lighting or too little lighting. I would recommend that Uncle Ed write to Bob Stecher and get his article "Let There Be Light". This is an article Bob wrote for the Medical Library Association on the lighting of libraries. It was reprinted this month in the Illinois Library Magazine. It may not really help very much in taking pictures but it would be very useful in case Ed ever became President of a library board and had the responsibility of doing some library lighting.

CHICK. Two letters came from Chick yesterday. He, like John, has now a souvenir. The Marines were passing things out and Chick selected a 16 gauge double barrelled German made hand-engraved shotgun. I think Chick's judgment was very good. I would rather have a double-barrelled shotgun than all the pump guns or automatics ever made. 16 gauge is big enough if you are a good shot. An 8 or 10 gauge would be about my size, but I think

16 will fit Chick properly. Chick's is a hammer gun and again I think this is the kind to have. With a hammer gun you can tell when it's cocked and when to be careful. Hammerless guns are always going off and killing a hunting companion or are locked on safety when you are trying to shoot.

Uncle Buddy had requested Chick buy him \$50.00 worth of Chinese trinkets. This order has been filled and the box is on its way. Chick said he and Gary had great fun spending Unc's money. We here all plan to have great fun opening the box. Chick explained that every purchase made in China is a matter of horse trading that whether the trade results in a bargain depends upon how susceptible the merchant is to your particular technique,

We received a snapshot of Chick and Gary standing before their Christmas tree, which incidentally showed a box of Aunt Margaret's fudge and the box Chick received from Betty. Chick hasn't mentioned receiving a box from home and I assume that the items we sent him were consumed by some mail clerks along the way and by now the books we sent have become a rental library in the Post Office Department.

JOHN. We had 3 letters from John last week, making up for lack of letters in previous weeks. John has hopes of getting out in February and thought by all events he would be home by March 15th. It was after this letter was written that the Army announced the redeployment slowdown and I imagine by this time the Army is very sorry they made the announcement. Since then they have had GI demonstrations all over the world and when the Congressmen and Senators came home for their Christmas vacations they found that the people back home were more interested in redeployment than in a good many other matters which they had assumed to be important. General Ike is before Congress today to explain the situation and to set up new plans and it is to be hoped that growing out of this episode a fair plan will be worked out whereby the GIs who have been overseas for so long will get a chance to come home. Incidentally, I received a copy of a letter John wrote to Evan Howell expressing his views. I talked with Ev personally while he was home last week and gave him mine. Senator Brooks made a speech on the radio the other night indicating he intended to press the matter of getting GIs home.

John told us about his Christmas which he spent with an Armenian family that lived in Paris. The father and mother spoke Oxford English. During the war they sent their children to London. The children lived in the Cockney district and learned to speak Cockney. Now the children are back in Paris, having been in London during all of the Blitz when they might have been in Paris and been safe, and worse still, after 4 years living with Cockneys they speak perfect Cockney English and will probably continue to do so for the rest of their lives. The Christmas dinner was built around rabbit instead of turkey but John's hosts plied him with wine continuously through the meal so that he did not mind the rabbit. He probably didn't even know it was rabbit by the time the dinner was over. John's host was his interpreter while he was working on claims in Belgium.

BETTY. Betty sent Mother her choice of colors for the various rooms in their house. Last week we had electricians, plasterers, wall-washers and a carpenter at work. Now Walter Canfield has started to put on the paint. I stopped in Saturday to see him painting the bathroom a beautiful blue and told him the color was fine and that Betty liked blue and we probably would

decide to do the whole house in this color. Later Mother and I stopped in to look over the finished bathroom and the blue looked like midnight blue on a stormy night. We turned the light on and the blue changed into the beautiful color I had seen in the morning, so we went back and held a conference with Walter. We lighted the light in the bathroom and explained that we wanted a blue the shade that would make the bathroom look like the light was on when it wasn't on. Walter got his paper and pencil out and is doing some computing on this and expects to get the mathematics instructor from high school to help him tonight and will have the answer for us tomorrow morning.

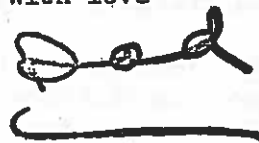
We have finally decided to do the other rooms in colors that at least have beautiful names. The living room is going to be warm beige. One room is going to be rose coral, because that sounds so restful. Offhand I don't remember the other colors but the names are all beautiful. Betty is planning to quit her job the end of the month so as to be ready to leave to meet John on a moment's notice.

GRANDMOTHER. We had a nice letter from Grandmother telling about all the Christmas presents she received and again thanking us for her reading glass. She got a beautiful poinsettia from China this year instead of from the Solomon Islands. They seem to have poinsettias wherever Chick goes.

ANNO. Anno writes that the Marples family are all planning to come East in June. They will drive to Denver and leave their car and come by train or plane to Springfield and spend a week with us and Unc, and then go to Cleveland. They hope and we hope that the boys will be home by that time.

UNCLE CLAYTON. Uncle Clayton was driving home from town one night last week and apparently went to sleep for a moment in his Buick. During that moment he hit a street light. The Buick turned over and was completely destroyed and besides Uncle Clayton broke his glasses. It looks like what Uncle Clayton needs is a self driving car and unbreakable glasses, then he can just get in at the office and sleep all the way home. I don't know what to recommend to him in the meantime. I first thought of suggesting to him that he have Aunt Marg come down and get him each night. Apparently this would do no good either, because Aunt Marg recently had a wreck herself and tore her Cadillac all to pieces. The war psychology of destruction has certainly hit the Quintrells suddenly, but fortunately they both have escaped without any personal injuries.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

January 21, 1946

JOHN. A letter came from John today with an inverse English regarding



discharge. John remarked that since everybody else was hollering about discharges he was going to pretend that he loved the Army, and proceeded to give a very good imitation. John described Paris as being cold and dark and unhappy most of the time. He had, however, managed to attend the trotting races. All the horses were prewar editions and there was one running race in which John remarked Chick on Menardy could have easily won.

I received a copy of the second letter which John had written to Ev Howell regarding Army discharges and it is a very well worded and sane discussion of the problem. In the meantime, protests from home and abroad have had the effect of making the Army formulate and submit a specific plan for discharge. General Ike appeared before Congress and in a two hour statement cleared up a good many of the points involved. There were still some that he passed over lightly. However, he did definitely promise that every man who had been in the Army 2½ years or had 45 points would be released prior to April 30 or would be on shipboard ready to sail home. John has been expecting to be home at the latest by March 15 and this is still possible. At all events we know now that his latest limit is April 30th.

CHICK. A letter of January 6th came from Chick. The ice has apparently been good in China as Chick has been playing hockey. The rest of Chick's letter was dedicated to answering various inquiries Mother has put to him.

SAM. The broad Pacific and the Navy only know Sam's whereabouts. Nothing has been heard from him since before he sailed on January 4.

BETTY. Betty and Mother are collaborating on the color scheme for the house. The large bedroom is painted pale pink. Yesterday Mother took Betty's afghan down to try it out to see if the colors conflicted. They didn't. Betty plans to stay at her job through February.

GRANDMOTHER. Betty had been over to visit Grandmother and gave us a report that she was doing well. We have been so busy in the office since the first of the year that I neglected to write last week and will try to make up for it soon. I have seen Uncle Horton and Uncle Bill recently and they and their families are all OK.

MARPLES VISIT. We are all expectant regarding the Marples visit in June. This includes Uncle Buddy and Aunt Margaret. It has been so many years since Mother and I saw Jean and George that I know we would not recognize them except for the frequent pictures we get. Right now we are having the coldest spell of the winter but by June we'll be having better weather than they have in California, I hope.

BILL HUDNUT RESIGNS. Yesterday Bill Hudnut announced his resignation and plans to take a church in Rochester, New York. Both Mother and I are exceedingly sorry to have the Hudnuts leave. Bill has not only been our minister but he and his wife have been two of our very closest friends for six years. During Bill's pastorate here our church membership has been remodelled and brightened up mentally to about the same extent that the building itself has been changed, which is considerable. Some people didn't like either change, but I did. The changes in the building are relatively permanent. Whether the intellectual change continues remains to be seen. To change the ideas and mental processes of adults requires a technique akin to Dr. Singler's tooth straightening. He first uses a gradual pry to

move the teeth to the new position and then a brace to hold them there until they feel at home. I feel Bill Hudnut has taken the brace away from the church members too soon. At all events I feel sure we will have to look a long way and maybe for a long time before we find another minister of his intellect and understanding and with his theological common sense, and I know we shall miss them both greatly.

GETTING IN LINE. While people in Europe are compelled to line up for bread and fuel, while soldiers are ordered to line up for a number of things, while displaced persons are lined up to get home, Americans too are lining up. During the war we had cigarette lines, now we are having Nylon stocking lines. We also have lists, the telephone company has a list of 3000 people waiting for phones, then there are automobile lists, refrigerator lists, and a thousand others. The lines and lists here and abroad could be shortened if it were not for one other line that is present in America, the picket line. At a time when the whole world is without necessary things America has gotten into a family argument about how the pie is to be divided. The Government keeps talking about controlling inflation while there is twice as much money in this country as we had in 1942. Inflation then is well on its way and it appears to me about as likely to be controlled as a storm. The people in the Nylon lines and the picket lines will do well if they don't end up in the breadlines and soup lines.

JOHN AND BETTY'S FIREPLACE. The brick in the fireplace in John's house are the same kind that are on the outside of our house - they are known as rug bricks - don't ask me why. I suppose it's because they are rough like the pile in a new rug, or because they are full of holes, I don't know which. In an ivory trimmed room this rug brick fireplace stood out like a grim intruder. It was like having a janitor stand on guard in his work clothes. I decided to have the janitor put in a white uniform and mentioned the matter to Mr. Canfield, our interior and exterior decorator. Mr. Canfield was not warm to the idea. It could be done, he admitted reluctantly, that is, if I was sure I wanted it done. "What objection is there to painting the fireplace?" I inquired. There was clearly no enthusiasm on his part, he registered an expression which might have indicated I had asked him to paint a red hot stove. Faced with this direct question Mr. Canfield removed his hat to allow a more free circulation of blood in his medulla oblongata as an aid to the mental problem he was up against. Ordinarily Mr. Canfield is engaged in brushing paint on walls or ceilings and the very slightest of mental processes comes into action during this procedure. The cap at such times is no hindrance to him and besides it serves the purpose of a shield against truant splashes of pigment as well as giving him the dashing professional appearance of the painters you see in the magazine ads. With his cap in hand Mr. Canfield was not posed to give the matter studied attention. "Well", says he, "You know once you paint it you have a painted fireplace. You can change the color but only with another paint. The point is you can never get it back to the natural brick again". "Well, that's not worrying me, Walter", I replied, "I don't like natural brick in a white room". Walter is Mr. Canfield's given name and I have never addressed him by any other handle and I am sure that he would be greatly astonished if he knew that I was now referring to him as Mr. Canfield, but since he is not on my mailing list I shall continue calling him Mr. Canfield in the remainder of this report. Mr. Canfield then continued "You see, that's very rough brick. It will drink paint like a sponge and besides it's a lot bigger job than you imagine. The paint has to be worked in every little



crack and hole. There's a lot of labor involved on that job". I suggested filling up the cracks and holes first with a cement wash similar to what we did in our basement. Mr. Canfield had never heard of such a procedure, which easily permitted him to conclude that it wasn't practical. He didn't say it couldn't be done but he did go so far as to say that if we did it that way he wouldn't be able to guarantee his work. I suggested the use of a spray gun. Mr. Canfield is a peaceful man and he is opposed to guns of all kinds and particularly spray guns. A spray gun could easily kill off a painter by making painting obsolete and the painters know it. Mr. Canfield had so many arguments against the use of the spray gun that I could easily see that he had debated on the negative side of this question before. After listening to some of these arguments I announced that I was ready to make my decision. "We will paint the fireplace". It might take a little extra work, a little extra wear and tear on the painter and perhaps on the painter's brush, but nevertheless, I couldn't believe it was as bad as he seemed to picture it.

Mr. Canfield's natural mood is friendly and jovial and having done his best to dissuade me from this abhorrent task he now accepted the verdict cheerfully. By way of concluding the discussion with a bit of banter he remarked "Now maybe you would like to paint it yourself since you seem to think it's so easy". This was merely a kind of blundering remark on Mr. Canfield's part but brought a greater blundering reply from me: "I would like to paint it, hard or easy, but especially if it's hard. You just mix up a couple of gallons of paint for me and leave them here Saturday and when you return on Monday you'll find the fireplace transformed. Mr. Canfield breathed a great sigh of relief.

In the meantime, I learned that Bill Hunt had a spray gun attachment for his vacuum sweeper and so I invited Bill and his vacuum sweeper and his spray gun over to stand by. I also took along our flit gun just in case. I am never convinced by what experts say but always like to find things out the hard way. Saturday afternoon was dedicated to whitening up the fireplace. I arrived before Mr. Hunt and so I started on the job with Mr. Canfield's brushes. It was so easy I just kept on going with the brushes and didn't even stop to experiment with the spray gun. The simplicity of the job derives from my painting technique, which is peculiarly adapted to painting rug brick. Certified painters get in a rut, they have to have everything just so, they spend more time keeping paint off of the places where it doesn't belong than in putting it on where they want it. My system is the exact reverse of theirs. I put paint on everything and then I wipe it off of the places where I don't want it. This system is ideally adapted to rough brick. Briefly, it permits slushing the brick and the mortar joint generously with paint and consequently the paint flows in the holes and crevices. It doesn't have to be pushed, shoved, and argued into the holes with a brush. Of course my system resulted in quite a bit of dripping and splashing which would mortify a certified painter nearly to death, but most of the dripping is on other brick which have to be painted anyway, so I say let it drip. After the surface of the brick has all been covered in this manner you just go back over it with a brush and wipe off any excess drops or drips. In the meantime, Bill Hunt arrived bringing along his household appliances and Mother entertained him first by showing him about the house. Then she got out Mr. Canfield's colored picture books. These are a product of the Sherwin Williams Company but they look like something the Fortune magazine people might have done



and are really quite beautiful. Nevertheless, there is something fascinating about seeing someone else working with a paint brush and it wasn't long before Bill and Mother laid aside the picture books and came over to watch me with envious eyes and repeated requests that they be allowed to participate. I didn't want to spoil the job by having amateur hands foul it up for me, so I waited until I was nearly done then I let Bill put on a few finishing touches, and to appease Mother I let her and Bill remove the paint which had splashed on the floors, windows, mantel and walls. They were delighted and grateful for this privilege and to have this small part in dressing up John and Betty's living room. I assured Bill that if he would drop around on the 4th of July John would have beer, cheese and hard-boiled eggs for all of us in appreciation of our combined efforts.

MOTHER'S BIG DAY. Mother is getting very nonchalant. Last Thursday she delivered her discourse on the United States Navy to the assembled ladies of the Anti-Rust Club giving them in addition to all the published material about the Navy certain inside facts that only a Navy mother would know. Several of the Anti-Rust fraternity later expressed to me their interest and delight in Mother's accomplishment. Later the same day the Family Welfare Association re-elected Mother as President for the coming year. No mention had been made of either of these events but during the evening Mother casually let the first cat out of the bag and then about an hour later again just as casually let the second cat out, just as though Thursday, January 17th, was a regular day in her life.

MISCELLANEOUS. The other day I was in Attorney Leslie Pefferle's office and found Bill Sheehan there acting as Pefferle's assistant. Tom Morgan called at the office to tell me that he was about to start for Northfield to enter the February term, and to thank me for what I had done for him. I couldn't recall what I had done but I accepted his thanks nevertheless.

Hughes Diller is home from the war. Jane Pree and Ed have separated on account of too much Mother-in-law Pree.

Dick Bennett's mother died last week. She had been ill for more than a year.

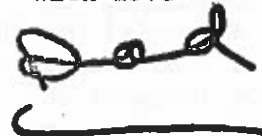
Junior Wood was in Tokyo for a couple of weeks but is now back in Manila. This is again campaign year and Judge Wood is running for the fourth time and Ben DeBoice for the fifth time.

A Rochester man has taken a prize for inventing a portable hog catcher.

The Franklin Life has had a ceremony on the old Armstrong lot digging the first spadeful of earth in connection with the erection of their proposed 9 story building. Buddy Kapp and Dwight Green were present at the ceremony.

Uncle Buddy gave a dinner one night last week for Kay White and Mother and I joined him. He is still looking for the \$50 box from China.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Dad". The signature is written in a cursive, slightly slanted style with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

## CHAPIN LETTER

January 28, 1946

CHICK. Chick writes that the boys who leave for the States make assignments of their packages to their friends. Chick has been collecting a number of packages which are put in the pool and when the pool gets big enough for a party they all join in on it. Our Christmas package finally arrived thoroughly soaked in deisel oil. It apparently had been packed in the bottom of a ship. The books were wholly unreadable but surprisingly enough Chick said the candy and nuts in cans were OK. Grandmother's cookies also finally arrived in good shape and were enjoyed. We received Chick's letter of admission to the Michigan Law School and I have written making a room reservation for him.

SAM. A couple of large photos of APA 44 arrived addressed in Sam's handwriting. We assume that Sam ordered pictures of his own ship and possibly Navy Pictures, Incorporated, sent the wrong ones. I saw Gene Day yesterday and he says that Tony is now home, having been discharged. That he got \$200.00 discharge pay and then re-enlisted for another year. I don't understand all of this but Tony will be home 30 days and he said that Tony would be over to see us. Bob Irwin graduates as an ensign on March 2nd and then has to do a hitch of some kind at sea. Don Ackerman is in V12.

JOHN. A letter from John dated January 14 tells about a tour he made to the Rodin Museum, the Folies Bergere, and the Tuilleries Gardens. John is not too much impressed with the things the French revere. I am not either. Had the British revered the same things Germany would have won the war in 1940. The French were a great people, the British are. John sent a snapshot of a group with a tall guy in the background which we made out to be T/4 Chapin. Last night the Ford Sunday Evening Hour had an orchestra conducted by Sir Thomas Beecham, whom John heard conduct in London on his last leave.

BETTY. Betty is to receive some samples of the final edition of the various room colors. I believe Mother also sent some small samples to John. Progress on the house continues. Walter Canfield is still at work, rock wool insulation has been installed, and new shades have arrived.

GRANDMOTHER. Grandmother had a letter from John saying he would be home by April. Grandmother says that she now owes letters to all three of the boys and is not quite equal to answering them because it is so difficult for her to see to write. She has been worried about her church dues. Since she has been a member of the Central Baptist Church for 67 years she is concerned that they might now put her out. I will figure up the dues and send them a check this week.

Grandmother tells quite a story about what an intelligent dog the Taylors' Cocker is. Hallie runs errands, fetches and carries and does many tricks. I showed this letter to Zipper, thinking it would perhaps make him ashamed of himself. "Ha", says Zipper with an air of disdain. "I'm a lot smarter than that dog", and he headed for the front door and just as he went out called back and added "And smarter than you too". I didn't like this last crack and immediately demanded that he come back and retract it. He wouldn't even come back until I got him a piece of meat. "Now what do you

mean by such talk?" I inquired. "Well", says Zipper, "I have a good home, haven't I? Anyway, it's the same one you live in, and I get good meals too". "What of it?" I asked. "Well, I manage to get all the things I want without doing errands or tricks for anybody. Now with you it's work, worry, bills, income tax, housecleaning, repairs, and all that. I get the benefit of this and I don't do anything but let people pet me a little. I have a good home for life with no problems. The problems are all yours. I won't be bothered with problems. Inflation or deflation makes no difference to me. Come hell or high water I know I am secure. If you still want me to retract what I said I will, but it won't be true and you know it just as well as I do. I was probably indiscreet in mentioning it, but we dogs talk and laugh about it all the time among ourselves and the remark just slipped out by accident. There may be smarter dogs than I am but they are not the ones that fetch and carry or do tricks".

SPEAKING OF DOGS, in the last 13 years we have lost probably 100 dog dishes. The dishes just disappeared. We never knew exactly how. Now I have found out. The other night Mother and I came home and a large white dog was at the back door eating out of Zipper's dish. I got out of the car and chased him away and he picked up the dish and carried it with him. I supposed that he would stop over in the park and finish it so I waited but he kept on going. The last I saw of him he had crossed South Grand Avenue and was still going, and I could still see the big dish in his mouth.

Ed Scattergood, who made knives for Chick and a number of his friends, loaned his dog to the Army. It was a German Police dog. After three years service in the Army the dog has been returned, and Ed says he is the same as before. All the Army had trained into it had been trained out again and you would never know the dog had been away.

In Bob Becker's article about dogs yesterday he pointed out the following: Dogs differ from us chiefly in three ways. The world is made known to us principally through our eyes and ears. The dog's world is predominantly one of odors. He learns about most things going on about him through his nose. The dog's nose is his radar set. Things that escape us completely are revealed to the dog through his nose. Next in importance are his ears and eyes. His ears are better than ours, that's the reason he is such an outstanding sentinel or guard. He picks up faint sounds entirely out of the range of our ears, such as the silent dog whistle. He depends less on his vision than on his nose. He may recognize your voice, walk or car, but to make sure he comes up and sniffs your clothes.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE SULLIVAN, CONTINUED. This is the second and probably the last installment of a series of reminiscences about my old Tennessee friend.

One day I mentioned the name of Cordull Hull in a conversation with Boney, and it brought forth this story: "Cordull came from our valley in Tennessee. He and I were raised on farms facing each other. Yes, I've knowed Cordull as far back as I can recall. We went to school together, but I didn't go as long as he did. I guess I went about 4 winters but Cordull was smart minded and he kept right at it. I was one that was always hankering to be doin' things with the grownups. We raised a right smart of tobacco down there in Tennessee and there was always a lot of work to do with it. You practically have to sleep with tobacco from the time you plant it till you



cut it. Then there was always wood to cut and when they were operatin' the still I was always around to fetch and carry for them. When they didn't need me I'd slip off with a squirrel gun and catch some meat. No, school was a worriment to me, but not to Cordull. He kept right at it and graduated at the top of his class. Then he went away, and studied law. He come to be the best lawyer in the county seat and it weren't long before he was made the Circuit Judge.

"Quite a few years passed without me seeing Cordull and in the meantime I had grown up myself and had married and had a passel of children. The next time I seed Cordull is the one I'm comin' to. There was some fellows in a syndicate down there and they were liquidatin' the assets of a big corporation. They decided to hold a lottery and give away the assets as prizes. They had farms, pianos, guns and automobiles and all kinds of things for prizes. It was somethin' on the order of the K. C. Barbecue here, only it wasn't for any church. It was just for themselves. They sold thousands of tickets for \$1.00 apiece, sold them all over the surrounding country.

"The day of the drawing was just like a county fair. I had about a pocketful of tickets and bless me if I didn't have 2 winners. One ticket won me a 40 acre mountain farm, and the other one got me a gray mare with a saddle and bridle. I was pleased quite a heap to be two winners and I was so anxious to tell my woman and children about it that I didn't stay for the celebratin', just got my gray mare and started for home up the canyon road. She were a purty good mare for mountain use, sure footed and sturdy, but not much to look at. She was gentle enough for children and the next day I got out my cross-cut saw and cut an upp'in' block and we rolled it up to the gate so the children could get on by themselves.

"I was aimin' to go over and see the farm I had won, but before I got around to it the deputy sheriff rode up the road with a warrant for me. He said the grand jury had indicted the whole syndicate and everybody that had bought tickets to the lottery, that is, everybody whose names they could get, and they had all the names of all the winners, and that's how they came to indict me. The deputy said there was so many of us they couldn't put us all in jail so he allowed it would be all right if I appeared the followin' Wednesday for the arrignment.

"Now is where Cordull comes in again. Cordull was our Circuit Judge and him and me being boys together I allowed there wouldn't be much cause for worriment. So on Tuesday I rode into the county seat in order to be thar early Wednesday morning. At the arraignment I sauntered d'reckly up to the bench where Cordull was settin' and unthoughted like I said "Good mornin', Cordull'. "Good morning Boney' he says. 'But you are now before the Circuit Court and I will have to ask you to address me as Judge Hull, and I in turn will have to address you as Mr. Sullivan. Now, Mr. Sullivan, how do you plead, guilty or not guilty?' This high and mighty goin' on got me befuddled. I said 'Well now, Cordull, uh, Judge Hull, I can't deny I bought the lottery tickets and I can't deny that I won a mare and a farm but I didn't know I was violating the laws of the State of Tennessee at the time.' 'Do you have a lawyer Mr. Sullivan?' he inquired. 'No, Cordull, uh, Judge Hull, I hadn't calc'lated I'd be needin' a lawyer'. 'Well', says Cordull, 'I think you'd better calculate again; your case will be continued one week Mr. Sullivan'.

"I made up my mind about gettin' a lawyer on the way out of the court house and went d'reckly over and feed the best lawyer in town. I explained the case to him and he said he had a lot of other clients indicted in the same lottery. He said he'd looked up the law and that the state had a closed case on us. That there was no use standing trial because it would make matters all the worse. He recommended that I plead guilty and said that he would make a speech on my behalf and try to get Cordull to just put a fine on me without a jail sentence. 'Well, sir', I said to him, 'I feed you to get your advice, and help, and if that's what you recommend that's what I'll do. I'll plead guilty and you try and 'suage Cordull. Cordull looked mighty severe today and I calc'late you'll have to talk mighty purty to 'suage him very much.

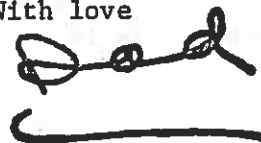
"I'd aimed to be in court bright and early on Wednesday morning but we had quite a downpour in our valley on Tuesday night and the roads and gullies all washed out and the streams were so full I was afeared to ford them. The result was that though I started from home at 3:00 in the morning I didn't get to the court house till about 11:00. This bein' late didn't help any and Cordull looked more contrary than he did the week before. My lawyer finally explained that I had decided to plead guilty and asked if he could make a few remarks in my behalf. The lawyer did right well by me 'cause I could see the changes come over Cordull's face as he talked.

"When he got through Cordull said 'Mr. Sullivan, you have been engaged in a game of chance, against the laws of the State of Tennessee and you have pleaded guilty. It is now the business of this court to determine your punishment. How much is the land worth that you won?' 'I have been offered \$500.00 for it already', I replied. 'How much is the mare and saddle worth?' 'Well, now I ain't had no offers on the mare and saddle, but I would reckon about \$50.00.' 'Well, Mr. Sullivan', said Cordull, 'The court is of the opinion that the facts do not warrant your imprisonment since this is your first offense. The Court is of the opinion that a substantial fine should be assessed against you and I now assess a fine of \$550.00 and you are now committed to the custody of the sheriff until the fine is paid'.

"As the sheriff was about to take me away the fellow who had offered to buy the farm for \$500.00 came up and made me the same offer again. I wasn't in much of a position to dicker with him but I got him up to \$550.00 right there in the court room and sold him the farm. My lawyer was right nice about the fee, said if I'd let him have the horse he would call it square and me keep the saddle and bridle. It weren't much of a saddle but it was better than carpet, especially in riding on our mountain roads.

"Yessir, I've known Cordull since we was boys and every time I see his picture in the paper I think of the time we was boys together and I also think of the time that he fined me \$550.00. Cordull is all right, straight and honest and a great man, even if he did come from our mountains. I saw Cordull a number of times after that case, but I never said nothin' to him about still havin' the saddle and bridle I won in the lottery. I reckon I was the only one who came out ahead. He put fines on everybody that won, and fixed the fines at a size to eat up everything they won, and as for those syndicate fellows, he sent every one of them to the penitentiary. Yessir, Cordull is a great man".

With love





CHAPIN LETTER  
Grandmother's Special Birthday Edition

February 4, 1946

Grandmother celebrates her 87th birthday tomorrow, February 5th, so here are birthday greetings to her. Uncle Bill went up to Minneapolis yesterday to make a personal call on Grandmother and I am sure this will be better than any store greeting card like I sent.

Since I am limited to writing, however, I cannot tell you how well you look without appearing to lie, and Mother, you know I never lie to you, especially when I know I will be caught, but I will go so far as to say that I don't know a nicer mother anywhere, at least I have never had a nicer one. I attribute all my truthful habits to your teaching. Some of my other habits I learned all by myself. I hope that all your other children are as truthful as I am, or even more so. I remember the many times you have outwalked me in the last several years - at the picture gallery in Bloomington, at the museum, and a hundred other places. Here's hoping for you continued good health and happiness.

SAM. Sam arrived in the Philippines and we have had three letters, the last from some place called Guinan. Sam has had another new job or two and says that if he could now be transferred to the evaporators for a while he would now know nothing about practically everything on the ship, thus bringing up the old question about whether it is better to know practically nothing about everything or practically everything about nothing. He says they haven't been able to find any troops who are ready to go home and guesses they are going to lay off shore until the boys out there get enough points. The recreation center is about a 15 minute swim from the bow of his boat, that is, says Sam, not allowing for sharks. In his last letter the word has been passed around that in a day or two they are going to push off for Guam, where they have heard there are some boys who are already wanting to go home.

CHICK. Two letters arrived from Chick, January 13th and 16th. Chick attended a Chinese General's tea. Disappearing walls in the General's house exposed waiters with cigarettes and foods. Two Colonels did a few party tricks. Chick thinks teas are pretty much alike the world over. He has had more skating and another dinner with his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Yen, who are still serving three hour dinners. Chick is getting quite accomplished with the chopsticks. He says he bought a package of something to show John, that he is the only one of 53,000 Marines that knows what it is and he is going to let us guess. In another letter Chick told of trying to locate Carleton in China on the map. The explanation of his problem involves difficulties about the Chinese language, dialects and interpreting which is a little complicated. The point is he finally was able to put a pin in a map right on Carleton in China.

JOHN. John says his mail is irregular and so is ours. He wonders why I have turned into the Buck Lasses and am tending his furnace fire. John must have missed a lot of mail. I don't know where to begin my answer to this question. Probably at the beginning. It's winter here. The house is empty. We cannot drain the pipes because workmen are working there. We cannot let the fire go out because the pipes will freeze. I am not tending the fire because I like to tend the fire. It is a case of absolute



necessity. John says now he expects to be home the latter part of March. Mother saw Kenny Schnepf the other day, who saw John in London a year or more ago.

BETTY. Betty likes the colors of the rooms Mother sent her. She says her father enjoyed Zipper's remarks of last week. Zipper would have a fit if he knew I was repeating the things he tells me. He has a couple of good Irish stories, however, which I will try to get him to tell Mr. McNally when they come down to Springfield to visit Betty. It will be just like Zipper not to say a word all the time the McNallys are here. He only talks when the circumstances suit him. I haven't found out yet what he meant last Saturday by going up on the front porch of some people we don't know and anointing their front door right while the people were standing there. He probably just thought they were Democrats, and Zipper is very undemocratic.

UNCLE AMOS. Uncle Amos is out of the Army but he is still belligerent. The other day I went in Maldaners and found him eating lunch at the round table. The group that usually eats there have longer faces and do more whining and belly-aching than any group I know of. Every group has its spreaders of gloom but these boys make a rite of it. They see the world through some kind of distorted spectacles which enlarge and project them and their little problems into everything they see. It's a part of their creed to omit all mention of anything that is right, if there be any such thing. This enables them to devote themselves exclusively to the things that are wrong and boy, there are a lot of things wrong, according to them.

On the day in question, after several others had had their turn complaining and criticizing Bill Dellert took up the matter of GI loans and quickly got around to pointing out what a problem these loans were to their bank. Uncle Amos looked disgusted and finally made the observation that he didn't see anything new, special or different about the problem of banks saying no to people who want to borrow money. "It seems to me", says Amos, "that the bank has got to make up its mind whether to make GI loans or not. If you don't want to make them, then it's no problem. If you want to make them, then you oughtn't to bellyache about the trouble they cause." Bill couldn't conclude without adding that he would just like to keep a record of the time their officers wasted on GI loans. I remarked that it would be interesting to see a record of the time GIs wasted on trying to get loans. Uncle Amos added "Yes, that would be more to the point. I'd just like to see a record of how many days it would take a crippled GI to borrow 10¢ at your bank". This settled Bill for a few minutes.

Next up was Willard Tobin, whose military experience was limited to selling military jewelry at ceiling prices. Willard related some story about the huge items of surplus Army material and asked why did the Army have so much. "Tell me, why?" said Willard. "I'll tell you why", said Amos. "The war didn't last long enough for you birds that didn't do any soldiering. The Germans and Japs quit too soon. If they'd stuck it out till now all that stuff would have been used up and you'd be satisfied. Of course, there would have been a lot more boys killed but the Army would have come out even with their supplies." For this service above and beyond the call of duty I awarded Colonel Richardson the Robert Burns trophy and departed.

COURT HOUSE. There is a plan on foot to deed the court house and grounds to the State as a Lincoln memorial. Mrs. Niana Davis headed the committee

which got the State to appropriate \$600,000.00 for this project. I was made a member of a committee to help locate a new site for the court house. At a meeting of this committee last week I proposed a revision of the whole plan. My proposal was that we retain the present court house square for the new court house and donate the building to the State of Illinois and get the State to reconstruct it in its original glory on a new location to be selected by the State. This proposal produced varying reactions. I will not bore you with a report on the ones that were in agreement but I am sure you will be interested in the objection raised by Mrs. Niana Davis. Mrs. Davis was the chairman of the committee who cooked up the whole plan and she was not at all pleased to have her plans changed or amended. Her reply was something to this effect: "I worked all last summer on this matter and had a difficult time getting the \$600,000.00 appropriation through the Legislature. Now after everything is all set you come in here and start kicking the plan around, just so some fat lawyers won't have to walk three or four blocks to the new court house. The walk will do you good" says Niana.

NEW OVERCOAT. I am now the owner of a very expensive and beautiful overcoat which is practically new and which I came upon in a most unusual way. The fellow who used to own it left town and couldn't take it with him, in fact, didn't need it any more. It didn't fit any of his heirs, his Executor or his Trustee so Mr. Noll, whom it didn't fit either, purchased it for quite a song and came romping into the office offering it to me for the modest figure of \$15.00. This figure suited me and the overcoat suited my figure and a second sale was quickly consummated. The only drawback is that as I walk down the street I have a feeling that people may be saying "Why, I thought Charley Wanless was dead". The sleeves of my new overcoat are a little long, which will probably be a problem for me when John gets home for I fear it will fit him about as well as it does me and even better in the sleeves.

HUGH GREEN. Since I last saw my friend, Hugh Green, the Speaker of the House, he has, One, been beaten up by an ex-convict whom he sent to the penitentiary while he was State's Attorney, and Two, gotten married again, his first wife having died a couple of years ago. I don't know whether the two events have any connection but I trust that Hugh's new bodyguard will see that no outsider exercises her prerogative of beating Hugh up.

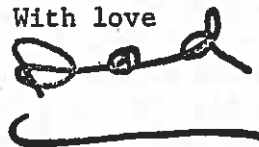
MISCELLANEOUS. At the Charity Ball Saturday night we saw Tony Day with Sam's girl, Virginia Henna. Virginia looked very pretty and had been one of the Queen's maids, so Mother tells me. I was downstairs while the Queen was having her maids.

Greshom Stone, Judge Stone's son, died the other day. He had been ill for some time of heart trouble.

JULY FOURTH. Uncle Ed writes that he wants to be counted in at the beer and cheese party at John's house on July 4th, as the Marples will all be here at that time. John will probably inquire what house, what party and what beer and cheese, since his mail is irregular. I am not going to bother to answer this, but suggest that he just make a memo in his note-book that there will be such a party at the time and place indicated, at which he will be expected to be the host.

DEAR MOM. All of Sam's letters carry the foregoing salutation. It pleases me and it pleases Mother too. You will possibly ask why then should I mention it. I mention it only to indicate that by reading the salutation I know Sam has not run out of pocket money and hasn't gotten into any serious trouble. I can then dive into his letter with a light heart. If I should ever see my name added to that salutation I would be so worried I'd have to get Mother to read the letter for me.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Sam', written over a horizontal line.

CHAPIN LETTER

February 11, 1946

CHICK. Chick will be having his 25th birthday about the time he gets this letter. It seems a long time since that February in 1942 when he called up from Carleton telling us he wanted to join the Marine Corps. Judging by what has happened in the intervening 4 years it has been a long time indeed. Chick, John and Sam, however, will always have the satisfaction of having been participants in these events which have so definitely changed the history of the world. For his birthday we send Chick love and greetings and are sorry that we cannot send a medium rare steak and angel food cake along with the greetings. We'll try, however, to make up for this when he gets home and we won't let the mashed potatoes touch the peas nor the peas touch the steak.

In his last letter Chick was looking forward to the Chinese New Year on February 2nd. On that day every Chinaman is supposed to have his debts paid or commit suicide. Chick reports that the week before New Years the Chinese were bustling around to see their creditors and a few who found payment hopeless had already been doing away with themselves. Chick couldn't understand why the Chinese creditors didn't form a protective committee to stop the custom, and remarked "What a country!" I have a couple of suggestions which Chick might pass on to his Chinese friends. First, you might tell them about the American bankruptcy act, where the debts are executed but the debtor walks out a free man, even keeping his exemptions (usually his household goods, his automobile and \$1000.00 worth of real estate). In this country a bankrupt often recoups his fortune and sometimes voluntarily repays his discharged debts. Some bankrupts, however, live long enough to indulge in bankruptcy a second or even a third time. After about the third time he finds it impossible to acquire further creditors so a fourth bankruptcy proceeding is not necessary.

The second suggestion would be for the Chinese creditor to make the debtor sign an agreement that he wouldn't commit suicide without his creditor's permission. This probably wouldn't work if the creditor were a soft hearted person like myself, for if a debtor came crying around me begging for permission to do away with himself I would probably get lenient and let him do it.



The Chinese have a grim honor, according to a couple of stories told by a man who was in fact from the Burma theater. One of the little jokes he witnessed was three Chinese soldiers in a transport plane shove a comrade through a hatch as they were going over the mountains just for the hell of it. This little trick furnished delightful mirth for the remaining passengers and apparently their delight was not dampened in the least by any fleeting thought that one of them might be the next victim. The other story related to a game of Chinese poker played by Chinese officers. The dealer put a single cartridge in his revolver, spun the cylinder and then pointed the gun to his temple with his finger on the trigger. Bets were then laid and when all the money was on the table the dealer pulled the trigger. If the cartridge was lined up with the barrel and the firing pin the dealer lost.

One would have assumed that with the losses the Chinese suffered from the Japs they would now be interested in reducing their death rate and would at least forego the pleasure of killing themselves or each other. One could almost go a step further and wonder why with their fondness for death they didn't exert themselves a little more during the war by killing Japs. In the reports that reached here at least, it was always the Japs who were dishing it out and it was always the Chinese who were taking it.

Two packages arrived this week from Chick, his souvenir shotgun and Uncle's miscellaneous assortment of gifts. The gun is a nice one with typical German signature of hand-engraving and skillful finishing. I compared it with my Parker gun which I regard as a very fine utility gun and my Parker looked like a weekday weapon while Chick's more resembled a holiday shooting piece. Uncle's package brought delight to him and his assembled guests. I couldn't figure out whether Uncle was getting his next year's Christmas presents lined up or contemplated starting a gift shop.

JOHN. John told us about his work which seems to be very interesting but the explanation is too involved for me to repeat. It boils down to the job of determining whether claims of French civilians against Americans for damage, after being allowed by French officers against the French Government, are to be charged to the United States. John's office determines the latter question, i.e., whether the United States pays them.

John explained that beginning last week the 52 pointers would be getting out and he contemplates that the Army will be down to the 49 pointers, which is his status, by the middle of March. Next month sounds pretty close now after all the months that have passed since John went to England.

GRANDMOTHER. Uncle Bill got mixed up on Grandmother's birthday and visited her on the 4th of February instead of the 5th. This, however, did not interfere with the pleasure of the visit for him or for her. He had a warm welcome by all, including Grandmother, the Taylors, Hallie, and Dickie-bird. Uncle Bill called Betty's house two or three times while he was in Minneapolis but was unable to reach anyone.

Grandmother will perhaps remember Mr. Joseph Taylor, who used to run the No. Twelve Coal Mine and who was a great friend of Father's. Mr. Taylor died Saturday at the age of 88.

BETTY. No word from Betty since my last letter.

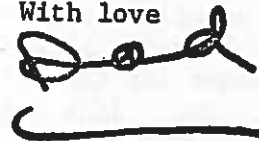
LANGDON ROBINSON. Langdon Robinson is home on account of his father's funeral which was held last week, and was at our house yesterday morning for breakfast along with Uncle and Uncle's girl friend from Chicago. Amid orange juice, sausage, waffles and coffee Lang regaled us with stories of his wanderings during the war.

MISCELLANEOUS. Junior Wood is on his way home. Bill Dellert is home from the Navy. Phil Hawthorne is home and Virginia is expected this week, her husband, Bill Scott, having been discharged from the Navy.

In a continued article in the Saturday Evening Post, one of Eisenhower's aides has been publishing his diary of the events during the war. A gem from last week's diary was his entry about the Belgian Bulge. The aide had gone to the front to examine the situation and stopped at a hotel one night near the front line. Convoys were passing the hotel and whole night long going up to the front. One truck stopped right under the aide's window and a Negro soldier on the truck was delivering the following: "Ah hates war. Sistie hates war. Buzzie hates war. We all hate war, but here Ah is and Ah'm gonna be in it soon".

CARL VAN DOREN. Mother and I heard Carl Van Doren, the American historian, speak at the Woman's Club on Saturday. In his opinion America is now entering the second epoch of its history. The first was when the states realized that a federation was insufficient and they reluctantly created the Federal Union, making as its members the citizens of the several states instead of the states themselves. In 1789, 13 sovereign states ceded part of their sovereignty to the new government, thereby making the new government stronger than any one of them. Van Doren's opinion is that we are now faced with a similar problem, only this time it is nations getting together. The weakness of the present federation is the same, in that at present the members of the UNO are nations and not people. Since America is the only country that has gone through this process and gone through it successfully our action now is closely watched by all the rest of the world. If we assume a position of leadership for a United world government we will merely be affirming the wisdom of what we did 150 years ago. If we fail to do this we will indicate to the world a lack of faith in the kind of government we ourselves created for this country.

With love



SAMUEL JAMES. Between interruptions in getting this letter out I find that I completely neglected to mention Sambo. Last week while I was writing the paragraph in the Chapin Letter entitled "Dear Mom" a letter was on its way to me addressed "Dear Pop". It contained one of the many corrections that we receive from our correspondents. This referred to the way we spell Philippines. Sam, now having been there three times holds forth as an authority on the spelling. This is backed up by a test vote that the boys in the engine room made on the spelling. Sam says the test proved that there were 5 different ways to spell Philippines, each of which had many backers, but the favorite spelling was Filupeens. Sam wrote to Mother regarding how they were idling their time away in the Philippines looking for tropps and finding none and as I remember the main point in this discussion was that he was spending his time spitting over the fantail trying



to hit the anchor chain. They finally became discouraged in their quest for tropps in the Philippines and after refueling took off for Guam. This at least will be a new port for Samuel and we hope to get some mail from there.

#### CHAPIN LETTER

February 18, 1946

SAM. Letters dated February 3 and 5 came from Sam, who went to Saipan instead of Guam. In the letter of the 3rd Sam says, and I quote since I have retrieved the letter before Mother was able to carry it off to her file drawer, "Today being Sunday I had planned to go to church but as they have not even attempted to put us to work yet I don't think it will be necessary." Sam's fondness for Navy officers continues. He described the tribulations of five officers trying to get aboard a small boat from the ship in a poor harbor with a rolling sea. The gangway and stage kept raising and lowering with each roll of the ship. The officers landed on the stage while it was out of the water but the next roll of the ship put them knee deep in the ocean. Sam closed the narrative with the comment, "I felt good all the rest of the day".

Sam sent home John's report on his English leave which Sam got from Chick with a note "If you want to keep this as badly as I do, send it to Mother for safekeeping and we'll flip for it."

JOHN. We have a letter of February 7th from John. 50 pointers were beginning to leave last week and John being a 49 pointer should get his orders some time this week since it takes about a week or 10 days to reduce one point. John's plan: He will cable Betty and us when he gets orders to leave. He expects to arrive at New York and go from there to Camp Grant for discharge, then he will meet Betty in Chicago and come down to Springfield, where they will borrow a car and drive to Minneapolis to see the McNallys and Grandmother and then load up their things, about a truckful, and come to 652 West Vine. John sent a couple of snapshots of himself, revealing that the Army has been taking pretty good care of him.

CHICK. Chick's letter of January 30th is our latest. He told about hearing from somebody in Bavaria who skied 2 miles downhill every day to work and he wondered how they got back home. Uncle Buddy topped this with a story about when he was in Switzerland. His train was held up for the mail to arrive. The mail was finally brought in by a skier. While waiting for the mail they kept watching for the skier in the distant mountains and a tiny speck finally appeared. Gradually but swiftly it approached. It was the mailman, who ended his journey with a professional circle and flourish, stepping out of his skis as nonchalantly as he would have gotten out of a Ford. Uncle wondered how he would get back. My solution: Each fall they probably took a winter's supply of skiers up the mountain and released one with the mail each day.



Some books came for Chick from the Marine Corps, among them one of Marine Corps stories, which I am reading and enjoying.

BETTY AND GRANDMOTHER. No letters this week.

ERROR AND CORRECTION. Well, I have put my foot in it again. Last week I stated that Sam was sitting on the fantail of his ship spitting on the anchor chain. Spitting is not on Mother's approved list of sports and she was sure our youngest son was not actually spitting on the anchor chain, that he had said that he could have spit on it from where he sat. When Mother went to get Sam's letter to convince me of the injustice that had been done our aesthetic seaman, she found that she was right but she also found Error No. 2. Sam was sitting on the fo'c'sle, not on the fantail. With this discovery Mother, who has herself shipped on the high seas renewed her acquaintance with the nautical world and pointed out to me how ridiculous Error No. 2 was. Mother explained the nautical terms and implications to me in detail and in boot camp terms so that I might comprehend. It seems that ships anchor chains are like a halter rope on a horse and since you fasten a halter rope from the head end of a horse you naturally have an anchor chain on the head end of a ship, bow, prow, fo'c'sle or whatever you call it. To speak of an anchor chain off the fantail was like referring to a halter rope dangling from a horse's tail, which even I think would be pretty silly. Well now that I have got all this ship nomenclature straightened out I will never make this mistake again, if I can just remember which end of the horse the head is on.

These two serious errors both made in a single sentence sort of frighten me and I hesitate to consider the number of errors that could creep into a single Chapin Letter if every sentence should produce mistakes at this rate. There is one consolation about making mistakes, however, in a family letter. It proves that my subscribers read the letter. I have some subscribers who never peep about 100 things I state correctly, but just let me spell Philippines differently from the way they spell it on the Logan, let me refer to a Marine as a soldier, let me state that Paris is not London without quoting in addition context to fill a page so as to give the full meaning, and almost immediately airmail letters, cablegrams, and carrier pigeons with messages begin to arrive from my subscribers raising hell generally and threatening to stop their subscriptions. I guess the slim amount of my mail is the penalty an accurate publisher like me must pay for recording things with the strictest accuracy, precision and truth.

While I am at it I might add that the masthead of this letter has always been to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. This, of course, is a little legal literary gem I picked up in the court room where it is used quite glibly. The law assumes that a witness under such an oath will tell the truth and since such is the law the judges assume so too, although they know better. The fact is that many witnesses wouldn't be able to recognize the truth if they saw it coming down the street bare-headed, and most of those who did recognize it would not be able to describe it later on with sufficient accuracy so that someone else would be able to identify it. They wouldn't know the shape of its nose, the cast of its eye, its general form nor the exact clothes it was wearing. The result is that most witnesses do not quite reach the ideal they swear to. On one extreme are those who would tell the whole truth if the court and lawyers would give them a week or two to do it, but since this kind of witness is

quite a bore we finally conclude that we don't want the whole truth from him, only part of it, and so we tell him we've had enough. On the other extreme is the fellow who didn't intend to tell the truth anyway and the oath he took didn't alter his purpose. In between are a thousand variations, including witnesses who are color blind to truth, those who couldn't tell the difference between what they saw or heard and what they dreamed, those whose memory wires are short circuited, and those whose habits prevent them from receiving or imparting impressions they don't like.

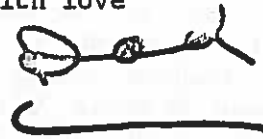
Well, I was saying, my motto, and the masthead of my Letter, though invisible, has been to report the truth, that is, the truth as I see it, right or wrong, the whole truth, when I had time and space to do it and was reasonably sure it wouldn't get me into trouble, and nothing but the truth, unless I ran out of facts and had to resort to fiction, which some people would rudely refer to as falsehoods or just plain lying. With these high ideals for the Chapin Letter you can imagine my chagrin and humiliation resulting from being caught by Mother in these two silly errors.

Secretly I am only admitting one and half errors. While Mother is correct that Sam said he could have spit on the anchor chain, it is my private opinion that the spirit and the accomplished deed were one and the same thing. I take a different view of the art of expectorating than your Mother does. She regards it as an unmentionable subject although expectorating has been indulged in by the human race since the world began. Through the ages it has been improved upon, like all other arts. Of course, before the age of tobacco we only had licorice and sassafrass spitters but even they were pretty good. With the coming of tobacco the art took on new strides and reached its golden age. An accomplished expectorator is fascinating to watch. To see one of these fellows at work reveals a great deal not only as to the skill and possibilities of the art, but reveals also something about the artist himself. Expectorating denotes different things in different people. Some people expectorate to punctuate their sentence and with a little study of their technique you can spot every comma, semi-colon, question-mark and exclamation point. Some use it for emphasis. Some expectorate in order to reflect or to express determination. Amateur expectorators may indulge just for passing the time with no other good reason but nevertheless the practice is an art and an accomplished expectorator can acquit himself with skill and dignity, whereas an amateur would bungle the job. If you threaten to spit in another fellow's eye it is one thing to carry out your threat to the exact point and it would be quite another thing, and a humiliating one indeed, to merely hit him on the cheek. An indication of the precision possible may be suggested by the story of the fellow who sat behind me in law class at Ann Arbor and chewed tobacco, and used a half pint whiskey bottle for his cuspidor. He never missed. There are other feats that I have witnessed and I am sure would be interesting if I had the time to elaborate. It is sufficient, however, for my present purpose to say that the art has never received proper appreciation nor attention and to predict that some day some author with the proper skill and knowledge will write a monograph on the subject and probably have it published by a well-known medical publishing house.

And so, as I said some minutes ago, I am only admitting one error and a half, for knowing Sam and having his admission of the opportunity which he mentioned and knowing that he does not fully share Mother's aesthetic qualms about the art, I am still not convinced that I was wrong in saying

that Sam spit on the anchor chain. However, as to the other mistake, I anticipate messages most any moment from three salty sons pointing out to me that anchor chains are not located anywhere near the fantail.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'John', with a long horizontal flourish underneath.

CHAPIN LETTER

February 26, 1946

JOHN. Saturday night we went out to dinner with the Robert Millers who were visiting here over the weekend with the Richardsons and just as we returned home a phone call came from Betty. In great excitement she told us that she had just received John's telegram "Stop writing, on way home". Needless to say this caused excitement at our end of the line too. Two long years of separation will now soon be over. Two years of lonesomeness, hardship and danger for John and years that were filled with anxiety for Betty as well as us. John should get home about the 21st of March. If it happens to be this day it will not be amiss since this will be Betty's birthday and incidentally it would be just two years to the day from the time he landed in England.

No sooner had Betty's call been completed than an old bearded gentleman arrived on a bicycle and delivered John's cable to us as though to confirm what Betty had already reported. We will plan to have John's bottle of French champagne well iced about March 21st and shall be looking forward to that day like small children look forward to Christmas.

652 West Vine will have received its finishing touches before then and will be ready to welcome its new occupants. The occupants will doubtless have plenty of difficulties in acquiring various items of furnishings since furniture, rugs and so forth are either scarce or entirely unobtainable. Compared with a good many GIs, however, they will be lucky in having a roof over their heads. The housing situation has never been as acute as it is now. There are thousands of families in Springfield looking for homes and none available. The situation here does not differ greatly from other cities. John and Betty already have part of their equipment. They will be able to buy some of the items they want and as to some others we will be able to lend a few items, so in the aggregate they will manage to get along very nicely from the start and then they can complete their furnishing when more and better items are available.

John's coming home will also begin a new chapter for the office of Chapin & Chapin. My father started to practice law in Springfield just 63 years ago and I joined him 31 years later. Now after 32 years from the time I began to practice the third generation Chapin is to enter the practice. This is an event of which I am duly proud and for which I have now been waiting for about 12 years since my father died, during which time I have maintained the name of Chapin & Chapin and also the office, awaiting this



day. With Chick in the offing and Sam still a possibility it is probable that other Chapins will be added before another 30 year gap. This is not intended as a plea to Chick or Sam to join us, but merely as an invitation which they like John can consider and decide on its own merits without too much paternal influence or, at least, with the knowledge that we regard their careers as their own and do not intend to try to substitute our judgment for theirs. Chick of course has been decided on the matter of studying law for the past 20 years, but he has had no occasion as yet to decide whether he will join me or not. If and when he should so desire the latch-string will be out.

Uncle Buddy has had his eyes on Samuel James for some time as a future doctor. Uncle has no reservations in giving Sam strong advice in this direction. As to this I stand neutral. My motto is to let Sam do the deciding since it will be up to him to live up to whatever decision he makes.

The only subscriber to the Chapin Letter who will not immediately see John upon his return is Anno. Some slight windfall should come to her by his return, and since copies of the Chapin Letter will no longer have to be sent to John we will hereafter send John's copy to Anno, which she can retain. She will no longer be annoyed with returning Mother's copy. By the time the Marples make their visit to Springfield in June John and Betty will be all settled in their house with room to spare, so in case a couple of little Marples decide to get away from paternal supervision during the visit I assume a visit can be arranged for them at their Cousin John's.

SAM. This week both Chick and Sam wrote rather deprecating opinions about my fireplace painting. Sam commented that he thought Walter Canfield was right in not wanting to paint it. Chick stated that the only advantage he saw of having a light fireplace was that you could tell more quickly when the damper was left turned off by the tell-tale smoke on the white front.

Sam sailed from Saipan on February 12th with 1100 troops bound for the West Coast. He had a 24 hour shore leave and saw a good deal of Saipan and saw Tinian in the distance, only two or three miles away. Sam says there are still a lot of shot-up planes and tanks scattered about Saipan.

CHICK. Chick related more details about the Chinese New Year which comes on February 2nd. The Chinese start celebrating on January 31 and celebrate about 8 days with firecrackers, feasts and wine. Then from the 8th to the 15th all the citizens who have entertained during the first period become guests of those they entertained and so they enter a second period of celebration with continued visiting, shooting of firecrackers and drinking of rice wine. Chick explains that this does not indicate a reckless disregard by the Chinese for work and business. The average Chinaman works seven days a week during the rest of the year and even the Christian Chinese cannot afford to lay off on Sunday.

Chick inquired as to John's last promotion. On this I have not been too specific and probably it is not too important now any more but to answer his question, John was a technical sergeant as of his last letter.

Major Foster, the local liason officer of the Marine Corps, told Mother that there is a Presidential directive out to the effect that men who

entered the regular services during the war may resign and that the resignations will be accepted as of January 1, 1947. This is second-hand information and to me it does not necessarily mean that resignations cannot or will not be accepted before that date. However, it is highly suggestive. I know that Chick will be disappointed if he has to remain in the Marines till the 1st of next year. However, looking back on the events as they happened I would not have had Chick reject the regular commission for the few months extra service it may cost him. It was a distinctive honor to have been given a regular commission and such a commission put him in a position to learn more and to earn more honors, which he did, and as much as I hope that he will get out in order to start to law school by fall, I still believe that if his discharge date is as late as January 1st, it is not too high a price to pay for having been in the regular Marines. Particularly if the extra months are spent in China instead of the jungles of the Pacific.

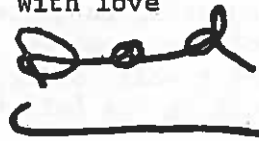
GRANDMOTHER. I wrote to Grandmother last week regarding Mrs. Hunter's death. This is the mother of Uncle Chester's wife. Mrs. Hunter was buried at Rochester. Wilma came on to the funeral and we called at the home of Mrs. Hunter's brother in Rochester where she was brought to, and had quite a visit with Wilma. While in Rochester we also called on Uncle Horton and Aunt Ida. Grandmother will also be interested to know that Ed was home for two weeks between semesters and I saw him for a few minutes last Saturday.

MISCELLANEOUS. Junior Wood was to have arrived in San Francisco today but his folks got word that his ship was delayed five days. John Macpherson couldn't find a house or a room at the University of Illinois so has bought a trailer which he and his wife have been painting and they expect to enter the University and live in the trailer.

Mother called Tom Morgan's mother to see how he liked Carlton. Tom's mother reported that Tom liked it very well. Incidentally, Tom had written a couple of articles for the Carletonian which they thought too radical to print. Apparently Tom is that way. There are 267 boys in Carleton this year, which is quite a change from last year.

Next Saturday Mother and I are going down to Blackburn College to attend the inauguration of President McEwen and we have been invited by them to stay for dinner.

With love



CHAPIN LETTER

March 4, 1946

SAM. Samuel James called us on the phone last Monday night from San Francisco having arrived that day from his third trip across the Pacific. He



had already talked with Rosemary Wood, who was expecting Junior to arrive in a day or two. Since then we have had three letters from Sam. He expects his ship to remain at San Francisco until March 10. Sam found 35 letters and pieces of mail awaiting him at San Francisco and probably by now he has had time to read them all. In our conversation he indicated that he had in mind asking for some kind of a transfer, which seemed to me advisable if he is to avoid making the same monotonous trip for the next year or two.

CHICK, JOHN AND BETTY. No word was received from Chick, John or Betty this week so the report must necessarily be brief. We did receive a letter that had been addressed to John in Paris and was forwarded to the home address, which confirmed the fact that John had left.

GRANDMOTHER. I had a nice letter from Grandmother telling me about her plants and flowers, including the one that Betty gave her for her birthday. She keeps busy looking after these and now that it is so close to spring she will soon have some growing things outside to attend to. Grandmother says that Uncle Wilbur and Aunt Ella are fixing up their house and considering that we have been through the matter of making some repairs at 652 West Vine Street we can imagine some of the problems they may be having. I am reminded of the spot I got on my hat. I tried to rub it out with a little Energine with the result that the spot was bigger. I tried it again and it was still bigger. The third time I tried it I had practically rubbed a hole through my hat and now I am ready to buy a new one.

SPRINGFIELD. I must now tell you about the events of last week in Springfield, since they were a little out of the ordinary. The recital will give you some idea that Springfield is a little more than a water-stop and that we do from time to time have a little cultural activity going on here:

Sigmund Romberg. Tuesday night we went to hear a Sigmund Romberg concert with Uncle Buddy and Kay White. Romberg has his own style of conducting an orchestra in itself was fascinating. His arm movements include a thousand gestures that the ordinary conductor never thought of and in addition he uses his body and his head. If you are not too musical you can find a double entertainment at his concert, one from the music and one from Romberg himself. Not being too musical I was able to absorb this double enjoyment. The concert consisted of a number of classical things by other composers and a number of Romberg's own compositions. The program included "The Blue Danube", "Going Home", "Open Road", and selections from "Blossom Time", "New Moon", "Desert Song", "My Maryland", and "Carousel". During the program Romberg's conducting suggested to me that he was engaged in a multitude of activities, including fencing, shaking a cocktail, rocking a baby, warming up for pitching a ball, stirring a cake, slicing bread, blowing bubbles, swatting flies, pulling the bell-rope and building blocks.

At the conclusion of the concert he made a little curtain talk which included some recital about the Smithsonian Institute and wound up with the suggestion that the good people of Springfield ought to send the Orpheum piano down there. Sigmund explained the art of conducting. You get a little baton at any music store for a quarter, you give the orchestra the downbeat and then they start. From here on you pay no attention to the orchestra but go ahead with your conducting. The only hitch is you have to know when the orchestra is going to stop and stop with them, otherwise you look awfully foolish.



Sam Higginbotham. Sam Higginbotham is a scholar and business man who has been a missionary in India for the past 40 years. He discovered there that you couldn't do much for the Indians who were sick unless you first made them well so he worked and established some hospitals. Then he discovered that the reason for their illness was lack of food, so he started an agricultural station and experimental farm which has made great progress. The progress has not been as great as it should have been, however, due to many diverse problems that beset the Indians. Among these problems is the Hindu's peculiar religious beliefs. Gandhi and all of his religious party believe in the transmigration of souls, they believe that all life is one. They particularly believe in the absolute worship of the cow, the monkey and the rat. The result is that the cow, the monkey and the rat live off the fat of the land, but the Hindus do not live off the cow, the monkey and the rat. They prefer death to eating meat. I suggested to Sam Higginbotham that we have a kind of a cow worship in this country, too, that might help solve the Hindu problem if they would adopt it. Our cow worship is particularly directed to that part of the carcass known as a porterhouse steak and the ceremony calls for placing it over the fire first and then serving it, rare, preferably with French fries. Sam says this is all beyond the Hindu, whose greatest longing is for a cup of raw millet seed a day, a luxury he is usually denied because the cows and rats like millet too.

Sam's views about Gandhi were positive. Gandhi may be a saint to the Hindus but to Sam Higginbotham he is the world's most clever scheming and ruthless politician. The only way he differs from our worst politician is that he is smarter and cloaks all of his acts in a robe of religion and righteousness that hides his cunning. Examples of Gandhi's technique: Gandhi is always willing to confer with the British in reference to his demands but first the British must accede to the demands, otherwise says Gandhi, there would be no use to confer. Gandhi renounced all of his wealth but he has at his disposal and uses all the wealth of his country. Gandhi made a valiant fight to force the British to recognize the Untouchables as members of the Hindu party, crying over them as though they were his lost children, but the real reason for his fight was that the Untouchables have votes and their vote was necessary to give Gandhi a majority.

Steffanson. Steffanson, the Arctic explorer, lectured here Thursday night on Greenland and made a most interesting address. At the conclusion of his lecture they had a question period in which he answered all manner of questions regarding Greenland. After the meeting we were invited to meet him at the Duels where we had a most enjoyable time. He told us of his experiments in diet. He lived a total of 6 years on meat alone. This was in varying stretches up to 18 months at a time. He is a very careful historian as well as a scholar and explorer and he was a most interesting person. Finally the conversation got back to Greenland and someone asked him how long he had visited in Greenland. "Oh", said Steffanson, "I have never been to Greenland at all. I'm like the preacher who knows all about heaven and hell and has never been to either place".

McEWEN'S INAUGURATION. Last Saturday noon Mother picked me up at the office about 12:00 and we started for Carlinville. The inauguration was to be at 1:30 so I had no time for a regular lunch but Mother had packed some tongue sandwiches, milk and cakes which I proceeded to go to work on. As I was finishing my last cake we were going North on a blind street looking for the University. The car ahead of us made the same mistake and we

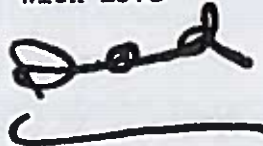
each discovered it about the same time. In the other car was the former Miss Boice, now Mrs. Franzen. We had special reserved seats since we were friends of Blackburn (which cost \$25.00 last year), friends of the McEwens, and friends of the Hemphills (Vic is President of the Board of Trustees). The official procession marched in, the student body, faculty, Trustees, and delegates from other colleges, in great pomp. Practically all of the colleges in the country that I had ever heard of except Illinois Business College and the College of Physicians and Surgeons were represented by an alumnus in a cap and gown. Dr. McEwen acquitted himself with great skill in his inaugural address and it would have done credit to any college president anywhere.

After the inauguration they held a symposium with President Hutchins of Berea, a fellow from Antioch, and Professor McClouskey from Michigan on the subject of the working student. This proved to be a very interesting discussion but the Michigan man was by far the best. The gist of the discussion might be summed up in President Hutchins' statement: He said at Berea many times a student who had worked his way through Berea has decided to take post-graduate work in another school and has come to him for grades and a recommendation. If he inquires of the student how he expects to finance his graduate work the answer invariably is that it will be no problem at all, that he will be able to get along. In short, Berea has taught them that it can be done and they have acquired self-reliance that does not depend on money. I do not recall that the Carleton work program produced exactly this result.

We then stayed for the inauguration dinner and banquet. The dinner was all prepared by student help and was quite delicious. The banquet program consisted of many speeches but they were all short and snappy and entertaining and we got away to start home about 10:00.

MISS BOICE. Miss Boice is now married to a Chicago contractor named Franzen. He is very nice. They had with them a couple of friends from Chicago, a Mr. and Mrs. Greenland. Since we didn't get to see very much of them at Carlinville we invited them all for Sunday breakfast. These Sunday breakfasts are awfully hard on our maple syrup and butter supply but we have lots of fun and can use oleo and sorghum when we run short. We had a fine visit with our guests and sent them on their way to Chicago via New Salem at noon. Mr. Franzen is an amateur camera fan and on leaving they had to take a picture of Mother and me and Zipper in front of the house. At the moment the camera was snapped Zipper was vigorously engaged in putting the bite on a flea in the region where his tail originates. If we get copies of this picture we will send you one, which should be evidence that things haven't changed much since you were last home, at least that Zipper hasn't.

With love

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Dad". The signature is written in dark ink and is positioned below the text "With love".

CHAPIN LETTER

March 18, 1946

CHICK. About 1:00 o'clock this morning we received a cablegram from Chick: "Stop sending mail. Anticipate departure from here next week". We of course deduct from this that he is getting his discharge and that he will doubtless be home within a month. Needless to say this brought great relief to both Mother and me, and we are more than thrilled in finally having Chick and John getting started home. We are not sure whether Chick's phrase "next week" refers to this week or the next one but at all events he ought to be getting home about Easter time or shortly thereafter.

Our last letter from Chick advised that he had reversed the usual birthday procedure and on his birthday he sent presents to us. These haven't arrived as yet so I can't describe them to you. The mystery package which Chick sent some time ago did arrive and I don't believe anybody but Chick or a Chinaman could figure out what it is. If I were a chop suey addict I would have taken it down for an official opinion from one of our Chinese residents. We don't even patronize a Chinese laundry so I have had to do my own guessing. The contraption is made out of some kind of gourds with complicated attachments and my guess is that it is some kind of a primitive Chinese musical instrument that would probably do its own whistling if you placed it in a fair breeze. Possibly it is a claxon off of a Chinese ricksha.

Mother had a sort of a clairvoyant guess about Chick's coming home. We were over to visit the Woods last night and Mother stated to them without any equivocation that she knew that Chick was coming home, and that we expected him about Easter. At the time there was no word whatever from Chick which would have justified this statement but Mother didn't seem to think such word was necessary. She insisted that she just felt in her bones that he would be home about Easter and if we had any doubts about it we could just wait and see. With this application of feminine instinct, Chick's cablegram which came as a complete surprise to me was to Mother only a confirmation of what she already knew.

When John, Betty and Chick all arrive the long awaited contest of apple pie baking will of course take place. We will have to leave it to Chick to name the exact date of the week to be known as Chapin Family Apple Pie Week. I assume that during this week Chick plans to sample apple pies at our house and Betty's house in order to ascertain who turns out the tastiest article. Betty has already mentioned her nervousness about this showdown but for her consolation I can say that Mother is nervous too. Besides, our food mixer has gone on the bum and had to be sent in to the factory for repairs and since it takes about six months to repair one of these gadgets this may prove a windfall to Betty. At all events, John and Chick will presumably get their fill of apple pie for once.

SAM. After midnight seems to be the accepted time for getting messages at our house. Saturday night about 2 hours after I had gone to bed I heard a bell ring. I didn't know whether it was the front door or the telephone but since the telephone was handiest I answered it. The operator wanted to know whether this was 9162. I was so sleepy I didn't really know, so to be on the safe side I said yes. "Well", she said, "I want 9163, is this 9163?" This number sounded a little more familiar and I again answered yes. "All right", she said "Now deposit \$2.50 in the box". I was just going to tell her that I didn't carry money in my pajamas and that I could not make such a large deposit on such short notice, when she up and said



to me "Will you accept the charges for this call?" I have a kind of a clairvoyant ability myself and right away I knew from this remark that the call was from Samuel James. That boy would reverse the charges if he was calling President Truman to congratulate him on his birthday, just for the hell of it. "Yes, lady", I said to the operator "That's my boy Sam. You can release all the money in the jackpot of your slot machine at the other end of the line and I'll accept the charges for the whole thing. It will be worth twice what it cost, especially since there will be two of us listening."

Sam announced that he would be transferred to some kind of day work at Mare Island where he would be through each day at 4:00 and have the rest of the day to himself. He didn't know what kind of work he would be doing but presumably they have things to scrub, simonize and polish up on Mare Island and since this is the Navy's specialty I anticipate that a month or two from now Mare Island will be looking very spic and span. Sam's new address is:

Samuel J. Chapin, F 1/c, 753-96-21  
Com. Mare Island  
19th Fleet  
Mare Island, California

Sam seemed to get some kick out of this reversing the charges business and his concluding remark was "Now, Pop, I hope you can make enough by the middle of the week to pay this bill".

GRANDMOTHER. Mother had a nice letter from Grandmother telling all about the busy time they were having at Aunt Ella's with repairs going on and it seems that all the family, including Hallie, had colds and that Grandmother was busy tending her flowers and tending the various noses.

JOHN AND BETTY. We had a letter from Betty enclosing one from John in which John stated that they had orders to be ready to sail on March 8th. If they did sail on this date he should be arriving in New York in the next day or two and possibly be home by the end of the week. Surmising the various delays that might occur we are making some allowance for them. Having orders to be ready to sail on March 8th is not exactly equivalent to sailing on that date. Nevertheless, we are now watching the papers for the column announcing troop arrivals. John has been attached to the 112th AAA Gun Battalion for the trip home and when a ship arrives carrying this unit it will mean that John has arrived. Betty is getting all ready to come at the appointed time and I gather from her letter that she already has her coat and hat on.

MRS. WILMUTH. John and Betty's next door neighbor, Mrs. Wilmuth, died suddenly Saturday. Their son had arrived home just the week before from the Army. Mrs. Wilmuth was a very extraordinary person, well educated and intelligent, and with a great drive for doing useful things. She will be missed by a lot of people in Springfield and she will certainly be missed by John and Betty who lost a fine neighbor.

PACKAGES. By a coincidence one day last week we received packages from John, Chick and Sam. John's was addressed to him and so has been put aside. Chick's contained his bedroll which we have given a good sun bath.

Sam's contained various gear which was put away for him as per instructions.

CHURCHILL. We heard a broadcast of Winston Churchill's speech Friday night at the Waldorf in New York. Churchill has created quite a discussion in this country about his proposed alliance of Great Britain and America. However, I do not believe he intended an alliance in the way that it has been interpreted. His main theme was that now is the time for the United Nations to test its strength by endeavoring to settle national disputes. That Russia had made a definite committment to get out of Iran and if the integrity of the pledges made by nations was to mean anything, Russia should make good on its promise. That now was the time for the United States and Great Britain through the United Nations to insist on Russia keeping its word. On this interpretation of what he said I fully agree with him. If the nations that fought together in the war now start a policy of appeasement there will be no end to appeasement but war. If they stand firm the weight of public opinion will bring Russia around to do the right thing. It was good to hear Churchill talk again, with his command of English which is not equaled by any living person, with his grasp on world affairs and his courage to speak. He still holds the top place as a molder of American opinion as well as English. Some day I want to get the records of some of his war speeches if any of the recordings are ever available in this country. John reported once that there were recordings of all of his war speeches available in England.

JUNIOR WOOD AND ROSEMARY. I have already mentioned that we saw the Woods last night, including Junior and his wife. Junior told us about the night that the Millers (Rosemary's parents) had Sam for dinner. Junior got home about dinner time and looked about the house but saw nothing of Sam and wondered if Sam had forgotten the appointment. A few minutes later Sam came dancing out of the kitchen wearing a kitchen apron and holding a grapefruit and a pair of scissors in his hands, and greeted Junior as though he were the guest and Sam were the host. Junior remarked "My, how that boy has matured since we used to take him out to Greenwalts when he was just Chick's younger brother".

READING. A number of books have arrived from the Marine Corps library ordered by Chick, and I have been sampling some of these but they have been coming too fast for me. Yesterday I saw that a new Marine Corps book was about to be published on the battle of Pelelieu. After that I presume will come the story of Iwo Jima and finally Okinawa. The latter is the one that I am waiting for.

The Chapin boys will also be interested to know that Captain Hornblower, later Commodore Hornblower, has now become Lord Hornblower and Forester, the creator of this fictional character will have his new book "Lord Hornblower" on the market in May.

In the meantime I have just finished a fascinating book by Eric Remarque called "Arc de Triomphe" which is a story about the trials and tribulations of a German refugee who had fled to France and tried to live in that country during the years immediately preceding the war without a passport. The book is interesting from several angles but to me the uncertainty of a refugee's life from day to day was the thing the author developed most vividly. The necessity of showing one's papers in every emergency and the penalties that ensued to one who did not have papers were vividly portrayed.



The reader got the feeling which the author intended that even in the years before the war, life in France was hedged about the restrictions that fully indicated the expectation of war. A man without papers was safe only so long as he could keep himself anonymous, but the moment he found himself in an emergency, papers would be demanded and their absence resulted in deportation, followed by another illegal entry under the same conditions. Since France was full of refugees the situation can only be imagined by multiplying the problems of the hero a good many thousand times.

With love

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to be 'Chapin', written in a cursive style with a long horizontal stroke at the end.

CHAPIN LETTER  
FINAL EDITION  
March 25, 1946

With this edition the Chapin Letter ceases publication, makes its final appearance, subsides, terminates, ends, stops, and quits. In short, there ain't gonna be no more Chapin Letters.

The Chapin Letter had its inception from a war necessity. The necessity was that I couldn't write four different letters without repeating myself, so I decided to write one and make it do for the whole family. Now with so many of my subscribers sending home cablegrams "Stop writing. Am on way home", my mailing list looks like a grocery list just after you have ordered the groceries. I will still have letters to write but the matter of one's audience governs what one writes as well as what one says orally in conversation. As long as you are addressing one or two persons your conversation can be directed to them individually but as the numbers increase you eventually find yourself, at some point along the way, making a speech instead of conversing. In my case the numbers didn't increase very greatly but they increased enough so that I couldn't write personal letters and they increased hardly enough to justify the speech making. Hence, my letters were a little of both. Now that the reverse process is at work I shall fold up my platform and put it away in the attic and just write personal letters to Sam and Grandmother.

JOHN. Friday night we had a telephone call from John. He was at Camp McCoy in Sparta, Wisconsin and expected to be discharged on Saturday morning at 9:00, then he would go to Minneapolis to get Betsy and stop over in Chicago to look at furniture and get home tonight on the Abraham Lincoln.

It was the first time we had heard John's voice in 26 months and 26 long and dangerous months they were. In that length of time one's memory loses a little of its perception for details and one wonders a little whether your memory of a voice and its inflection and enunciation is quite accurate. Then when you hear the voice you are instantly carried back in memory to all the previous recordings you have of it. This short conversation with John of course assured us that he was geographically quite near home again, but the phone call had another strange effect. Immediately the 26 months



which had seemed so long grew quite short. His voice, his manner, and the things he said were so natural to him and were so natural for us to hear that it was as though most of the long period of waiting had been wiped away.

Last night we had a telegram from Chicago that he would be home tonight. John's house is all in readiness for his and Betsy's arrival, having received a spic and span house-cleaning last week on top of all the painting and decorating that had previously been done. Mother suggested that we light it up when we go to the train so that it will look very cheery for them when they arrive.

SAM. We had a telephone call from Sam again on Friday night. This time he advised us that he has been assigned to an LST for duty but he didn't seem to know what the duty was as yet. In a letter received from Sam last week he mentioned that he had signed up for some flying lessons and wanted Mother's permission. Since then another letter has come saying he found out he didn't need Mother's permission, so he is probably taking flying lessons by now unless his new assignment has again taken him to sea where it is more safe than California air.

Sam's new address is:

Com. Mare Island, 19th Fleet  
USS LST 1096  
Mare Island, California

This sounds like a double address but it is the one that we got on the telephone. If when we hear from Sam it is incorrect we will notify you. Chick will not have Sam's address when he lands but will undoubtedly call us from California and also call the Marples. We will try to keep the Marples furnished with Sam's changing address so that they can relay it to Chick in the hope that Chick will get a chance to see Sam while he is out there.

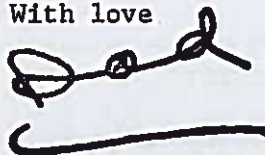
GRANDMOTHER. I haven't heard from Grandmother since last week but feel sure by now she has seen John and Betty since John was in Minneapolis Saturday night to get Betty. I know what a thrill it must have been for her to see John after such a long wait. Furthermore John and Betty will be back to Minneapolis shortly to get some of their things, so she will have a second chance to have a visit with them.

MOTHER'S NEW HAT. Mother has a new Easter hat for the occasion of John and Chick's homecoming, which in a day of unbecoming hats stands out like a good deed in a naughty world. It is a little blue pancake sailor affair crowned with a ring of white rooster feathers. This is especially fitting since nowadays Mother is momentarily about to crow and one naturally expects to see feathers and strutting in connection therewith. I saw Mrs. Palmer the other day and she said that she knew our boys were coming home before she even spoke to Mildred by the way Mildred was beaming. I also saw Mrs. Beck, my secretary in the Probate Court for so many years and she had just seen Mother and remarked that she looked so young and happy that she knew our boys had already gotten home. I explained that two of them were just on their way and therefore Mother was just working up to her climax. Mrs. Beck apparently expected to see some doddering old lady

about my age and continued commenting along the same line.

This letter has been written during several interruptions and I have a sort of feeling as I conclude it that the Chapin Letter is on its death bed for more reasons than one, some of which must have been apparent to all of my readers from time to time.

With love



#### LETTER FROM ZIPPER

Dr. W. P. Armstrong  
Springfield, Illinois

Dear Doctor:

I thought you would be interested to know that Schnitzel arrived up here last night. He was pretty fagged out from the pampering he had had down there but he already shows new spirit.

I was a bit surprised to find he came this way, as a matter of fact. I know you thought a great deal of him but when I used to know him I didn't rate him very high. He and I didn't hit it off too well as you may remember. I guess the truth was that we were both pretty ornery and spoiled. We were pretty smart just the same. We didn't work, hunt for our masters or for ourselves, we were just playboys and softies. We just had to attach ourselves to some gullible person and by learning a few easy tricks we lived like kings, while our masters slaved to make us a living. If living a dog's life means the life we lived I don't know why some of you humans don't get a collar and leash for your necks.

We used to laugh to ourselves when we heard you people talking about taxes and the New Deal. Taxes, taxes, what the hell did we care about taxes as long as FDR left you enough take-home money to buy our Red Heart and hamburger. Then when you talked about how hard you worked and how tired you got I thought I'd split my sides. I used to say to Schnitzel, "Wipe that grin off your face or the darn' fools may catch on that they're just working for us". But I guess we were safer than we thought.

Schnitzel has been telling me about you having a wife and now a daughter. I said "Schnitzel, you're lying, and on your very first day up here". He was so serious, however, that I am finally convinced. I said "Schnitz, if that's the way things are it was time for you to leave anyway. The first thing you know their house would be full of children, all trying to pull your tail at once".

Well, Schnitzel like the rest of us can now live like a dog should. He can hunt with us, chase rabbits and other game and scare the hell out of

them. I think this is going to be a pretty nice change for him. I think he got pretty fed up with the program down there, but he didn't dare let on. From the things he's been telling me I can understand, I would have been bored too. He says that you had him carrying a flashlight around the yard every night. He felt awfully silly doing it. He got so he hated to see it get dark because he knew you would be handing him that damned flashlight and then he would have to run his legs off so as to get a laugh. This was another of those things I couldn't believe at first. As I remember things down there you were usually so well lit up yourself that you didn't need a flashlight. Schnitzel swears it was true though.

Schnitzel was telling me about his taking off and said that he had something you doctors call fibulation. If fibulation results from just being plain bored then I guess Schnitzel had fibulation. My own guess is he just wanted to join us other happy dogs.

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year to you all!

P. S. We'll be thinking of you about flashlight time - carrying your own flashlight, inside or outside as the case may be.

#### SUMMARY OF OUR AUTOMOBILE TRIP, October 15-26, 1952

##### COLUMBIA, MISSOURI

University of Missouri here. On the campus there are huge Georgian columns without a building. Learned that the building burned, columns saved as memorial. Also saw Stephens and Christian colleges. The three have farms and fancy riding stables along the highway.

##### OZARK MOUNTAINS

These are not mountains but high hills. The leaves were in their fullest color and beautiful beyond description. The winding and hilly roads afforded frequent hilltop stops which afforded panoramic views that, in the words of my friend Charley Baker, would "tonic a deer".

##### JEFFERSON CITY, MISSOURI

The State Capitol is a very imposing building. Saw it and kept going.

##### SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

Stopped and looked around as I wanted to see the city where our mail is often delivered to. A department store had a show window that gave



a view of the basement from the sidewalk and in the basement they had a merry-go-round and train which had been used in a public park during the summer. Springfield children were lined up deep buying tickets for rides on both. One small boy bought three tickets for train rides, didn't care for the merry-go-round.

### LAKE OF THE OZARKS

This is a village near Bagnell Dam. The lake is one of dark blue water and is located in what was formerly a mountain valley. It is now a great fishing resort. Dams have multiple purposes - they furnish power for great areas, create lakes and resort country, aid in flood control and also serve as bridges.

### YELLVILLE, ARKANSAS

Small town in the heart of the Arkansas Ozarks. Named after General Yell, first territorial governor of Arkansas. We visited the John Pickering's who have a vacation home about 14 miles out. They have a very spacious and comfortable place with all modern conveniences, guest house and grand scenery. They also have a cave you could drive a Jeep in for a distance of 1000 feet. Then you come to an underground river. Don't know what comes after that. The Ozarks are full of caves. We visited one in which there was an auditorium with pulpit and pews. The man in charge said they held church there and had weddings. All in our party were already married.

Visited Mrs. Layton, one of the Pickering's neighbors. She was a mountain woman who loves flowers, has a matched pair of broken toilets on the front porch which serve as urns. She had 1000 quarts of canned fruit stacked in one of her cabin rooms. She said what they couldn't eat comes in handy for comers, goers and giveaways. She used to cultivate her field by hitching herself to the plow and the children drove her. She now has a mule named Wheeler, and when her own work is finished she does custom work for the neighbors. For custom work she says "I gets 50¢ per hour and Wheeler gets 50¢ per hour too."

Also visited Mrs. Waltham, leading citizen of Yellville. She is the aunt of Frank Pace, Secretary of Defense. When Truman recently dedicated the Bull Shoals Dam she served breakfast to 35 of Frank Pace's friends. When they got ready to go to the ceremony she told Frank, "Hell, Frank, I'm not going. I might say something to that man Truman that would embarrass you. I've been giving him so much hell around here for the past four years I'm afraid I couldn't hold back just because I was speaking to him."

### LITTLE ROCK

Visited Uncle Chester. He has a fine new home which they moved into last Christmas. They planned it all themselves and it is built on a mountainside lot in a beautiful residential neighborhood. Their son John is attending University of Arkansas medical school this year and living at home. We had dinner with them and some of their friends at the Country Club and stayed overnight. Chester has a bird feeding station in a tree. The tree is downhill from the house and the station is about

15 feet from their lower porch level. He supplies the food with a long-handled spoon made up of two jointed fishing poles with a dipper on the end.

### EUREKA SPRINGS

Eureka Springs is a stairstep town built right in the mountains - has a six story hotel on the mountainside and every story has an entrance from the ground level. It was once a popular health resort. Hot Springs got the run on them by permitting gambling. The place is now on the down-grade. We were there on the day of the Fall Festival. They had an outdoor program of hillbilly songs, music and dancing. Several characters came in from the hills who were the equal of anything I've seen in the Esquire comic pages. One old fellow had long gray hair that reached his knees, wore white painters' overalls, or ones that had once been white, tucked in high-topped boots, and a hat that looked like he used it for boiling soup in. Another spritely old man of about 80 was dressed in mountain garb and sang and danced with a snap that would have done credit to a teenager. Most of the population, however, looked like everybody else.

### COTTER, ARKANSAS

While at the Pickerings we had lunch at the Cotter Hotel. This place still serves a family style dinner. At 12:00 o'clock noon the dining room doors open and the guests enter. The food is already on the table. The day we were there there were huge platters stacked high with fried pork chops, roast chicken, dressing, gravy, baked beans, six kinds of vegetable, corn bread and hot biscuits, butter in pound slaps and at each place was a piece of pie. The waitresses refilled the dishes as soon as they were half empty. When you were through each guest stacked his dishes and carried them to the kitchen. They had about 50 customers which included working men in overalls, electric power line workers, salesmen, farmers, and sight-seers like ourselves. The lunch cost 75¢.

### TEXAS

You don't have to be told when you enter Texas. The road right of ways are 150 or 200 feet wide. The paved slab is extra wide, which all suggests wide open spaces, just the way you would expect Texans to lay out roads.

### DALLAS

The Nieman Marcus store is perhaps the outstanding gem of Dallas. It's a bit of New York in Texas. Everything is of extra good quality and also expensive. It's all in good taste but not gaudy. The stuff they sell would all sell in New York. A lot of Texas men wear Western hats but the Western hat department in Nieman Marcus store was limited to one small case containing 100 hats, priced from \$20.00 to \$250.00. They carry ten times as many hats of the conventional style. Their Town and Country Restaurant is outstanding. There they bring your roast beef to the table in a stainless steel covered wagon heated with charcoal. The wagon has several slabs of roast beef in it of various degrees of rarity. You select your preference and it is cut right there and put on your plate. Steaks are first served raw. You select one and brand it. It is then taken away



and broiled and returned.

### COKESBURY'S BOOK STORE

No one can ever tell me again that Texans don't read. This amazing book store couldn't exist if it didn't sell thousands of books.

From Dallas to Shreveport you are in the oil fields. Thousands of derricks and pumps can be seen from the highway. The oil millionaires, however, must have been in hiding. The outstanding characteristic of the Texans was the never-failing parting salutation "Be sure and come back" or some variation thereof. I believe if you tossed a brick through a store window they would conclude the dispute with a plea to be sure and come back.

### SHREVEPORT

This is a big one street town that stretches for miles. Pretty dilapidated except in the center part. The South is a land of rich and poor who live side by side. Mansions and shacks are in the same neighborhood, only the people are segregated.

### VICKSBURG

Vicksburg is the city that Grant took by siege the day before General MEADE won the Battle of Gettysburg and turned the tide of the Civil War. The earthworks of the siege still surround the city and have been preserved by making all of this area into a park. The Confederate defense line is now the Memorial Drive and is decorated with hundreds of monuments, equestrian figures, heroic shafts and mosques. The Illinois monument is one of the finest and very impressive. The Mississippi River still touches the edge of the town but has changed its course somewhat from Civil War days. Many huge saw mills are located along the riverbank. The city itself is on very high bluffs above the river.

Vicksburg is blessed with two famous eating places, the Old Southern Tea Room where excellent dinners are served by colored waitresses dressed in flowing calico dresses reminiscent of Civil War days, and Mrs. Tumenello's Kitchen, where no money at all was spent on furnishing the place but where they know how to prepare good food and spare no time or effort in doing so.

### COTTON

We drove past cotton fields for three days from Dallas to Southern Illinois. The cotton was in full ripeness and all the fields were full of Negro pickers or picking machines. Machines waste quite a bit of cotton and also pick the leaves. The gins deduct a few cents a pound for machine picked cotton. Cotton pickers get 5¢ a pound, an average picker making \$10.00 a day, and a top picker can make \$20.00, but still there are not enough pickers, so the machines are in big demand. Cotton gins are built all over the countryside. Small towns have from three to six. The modern gin has very expensive high-powered machinery and does a speedy job of ginning. The bales are hauled from the gin to the compress. Compresses are located at more distant points. At the compress the bale is compressed to half its size and stored in bonded warehouse until it is sold to the mills. Most of it goes East. The cotton seed mostly goes to cotton seed



oil plants of which there are many. Some goes back to the plantation for next year's planting.

#### HAITI, MISSOURI

Not much of a town but we stayed overnight. Visited the gin. Haiti is five miles from the Mississippi. All during the night we could hear the motor horns on gasoline barges going up and down the river. The steamboat whistle is almost a thing of the past.

#### NEW MADRID, MISSOURI

This used to be quite a river port. The river has now changed its course and is a mile away. The only traffic that stops at New Madrid now is confined to oil barges.

From here we had our choice of reaching Illinois by Cairo or through Cape Girardeau. I chose Cape Girardeau. It appeared to be a few miles out of our way and Mother insisted on knowing why. I pointed out that this would give her an opportunity all during the coming winter to make casual references to the Cape - "When we were down at the Cape in October." "I remember when we were stopping at the Cape." And as long as she refrained from being more explicit it would give her conversation a very world-wide flavor. Cape Girardeau is also built on a high bluff on the river and affords many beautiful views. The town itself loves its Spanish past which is indicated by the Spanish architecture of some of its buildings and homes, although the ones we saw were apparently all built in the present century.

In Illinois we stopped at Fort Chartres near Chester where the State has reconstructed the old Spanish Fort which was originally built in 1723. This was originally the center of civilization in the Illinois country but today is a very isolated park and rather removed from everywhere. Not even a farm house is visible.

We travelled 2300 miles. We added a quart of oil to the motor on the trip. It didn't really need it but I thought it deserved it for its good performance.

#### CAMPAIGN OBSERVATIONS

Outside of Illinois our Illinois license usually provoked political inquiries and we in turn asked questions. We saw a lot of Eisenhower signs and buttons and some Eisenhower supporters. We invariably inquired from our questioners whether they had heard Governor Stevenson on the radio. Every filling station we stopped at had a radio turned on but I do not recall interviewing anyone who stated that he had heard either Stevenson or Eisenhower talk on the radio. This rather puzzles me for with all the blaring of radios we heard it would seem that someone might have heard one of the candidates even if it was by accident.

Another odd thing was the number of people who expressed no opinion but were tremendously interested in our opinion. Our opinion left them about where they started, for Mother gave them the Stevenson speech and I put in a few licks for Eisenhower. My conclusion was that in the South, particularly in Texas, there were a lot of people who had not made up their

minds and were more anxious to vote for a winner than they were for any particular candidate and more particularly, they wanted to vote for Ike but did not want to do so unless they thought he was going to win. Even now I have no guess that I would want to make as to who was going to win and I indulge in the fantastic wish that Ike and Adlai were the only candidates running and that one could be elected President and the other Vice President. As it is, I feel that we will get a fine President and a third-rate Vice President whichever side wins.

(About April 11, 1955)

Arrived in Cleveland on schedule, asked the Pullman porter to change a dollar for me - he hemmed and hawed as tho I had asked him to split a hair. Sam met us, he is thin but well, Plymouth clean and shiny - not sure that Dodge is better, breakfast at Statler, then to City Hospital - saw a few bandages - no peeking under on Sundays. In children's ward about 50 colored children playing London Bridge with nurses - all children dressed in hospital gowns with rears showing - no matter to them. Sam phoned his roommate with following greeting: "Tom there's a woman down here says she hasn't had a bowel movement for 3 weeks - think she's all bound up, better come down and take a look at her, I'm off duty."

Greeted at Quintrells by all the family plus 2 dogs - dogs persisted with greeting. Bea knocks Margaret over with his tail each time he passes - keeps Margaret busy getting up for the next round. Dinner at Clifton Club - then to Bob Stechers, similar greeting - 2 other dogs - they are face lickers - go from child to child policing up child's mouth - children all had fresh scrubbed look. Parents look on with delight - makes me cringe. Bob, Mother and Sam go on tour of Stecher cemetery. Supper at Quintrells and on train at 9:00 P. M.

Arrived N. Y. 8:30. Bought cap at Abercombies, went to U.N., heard lectures, saw movies and had lunch there. At movie they showed how Economic help works. Afghanistan cuts all its wheat with hand sickle - much wasted, people starve, ask the U.N. for help. U.N. sends couple of Germans with scythes, teach natives how to run scythe, cut wheat very fast, ship in train load, everybody begins to eat. For this help Afghanistan shows someone how to raise caracul sheep - chain is endless.

On my way back to Hotel saw 7 vol. set of Gibbon in bookstore - acquired it - mailed to office. Went down to Wharf 90, saw Mauretania. She arrived yesterday - needs painting after 3 months of winter cruising - only paint her in England. They were preparing to move her sideways over to Pier 92 - about 200 feet, much preparation, couldn't wait. Got tickets for tonight for Plain & Fancy. Had dinner at English restaurant at Rockefeller Center. Skaters outside, all kinds of skaters, mostly good. One old fellow looked like Bill Dawson - fooled us - for 15 minutes he was pretty bad - even worse than me - finally got joints warmed up and cut quite a few tricks. Waiting now for show time. Mother finally reached Tom Peyton, talking to

him now. Will let her tell you about him - I only hear her end of conversation - things you already know.

(About April 12, 1955)

"Plain and Fancy" is not another "South Pacific" altho it is a musical comedy. It manages to produce a lot of humor about the Amish around Lancaster but balances this with sufficient praise to bring the Amish out a little better than even. A wide awake tour service has an ad in the program for all expense tours twice a week to the Amish settlements in Pa.

This morning we went to see the money changers, Peirra & Co. For 210 Am. Dollars we came away with 20 English pounds, 2000 Francs of France, 220 of Swiss and 31000 Italian lire.

Our ship sails at 3:30 (really 4:00 as Cunard always waits an extra half hour for stragglers.) We went aboard about 2:00 as we didn't want to miss it. I must take my hat off to the baggage handlers for their efficiency and smartness. As our taxi halted in line two huskies opened the door, took the four bags, carried them 30 feet to the curb where they were passed to another confederate. They then announced that we could take care of them if we would - we did. As soon as they left the confederate explained that the bags went up by a different route from the passengers and since he would not be seeing us again it would be agreeable to him to be taken care of, so he got another \$1.00. We were anxious to see the bags again so insisted on seeing him start off toward the ship. Around the corner, not 10 feet away, was an escalator for baggage, all he did was to put it on. It was then in the hands of the Cunard people and so were we. Altho they claim they are not responsible for anything, and even seem to brag about it - they don't act that way - in fact they couldn't be more attentive if we were the Personal Injury and Admiralty Sections of the American Bar. In our stateroom we found flowers from Iva White and an Aden cousin, Drusila, telegrams from John and Chick, Ella Clarkson, Unc, Bob Lanphiers, and a letter from Mrs. Palmer - all very much appreciated.

Weather was bad - raining and dark, but I tried to get a few pictures, with Mother in foreground. Statue of Liberty has very spotty patina. If Dulles resigns Charles Carpentier's work on statues in Springfield should recommend him for Sec. of State of U.S.A. He would then give the old girl a wire brushing that would make her look like she had the yellow jaundice.

Saw Adlai's speech in Times, agree with him 100%. Adlai has guts as well as brains - and manages to exert more power by strength of his ideas and words than others do from high office.

After we passed Statue of Liberty went in for cup of tea. Stuff is really good. Waiters are the best you can imagine. The ship's officers seem to embody all the things you admire about the English and show none of the opposite. At our table is a Mr. Gross of Geneva who is on the U. N. Economic Committee, a Dr. Pieri and wife from Syracuse and a Mr. Richardson from



N. Y. The 7th is to be the Chief Engineer who was on duty. Had Unc's champagne put on ice and it made a very pleasant greeting for all.

Thurs. The champagne has by now paid several dividends. Dr. P. ordered wine for the table last night. Mr. Gross ordered crepe suzettes and tonight we are invited to the Chief Engineer's cabin for cocktails. He is Mr. McGregor, a bonnie Scotsman - a distant relative of the fellow who was plagued by Flopsy, Mopsy and Cottontail.

I wangled a trip to the engine room for myself and Dr. Pieri. Abe Burroughs' description of Boulder Dam comes to mind - turbines, generators, gauges, 10 thousand miles of steam piping and wiring and heavens knows how many horse power. All I am sure of is that the engines are steam turbines, one for each drive shaft - shaft is 22" in diameter. They carry a spare propeller shaft (same diameter - fits on to end of drive shaft) just in case one breaks - ship still would have to limp to a dockyard - but I suppose a lot of time would be saved by having the right size with you.

Boys in the dining room love to cook with their flaming liquids. Keep begging us to order - not just flaming dessert but whole meal. Tonight is it. Something they call Duck en Orange - the head steward said he would fill in with a few appropriate things before and after. I hope to enjoy it but my stomach would rather have a beer with a cheese sandwich.

This morning they had a church service in the grand ballroom where they had the horse racing last night. We decided not to go but I found out later that Mother went alone. Said she heard that the Captain was conducting the service and was that anxious to see him. This is our sixth day at sea and I haven't seen him yet. It's OK by me if he just stays up there on the bridge and keeps a sharp lookout for traffic.

Saw a movie, Bing Crosby and Danny Kaye in A White Christmas - one scene showed veterans of certain division gathered in Vermont to get a boost to their old General's ski lodge business. A closeup showed one fellow having difficulty getting his old Army pants to reach around. Can sympathize.

Have just read an article in Country Life about English Death Taxes. A 45% reduction is allowed on agricultural lands. This has been subject to much abuse. Land is bought by those about to die, resold by their heirs. An illustration given told of a real estate agent who negotiated a purchase of a large estate at a price above the market but before he would sign and close the deal he insisted on telephoning to principal to make sure he was still alive.

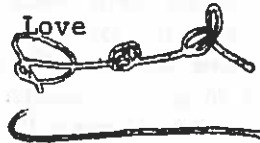
Life on board this ship is a busy one eating, reading, walking, eating, walking, tea, picture show, nap, cocktails, eating, talking, walking and bed. We had 2 days of rough weather but this ship rides well - some pitching and rolling - table racks and guide ropes were up but no one was seasick - or at least we didn't hear of it. Tis said that the Queens do not do so well in rough weather - they were Cunard's bid for traffic - bigger and faster but are fair weather ships - the Mary has recently had stabilizers installed to reduce the roll - like the Empire State building they have made a record but there is not likely to be any more.

Visited the gym this morning on a sight seeing tour. They have all the

equipment imaginable but no customers. Two machines with English saddles on - turn a lever to walk, slow gait, trot or canter. Another machine gives you a camel ride.

Monday

Dear Chick: - Here are Dad's notes (if you can read them) then pass on to John, Alice and Unk perhaps - But keep them please. Dad's in very good form and has been regaling our tablemates with stories and comments - we have a couple of other good talkers too, so things go well! Will land tomorrow at 2:30 P. M. There are certain formalities that take time it seems - don't know just when we'll be off in the "Austin". Now I wonder how well Lissone-Lindeman will do. The Cunards have done alright.

Love  


Monday April 17 - This was the morning we were to arrive at Cobh - at 6:00 I looked out the porthole and there was Ireland - or at least part of it that was extended out to make a kind of bay for Cobh. A tender arrived and our ship dropped anchor. 11 First class passengers were for Cobh but judging from the trunks they hoisted out of the hold there must have been a hundred or more others. Watched all of this until about 8:00. Could see the cathedral in Cobb quite clearly and the green countryside of the County of Cork. Breakfast time had arrived. This morning my specialty was Yarmouth Bloater - tasty kind of fish, strong tho - and when you have had enough you want them to remove the rest at once. The ship is an excellent place to try new dishes - even for breakfast - I have tried sauted kidneys, Danish bacon - I forget what else. The Danish bacon is excellent and I wonder what kind of a hog it comes from - the lean is broad like a small pork chop but the overall shape is a strip. They broil it only lightly - not crisp - has a very pungent smoky briney taste.

After breakfast the ship was ready to hoist anchor - this was about 9:30. We headed Southeast. I note on map that Lands End is 274 miles and LeHavre, our next stop, is perhaps another hundred. We get there at midnight and stay until Tuesday morning when the passengers disembark.

The days on the ship are short ones. For five days we advanced the time an hour a day to keep up with the sun and on the sixth day pushed up another hour to go into Daylight Savings, known in England as Summer time. On the ship the advance is made by 20 minute jumps at 5:00 P. M. and 11:00 P. M. and 1:00 A. M. I supposed this was because of the Captain's greater acquaintance with Astronomy but upon inquiry found it was due to something about wages and hours with the cooks and waiters. Had a visit with a very energetic dapper fellow dusting in the lounge. The sort who is all courtesy and discipline. Assumed him to be type born to the sea. "I hate it" says he, "Only do it because it pays more money. It's an unnatural life and its worse than it need be on this ship. Space is so valuable that crew's quarters are squeezed to bare necessity. Have been on tankers that had far better quarters for the crew."



The fellow in charge of the gymnasium - a football coach type of man - seemed quite out of role when on the shortest of acquaintance he unfolded his future plans. Going to quit the ship as soon as he gets married - thinks he has already found the right girl - if they make a go of it will get a job ashore, "something in my line if possible, but if that can't be had I'd even work in a factory. I'd miss this regular kind of exercise of course, but do you know what I am going to do - I've really been looking forward to it a long time. I'm going to get myself a dog. Walking with a dog you know is the best of exercise - you know why it is so good - you think you're exercising the dog but all the while he is really exercising you."

Read about a fellow who kept record of various Firsts. First banana eaten under water and that sort of thing. Did you know that the first cow ever milked in an airplane was Elm Farm Ollie, a Guernsey. She was taken aloft in 1930 and milked over St. Louis, Mo. An expression I read - "Bored as an eel sorter in a fish market," expresses the depth of boredom to me although I have no acquaintance with eels, or the sorting of them. Expected the channel to be full of traffic - so far not a ship.

Tuesday April 19

Dr. and Mrs. Pieri had our table up for cocktails in their cabin on sun deck - a kind of farewell party. Also invited were two English girls from Purser's office whom they knew. Dinner at eight.

Our ship pulled in to LeHavre about 1:30 A.M. Shore was lighted for miles and ships and boats all over the place. We docked and waited for Immigration people - they don't work at night. This morning was clear and LeHavre presented a wonderful view. For a place that was laid flat during the war their recovery is amazing. Docks as far as you can see. Shipyards same - all new. The city itself rises from the shore line slowly to hills beyond. Could see great areas of new buildings, business, warehouses and apartments - also great areas (3 or 4 blocks square) that remain untouched - that is as far as new building is concerned - appeared to be walls and rubble just as bombs had left it. The librarian said yes we laid it flat - had to you know, it was occupied by the Germans and they wanted to use it as a jumping off place against us - in fact they did for a while and laid Plymouth flat.

Our friends of the table all left at LeHavre. Have been reading Freeman's Life of Washington - one of Martha's ancestors left a will required his descendants to erect a monument and inscribe "Here lies \_\_\_\_\_ who died at age of 49 but who only lived last seven years". This referred to seven years since his wife whom he hated, had died. Heirs had to do it or be disinherited - they did it and then put up a bigger monument for Mama.

In another tome I read of a fellow who had been a practical joker all his life. Under pain of being disinherited he by his will ordered that chest under his bed marked "secret" be carried to back yard unopened and burned in presence of heirs and executors. When the fire warmed up contents were revealed - full of firecrackers, skyrockets, Roman candles and pinwheels.



Christmas, 1955

Some people record a journey by taking pictures. I recorded ours by taking notes. The following is a summary of the first four days in England. If this provokes any great demand there may be chapters later.

Several people have asked me which country we enjoyed most, England, France, Switzerland or Italy. My answer is always England, but I don't think the question or the answer is quite fair. The fact is we thoroughly enjoyed them all. They are all different and each has its own special interest and charm. England is perhaps easier to enjoy than the other countries for a number of reasons. A common language is a great help. Our study of history and literature has made us familiar with English names, people, cities, battles, castles and so forth and our common law has made us familiar with English customs. In a way it was almost like revisiting England, although it was our first trip. Added to this we had two weeks of perfect weather in late April and England was at its beautiful best. Last but not least, the English people, contrary to reports, were universally warm and cordial.

We left New York on April 12 on the Mauretania. It is the third largest ship of the Cunard line. It lacks the speed of the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth, taking seven days to cross instead of five, but in other respects it is their equal and for rough weather is their superior. The Queen Mary was in dock when we left New York and was scheduled to leave the following day. When we arrived in Southampton the Queen was already there undergoing her spring painting and about a fourth of the job was already done. We had a couple of rough days of weather going over but even this was interesting since we experienced no seasickness. We had interesting companions, superb food and service. The ocean trip itself was a pleasant vacation.

On the morning of the 17th we anchored off Cobh, Ireland. A tender came out to take off passengers and luggage. The Irish are great to travel heavy. Much of their luggage was trunks. A whole truckload would come up out of the hold in a great net and be swung over to the tender. This was repeated several times for the 186 passengers who disembarked. A fellow traveler told of a previous voyage when he had seen a net full of trunks accidentally dropped in the sea. We could plainly see the Irish coast in the distance about two miles. The grass was already green and the trees lacy with leaves. The city of Cobh was indistinct except for its cathedral which towered above everything.

We left Cobh about 8:00 A. M. and the following morning were docked in LeHavre, having arrived there during the night. The ship had to wait until morning for the passengers to disembark as it seems the French immigration people work only in the daytime. The docks at LeHavre have all been rebuilt and many new business buildings and apartment houses built since the war, but we could see great areas of rubble, each two or three blocks square. LeHavre was occupied by the Germans when they made their raid on Coventry and the English retaliated by completely flattening LeHavre.

We left LeHavre about 8:00 A. M. Our next sight of land was the Isle of Wight. Shortly thereafter we docked at Southampton, the city from which the Mayflower sailed three centuries ago. We had engaged the Lissone-

Lindeman Company, a Dutch travel agency, to make our reservations and furnish various travel services, which they did to perfection.

When we arrived at Southampton, Lissone-Lindeman man in uniform met us, helped us through customs in a jiffy and escorted us to car which they had engaged for our use for the first week. Our driver was William Cheney, who served us in the capacity of chauffeur and guide for the entire week. William is one of the few remaining specimens of a fast disappearing class of people who have made a profession of being good servants. He took great pride in it. He is a cockney but has worked for gentry all of his life and during the war was chauffeur for Shoulders Douglass, the British Chief of the Air Force. He was intelligent and tireless, possessed much dry wit, conversed when we asked him to and kept quiet the rest of the time. Much of our enjoyment of our first week in England was due to William's efficient service as guide and driver.

My report from here on will be largely copied from my notes. The items may appear to be disconnected but this method will serve the purpose of brevity and will have the further virtue of chronological and geographical order.

Driving North from Southampton we arrived at Winchester, a former English capital city. We visited the old cathedral there. In the graveyard I found an ancient monument with the following inscription:

In memory of Thomas Thetcher, a Grenadier in North Regiment of Hants Militia, who died of a violent fever contracted by drinking small beer when hot, 12 May 1764. Aged 26 years. In grateful remembrance of whose universal good will toward his comrades this stone is placed at their expense as a small testimony of their regard and concern.

Here sleep in peace, Hampshire Grenadier  
Who caught his death by drinking cold small beer.  
Soldiers be wise from his untimely fall  
And when you're hot drink strong or none at all.  
An honest soldier never is forgot  
Whether he die by musket or by pot.

Winchester was originally a walled city. It outgrew the walls but the four gates still stand and serve to slow down traffic as you enter from any direction. Heroic size monument of King Alfred. King Arthur's round table is kept here but we were too late to get to see it. Had tea at The Old Retreat, built in 1405 before America was discovered. An old gentleman at the next table saw we were Americans and asked what part of the United States we were from. Said he had never been here and had relatives in Kansas City and hoped to visit them next year.

From Winchester we drove West through the Salisbury Plain. This is country much like that around Lexington, Kentucky but a little more rolling and not quite so dressy.

SALISBURY. Salisbury Cathedral has the highest spire in England. Built in the Fifteenth Century, River Avon flows but 10 feet from entrance. River is neat stream with clear water. The English are a very exact people. Mother asked William "How big is Salisbury?" William's reply, "About six

square miles." Mother rephrases her question, "What is the population?" Answer: 35,000. At a street corner in Salisbury is a small ornate stone stand called "Poultry Crossing". In former times all farmers bringing produce to the city had to report to this stand and pay a tax to the Church before they could enter with their produce. In the cathedral is a sarcophagus of an English duke killed in the Battle of Crecy. All the tombs have recumbent statues on the top, beautifully carved in marble with a statue of the decedent's favorite dog at his feet. Signs now request "Please do not touch." The reason for this is apparent as many of the statues have messages carved on them by jokers and visitors.

Stayed at the Hotel County. After checking in William calls at our room to see if all is satisfactory. Remarks, "I know you Americans all like your bottle at night so just ring when you want it and the maid will promptly bring it to you." I thought William's understanding of Americans' habit of drinking at night was somewhat exaggerated. The night was cold. All the guests sat around the fireplace in the parlor during the evening. When we finally went to bed the room was icy cold. We put a shilling in the gas meter and lighted the fireplace, which helped about as much as an electric light would have. When we finally got in bed we found the maid had already brought our bottle - it was a hot aluminum water bottle, and a welcome bottle it was. The remarkable thing about it was that it stayed hot all night.

The hotel dining room is on the second floor. The waiters wear dress suits even for breakfast. When our waiter went to the kitchen I heard him tell his buddy. "Well I got the two Americans." There is a marker on the public square showing the place where Richard III executed some English duke. Much of the church property in Salisbury was broken up in the time of Cromwell. Salisbury has a public market where produce and new and secondhand goods of all kinds are sold one day a week. In fact all English cities have such markets. Wilton House, near Salisbury, home of the Duke of Pembroke, is a stupendous and fabulous mansion, owned by the makers of Wilton carpets. Built by Henry VIII and given to the first Earl of Pembroke, designed by the architect Indigo Jones. House is filled with antique treasures, family still lives in part of it, rest open to the public. The Duke came in while we were there and spoke very pleasantly in passing. In one room the former owner and horse lover has collected about 100 pictures of Spanish dressage horses. Most intriguing was one entitled "Execution of Horse Thief." The Thief was hanging from a gallows. Surrounding him on three sides of a square were dressage horses, each with his front feet on a circus tub, all wearing expressions of solemn satisfaction.

Met a fellow with a three-wheeled car. Engine and all mechanical parts attached to a single front wheel, rear wheels are just supports. Driver said he gets 85 miles to the gallon. Thing cost £ 280. Mother asked William what the yard surrounding the Cathedral is called. "We call them rounds, Madam, meaning thereby the ground that surrounds the building." We see many thatched roofs on houses and barns, some old and some new. William explains, "They're cooler in the summer and warmer in winter." Made of wheat straw, new ones treated to resist fire. They cover the roof with wire to keep birds out. Passed camping ground of American soldiers during last war. Each camp is identified by heroic design of the regimental badge made in stone on the side of a hill toward the road so it can be seen for 2 miles. English mark corners with white every 2 years to keep them fresh.



Stopped at Stonehenge. This is a great circle of stones, each one 15 to 20 feet high and about 5 feet wide. Stone caps on the top connect many of them. The only similar stone in England is 250 miles distant. The place was built by Stone Age people but no one knows why or what use was made of them.

Bought a book at Wilton House, price 1 shilling. Gave the girl a shilling, she handed it back in surprise. "You'll need that for your meter," she said, meaning the gas meter in the hotel room. Shillings are scarce in England. I then gave her a half crown and got my change, including a shilling.

I am intrigued by names of inns and public houses. So far these include Mutton Chop, Deers Haunch, Old George, Red Cow, Crown, Angel, Dolphin, Volunteer, Red Lion, Long Reign, Black Horse, Royal Oak, Rifleman, Red Bull.

The fences are generally hedge or stone, some woven like baskets. Very few wire. Roads are narrow and wind, in many places no shoulders. All have been black-topped since the war by German prisoners.

WILLIAM'S STORY: How to make a man from Nottingham angry. A Nottingham regiment once ran away from battle and hid in a castle. This was centuries ago but it is familiar history. When you want to tease or insult a man from Nottingham you ask politely, "Do you still have the old castle there?"

See car displaying a large letter "L". William explains that before you can get a license as a driver you get a license as a learner and for a year the car wears the letter "L" and is closely watched by police. Learner may have to wear it longer if he gets bad record.

After leaving Salisbury we headed for Paignton, the place where Deacon Samuel Chapin emigrated from. Went by way of Exeter and Torquay. Torquay is a resort city on the seacoast, densely populated but with beautiful scenery, both toward the sea and land.

PAIGNTON. Called at the Paignton church, Deacon Samuel's church, where the record of his baptism and marriage are kept. The walls of the parish house were originally the walls of the Bishop's palace, built in the time of the Normans. Part of the church was built by the Normans in the Twelfth Century. During the civil war in Cromwell's time the Puritans damaged it greatly. Practically every small statue has had its head knocked off. The church has been restored and added to and is well maintained. Three services are held each Sunday. At the early church the congregation takes breakfast and the service is resumed. Had tea with the rector's wife, Mrs. G. H. R. Pedley. She was a delightful person and a gracious hostess. Doors and windows of the house all open. Mother asked about screens. She asked "What are screens?" English don't have screens, don't even have flies.

From Paignton we went back to Exeter where we stayed at the Hotel Royal Clarence. See many farmers walking down the road, some wearing plus-fours, all carrying walking sticks. No English field is rectangular. All have at least one curved side, some more. See a few one-horse carts. Farming is largely mechanized but some still done by horses.

EXETER. Bed linen is real Irish linen. Same in most English hotels. Bedrooms have steam heated towel racks. No other heat except the shilling

meter. Warm towel is a real luxury in a cold room. In some hotels hot water reaches the faucet by way of the towel rack so you heat the towel while you fill the tub. I know now why the English wear long underwear and sweaters. From Exeter we drove North for Stratford.

April 21st. This is the Queen's birthday. Flags are up everywhere and many shops decorated. William says, "Phillip is very popular. Helps the Queen in and out of her carriage just like father would help mother. English people adore her. The Queen Mother was known as the lady with the manufactured smile. Margaret is a chip of her uncle."

GLASTONBURY. This city was the early seat of Christianity in England, 59 A. D. Ruins of the old abbey are maintained by the Government, include place where King Arthur is buried.

WELLS. Stopped at Wells to see the Cathedral.

BATH. Bath is the city where you go to take the waters. The Romans did this 2000 years ago. The old Roman baths have been excavated and restored and are now maintained as a museum. Lead pipe made in 54 A. D. still in use brings hot water in. Lead pipe is about 6 inches square. The old pump room of the Roman baths has now been converted into a fine restaurant called the Pump Room. Assume this is where the Pump Room in the Ambassador got its name.

The Romans were in England 400 years. If they had come in time of Queen Elizabeth they would just be leaving now. Saw inscription "William Pitt held his counsel at Bath. Here it was that he gave General Wolfe orders to proceed to Canada where in the storming of the Heights of Abraham in Quebec he won a continent in one of the decisive battles of the world. The battle lasted eleven minutes."

Passed through Chiltonham, also a place where you take the waters.

CHIPPING-CAMDEN. A beautiful town, wool center. Chipping means "selling cheap". Beautiful thatched houses here. William got picture of Mil and me standing in front of one of them.

LYGON ARMS. Somewhere along the road in Worcestershire we stopped at the Lygon Arms for tea. This inn was built in 1530, was known as the White Hart for 300 years. Cromwell stayed here in 1651 two days before the Battle of Worcester. Place is beautifully furnished with fine formal gardens. Tea for two included many small bread and butter sandwiches, with various kinds of bread, buttered hot biscuit, scones, dozens of small cakes, tarts and cookies. Price for two, 6 shillings, equaled 94¢.

STRATFORD. City has many half timbered buildings of the type of Shakespeare's home. Big new Shakespeare Theater here. Vivian Leigh is playing in Twelfth Night but no seats available. Our hotel is two miles out. It is the Welcombe, a former mansion house, fabulous and worth a little description. Our room was 28 x 40, with 20 foot ceiling. A big bay window looks out over formal garden and lake. Furnishings were all modern and plush. Plumbing built on heroic size. 30 foot drape over front window, halls 15 feet wide, stairs 10 feet wide, banisters must have been made from trees, about 12 inches in diameter. John has a friend who lives in



Stratford, Geoffrey Parker, a lawyer. He and his wife came to visit us at the Welcombe and spent the evening.

Friday, April 22nd. We returned Parkers' visit by calling to see him at his office and then calling at his home to visit with his wife. We then picked up a guide to visit Shakespeare's birthplace, church where he is buried and the Ann Hathaway cottage.

**BURNING CANDLE AT BOTH ENDS.** At Ann Hathaway's cottage we learned that the above expression came from the time when rooms were lighted by reeds dipped in oil. When you wanted more light the reed was doubled and the bent end dipped in oil, and both ends were lighted.

In the church where Shakespeare is buried many of the statues are done in ivory and colored and in some places the dead are depicted in two ways - above the tomb the deceased is shown peacefully sleeping and lifelike. Below on top of the coffin he is shown as he is assumed to appear within, that is to say, a skeleton with leather skin but nevertheless with some likeness to the deceased.

In England druggists are called chemists, cigar-stores are tobacconists. Wattles are walls made of sticks and mud. Elevators are lifts.

**WARWICK CASTLE.** William explained that the English pay no attention to the second "W" in a word. Warwick castle is therefore War ick. This castle is 600 years old. The Avon River serves as a moat. Below the castle there is a waterfall and below the waterfall the foam is 4 or 5 feet deep. Explanation: the new detergents now used by the English in their washing-machines are whipped into suds by the waterfall. You enter Warwick Castle by a road cut 20 feet deep in solid rock. The road constantly winds up to the castle so that in no one place can you see further ahead than the next turn. Great walls surround castle. Warwick is now a museum and is filled with art treasures and relics, although the owner still lives in a part of it. Taking notes on what we saw in Warwick was beyond me so we bought a book which I will be glad to lend to anybody who might be interested.

The castle is a great fortress doubly protected by high stone wall. Vicinity was scene of many battles during English revolution. Present Earl of Warwick still lives there in part of it. Preparations were being made in the dining-room for a great state dinner.

Left Warwick and drove along Banbury Road opposite way from Banbury Cross. There are seven places called Cross - Banbury Cross, Charing Cross, and so forth. Ancient king's wife died and it took seven days for queen's body to be returned to London. King erected a cross at each place they stayed overnight.

**OXFORD.** Our guide, Mrs. Bates, 50 Thorncliff Road. Charming and intelligent lady. Without her Oxford was mere collection of buildings. University is made up of thirty colleges. We visited Exeter, Jesus, Merton, Christ Church, and Lincoln.

**Exeter.** Buildings represent three different centuries of architecture. Much decoration with tapestries and mosaics. College reestablished old-



time craftsmanship for making these. Byrne Jones made the designs.

Jesus College. They consider Elizabeth the founder, but she did little beyond giving use of her name.

Lincoln College. Named after Bishop Lincoln, not Abraham. Saw John Wesley's room, panelled in pattern called linenfold, as it has ridges which resemble a fold. All lecture room tables lighted with three-branched candlesticks. Kitchen built in Fourteenth Century. Sand on floor to keep cook from slipping. Also prevents him from serving anything that has dropped on the floor. Examination school has gold lettered sign on door. "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation, whom shall I fear? The Lord is the Strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" 1st verse, 27th Psalm.

Merton College. Quadrangle built in 1290. Rest in Fourteenth and Fifteenth Century. Chapel has beautiful stained glass. All windows contain figure of a little man in red. He gave windows on condition the windows say so. Prior to Reformation figures in most stained glass of churches were Popish. Puritans went about with long poles poking them out as a patriotic duty. Merton has oldest library in Europe. Early volumes chained to shelf. Ceiling is of Spanish chesnut, well preserved. Pests will have none of it. Many books have leather covers 500 years old, still in good condition, mainly due to little or no heat in the room. Until recently leather received no preservatives - Librarian still thinks stuff is unnecessary. College has royal suite. Charles I and his queen stayed here during Parliamentary trouble. Charles II and his queen came to escape the plague. Buildings have many gargoyles - most English buildings have - strange animals with human appearance, threatening, leering, growling or laughing at you. Many serve as downspouts.

Christ Church. You don't call it Christ Church College, just Christ Church. Royalty usually attend here. It is built more in their own style - more comfortable and expensive. English have great ability in restoration of stone. Restoration work going on. Buildings adjoin each other which were built in different centuries, each with a style of its own, but all seem to blend. Quadrangle was started by Woolsey, finished by Henry VIII. Curfew bell rings 5 minutes past the hour to make it synchronize with Greenwich time. Rings 101 times, once for each of 101 students, College's former capacity. On one side of the Quadrangle is home of Alice Lyttle, who was the real Alice in Wonderland. Lewis Carroll was mathematics tutor, real name Charles Dodson, lived on opposite side of Quadrangle. Dining hall is largest in England. Ceiling 80 feet high, built by Woolsey. Woolsey's hat on all the dishes now used. Woolsey demolished priory but left church. Henry VIII made it into a chapel.

Bodleian Library. Third largest in the world. Books kept underground in an adjoining building. Original library built by Duke Humphreys, brother of Henry IV, 1444. 65 steps up from ground. Contains many old manuscripts, with exquisite illustrations, beautifully covered. Every page a work of art. Includes works from the First to the Twelfth Century. Rockefeller Foundation furnished 3/5th of the funds to restore and rebuild library. Oxford University Press originally here. Work now done elsewhere.

I can see now that this account is already getting too long, so will save the rest for another time. The rest of the trip in England includes

Cambridge, visit to the family at Royston with whom John was billeted during the war, trip down through Surrey and Kent, including Runnymede, Windsor, Ascot, Hampden Court, Burford Bridge, Canterbury, Rochester and finally London.'

Cheerio for any of you who have read this far, and Merry Christmas to all!

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