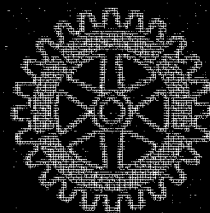


The Rotary Wheel Turns



SPRINGFIELD ROTARY CLUB
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The Rotary Wheel Turns

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Fred DeArmond

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*In Commemoration of Its
Golden Anniversary*

1969

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Springfield Rotary Club—1968-69**

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THE OBJECT OF ROTARY

The object of Rotary is to encourage and foster the ideal of service as a basis of worthy enterprise and, in particular, to encourage and foster:

FIRST. The development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service;

SECOND. High ethical standards in business and professions; the recognition of the worthiness of all useful occupations; and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society;

THIRD. The application of the ideal of service by every Rotarian to his personal, business, and community life;

FOURTH. The advancement of international understanding, good will, and peace through a world fellowship of business and professional men united in the ideal of service.

—Rotary International

Introduction A Half Century of Progress

By Randy Wilson

When Fred DeArmond was approached about the preparation of a special club history to be a part of the commemoration of our golden anniversary year, he was of course agreeable. Fred is a journalist by vocation and a historian by avocation. One can sense from the sparkle in his eyes, that he enjoys life immensely. He appreciates that which is good and that which is true and permanent and he samples the experiences of life with vigor. No doubt his love of history stems from this appreciation.

In 1960, assisted by Ray Kelly and others, Fred compiled the publication, "A Short History of the Springfield Rotary Club." The booklet, as Fred put it, represented "a partial triumph over three fires, fallible human memory, and the grim reaper himself." The Club History and By-laws Committee, with Fred as chairman, each year has prepared an annual supplement. Ray Kelly, Ed Baxter, Edie Bouldin and Maude DeArmond are all especially acknowledged for their contribution to the History as we have it to now.

In the present volume, Fred proposed to enlarge upon and re-interpret the earl-

ier work from the perspective of 1968-69. This would be done topically rather than chronologically. His suggestion was to ask other members of the club to contribute from their own experience and point of view, drawing also upon the year by-year written history, a collection of chapters which would present a joint account of fifty years of Springfield Rotary.

The organization of this text and the editing plus the text of one chapter have been Fred's. He has sought to present something of the history of the organization and of the men and methods that have made our club. A bit of local history, club history and the humor of a good program (such as that presented by Will James) go to make up this volume. Thanks of the entire club go to all of its contributors.

The Springfield Club is now composed of some 261 members. Of these 165 (63%) hold present or past business classifications, 59 (23%) professional classifications, 12 (5%) are public officials or association executives, and 25 (9%) are in the field of education. Its fifty-one presidents have included 34 businessmen and 17 professionals, roughly the same percentage that the two groups bear to the existing membership breakdown. By another dimension, there are 177 active, 76 senior active and 8

honorary members in the club. These numbers entitle our club to the claim of being the largest and oldest service club in Springfield, a distinction we share with Rotary International, which is the largest and oldest of all service clubs in the world.

Rotary International had its beginning in Chicago, Illinois on February 23, 1905 by an attorney, Paul Harris, and a little group of kindred spirits each from a different vocation. It was named "Rotary" because at first the group rotated its meetings at the places of business of the several members.

Vocation was the principle of selection at the beginning and has remained the distinguishing characteristic of Rotary ever since.

Many agree that the two things which have made Rotary the success that it is, are its adherence to the classification principle and its attendance requirements. These principles assure the club to be unique and distinctive, representative of the community, while remaining small enough for the promotion of acquaintance and friendship among its members. It prevents any one calling or group from being strong enough to dominate the club. Also, single representation from each business or profession has increased the

necessity, and the likelihood, of maintaining a high quality of membership.

Rotary represents a distinctive philosophy for practical living. It brings together on common ground men of diverse backgrounds, interests, and opinions. It smooths off the rougher edges of what otherwise would be conflicting personalities. It tends to harmonize political, religious, economic, and artistic views. It is thus a school that helps to train men for better citizenship and family life. It adds something to a rounded life that the member doesn't get in his business or professional organizations or from his political party or his church.

The first of the four objects of Rotary is "the development of acquaintance as an opportunity for service." Certainly a large club offers more opportunity for acquaintance than a small club, from the pure standpoint of numbers. Ed Baxter discusses in his chapter some of the significant aspects of Rotary fellowship. It behooves each member to exploit this object for his own benefit and for the benefit of the other members of this club.

I believe no finer group of men has been assembled. To know and mingle with them is part of a rounded education.

High ethical standards and the dignifying by each Rotarian of his occupation as an opportunity to serve society, is the

second object of Rotary. This is the vocational lane of service. And Gene Atkins, a minister of the Gospel, writes on this plan. High ethical standards embrace all religions and all philosophies and provide a common ground for all men of good will.

Wally Walter, past president and past district governor, discusses the elements of the third object of Rotary, the application of the ideal of service to personal, business and community life. And Wally points out clearly that Rotarians do exemplify the ideal of service by the contributions they have personally made to our community. Personally and corporately, as a club. Rotary represents the broadest group of community and business leaders to be found in our city.

The fourth and final object of Rotary is the advancement of international understanding, good will and peace. Duane Meyer discusses this in his contribution to our story. Rotary is truly international. As of November 1, 1968, there were 13,436 Rotary Clubs and an estimated 636,000 Rotarians in 145 Countries and geographical regions. This year's International President is Kiyoshi Togasaki of Tokyo, Japan.

In Mexico City, at Rotary's fifty-ninth International Convention last May, Fred DeArmond and I represented this

club and heard first hand, President Togsaki's admonition to "participate." Participate in the activities of our club, our community, nation and world.

Don Roper, president-elect for our fifty-first year, presents fifty years of participation in the area of club service. These are the 24 committees which make the club tick. One of the advantages of a large and well organized club is that much can be accomplished by the distribution of the work among its many members. And a tradition in the Springfield Club is that no one says no, when asked to do a job for Rotary.

In addition to committees responsible for club service, four committees are involved in the vocational lane of service, seven in the community service lane, and the international lane divides its work among four committees. This is a total of 39 working committees, involving virtually every member of the club. The total club financial budget for this year is over \$26,300, a record amount to this date.

Golden Anniversary Commemoration

While this book is an important part of the commemoration of our golden anniversary, other events included a special program by Mrs. Lucille Morris Upton, who described the atmosphere and climate of our community fifty years ago.

Fred DeArmond's chapter includes highlights in the community over this period of time, from then until now.

Past president Will James was prevailed upon to present a special program, as only Will can. His speech is included in this collection exactly as he gave it. The standing ovation which Will received was a fitting tribute to him. There are few in the club who can recall Will James' administration (1956-57) and would not say that he was our most humorous, imaginative and most-enjoyed presiding officer.

Ray Kelly, our only remaining charter member, and a past president, presented a program at a 100% attendance meeting, (99.62% rounded, with only one member not able to attend or make-up, Ray had previously presided over two other 100% meetings. On that 1968 occasion, three members—past president Ed Rice, Sr., Dwight Schultz, and Alonzo Bates—received Certificates of Honorary Membership, in recognition of their having joined the club in its first year and continued ever since.

It was also announced at that meeting that the club service fund had reached 100% participation and needed \$65 to reach its goal. Whereupon, 135 members contributed \$1 more each and the largest club service fund to date, \$9,309, was

completed. The entire club posed for a group picture following the luncheon, the first since 1956.

The Old Man's Club?

One significant test of the worth of any organization is its ability to retain its members. The record in this measure for our club is as follows:

Members for	
31 or more years23 or 9%
21 to 30 years19 or 7%
11 to 20 years71 or 27%
6 to 10 years48 or 19%
5 or less years100 or 38%
Total261 or 100%	

Forty-three percent of the membership has been in the club more than ten years, and almost two-thirds, 62% have held membership over five years. An analysis of the age of the present membership disclosed these statistics:

61 or older67 or 26%
50 to 6084 or 32%
40 to 4970 or 27%
30 to 3933 or 12%
29 or less7 or 3%
Total 261 or 100%	

If Rotary is described as an old men's club it is because its members usually are over thirty years old on the average when they join, and they stay in the club longer. Perhaps we are guilty as accused. Despite our antiquities, (85% of the membership over 40), variety and fun and enthusiasm

do still abound at our fellowship tables. And Rotarians as they grow older maintain their interest and support of the club. This should be proof enough that Rotary has significant meaning to those men who constitute its being.

As one reviews this story he cannot help but wonder what the future holds. Our club has, I'm sure, accomplished many of the goals which our founders set out to accomplish. That is yesterday. What of Tomorrow?

We shall no doubt continue to be a large club. Our list of unfilled classifications grows shorter each year. Despite the loss of 20 to 25 members each year by death, transfer or resignation, new blood continues to come into the club.

The average size club, in the international organization, is 47. Many are no larger than the number of new members coming into our club each year. This much turnover is healthy, it provides much interest and variety.

Our meeting place is now usually filled to capacity each Tuesday. Substantial growth of the club would require, of course, a larger meeting place. This, then, is a limiting factor.

The new Southeast Springfield Club will doubtless continue to grow and fill its available classifications. This growth will continue to benefit Rotary in our

town. The Rotary impact is growing steadily. Already the benefits of the second club have been apparent. By the exchange of make-up advantages, the members of each club, have contributed to the enjoyment and fellowship of both.

Our club will continue to have good programs, designed to stimulate the membership to exert the community leadership of which they are capable. As a club, it is like an anxious giant, waiting for a major, significant project which will tax its latent energy and talent. A project which will be significant enough to capture its imagination and its enthusiasm.

The future holds high promise for Springfield Rotary. It can and will meet the challenges to come.

I

The Days of Way Back When

By Ray D. Kelly

In A Golden Anniversary Speech

Springfield Rotary Club's beginnings date back to a day in August 1918. World War I was then in its final phase, and American troops were doing their part to bring the Germans under Von Hindenberg and Ludendorf to their knees. Boys from Springfield and Greene County were in the thick of the great battles from Chateau Thierry to Belleau Wood through the Argonne Forest offensive.

They had been led to the crusade by Captain Paul Frey of the old Co. K, 2nd Infantry, Missouri National Guard. Frey returned with his veterans after the shooting had ended, as a Lieut. Colonel. He lived until 1967, and after selling his family farm on South Glenstone for \$250,000, became one of the most traveled of Springfieldians, having visited some 60 countries around the world.

Our first move came when Hiram C. Martin of St. Louis, governor of the 17th District of Rotary International, called on me at my place of business on North Jefferson Street in response to my letter inquiring about the procedure of organizing a local club. In our conversation I soon learned that several others in Springfield had made similar inquiries to mine.

One of these men was Arthur C. Daily, Secretary-Treasurer and Purchasing Agent of the United Iron Works, next to the Frisco Railroad, then the largest business in Springfield. It was located on the Frisco tracks just east of National Avenue in the same buildings now occupied by the Reynolds Manufacturing Co. Daily was a prominent and highly respected businessman, also connected with several other firms, among them the Frank B. Smith Laundry Co. on Boonville Street, of which he was president and a principal stockholder. Associated with him

in this firm was Walter G. Rathbone as vice president and manager. Daily was also prominent in Masonic organizations. He was a leader and one of the most capable men I ever knew.

When I learned of the interest of Daily and others in the Rotary movement in Springfield, I at once told Mr. Martin that I would withdraw, and recommended that he get in contact with Daily. I then phoned Daily and told him of Martin's mission. This resulted in a meeting of the three of us in Daily's office, which lasted until noon of that day. Then, around a luncheon table in the formal dining room of the Colonial Hotel, we were joined by Les Walton, George F. Olendorf, and Henry C. Heinrichs. Under Martin's guidance, we plotted the first step by setting up an Organization Committee, with Arthur Daily as chairman, Les Walton as co-chairman, Ray Kelly as secretary, and Olendorf and Heinrichs as the other members.

Slow but Sure

District Governor Martin suggested that we proceed cautiously and slowly, with weekly meetings to be held over a period of six months for the selection of additional men who would compose the club's 25 charter members. Thus began the weekly dinner meetings at the Colonial on Friday evenings. Since each mem-

ber of the original organization committee was anxious to get his friends included in the new club, selection proceeded very slowly. On the average we added about one new member at each of these meetings. After his selection, a new member was added to the Organization Committee and thereafter met with us weekly.

The course ran rather smoothly until the 12th member had been selected, at which point organization became deadlocked through the three following meetings. Then the 13th member was selected (perhaps we may have been unconsciously superstitious about the number 13) and we went on to complete the organization without incident. By the first week in February 1919, we had our 25 charter members, and they had been carefully picked.

The 25, in the order of their selection, follow, with their classifications:

1. Arthur C. Daily, Ice-Making Machinery, manufacturing
2. Les E. Walton, Farm land and loan appraisal
3. George F. Olendorf, Outdoor advertising
4. Henry C. Heinrichs, Auto retailing
5. Ray D. Kelly, Coal retailing
6. Ed V. Williams, Men's clothing, retailing
7. Walter C. Eisenmayer, Flour, manufacturing

8. Jacob L. Hines, Banking
9. Alex W. Weaver, Shoes, retailing
10. Walter G. Rathbone, Laundry
11. Sam M. Wear, General Law Practice, professional
12. Wilbur Smith, Surgery, professional
13. Paul R. Talbot, Minister, Protestant
14. Lee S. Kucker, Photography
15. Burke Holbrook, Furniture Manufacturing
16. Charles G. Martin, Pianos, distributing
17. Charles C. Mullikin, Bread Baking, wholesale
18. Joel T. Duckworth, Drugs, retailing
19. Ernest H. Scholten, Printing
20. James M. Quinn, Coffee roasting
21. Fayette A. Laird, Groceries, distributing
22. Everett H. Thayer, Hotels
23. Fred R. Patton, Creamery
24. J. Emmett Cavin, Household Furniture, retailing
25. Ignace Glaser, Dry Goods, retailing.

After we had enrolled our minimum 25 members, Governor Martin was notified. He suggested February 14 as the date for the installation of officers and presentation of the charter. This date could not be arranged at the Colonial, since its main ballroom had been engaged for that date. So we moved the affair up to February 18, 1919, and that

was the official inaugural for the Springfield Rotary Club.

We had been sponsored by the Joplin Club, which preceded us in this area, and Grover C. James, its president, was at the Colonial to preside, assisted by District Governor Hiram C. Martin.

Of the 25 charter members, 24 attended with their Rotary Anns, one member being absent because of serious illness and hospitalization. A delegation of 50 members and their wives from the Joplin club was there, also representatives from St. Louis, Kansas City, and other clubs in the district. A rather sumptuous banquet with all the trimmings was served, followed by the installation ceremonies and a dance that lasted into the small hours of the next morning. We were off to an auspicious start—and it's a great pleasure to see in 1969 how well our early hopes have been realized.

As this is written, a half century later, 23 of the charter members are deceased. Two—Ray Kelly and Fayette Laird—are still living, and I am the only one remaining as a member of the club. This lonely distinction, I have had since the passing of Arthur Daily in 1949, 20 years ago. Prior to that date, Art and I had been for a long spell the only surviving charter members.

Of the 51 presidents to serve the

club, 25 are deceased and 26 still living, of whom 22 are active members of the fraternity. A study of the group photograph made in 1927 at the power plant of the Springfield Gas and Electric Co. at Main and Mill Streets, the earliest of several such pictures, shows that 94.7 per cent of those Rotary pioneers have departed this worldly sphere. Such is the mortality of men in this passing parade of Life.

During the 50 years of its existence, the Springfield Rotary Club has survived four major depressions, numerous booms, and so many bull and bear markets that Mr. Dow won't give Mr. Jones the number. During all this stretch the club has continued to grow with the town, with the single exception of the great depression in the thirties. In the early years of that Armageddon the membership dropped from 117 to a low of 61. However, once this lean period was past, Rotary continued its growth until it reached the present record of 261 members. The club has supplied leadership and direction to every move for the betterment of Springfield.

Some Random Recollections

I consider Springfield Rotary as personally a great heritage for me. I still possess the Rotary pin given me by Hiram Martin half a century ago. I treasure the

Honorary membership accorded me by the club. The friendships made through this association are to me the richest harvest of the years. Sitting here on this platform are three of the four living first-year members—Ed Rice, Dwight Shultz, and Lonzo Bates, all old friends and among the most sterling Rotarians. The fourth remaining first-year member is Claude Rathbone, who did not remain in Rotary long.

Groping back to review those old half-forgotten memories of Rotary and Springfield, here are a few fleeting impressions that come to mind:

My most embarrassing moment: The day I was fined \$15 at a club luncheon—the largest fine ever assessed up to that time—and didn't have the money in my pocket to pay off, and no one present would lend it to me.

Most humorous character in the club: "Diggy" Chinn, local politician and businessman who owned cigar stores and pool halls around town.

Best program in my recollection: Bill James' "Unexpurgated Droolings of An Old Goat." Second, probably the speech made by Judge William L. Vandeventer.

Best new-member introduction: Art Daily's introduction of Clyde Raymond. (This will be found in this book as part of "The Story of Club Service.")

Most lively give-and-take from the floor: The exchange between Art Daily and Guy Gibbs on the question of wearing badges. (This also is touched upon in the chapter alluded to above.)

Outstanding extra feature of a program: We've had a number of good ones, but two that come to mind are Bill Cantrell's ironic "Predictions of Things to Come," a New Year feature; and Ed Baxter's short talk to mark "D Day," June 6, 1967, an anniversary he felt the news media had neglected and Americans should not forget.

Best after-dinner speaker in the club: Elmer E.E. McJimsey, usually referred to by his rival editor H. S. Jewell as "Triple E." McJimsey's untimely death from cancer, after he had presided at only two club meetings as the new president, was a great loss to Rotary. Much more would have been heard of him.

Three Pioneers

The most able of our club presidents: Since we have had so many good ones in our 50 years, awarding this kudo would involve an invidious comparison. But I'd like to pay a small belated tribute to the first three of our presidents, all of whom set a high example for those who followed them.

The first, ^{president was} ~~of course,~~ is Art Daily. He has been well called the Founding Father. To me, he will always be Mr. Rotary. He

possessed tremendous energy—a quality that marks men of high achievement, almost invariably. His personality was characterized ~~above all else~~ by absolute candor. He could be, ~~and often was,~~ brutally frank with his friends and associates. ~~You never had any doubt of where you stood with Art Daily.~~ He was capable of drawing to himself the most loyal and lasting friends, but by the same traits of character he also could make lasting and sometimes bitter enemies.

Daily was the executive type. He would tolerate no excuses or alibis for failure. Although a man of ready wit, who engaged at times in biting satire, he would not condone sheer foolishness and horseplay. When made the subject of playful but shallow inanities, he would look you straight in the eye and say, "Be yourself, bub, be yourself!" Another of his favorite remarks was to repeat Elbert Hubbard's Rule 6: "Don't take yourself too damn seriously." During the selection of the 25 charter member he kept many a man out of the club with the assertion that the prospect was a constant violator of Rule 6.

The second president, Ed V. Williams, was a sharp contrast to Daily in temperament and methods. He was a mild-mannered man who naturally attracted the affection and following of his employees and other associates. He had a well developed sense of humor and was

a story-teller par-excellence, probably the outstanding one of his time in Springfield. For this reason, he was in demand as a master of ceremonies, because he could always come up with a story or two that delighted an audience. In personal conversations he had the knack of relating some appropriate gag or incident that would illustrate his remarks. He had a habit of story-telling when he was presiding.

Ed V., as we usually called him, was a naturally friendly man and one who was always sympathetic with anyone who had troubles. He was highly successful in his business. Having no immediate surviving relatives, he arranged to leave his business and his other assets to his older employees, among whom was the inimitable Charley James, also a Rotarian. The Ed V. Williams Clothing Co., with its original store on Commercial Street and a branch on Glenstone, is now represented in Rotary by George Hall and Leo Hayes. Ed's name was transmitted to posterity in the firm he created and in the public school on West Kearney Street named for him.

Third president was Burke Holbrook, another contrast in a different direction. Burke was well educated, poised and polished, born to be a gentleman and a scholar—a type uncommon in business in those days. You just felt yourself to be a better

person for having known Burke. He might be called a hail fellow, well met, but at the same time a popular leader in Springfield's cultural and social life.

Burke was head of the Springfield Furniture Co., manufacturers, founded by his father in the early days of Springfield. He did much to expand and improve the enterprise. On a visit to New York I was agreeably surprised to see on display in a window of one of the largest and most exclusive department stores of the Big Town a bedroom furnished from the Springfield Furniture Co. On inquiry, I was told that the store highly prized the line made by Burke's company.

II

The Club and its Times

For Fifty Years

By Fred DeArmond

Fifty years is a goodly slice of that commodity supplied by Father Time. It overlaps to embrace three generations, a considerable segment of history. Men are now living and working in 1969 whose parents and older associates dated from the Civil War era. Many of this adult generation and their descendants will be here to commemorate the year 2,000 and gaze on the Promised Land of the third millenium after Christ.

It was in the fall of 1918 and under the leadership of Arthur Daily, Les Wal-

ton, Ray Kelly and others the Springfield Rotary Club was in process of organization. The war against Germany and the other Central Powers in Europe was being wrapped up in a decisive victory for the Allied Armies, but long casualty lists appeared daily in the newspapers.

Then in October, Springfield, along with the other communities across the nation, was stricken by the dread Spanish influenza epidemic. Lucile Morris Upton, writer and authority on local history, described this event in a Golden Anniversary speech before the club on October 1, 1968. "For one full month, churches, schools, theatres and other places of gathering were closed," she related. "An emergency hospital for 45 patients was established by the Red Cross in the basement of the South Street Christian Church. At one time 2,000 persons were reported ill with the disease. For three successive days 17 died from influenza or pneumonia each day. The death list during October ran to more than 100 a week. A newspaper reporter wrote of this visitation as 'the greatest calamity ever to hit Springfield.' I presume he was aware of the military occupations during the Civil War."

In 1917-18, Mrs. Upton continued, the city suffered from epidemics of smallpox and typhoid. The smallpox victims were confined in a city-operated pest

camp at Zoo Park, where facilities were very poor. Diphtheria was a frightening menace in the schools.

The Queen City 50 Years Ago

What was Springfield like 50 years ago? ~~Again we refer to Mrs. Upton's paper.~~ It was a town of 13 square miles, ~~the same size as the latest area annexed by special election in 1968. As this is written, it covers 49.53 square miles.~~ The limits in ~~1918~~ were Kearney Street on the North, Delaware Avenue on the East, Kansas Avenue on the West, and a ~~broken~~ southern boundary consisting of Grand and Loren Streets. The population was 35,000 in 1910 and 39,000 in 1920. In size the town was locked in a race with Joplin for supremacy. By a wide margin, St. Joseph was the state's third city, where it remained until overtaken and passed by Springfield in the '60s.

One Springfieldian who left the town for other parts during World War I and returned during the Second War to his native heath to live, recalls the early scene as ~~he remembers~~ it: On East Olive just past Jefferson was the Pickwick Transfer (horse drawn) and livery stable. West Olive was marked by a blacksmith shop, a harness and saddlery store, and Dysart's horse and mule dealers barn at the Northwest corner of Campbell Street. McDaniel Street was then Pickwick Alley with a big grocery store run by two well known

colored men, the Hardrick Brothers, and located just behind the Union National Bank. East of Jefferson on that alley, was an unmentionable Red Light district that vied with Campbell Street and West Olive beyond Grant as the principal abodes of sin. East and West Phelps Street along the Frisco tracks was thoroughly disreputable owing to its low dives. West Pine Street (now Tampa) and West Chestnut were the center of a smelly slum district.

College Street was a favorite thoroughfare for gentlemen who sought to quench their thirst. The largest saloon in town was Kelly and Kerr's, on the south side of College Street at Patton Alley, just west of the Square. A little farther along, the Metropolitan Hotel, since razed to make a parking lot for Heer's Store, had a spiffy bar. At the southeast corner of Campbell Street stood the Kentucky Liquor House, wholesale and retail. A block farther, at Market Street, was Frank Brown's Bar, noted for its exhilarating Tom and Jerrys. Scharff's at the N.W. corner of Campbell and Walnut, had a Family Entrance where a respectable lady could buy a bottle of spirits without having to brush elbows with the guzzling and belching male rabble. That was before the days of the package liquor store, when a saloon was not called a tavern.

~~But our Old Timer declined to be identified with these less savory aspects of Springfield in the good old days. He prefers to talk of~~ shady East Walnut and St. Louis Streets with their handsome mansion houses of the well-to-do, of the Convention Hall and Hippodrome vaudeville house on South Campbell Street, later to be the site of Sears Roebuck's store, of the Landers Theatre where he saw Fritz Leiber in Othello, of the open-air summer theatre across the street on East Walnut where the DeArmond sisters played in tear-jerking melodrama, of thrilling to the Perils of Pauline on the screen at a South Street movie house called the Aladdin, about where the Western Auto Supply store now is.

Favorite gathering place for evening refreshment of the younger set was Bourquenot's on South Street. The best restaurant in town was the Harvey House at the Frisco station. Those with very slender pocketbooks could buy for \$3 a meal ticket that ~~with abstemious self-denial,~~ would support them passably for nearly a week at a hole-in-the-wall beanery on East Walnut Street called the Boston Lunch, ~~and run by two extrovert characters known as Arch and Les.~~

The city, with 39,000 population, boasted 12 banks. Among the leading financial pillars were the McDaniel brothers, Bunch, Will, and George (he of the

tieless celluloid collar and farm boots, and who was said to inscribe the most admirably undecipherable signature of any banker in the Ozarks), Tom Watkins, Senior, D. J. Landers, and Ed Sanford.

When a fellow took his girl out for a Sunday afternoon it might be to see a ball game at White City Park, site of the present Assembly of God headquarters on Boonville Avenue, or to Doling Park by street car, or to the sylvan glades of Phelps Grove, then a rural woodland. If he could rent a horse and buggy or had an affluent friend who owned an automobile, they might make an excursion to Sequiota Cave at Galloway.

If the youth of that day needed a suit and had the money to pay for it, he could go to the Glasgow Tailoring Company on St. Louis Street ("\$15—no more, no less"), or on down the street in the same block to the more elaborate-fronted men's clothing store of Herman and Son (old Ed in his palmy days, it's not quite true that he is 95.)

The city had two newspapers at that time, and they competed—and how! **The Leader**, H. S. Jewell, editor and publisher, uttered every day from a plant on the East side of South Jefferson at or about McDaniel. A block and a half away on East Walnut on approximately the present site of the Christian Science reading room was the morning **Republican**, edited

by E.E.E. McJimsey, president of Rotary for a short time in 1923 until his death of cancer. The two papers swung at each other vigorously on politics and civic issues.

There was only one high school, ~~Central at its present site~~ Drury and the State Teachers College were the only general institutions of higher learning.

People who had traveled abroad were, except for returning war veterans, limited to the upper economic crust. The afflicted seldom went to hospitals except for surgery; a patient then had to pay for his own sickness, not have the bills sent to Uncle or to an insurance company.

Debt was avoided as one would leprosy. For a merchant to advertise or talk up his generous credit policy as a reason for trading with him would have been regarded by his fellow businessmen as addled. Personal bankruptcy, so commonplace in the 1960s, was then unknown. It came later, a product of too-eager installment selling. Then, too, a stigma attached to unpaid debts at that time.

After the First War

The post-war era brought new interests and problems. First, there was the controversy triggered by the Peace Conference and Wilson's League of Nations, followed by the return to power of Republicanism in 1920. As has happened following every war but one (W.W. II,

which did not end in peace but continued as a cold war) there was a depression in 1921-22.

In 1926 Rotarian Walter Rathbone became president of the Board of Regents of the Springfield State Teachers College. Later, as SMS, the school became a regular liberal arts college and in 1964 Rotarian Dr. Joe Johnston was chosen to head its board of Regents. In October 1926, Springfieldians cheered hoarsely as the St. Louis Cardinals, the celebrated Gas House Gang, for the first time won the National League pennant and humbled the mighty Yankees for the championship in a dramatic World's Series marked by the clinch relief pitching of grizzled Grover Cleveland Alexander in the seventh and deciding game.

The Shrine Mosque had been constructed, giving the town its nearest approach to a civic auditorium. Then in July, 1927 the Kentwood Arms opened and has since been the leading hostelry.

By 1929 Springfield could celebrate its centennial as a city. During that Rotary year occurred a reunion of the 35th Division which was attended by General Pershing. Rotary took on the sponsorship of the Crippled Children's project, later relinquished to the Shrine organization of Masons.

The thirties—from 1930 to '38—saw the city in the throes of the great world-

wide depression. It was the time of the bank holiday, foreclosures, bread lines and crackpot reforms. Many Rotarians dropped out because they couldn't pay their dues or take one and a half hours from their business to attend luncheons. When Jim Shannon took over as president in July, 1935, the membership and attendance had dropped alarmingly. An Aims and Objects Committee was set up to tie programs, projects and administration together. The \$25 initiation fee was suspended under unanimous consent to waive the by-laws provision. A series of programs was scheduled in advance and publicized. Attendance was stimulated by various means.

In 1937 came a locust plague of sit-down, plant-seizure strikes by militant leaders of the new C.I.O. Naked force became the declared policy of organized labor, encouraged by legislation such as the National Labor Relations Act and national and state labor boards politically constituted to attract the union vote.

But those years were not blanks in the growth of the city. Radio Station KWTO began operating on Christmas Day 1933. Citizens subscribed the funds to buy land for a new Federal Medical Center on West Sunshine which became an institutional reality. A new club for Bolivar was sponsored.

The Frenzied Forties

Notwithstanding hard times and repressive laws, population had grown by 1940 to 61,000. Joplin had been outstripped in their friendly race. The Ozarks country town was on its way to becoming a manufacturing city with parking meters, traffic headaches, bond issues and other growing pains.

By 1938 the gathering storm of war in Europe and Asia was creating such a demand for American goods that eight years of depression reached a turn in the road. Happy days were here again, soon to be followed by another and greater clash of arms. Hitler's legions were on the march next year, at first in close alliance with those of his kindred spirit, Stalin. A large part of the world was aflame with conflict.

In the summer of 1941 this alliance went on the rocks and the German Armies hit Russia in a series of deadly sledgehammer blows that carried them to the environs of Moscow. On a Sunday afternoon in December Springfieldians sitting before their radios heard the astounding announcement that our great Pacific fleet lying at ease in Pearl Harbor had been almost completely destroyed by a Japanese air armada. Overnight we were again plunged into a world war for better or for worse.

A number of Rotarians donned uni-

forms in 1942. All were given honorary memberships while away in the armed forces. The war years proved to be far from blanks in progress. The scrap rubber and iron drives were aided vigorously. New clubs at Mt. Vernon, Buffalo, Golden City, and Neosho were assisted into being. Dues were increased from \$24 to \$28. Steps were taken toward municipal acquirement of the local gas and electric utilities and the deal completed before the war's end. Ed Rice, a former club president, was a moving spirit in this action and the first chairman of the City Utilities Board. These things were achieved in competition with all the alarms and stresses of total war.

The great conflict came in with the shock of Pearl Harbor and went out with the shock of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Offense had beaten out defense in the armament race. As the vast struggle ground to a conclusion, Johnny came marching home, on the civilian front rationing was removed, and the Black Market flourished. For four years the buyer had faced the novel necessity of selling the vendor. Now was heard the heartfelt aspiration, "I wanna be sold again!" Salesmen resumed their place in the sun of commerce.

After the war Springfield began to acquire momentum. The historic "pie" in the center of the Public Square, around

which trolley cars had circled for two generations, was removed to make space for auto parking. The Colonial raised the Rotary luncheon price to \$1.

The Fabulous Fifties

Past the half-century mark the city, fed by its widespread trade territory, began to grow into something of a metropolis. East Trafficway and Chestnut Street, were partially completed and opened to provide a crosstown artery for the growing traffic. Springfield Newspapers wore down and beat a long strike by the typographers union, which then established its own tabloid paper in the city, the **Daily News Digest**. The paper operated in the red for three or four years, then folded after a reputed loss of more than a million dollars. Coincident with the strike and afterward occurred a series of mysterious bombings for which no convictions were ever obtained. Bell Telephone changed over to the dial system.

Basketball fans had something to whoop about in glee when the S.M.S. Bears won the NAIA tournament in Kansas City. The city continued to become a conspicuous church community with imposing new houses of worship erected by several denominations. Springfield soon could boast of some 150 churches and congregations, which means on the average approximately one church to every 700 inhabitants. At the same time it was

taking on notable stature as a medical center. Burge, St. John's and Springfield Baptist hospitals carried to completion extensive enlargements, and the osteopaths were soon to realize their new modern hospital. The bed capacity was tripled after the last war. Practicing physicians came to number approximately 200 M.D.'s and 20 osteopaths, serving in the specialties a zone with more than one-half million people.

The council-manager form of municipal government was adopted and member Joe Ben Wann served a stretch on the council and as mayor. Television became a reality in Springfield. The Ozark Jubilee show at the old Jefferson Theatre put the city on the country music map in a big way. It was Ralph Foster's baby.

Ray Kelly sold his coal business on North Jefferson Avenue and became president of the new Empire Bank. Under Durward Hall's presidency of the Chamber of Commerce, Lou Reys, long-time Chamber manager, vacated his post and policies underwent sweeping changes. A concentrated drive for new industries began to change Springfield over from a farming to a manufacturing center. In rapid succession, Lily-Tulip, Royal McBee, Dayco Rubber, Alton Box and others established large plants in Springfield. The metropolitan area population passed 126,000 in the decade.

With a big endowment from former student Ernest Breech of General Motors and Ford Motors fame, the Breech School of Business Administration was added at Drury College. Southwest Missouri State began to acquire a costly residential area west of the college and spread over many more acres. All three of the principal colleges built fine new libraries and set out to stock them with valuable collections. The Public Libraries of Springfield and Greene County boasted the largest collection of books in the area, and started to extend their services to neighboring rural counties.

The downtown business district felt the pressure of competition from shopping centers in all outlying areas. Energetic efforts were initiated by the Downtown Merchants Association to meet this challenge and hold the central city intact. More parking facilities were provided, and store modernization proceeded at an accelerated tempo. Rotarians Aud Alexander and Joe Bill Turner, a member of the City Council, made trips with a Chamber of Commerce Committee to a number of other cities to study malls and see if the idea could be adapted to downtown Springfield for beautification and shopper convenience.

New Horizons of the Sixties

The decade began with commemoration of the Civil War Centennial. Through

the efforts of local citizens and their Washington representatives, the Wilson's Creek Battlefield had been made a national park, with the State of Missouri undertaking to provide some 1700 acres of land around Bloody Hill. The park was expected to become a strong additional tourist attraction.

Rotarians were playing increasingly conspicuous roles in the life of the community. They headed such organizations as the Greene County Medical Society, the Springfield Baptist Hospital Board, the Multilist Realtor group, Goad-Ballinger Post of the American Legion, the Chamber of Commerce, Ozark Empire Council of Boy Scouts, Greene County Red Cross Chapter, and the Community Planning Council. Rotarian and past president Durward Hall represented the 7th District in Congress. In municipal government, the City Manager, the City Engineer, and three city Government Board chairmen were Rotarians. In education, the club was ably represented by the president and vice president of the Board of Education, the city Superintendent of Schools and four other top executives in the public school system besides the presidents of three local colleges and a number of professors.

In communications the club counted the district Bell Telephone manager, the local Western Union manager, managing

editor of the city's two daily newspapers and the heads of a leading radio and a television station. In 1965, Rotarian "Johnny" Johnson, managing editor of Springfield Newspapers, was awarded a medal for Distinguished Service to Journalism, by the School of Journalism at the University of Missouri.

The four men who headed up the United Fund drive, as well as the Fund's manager, were of the fraternity. A pretty good Who's Who of Springfield could have been compiled from the club roster.

During this period the city was in a losing struggle to hold its transportation facilities. The great but snooty American Airlines cut the city off its schedule, in spite of the fact that a fine new airport terminal building had been finished and the runways extended to accommodate large jet planes. Ozark and Delta were trying to fill the void. The Frisco lopped off all its passenger trains. Springfield became almost a second Hartford, with no less than nine life insurance companies having their home offices in the city. Some of the new companies were criticized by representatives of the older carriers for allegedly misleading methods of selling their Founders policies and for unethical peddling of stock shares along with insurance protection.

More big companies brought their manufacturing operations to the commun-

ity. Among them were Fasco, Litton Industries, Minnesota Mining and Manufacturing Co., and Zenith Radio and Television. The City had set a new precedent by voting bond issues to subsidize three of the new plants and allow them a 20-year period of local tax-exemption.

A city Planning Division with a director and staff was set up by the municipal government. Working with the Zoning Board, it mapped all the area within and just outside the city with a view to planned growth and development. Modified County Zoning had been provided by state law. Priorities were assigned to the various needed projects which could be realized only by spreading them out over an extended period.

Crime and auto accidents increased at an alarming pace. Inflated prices—the rapid shrinkage in the dollar's purchasing power—caused many thoughtful persons a growing uneasiness and suspicion that prosperity was more seeming than real, and that something had happened to weaken the moral fibre of the country.

The Cold Revolution was sweeping across an uneasy world. Bob Ashcroft returned from a journey around the globe and reported on the progress of this uprising of the have-nots and the want-mores against the haves and the people of substance. It was, he said, a dangerous and unthinking demand for short cuts to

freedom and affluence. World traveler and missionary, the Rev. E. Stanley Jones, had previously spoken to Springfield Rotarians heralding the revolutionary ferment and saying that he welcomed it. Fortunately, the conservative Rotarians and other Americans of influence held to the Ashcroft view. To them, God is not dead nor had the wisdom of the Founding Fathers been fatally infected by the intellectual hydrophobia of the Bertrand Russells, the Stokely Carmichaels, and the Gus Halls.

And so the half-century cycle was completed. From a big country town, Springfield had grown to the proportions of a sizeable, thriving, pulsing city. The Rotary Club, too, had multiplied to ten times the enrollment with which it began. Both faced many unsolved problems, but were unawed by them. Life, whether club or community, is not given us merely to enjoy, but to aspire, to labor, and achieve.

III

The Unexpurgated Droolings of An Old Goat

By Will James

A Golden Anniversary Rotary Speech

It is a frightening experience for a man of my extreme shyness to be presented as the speaker before a group of distinguished men such as I face here to-

day. Looking around this room I see leaders in many areas of human activity. Business, industry, education, religion, medicine, law and many other vocations that go to make up our complex social structure. Certainly only the most calloused and experienced speaker could face such a brilliant assembly of alert, intelligent, well-informed, successful men without some feelings of nervousness and apprehension. So I approach my task today with fear and with the most abject humility, finding my only comfort in the belief that most of you, as is your habit, will not be listening and the remaining few will hear me, if not with interest, at least with the compassion due any human being in deep distress.

I am not allowed to speak very often, but when I am, my most difficult task is to find something to speak about, and it does seem strange that in a world so filled with beauty and wonders this should be any task at all. Unfortunately I am one of those characters who knows a little bit about almost everything and nothing much about anything. So my pathway to oratorical glory almost always lead to disaster. Speaking of oratorical disaster I remember the time Charlie Wadlow made a speech before this club a long, long time ago. Many of you men know Charlie and remember him as an active Rotarian; you Rotary youngsters do not. But Charlie was

one of the last of the old Fourth of July orators. He would start speaking with a deceptively mild, almost inaudible voice and then build up, for no reason whatsoever, to a screaming crescendo. Charlie was standing right here when he made that famous talk and I cannot describe my feeling of awe, yea of reverence, when I realize that I am perspiring on the very same spot where Charlie once perspired.

In that speech Charlie made a statement so profound and so significant that its impact will be felt by this club for years to come. With the light of prophecy in his eyes and with his arms raised in eloquent gestures, Charlie said, "My fellow Rotarians, the sole purpose of my speech today is to warn you that at this very minute, not next week, not a year from now, but at this very minute we are standing on the threshold of . . ." And then with dramatic suddenness he stopped. He couldn't remember what we were standing on the threshold of. But Charlie was an old pro and not to be done in by a situation of this kind. Leaning over to me—I was president of the club that year—Charlie whispered, "Tell me something right quick, Bill, that we're standing on the threshold of." And I said "Hell, Charlie!" And Charlie straightened up and hit the lectern a blow with his fist and said, "Hell, Charlie!" Then he sat down with the cheers of his confused audi-

ence ringing in his ears. Well, if that could happen to an old pro like Charlie, it's hard to tell what can happen to me.

Now we have in this club a number of men who are classified, unofficially of course, as "old goats". As soon as a man reaches age 70 and takes out senior active membership and retires from his usual vocation he automatically becomes an old goat. And since I have all of these qualifications and am in fact only days away from my 73rd year I too am an old goat. Now an old goat, because of his years doesn't have much to look forward to, but he has a lot to look backward at. And it is from this perspective that I would talk to you today, gentlemen, recalling for you, not the pains or cares or anxieties that may have shaded some of my days with sorrow, but rather those little inconsequential and sometimes ridiculous happenings that shine like stars in the galaxy of my memory. So today with the political guns silent and the world at peace again, let's think for a little while now about simple, homey and sometimes nostalgic things.

A Sanctuary Disturbed

My home, like yours, is an average normal home. We have rooms and furniture and dishes and a lot of the knickknacks that women think are necessary to sustain life. Since our children are

grown and away from home there are only six of us left: my wife and I and four very special but invisible guests whose names are love, faith, tolerance and understanding. These guests have been with us now for 50 years and have helped make our home a little island of peace in a restless and troubled world. A sort of sanctuary whose walls shut out most of earth's discordant noises.

But there are a few days each year when strife and turmoil lift their ugly heads and our home becomes an inferno that the flesh of no man could endure. I am speaking of course of that feminine inquisition known as housecleaning. Housecleaning, yes. I always know when it is about to happen at our house because my wife displays symptoms, almost the same symptoms that a cow shows when she's in heat. Now if you have ever lived on a farm you know what I mean. The cow gets an anxious look in her eyes, she paces restlessly about the pasture and she moos incessantly in melancholy tones that tell any listening bull she's in the mood for love. Well my wife's housecleaning symptoms are almost the same. She gets an anxious look in her eyes and she paces restlessly about the house. She does everything that the cow does except moo, which is probably just as well since the only bull that would be listening has long since been retired from active service.

One night last summer I recognized these symptoms and I knew that evil days were ahead. The next morning I was sitting in the living room still in my pajamas and trying to decide the question that has come up every day since I retired. Should I go outdoors and run the risk of being killed by a falling airplane or should I just play it safe and go back to bed? I was about to decide on the latter course when I heard the ominous sound of marching feet, and there they came. First my wife, as grim and relentless as a Bolshevik executioner, closely followed by a muscular, belligerent looking woman who had been hired for the occasion. They were heavily armed with all the weapons of housecleaning and without a word of apology to me they put them down and went to work. Now all of you men who are married know that hell has no fury like that of a woman cleaning house. Down came the draperies, up came the rugs, and furniture was moved around with superhuman strength. When the wreckage was completed then came the dreadful climax, the diabolical hissing, sucking, whining noise of a vacuum cleaner.

Retrospections

Well at that point my courage broke and I did just what any of you men would have done. I fled to the den and closed the door behind me, and as I sat there I got to thinking that life had not always been

like this. I could remember when there were no vacuum cleaners, no motorcycles, no power mowers, no chain saws, no mechanical noises of any kind, just peace, wonderful peace. Those, I said to myself were the good old days. By then I was so immersed in memories that I decided to go out into the backyard and give way to a period of retrospection. I wanted to recall those distant days when I was young and the world was young and life seemed to stretch out everlasting before me. So I rolled an old dusty patio cot out under a shade tree, and like a man who wraps the drapery of his couch around him, laid me down to pleasant dreams.

The first thought that came to my mind, the first picture, was that of an old sweetheart of mine. Now I wonder how many of you men have a little compartment in your heart where you keep hidden away the memory and the picture of an old sweetheart, the girl you didn't marry but sometimes wish you had. Well, you all look guilty, so maybe you would enjoy hearing about mine. I remember her name but I won't say it here because her husband is in this room. And I remember the soft dark brown hair that fell about her shoulders, I remember the black cotton stockings she wore, which neither concealed not quite revealed the shapely beauty of her legs, and I remember the little summer dress she wore when I first

kissed her and she answered my caress with the whispered declaration "I love you". And as I lay there thinking about these pleasant dreams and these pleasant thoughts memory turned into reality and I could see the shadowy figure of this little brown-eyed girl standing there beside me and in the magic and wonder of that moment these poetic lines came to mind:

An old sweetheart of mine, is this
her presence here with me,

Or the vain creation of a lover's
memory?

A fair, illusive vision that will vanish
into air,

Dare I even touch the silence with
the whisper of a prayer.

Nay, let me believe in all the blended
false and true,

The semblance of an old love, the
presence of the new;

The then of sunny changeless days,
the now of cloud and shine,

But love forever shining on that
old sweetheart of mine.

"Then my dream was broken by a step upon the stair, the door was softly opened and my wife was standing there, and with eagerness and rapture all my visions I resigned, to greet the living presence of that old sweetheart of mine." Yes, it was my wife and when she walked over to the old rusty cot where I was lying I could see that she too was caught up in the romance of the moment, because she

took me by the hand and in tones that were tender and sweet she said, "Beloved, are you going to help me clean house or are you just going to lie there on your old rusty cot?" And in tones equally tender and sweet I said, "Precious one, since you have given me a choice I think I will just lie here on my old rusty cot."

A Backhouse Epic

So I closed my eyes and turned over and let my thoughts wander to an episode in my life that I can never forget. One that is filled with all the elements of drama, action, suspense, pathos, humor and finally stark bitter tragedy. Life on the farm at the beginning of this century was quite primitive compared to the pushbutton lives we lead now. In our own home for instance, we had no telephone, no electricity, no gadgets of any kind, no running water and of course no inside toilet facilities. But out in the back stood a little house that played an important part in the routine of our daily lives. In the army it would be called a latrine, we called it the backhouse. People who lived on a little lower social scale than ours called their backhouse the privy. And down at the very bottom of the social scale it was known by another indelicate but highly descriptive name.

But we called ours the backhouse and there it stood in simple dignity like a wayside chapel, its open door an invita-

tion to the heavy laden to enter and find relief within the cloistered privacy of its ivy covered walls. Gad, gentlemen, wasn't that a pretty sentence! Sometimes when I put words together like that I get so charged with emotion that I can hardly go on, but I must continue. I can tell by your tense attitudes that you can hardly wait to see how and when this is going to end. And frankly neither can I.

One summer the wasps infiltrated our backhouse and built a nest up in the roof. And there they lurked, a constant menace to the nervous occupant, sometimes forcing him to evacuate even before he had evacuated. More than once I have seen grandpa come charging out the backhouse door with the agility of a teenager and come bounding up the walk clutching his dangling suspenders in one hand and a Sears Roebuck catalog in the other. And the wasps in hot pursuance.

Now I want to break this thrilling narrative just for a minute, gentlemen, to point out to you the importance of the Sears Roebuck catalog in the culture of those early days. You could go into almost any farm home at that time and if you found nothing else to read you would always find two books, the Holy Bible and the Sears Roebuck catalog. When our copy came in the springtime, papa would open it up on the kitchen table and we would all gather around to admire the gar-

ish artwork on the title page. Then we would turn through it a page at a time and there would be many oohs and aahs as we looked upon the wonders the hand of man had wrought. Actually this book was more than a catalog to us, it was a shiny plate glass window against which we pressed our faces and looked with hungry eyes at the treasures we could never hope to have. Mama used to say, "Well, as soon as we get a little extra money we will get this or that", but we didn't get any extra money so we never got this or that.

Now as soon as we had the new catalog in the house the old catalog was transferred to the backhouse, where because of its soft tissue-like pages it served a useful and practical purpose. But it was something more than that, it was a complete reference library. A book of knowledge that was studied from cover to cover by all who came to sit for a spell. It was from this book that I learned to read and to spell and I have often thought that Art Mallory and Bob Ashcroft and Alf Cannon ought to get together and work up some special degree for those earnest students who, like myself and David LeBolt and Dan McGuire and Ed Tuck, have no alma mater to remember except the backhouse, and no textbook except the Sears Roebuck catalog.

I learned something else from this wonderful book, I learned a lot about

women. One of the features of the old Sears catalog was the corset section. Now the corset in those days was something more than a foundation garment, it was the trademark of decency, and no respectable woman would think of going out into public places without first stuffing her soft curves into the armor of her corset. If she dared to do otherwise she was condemned by her more virtuous sisters as being a loose and unholy woman, and the men in the market place would make sly remarks about her when she passed by. Those corsets, by the way, were fearfully and wonderfully made. They were made of a stout cotton fabric reinforced with whale bone staves, and believe it or not they covered a woman completely from her armpits practically to her knees.

Actually they were made with two purposes in mind. First of all just to squeeze the woman into the hourglass shape that was the vogue at that time, and in the second place to preserve and protect for as long as possible her honor and virtue. In this latter field I sadly recall they were only too successful. There are probably some men in this room who were young adventurers at that time and who would testify that those stout corsets made an almost impregnable barrier to their amorous explorations. The last two or three pages of the corset section were given over to full length pictures

of smiling, scantily dressed women modeling the various styles of corsets. When my folks weren't around I used to study these pictures with something more than casual interest and must confess that they opened up a whole new line of thought for me. Thoughts which now as I approach my 73rd year have become my most hallowed and cherished memories.

Well, so much for the Sears Roebuck catalog and the corsets. I just wanted you to know why grandpa always had a copy of it in his hand when he fled from the backhouse. Now right quickly I want to finish up grandpa and if you have tears to shed prepare to shed them now.

One day when grandpa was in the backhouse in an exposed and vulnerable position a wasp sneaked out and stung him deeply just below the equator. When the old man came stomping into the kitchen he was purple with rage and humiliation. "Things has reached the point," he said, "when somethin' has gotta be done." Grandpa was one of those characters who never did anything about anything until things reached a certain point. I remember the time our barn caught on fire and was burning furiously. The old man sat on the backporch rocking unconcernedly and his only comment was, "Things has about reached the point where somethin's got to be done." But on this day he had been deeply

wounded, not only in flesh but in spirit and his heart cried out for revenge. Turning to me he said, "Willy", grandpa always called me Willy because that was my name, "Willy," he said, "I'm going out and get them wasps and you're gonna help me." Well I wasn't enchanted with the idea but as long as I was going to war I was sorta glad I was going to be on grandpa's side.

Our preparations were simple. Grandpa wrapped some rags around a stick and dipped them in kerosene so that when lighted they gave off a smoking, sputtering flame and in the meantime mama had shrouded my head and shoulders with mosquito netting. Thus armed and attired we started down the cinder path for our historic rendezvous with the wasps. Grandpa had a loud and unpleasant voice but he loved to sing hymns and as our little two-man army marched along he started singing "Like A Mighty Army Moves the Church of God, Brothers We Are Treading Where the Saints Have Trod". And as I listened to the words of this old hymn the scene changed for me and I became a crusader going forth to battle the forces of evil and grandpa was transformed into a knight in golden armor holding high not a smoking torch but an avenging sword.

When we reached the backhouse

grandpa found that his torch was a little too short to reach the wasp nest so he climbed upon the seat platform for extra height. Now our backhouse was what we called a standard three-hole family model. There was the small hole for the little boys and the medium sized hole for the older sisters and mama and then a very large hole for papa. But there was enough solid wood in between for grandpa to gain a precarious foothold.

Just as he was about to apply the torch the wasps swarmed out in a vicious counterattack and grandpa in an effort to defend himself made the fatal mistake of taking a backward step. And then in the twinkling of an eye like a magical illusion the old man disappeared. All that I could see of him was the torch which he still held aloft and which continued to smoke defiantly like the funnels of a sinking warship.

Well the sense of delicacy, gentlemen, forbids my describing grandpa's rescue in detail. Suffice it to say that he was extricated and renovated and returned to the arms of his family, but the old man was never the same after that. He became gloomy and depressed and never again lifted his voice in hymns of praise to the creator. We always thought it was his way of rebuking the Lord for having let him down in an hour of crisis.

Well I guess, gentlemen, that I

would still be lying on the old rusty cot had I not been awakened by the piping notes of a songbird and when I opened my eyes I saw the little fellow perched on a limb right over my head and singing his heart out, and his serenade seemed so personal and intimate that I decided that he was singing especially for me, and in the words of John Wesley, the famous Methodist Church man, my heart was strangely warmed. And then this beautiful little monster without any warning let me have it. Right between the eyes, and it was the blueberry season.

Well I did what had to be done, I went into the house and washed my face. Then I took down a tall glass, dropped in a couple of ice cubes, added two jiggers of my heart medicine and filled the glass with sparkling quinine water. This made what is known in the medical profession as a gin and tonic, a remedy widely used and endorsed by the doctors themselves. Soothed and tranquilized by this pleasant medicine, I went into the cool air-conditioned den and laid down on the soft couch and went fast asleep. But before I lost consciousness I gave thanks for all the conveniences and blessings of these modern days in a little phrase I remember from Russian literature, which translated into English means, "To hell with the good old days".

The Harvest of the Years

Now, gentlemen, I can see that you are squirming and I know exactly where you hurt for I have sat through over a thousand Rotary meetings myself. But before you rush out to your various profit and loss operations, I would like to have this one last minute. In these nearly 73 years that I have lived I have learned that no matter how many years a man lives, his life span is really only three days. Yesterday, today, and tomorrow. Yesterday, a time for preparation, for plowing and seeding the soil; Today, a time for accomplishment, for watering and cultivating the seeds that were sowed yesterday; and Tomorrow a time for harvest, gathering in the ripened grain and fruit.

This is the unchangeable sequence of a successful life. For if there was no planting yesterday, there will be nothing to cultivate today, and if there is nothing to cultivate today, there will be no harvest tomorrow. And blessed is the man who when his harvest is laid by can look backward through the telescope of memory and see a lifetime of joy and laughter, of friendship and love, of labor and service and of an unbroken partnership with God. For this man can live out his golden years not trembling with fear and remorse and crawling on his belly like a snake, but walking upright before God and his

fellow men, serene and unafraid and wearing on his head the star-studded crown of a victorious life.

God bless you all, my beloved friends, and grant each one of you such a harvest!

IV

The Making of a Rotarian

By Ed Baxter

Springfield Rotary, now in its 50th year, has nurtured thousands of fine men from the Springfield area. From its ranks have come the leaders of Southwest Missouri. Springfield being the hub of area activity, Rotary, along with our sister service clubs has made a decided impact on the sensational growth of our part of the country. Why? This is a seemingly simple but actually complex question.

In the early days of Rotary in Springfield, through the roaring 20s and the depression of the turbulent 30s, strength was found somewhere, somehow, to survive. Our real coming of age started in the late forties when the village began to surge forward. The club became revitalized after the war with a continuation of strong leaders, some more, some less, but **strong!** The club passed its 200 member goal in 1956 under the leadership of Will James. Charlie Lockhart was the 200th addition. Since that time, we are all familiar with our steady march to 261

strong. Our percentage of growth is thrice that of national Rotary.

Our club might be termed variously as a classroom; a political forum; a service institution; an eat-and-run club; a business center; an athletic club; a stock market office; a gin rummy and pitch association; a legal club; a journalistic organization, etc., etc. Yes, it is a combination of all these, including every classification, every spoke in the Rotary wheel.

The reason for this is obvious. Every man brings something into the whole, and takes away in direct proportion to his contribution. When a man joins Springfield Rotary, he stands in awe at his presentation to the club. His maturity as a Rotarian comes in direct proportion to the effort of his elder members to see that he is properly educated in Rotary. This is where we so often fall on our respective faces.

We assume that education comes progressively with each meeting **without effort**. This is not true. We have had members join and drop out in six months to a year. I have interviewed several of these men and have found to my surprise, that they felt the older members could not care less about their having joined. The cliques form each Tuesday with clocklike precision. This of course is an exaggeration, but true nevertheless. Education and fellowship within Springfield Rotary, is of

course, again directly proportional to the effort of each member to pick up quickly the new member and make him welcome, orient him in Rotary. All too often, we fail in this respect. Most of the time we perform with skill and fraternal warmth, but not always.

No Man An Island

It is most deceptive for one to assume that attendance, listening to programs and some slight participation in the activities will make a real Rotarian. Nothing could be further from the truth. A man cannot live by bread alone. No man is an island. And on and on. Overall, this laxness and complacency has not been the rule with Springfield Rotary. Every man brings something **new** and **different** into the club. Some bring excellent qualifications, and all shades below, but each brings something. It is up to the entire membership to find out what it is and see that these manpower resources are used for the betterment of the whole. The president cannot do it, the board cannot— it must be the entire membership, alerted to look for special talents. This is certainly not to be considered a criticism, but part of a summation of what we are, what we have been, and what we hope to be in the next 50 years.

Fellowship is an elusive and oft misunderstood phrase. It is sometimes nebu-

lous; sometimes explosive; sometimes soft and tender; most often enduring. Adverting to personal reflection on my own shortcomings, I have been victim of two long leaves of absence due to illness and work. While away from the club, the tug every Tuesday was almost unbearable. I could see in my mind's eye, John Bennett and Dr. Meador talking together; Fred DeArmond and Will James chatting as true friends do; Tom Groundwater, always the welcoming committee of one that we should all emulate; Fred Schneider beating Charles Stone over the head about the condition of the stock market; Fred Thomsen, Cephas Close, Dave, etc. assembling at their usual table for their weekly conference; Johnnie, Bill and Ed going over the happenings of the week, and on and on and on. This, my dear fellow Rotarians, is what I consider the true wealth and power of Rotary! Returning after these absences for me was like reopening a door long closed, raising a darkened window blind; seeing again an old and great friend; and on and on and on!

The heartbeats of Rotary are these feelings, these emotions, these beautiful minutes together; this fellowship; the education absorbed at every meeting. Thus it must ever be!

After a "Moulder Surprise" meal, we turn to the business at hand, sometimes

with a tug at the heart when we realize that reaching down inside is the hand of Harry Brown's disdain for Rotary singing. We see marching down Memory Lane the faces of all those wonderful men who are now members of Rotary on High. Each of them left an impression on each of us that no one else on earth will ever replace. Each to his own way? Never! The **whole** must be the objective. Not regimentation, but the implementation of all these men, alive and dead, who have made up that delicate balance of human experience we call Fellowship.

The Rotary Catalyst

How is this achieved? Through programs! They are one of the great adhesives of Rotary. Good and bad, mediocre and ridiculous, Heavenly as some have been and on occasions filthy, the latter being confined to one or two in the last 20 years. Who on earth could ever be exposed to the delicate touch of a program by Will James, combining superb wit and pathos in the classic tradition of a dedicated life. The poetry and reasoning of Dan McGuire, the songs of the young, the wisdom of the great and near great, the paid and the intraclub talent, the latter being our most precious possession. Certainly no club on earth has a greater potential than Springfield Rotary to provide from within, great programs. It means sweating the program chairman,

who has the most underrated job in any club. When we get a sour program, he gets the kick in the teeth. When there is a great one, the program itself gets the praise. He cannot possibly win! But he delivers, and delivers, week after week! He is the unsung hero of any Rotary club!

Some like them hot, some like them cold, some like them in the pot, nine days old. Program appreciation runs the gamut from the sublime to the ridiculous. Only the great like Will James holds and holds and holds, never to be forgotten. Simply because the man puts his **all** into what he says and does. What a wonderful world this would be if we all were so. This would balance the budget, stop the wars, manage the crime in the streets and feed the poor.

But we are not all made that way. Were we, there would be no need for these past fifty years of Rotary nor the next or the next. We educate ourselves and each other with every handshake, every kind word or deed, every helping hand, every salutation. Now we come to the current phrase being bandied about by the high and mighty, the "Nitty Gritty". That scarcely definable quality comes from individual growth. Will a check to the service fund make us grow? Will cursory committee membership really help? Will a round of golf do the trick? Certainly not. We grow with age and ex-

perience, but we grow faster with dedicated participation in the work of Rotary.

Each of us is a political entity, each man and wife a political subdivision, complete with all the trimmings. Political success is the day to day contact within our respective circle of friends. With it we are successful, without it, we fail. And thus, with Rotary growth in each of us. If we do not carry the elements of Rotary within our hearts every minute of our working day, into every business deal we make, every consultation, every sale, etc., we stagnate or deteriorate. However, if we carry in our respective hearts the four way test, the Wheel of honor and ethics, the making of better men within ourselves, we **grow in Rotary**.

The weekly meeting is the catalyst that binds us together. But what we do and say **every day** molds the success of our Club, our Rotary, our Membership, our Character.

We are all the recipients of what is past. The past is prologue, the boy is father to the man he becomes. We shall all be a part of the future, again in direct proportion to the contribution we make from within our hearts to the lasting and permanent impact of **ourselves** on Rotary.

Is Springfield Rotary passing up a good bet in allowing our fine group of Elder Statesmen to pass quietly out of the line of fire? Should not these men chair

committees, act as advisors to incoming administrations, etc? It appears that most past presidents are put to pasture far too soon. We must learn from experience, and a wealth of it is always available to use. We admire and respect the fine youth of our club, in fact we envy them the fire and vigor they possess, but the combination of the two would make for a better club.

The Debt to Our Leaders

Are we failing to take advantage of the mistakes we make? Are we uncritical of our leaders? By these questions I simply mean to bring to mind the great necessity of another Jim Shannon in our midst. This revered Rotarian made a business of helping incoming presidents, pointing out the mistakes of the past and guiding them into a successful year. As far as I can determine, he practiced this for over 25 years, and his letter to me shall remain an oft-referred-to document as long as I live. There are many more like Jim in our club, if they would only take the time to give their opinions. A letter, I have found, is so much better than a verbal admonition to a new administration. I do not mean to imply that these elders should do more than point the way. The young must find the way alone, but we can do much to help them avoid the mistakes we made, and what president hasn't made them?

Since 1918, our club has come 180

degrees from the group of Ray Kelly et. al. The original club was made up of life-long friends, born and bred Ozarkers, died-in-the-wool Hill Billies. Today, we have become a cosmopolitan group from every corner of the Nation, and even from abroad. Inherent in this condition is the wealth of experience for leadership, programming, committee functioning, that has to a great extent been overlooked. We have new men in our club managing plants with multiple thousands of people, probably more than all plants in Springfield combined in 1918. We exploit this talent to the fullest. Internally we are one of the truly rich clubs of Rotary.

Do we fully appreciate our heritage? I doubt it! If we had photos and biographies of all our members since 1918 the record would astonish most sophisticated current members. Each man has left **something!** Have we profited by his membership, by his work, by his example? Not enough! We can transpose this to the present and ask ourselves the same question. How great our lives would be if we would only take the time to know our fellows and have them know us! Then we would have the opportunity of taking or leaving as we liked, of choosing the best in another's character and personality to draw upon, and each in turn would have the same opportunity. We should take advantage of every opportunity to

expand our knowledge of Rotary. The corporate knowledge is only the composite of all its members. This is life, this is politics, this is Rotary.

I would like to close this section by giving an illustration of what can be done by utilization of available knowledge. In my home town of Huntsville, Alabama, a serious engineering problem arose involving an eight-lane parkway through the city to accommodate the growth of this city and care for the Marshall Space Flight Center. The Alabama State Highway Department gave up on it, the Federal Highway Division said it could not be done, and the city fathers threw up their hands. With the Center came 750 German scientists from World War II. At a meeting of the City Council when all seemed lost, these men presented a solution to the problem, so simple it was immediately adopted. One of the Germans was the father of the magnificent Autobahn system of Germany. Whatever problem we have, someone in our club can settle it. Thus the deponent saith not!

V

The Story of Club Service

By Don Roper

How do you describe fifty years of fellowship? Fifty years, multiplied by 52 weeks each year and one and one-half hours each week, with an estimated av-

erage of 180 Rotarians in attendance each week—that comes to a whopping total of more than one-half million Rotary man-hours which make up Springfield Rotary's heritage of fellowship today!

Springfield Rotary's first President, Arthur Daily (1919-20), put it all in words which say much more than do cold statistics. In introducing new member Clyde Raymond in 1928, Art described membership in our club like this:

It has become my pleasant duty to induct you and to bestow a little fatherly advice. The luncheons always open with one verse of America. Most of our members believe that America has only one verse. Only foreign-born residents are ever able to render the song in its entirety. Iggy Glaser (born in Bohemia) is probably the only member of this club who could sing the hymn through without an error.

The next thing on the program is to kick about the food. Our cautious president devised the scheme of not asking the blessing until the food had been presented, and then using his judgment in the matter after looking it over. It would be an easy matter for Charley Sansone to prepare an individual serving for each member, giving him exactly what he ought to have, but Charley just don't seem to give a darn, and so a lot of us eat ravioli and goulash when we really prefer corn beef and cabbage. If you have a desire for any particular

food, you'd better arrange to get it at home.

At first you will probably weary at the same old songs, the same old bull, and the general buck passing at each meeting, but you are required to stay with and endure it just as you did your college hazing. You will have an opportunity here of listening to an unusual line of preachers of all types, faiths, and creeds, and you really need this just as most of our other members do. Whenever we are unable to get a preacher to speak to the club, which is seldom, we usually get a politician. Religious and political discussions both being banned by our By-Laws, it makes the speech of the preacher and the politician more difficult, and consequently, sometimes shorter. Occasionally some competing, unsuspecting orator is inveigled into exchanging a 50-dollar speech for a 50-cent meal.

If in the future you desire to see one of your friends get what you are now about to get, bring in his name. State his regular business or avocation as truthfully as the circumstances at the time seem to warrant, but don't worry. If no suitable classification seems to exist, the classification committee will manufacture one for him. You probably have no idea how many lines of business there are, or how widely one can differ from another when subjected to the scrutiny of a high powered Classification Committee.

If you should ever become chairman of the Program Committee do not presume to introduce a speaker personally. The buck should be passed no less than three times, since it takes that number as a minimum to make a properly impressive introduction.

There is a lot of other good advice I could offer but the main points are summarized in Elbert Hubbard's Rule 6. Don't take yourself, or this club, too damn seriously.

"A Short History of the Springfield Rotary Club," published in 1960 by the History and By-Laws Committee, calls Arthur Daily the club's "Founding Father", and characterizes him as "a salty character who spoke his mind freely and was intolerant of anything he regarded as cant or humbug. He had little time for amateur entertainment, horse-play, shallow froth, and indirect personal advertising such as mark some civic club programs."

When name badges were first introduced for use at meetings in 1927, Art took exception to the idea and wrote in the Rotozark as follows:

The new badges foisted on an innocent and unsuspecting Rotary Club last Tuesday, without warning or the consent of the governed, were truly wonderful things. No provisions for wearing such asinine affectations can be found in our local By-Laws or in those of International Rotary,

but the probabilities are that none of our directors have ever seen or read the immaculate copy turned over to our secretary.

A visitor said to me, "I thought all you fellows knew each other." I told him we did. "Then, why the badges?" I had to refer him to the Board.

If you are such a nonentity that no one knows who you are, or if you lack the ability to make acquaintances, then you have no right to be in Rotary. The only time a badge should be necessary in this club is when Iggy (Ignace Glaser) is introducing a new member in that Yiddish language of his. Then it should be discarded. Cut out the badges or cut out the bunk about personal fellowship and first names.

Personally I respectfully decline to decorate my manly chest weekly with a billboard that looks like it might have been painted by George Olendorf (outdoor advertising) for the purpose of hiding some scenic beauty spot, along our beautiful Ozark highways, where any member could read the same while driving 40 miles an hour.

Be yourself, Bud, be yourself!
(Footnote: Art never did wear his badge. In 1929, with about one-fourth of the membership of 1968, it was much easier to recognize a fellow member without benefit of badge.)

Fifty Rotarians have succeeded Arthur Daily in accepting the presidency of

Springfield Rotary. Each one has added his own special talents and abilities to the solid groundwork which went before in layering-up the fine system of club service which helps to make our club outstanding among civic clubs in Springfield and across the world.

Membership

Twenty-five charter members were joined by fifty-two additional members in our club's first year, 1919-20, for a first-year total of seventy-seven members.

From this beginning, membership grew steadily to a high of approximately one hundred members before the great depression caused a drop-off to sixty-seven by 1935.

During Gene Martin's presidency (1946-47), it became necessary to limit membership to 125 because of seating limitations at the Colonial Hotel meeting place.

In the year 1954-55, with Durward Hall as president, membership grew to 185, made possible by a larger meeting room and caused by an aggressive approach to increased membership by President Durward, following Rotary International's slogan "Ten percent more in '54".

Five years later (1959-60), Willard Graff presided over a club with a membership grown to 225. The total rose to 240 during Dr. Joe Johnston's presidency

(1961-62), to 250 When George Perryman presided in 1963-64, and 260 under Aud Alexander in 1965-66.

Total membership as this is written in Springfield Rotary's fiftieth year, President Randy Wilson's administration in 1968-69, stands at 261.

Attendance

The attendance requirements of Rotary membership are at once an obligation necessary to the individual Rotarian's benefit from and contribution to his club, as well as a burden on the time and schedules of men busy enough to qualify for membership. This continuing dilemma has caused good men to withdraw, and has required constant effort to maintain acceptable levels of attendance.

During the presidency of James Quinn (1930-31) attendance had dropped to 81 per cent, and absentees were listed in capital letters in the Rotozark each week in an attempt to raise the average.

President Jim Shannon (1935-36), facing a depression-ridden attendance average of 64 per cent, instituted a series of contests both within the club and between Springfield and Joplin. These efforts resulted in an attained average of 87 per cent and the first 100 per cent meeting on record in March, 1936.

Jim Findlay, president in 1945-46, saw exactly one-half of his membership

attain perfect attendance during the last half of 1945. Ray Kelly recorded two 100 per cent meetings during his administration (1947-48). Dave LeBolt attained a record average of 90 per cent during his presidency (1948-49), attesting to the success of his efforts to bring a balanced series of informative and entertaining programs to his meetings.

The numeral pin showing years of perfect attendance was initiated by Joe Ben Wann's administration (1951-52). During Springfield Rotary's fiftieth year, President Randy Wilson held another 100 per cent meeting as a part of his special anniversary program. This was on the occasion of a program by "100 per cent Kelly."

Classification

"Founding Father" Art Daily's caustic remarks to the contrary, classification is one of Rotary's most important cornerstones. Some highlights of our club's efforts to follow proper classification procedures follow.

Rotary International's recommended classifications were adopted from the beginning. Our club's first change in procedure occurred during the presidency of Albert Reynolds (1925-26) when additional active members were admitted for the first time.

Ten years later, President Jim Shannon (1935-36) found it necessary to com-

pile a list of open classifications together with a list of prospects to fill them in order to bolster lagging membership.

Honorary memberships for the duration of military service were granted many departing Rotarians during the wartime administration of Frank Lister (1941-42). Under President James Williver (1943-44), all living charter members were granted honorary membership, and the Board voted to close the classification "Liquor Distribution".

Senior active memberships were made available by Rotary International enactment during Dave LeBolt's administration (1948-49). A complete reappraisal and revision of classifications and list of open classifications was published while Jim Jeffries was president (1955-56), and a detailed revised report on classifications was published during Les Kennon's presidency in 1966-67.

Programs

Heavy emphasis on good programming has undergirded all of our club service efforts. With a few exceptions, each succeeding Rotary year has recorded a series of outstanding programs, with a very low percentage of "duds". First president Art Daily set the tone, and succeeding presidents have followed up as in these few examples:

1924-25, Walter Eisenmayer presiding, outstanding speaker Edgar A. Guest,

reading from his often-quoted poems.

1935-36, Jim Shannon presiding, a series of programs centered around President Roosevelt's efforts to "pack" the Supreme Court, with lawyer-members speaking in successive meetings on five great chief justices: Marshall, Taney, White, Taft, and Hughes.

1940-41, Harry Lilly, president, was authorized to engage a paid musician for club meetings.

1942-43, Lon Haymes, president, started selection of Junior Rotarians of the month, from among outstanding high school and college students.

1948-49, Dave LeBolt presiding, brought famous speaker J. C. Penney to Rotary.

1954-55, Durward Hall presided over a meeting held at the Gibson Chapel (at the invitation of Jobe Thompson, Colonial Hotel Maitre D') to hear Guy Howard, "Walking Preacher of the Ozarks." In that year R.I. president Herb Taylor, author of The Four-Way Test, came to Springfield and addressed an intercity meeting.

1955-56, Jim Jeffries, president, held Will James Appreciation Day as a surprise program, with the Will James Choir singing selections from Will's sacred music compositions.

1957-58, Ed Baxter as president, was marked by a continuing synthetic feud

between the chairman and Ralph Foster, which relaxed and entertained the customers.

1958-59—President Harry Truman addressed a joint meeting of the Rotary Club and the American Legion on Armistice Day. George Myers was the club president.

1964-65, George Luna presiding. The SMS Drama Department and Springfield's Little Theatre presented scenes from "Li'l Abner," "Paint Your Wagon," and "Stop the World, I Want to Get Off."

1967-68, Bill Peck, president. R. I. President Luther Hodges, former Secretary of Commerce and governor of North Carolina, spoke at an intercity meeting sponsored by our club. This was his first address before a Rotary club after becoming the International president.

Meetings and Miscellany

Weekly meetings were held at the Colonial Hotel until 1948, when space limitations forced a move to the Kentwood Arms Hotel during Dave LeBolt's presidency. During the summer of 1926, President Albert Reynolds had held the luncheon meetings through July and August at the old country club, west of the present Glenstone Avenue, which was destroyed by fire in 1939.

Members were billed quarterly for their luncheons beginning in 1929 (Ignace

Glaser, president) to help finance a coming district meeting from the profits realized from absentees. This practice was discontinued in 1934 during the administration of Marion Mann.

In 1942, Lon Haymes as president found it necessary to request a dues increase from \$24 to \$28 per year. Subsequent increases: To \$35 (Dave LeBolt, president, 1948-49), to \$45 (Willard Graff, president, 1959-60), to \$55 (Bill Peck, president, 1967-68). New member initiation fees were increased from \$25 to \$35 to provide a \$10 contribution to the Rotary Foundation during the presidency of Jim Kent (1949-50), to \$50 during Dr. Joe Johnston's administration (1961-62), and to \$75 under Bill Peck's reign (1967-68).

Springfield Rotary has played its part in the formation of many Rotary Clubs during the past fifty years, including:

Aurora (Albert Reynolds, President, 1925-26)

Mt. Vernon (Frank Mann, President, 1931-32)

Webb City (Ted Lippman, President, 1936-37)

Crane (Ted Lippman, President, 1936-37)

Bolivar (Dr. Wallis Smith, President, 1937-38)

Branson (Harry Lilly, President, 1940-41)

Neosho (Frank Lister, President, 1941-42)

Golden City (Lon Haymes, President, 1942-43)

Buffalo (Cyde Raymond, President, 1944-45)

Southeast Springfield (Les Kennon, President, 1966-67)

Ozark (Bill Peck, President, 1967-68)

Only two executive secretaries have served our club during its entire existence: Gene Taylor, from 1933 until called to military service in 1942, when he was succeeded by Lee Bouldin who, ably assisted by his Rotary Ann Edie, continues to serve Rotary in an exemplary fashion. Our club had no permanent office of its own until 1957, when an office was established in a downtown office building during Will James' administration.

The weekly Rotozark was established during the presidency of Walter Eisenmayer (1924-25) and continues today. Looseleaf photo rosters were inaugurated during Dave LeBolt's year as president (1948-49). Group pictures of the membership were made in 1927 (Ed Rice, president), 1936 (Jim Shannon, president), 1948 (Ray Kelly, president), 1956 (Will James, President), and 1968 (Randy Wilson, president).

Ray Kelly inaugurated the practice of fining members whose pictures ap-

peared in the press, for the two-fold purpose of publicizing members' outside achievements and extracting cash (painlessly?) for the Student Loan Fund, now the Scholarship Fund. J. B. (Cap) Kidd added the practice of a \$1 per pound fine for newborn children or grandchildren in 1953.

Forerunner of our present "Fireside" meetings were the "Open Forum" meetings instituted by President Walter Rathbone (1932-33) for leisurely discussion of club affairs by small groups in members' homes.

Summary

Club service is many things to many Rotarians. Functioning well, it provides an inconspicuous arena in which Rotary spirit and good fellowship flourish. Will James put it this way:

Why do some 200 of the busiest and most successful men in our city leave their work once a week to gather for a Rotary meeting? What do they expect? . . .

I felt that every meeting should be designed to stimulate, entertain or inform a group of intelligent men. Having set up program standards in cooperation with a live program chairman, I felt free to turn my attention to that section which I think can be the very soul of a Rotary meeting—the president's period. It is at this time that the mood and flavor of the occasion are established. . . I

had observed that a skillful presiding officer who is willing to give himself adequate preparation can develop this part of the meeting into a program within itself and not just a dry as dust administrative interlude. My own approach was to start with learning as much as I could about the members and their individual hobbies, points of personal pride, joys, and sorrows. Then I took these various human strands and tried to weave them into a tapestry colored in a wide range from humorous sally to light sentiment. I worked on the old theory of a judicious blending of the sublime and the ridiculous.

VI

The Story of Vocational Service

By Gene Atkins

It was a group of business men who met together in August 1918 for the formation of a Rotary Club in Springfield, Missouri. They were not moved by egotism or greed to form their association. They were boosters of this community who felt a responsibility to one another, to the citizens of this area, and to coming generations. Their vocations became the handmaid of their noble purposes. Because of the mingling of purpose with goal the historical observation has appropriately been made that for many years Springfield Rotary and the Cham-

ber of Commerce were virtually one and the same.

The economic life of a city relates immediately to its moral and human values, so the men of business wield a unique influence in the spiritual realm. Rotary makes the holding of a classification an explicit obligation to serve. "Service above self," is more than a motto, it is the life blood of Rotary.

In the Springfield community the railroads have always played a significant role. In 1922 the magnitude of that role was revealed by the side effects of a particularly sharp dispute resulting in a bitter strike. Members of this club were active in attempts at reconciliation and relief of the burdens placed upon all participants in the dispute. The effectiveness of Rotarian service is revealed in one editorial appraisal of the day which stated: "Rotary stands higher today in the opinion of our town than ever before."

Another evidence that the meaning of service was clearly understood by Rotarians in this club related to a different kind of crisis, financial in nature. In the years before Federal Reserve regulations had become fully effective upon all banking institutions it was easier for them to be the victims of panic followed by a run on a bank. The Holland Bank was forced to close its doors in 1923 and in the wake of this failure rumors flew madly in the

wind. Many whispers concerned the Union National Bank, insinuating that it soon would follow with a similar action. This of course caused a mounting number of withdrawals that taxed the bank's ability to convert customer accounts into cash upon demand. Numerous Rotarians were among the community leaders who stepped into the breach. These men pledged their personal assets in support of the bank to quiet community fears, and the panic was surmounted. It was in actions such as this one that our city was coming to a knowledge of the true spirit of Rotary.

Preachers and politicians haved had their difficulties through the years with the application of the concept of vocational service, because so much of their daily energies are spent in setting forth a subjective point of view. Many of both groups have given notable exercise in the virtues of tolerance and understanding, but one clear evidence to the contrary occurred in the club during the term of Albert E. Reynolds, when one of the preachers resigned in protest against a speech made by Y.M.C.A. leader Sherwood Eddy.

Perhaps the heading "Occupational Information" would be a good place to file a little gem reflecting the process of evolution in the public image of a business. When Ely Paxson joined the club he was assigned the classification, "under-

taker," Herman Lohmeyer's was "funeral director," and Gene Lohmeyer's evolved into "mortician."

Today some of the other service clubs of our community have become youth oriented and have sponsored clinics for the analysis of vocational opportunities, but the first such exercise is traceable to the Rotary Year 1941-42 when a Rotary Vocational Book Shelf was established at Central High School. Ben McCoy was named chairman of a special committee to collect the books. This was but another in a long series of projects designed to serve our future leaders. Boy Scouting in this area had been the initial project of our club and as a result celebrates its fiftieth birthday in our town along with the Springfield Rotary Club.

Dollars are frequently able to displace dignity in men's lives and the lure of a fast and easy "buck" is often a temptation too powerful to overcome. It is in such times of peril that character is called forth. Our Rotary Club has served well in such times. "Bright Spot on the Black Market Map," was the title of an article appearing in *The Rotarian* Magazine over the name of field editor Leland Case, who had been sent to Springfield to gather material on the "Black Market" ad which the club had been instrumental in publishing in newspapers during 1951. This was a project of the competitor relations com-

mittee under the leadership of Fred Nation. Here is one more instance where good men were willing to do something rather than to see an evil prosper.

February of 1955 saw the institution of Competitor's Day. This was to be a time when every member should bring a competitor as his guest. The custom has experienced some neglect in the intervening years, but whenever observed has always been an occasion of good humor and civic solidarity.

One reminder in the area of good-natured competitor relations is the occasional repartee between Bill Cantrell and Joe Liebman, each laying claim to pre-eminence in their ability to outfit the human male in the proper apparel while at the same time taking very lightly the other's claim.

Classifications are now so explicitly defined in some areas, notably the various specialties of Law and Medicine, that a great many members of our club are in what constitutes for all practical purposes the same business or profession. Interestingly enough, while there has been some opposition to such inclusiveness, time has proven that professional and business ethics have benefited and the fellowship of the club has been enriched as a result. When the senior active status was first introduced, holders of a classification were sometimes reluctant to give it up for the

new relationship lest a competitor usurp their place. This proved to be no real threat and in time senior active became a very desirable relationship. Everyone, including John Mongell basked in the warm glow of participation in what "was beneficial to all concerned" when competitor Paul Hoover was inducted into the club by none other than former classification holder Will James. This introduction was a humorous classic of Jamesian wit. It truly represents harmony in the sweet music of Rotary.

In 1957-58 business and economics were in the spotlight upon two occasions when panel discussions by members covered the subjects: "What do employees really want?" and "Prices, Profits, and Wages". Wayne Matschulatt, manager of Sears Roebuck's store in our city and energetic Rotarian delivered a most thoughtful address on "Competition in Free Enterprise." Competition a la Matschulatt tends to be a self-regulator and stabilizer of business.

Ransom Ellis was a valuable member of the club for the experience and leadership he provided in the area of Employer-Employee Relations. In 1961-62 he moderated a panel on labor relations, which opened the eyes of many to the particularities in this highly charged area of business activity. This same area of interest was highlighted in a symposium staged

by Wilber Bothwell in 1962-63. Again Ransom Ellis and three local industry personnel executives participated.

Much more has been done across the years that have escaped this scribe's attempt to reclaim them for review. Suffice it to say that for fifty years members of Springfield Rotary have earnestly sought to "put Rotary to work where they work." Service is our business and it will be difficulty for us as a club to find a better guide for the next fifty years of vocational service than the Four-Way Test:

1. Is it the TRUTH?
2. Is it FAIR to all concerned?
3. Will it build GOODWILL and BETTER FRIENDSHIPS.
4. Will it be BENEFICIAL to all concerned?

The Story of Community Service

By Wally Walter

Inextricably woven into the warp and woof of Springfield's growth and progress during the past 50 years have been the numerous forms of community service rendered by our Rotary Club. Not only have its members given individual leadership of the highest order to countless civic projects and undertakings, but our Club has marshalled its collective forces in seeking to achieve those general community betterments

which have marked the progress of Springfield this past half century.

It would require more space than can be allotted to this chapter on community service even to list the offices and other positions of leadership occupied by Rotarians in the community throughout these years. Suffice it to say that there is probably no board of any church, hospital, college, school, United Fund, or other educational, charitable, benevolent or cultural organization, on which Rotarians have not consistently served in positions of top leadership. It might be argued that these are the services of individual Rotarians and that our Rotary Club is entitled to no credit for their efforts and accomplishments. But this position would not be valid, as we feel certain that all of these outstanding leaders would have been and would now be the first to admit that the inspiration for much of what they have accomplished in the area of community service came from the precepts and training gained from the Springfield Rotary Club. Therefore, when we refer to the tremendous contributions which have been made by way of community service, we cannot divorce entirely those services which have been rendered corporately and individually by members of the Springfield Rotary Club.

The Boy Scout Contribution

The first project of our Club was a most significant one, namely, the organization and sponsorship of the Boy Scouts in Springfield. During the very first years of its existence this Club underwrote the salary of the first local executive secretary of the Boy Scouts. In further support of the great Boy Scout movement, which has played a vital role in the development of boys and young men in Springfield, our Rotary Club assumed the leadership in organizing the first Boy Scout unit and in promoting the Boy Scout Band. The Boy Scout Band, under the direction of Rotarian Ritchie Robertson, gained national recognition for Springfield.

During the Rotary year 1923-24, when Emmett Cavin was president a Boy Scout fund of \$10,000 was raised by the Club, a very substantial sum of money for a comparatively small organization still in its infancy. Band instruments were purchased through loans from the Club, and individual members also financially supported activities of the Band. This, the largest Boy Scout band in the world, and which was exceptionally well trained, appeared at a number of important conventions, fairs and expositions in other cities, such as Chicago, St. Louis and Tulsa. Members of our Club escorted the Boy Scout Band on various tours and

gave freely of their time and talent in promoting this great band which brought so much recognition to our city. Thus, even in its earliest years the Springfield Rotary Club demonstrated its concern for youth opportunities and its willingness to serve that Springfield might be a better community for its youth.

In later years, our Club rendered great assistance to the Boy Scout movement in the establishment and improvement of Camp Arrowhead near Marshfield, Missouri. This camp, which now serves thousands of boys from Springfield, as well as from the other communities of this Boy Scout Council, is recognized as an excellent Scout camp. Our Club deserves at least part of the credit for the manner in which this part of the scouting program has developed. Not only have members of the Springfield Rotary Club served in positions of camp leadership and development, but our Club has conducted work projects from time to time at Camp Arrowhead. Additionally, our Club has continued to support financially the capital improvement program of Camp Arrowhead and has provided summer camping opportunities for Scouts who did not have sufficient money to gain a Scout camping experience.

A Policy of Diversified Service

It has been the policy of Rotary International for Rotary Clubs not to limit

their activities in the area of community service to a project or projects which would tend to monopolize their resources and the talents of their members over a period of years. Rather, it has been the philosophy of Rotary that greater community service can be rendered through the initiation and stimulation of various projects covering a wide scope of community needs. In conformity with this policy, our Club has supported a broad spectrum of community undertakings through the years.

The loss of club records for a number of years precludes a complete documentation of the various community projects in which our Club has played an important part. In fact, we are unable even to enumerate all of these projects which have gone into and become a part of the history of Springfield. We do know, however, that throughout its 50 years existence our Club has in some instances conceived and guided projects to successful fruition, while in others it has only conceived and initiated projects the sponsorship of which was then taken over by other organizations more properly postured to implement and execute them.

One great project that might be mentioned as an example of the latter type is the Civic Center Complex. It is believed that this most important civic improve-

ment had its genesis in our Rotary Club. As early as 1952, after a civic auditorium had become the subject of some committee discussions, a special committee was appointed by the then president, Wally Walter, to study the ways and means of obtaining a municipal auditorium. In the president's report to the District Governor in November, 1952, the hope was expressed that the municipal auditorium committee would be continued in future years in order that the necessary groundwork could be done and the results submitted to municipal authorities. Although subsequently the Chamber of Commerce quite properly and logically assumed the responsibility for further study and promotion of a new civic center, our Rotary Club was the first organization to place the need for this community facility in focus and to urge that proper steps be taken looking toward its eventual construction and use. While the Civic Center proposal suffered defeat at the bond issue election of December, 1968, sponsors of the project were confident that it would be revived and brought to fruition later.

During the Rotary year 1941-42, a Student Loan Fund was established. This was later named the Frank Lister Student Loan Fund in honor of Frank Lister, who was president at the time of its establishment. This Fund has been an important

factor in the education of hundreds of college students and student nurses, who were able to borrow sufficient monies therefrom to make the difference during their school and training years. It has now been converted to a scholarship fund, since there are in these more affluent years few requests for loans. This Fund, constantly augmented from week to week (largely by fines levied against the members of the Club because of their pictures being in the newspapers and other publications), has proved to be a very effective instrumentality for the outreach of our Club in the area of community service, particularly in service to youth.

The Projects Fund

An important action was approved by our Club in 1948 when, during the administration of President Dave LeBolt, a project fund was established which has enabled the Club to give financial support to many aspects of community service without passing the hat at Club meetings or otherwise harassing members with frequent requests for contributions. This pool, now known as the Arthur Daily Service Fund, is replenished each year through the voluntary contributions of the members of our Club, most of which are made at a meeting set aside for the purpose of fully informing our membership as to the accomplishments made possible

through the use of the Fund. By reason of these increased contributions from year to year our Club has been able to accomplish a number of effective community projects, some of which will be mentioned along with earlier projects of the Club.

A Few Specifics

It is with some reluctance that reference to specific Club projects in the area of community service is made, because it is done at the risk of omitting others which may have been of equal, or greater, benefit to Springfield. Even a hastily constructed list of community projects, in addition to those already mentioned, would certainly include those hereinafter set forth, some of which have long since been accomplished and others of which are now in the process of execution.

Gleaned from those records of our Club which are now available, are the following examples of community service: Assistance to crippled children before the establishment of any formal crippled children's programs in Springfield; Christmas gifts to the Boys' Welfare Home, Girls' Welfare Home, County Poor Farm, and the Welfare Home for aged and indigent women; promotion of the Springfield Cardinals baseball team, which contributed to the development of many outstanding baseball players, the most brilliant

having been Stan Musial; dispensing aid to the homeless and unemployed during the depression years through the sale of food and shelter coupon books, which were redeemable through the Salvation Army; furnishing shoes, eye glasses and school books to disadvantaged boys before such needs were met through other sources; rendering assistance to various patriotic drives and projects during World War II, including the sale of over one million dollars of War Bonds; the furnishing of free luncheons to Community Chest workers; sponsoring of and assistance for a period of more than 20 years to the Indoor Sports Club, whose members are physically handicapped, including the provision of transportation to their monthly meetings, an annual Christmas party and annual picnic; the granting of achievement awards to farmers and milk producers for outstanding production; awards to the 4-H Clubs and Future Farmers of America for outstanding programs; the provision of scholarships to worthy college students who could not, without financial assistance, finish their college education; the furnishing of funds for capital improvements for camps of the Campfire Girls, YMCA, YWCA, Girl Scouts, Boys Club and other youth camps; the renovation of the Girls Club building and the addition thereto of an activities room at a cost to the Club of over \$6,000;

the consistent support of the American Field Service Program for high school students.

Rotary Lamp Burns Brightly

Although, perhaps, impressive for its wide variety and scope, the incomplete list of community projects of our Club, as here enumerated, cannot begin to portray the total influence of our Springfield Rotary Club in community affairs. In no area of service has the Rotary lamp burned brighter or more constantly. Neither wars nor depressions could diminish the active community service rendered by our Club. On the contrary, the adversities which accompanied the austerity of the war years and the unemployment and poverty of the depression years only brought an increased recognition by the members of the need for greater service to the community.

Even though the membership of the Club was greatly reduced because of the financial strictures of the depression years, it continued to fulfill its place as a service organization and to render humane service to those members of the community who were in distress. That the Springfield Rotary Club acquitted itself most admirably is attested by the many responsibilities which it shouldered and the response of its members in meeting the challenges of those most difficult years. It would only

be fair to say, we believe, that had our Club not been sensitive to the needs of our community and had it not shown a constant desire to serve the best interests of the people of our community during these past 50 years, Springfield would not be the attractive and progressive city it is today.

As we move forward into a new half-century, may our Rotary Club continue to envision, plan and serve to the end that our community may continue to grow in every dimension. With members as dedicated as those of the past and with the limitless opportunities for community service which the future will surely afford, our Rotary Club must count the years gone by as only the preamble of greater service to come.

VIII

The Story of International Service

By Duane Meyer

The Springfield Rotary Club was founded during a time when Americans were very much interested in the rest of the world. In 1918 and 1919, President Woodrow Wilson's internationalism was still highly popular. The war effort had been stimulated by slogans such as the one which indicated that we would "Make the World Safe for Democracy." This same outgoing concern for people beyond

our borders led many Protestants at this time to establish a new Inter-church World Movement which stated that it would "convert the world in one generation." Internationalist concerns were prominent in the thinking of people in both major political parties. Teddy Roosevelt, for the Republicans, and Woodrow Wilson for the Democrats, had advocated the establishment of an international organization that could assist in solving problems between nations.

Although isolation as a national policy had been in eclipse during World War I and immediately thereafter, in the 1920s it again became a popular doctrine. The Springfield Rotary Club, which is now 50 years old, has existed during a time when American attitudes toward the rest of the world have fluctuated widely. The isolationism of the 1920s and 1930s reached its extreme position in the Neutrality Acts which declared that the United States would not become involved in foreign wars. This position, like the myopic internationalism of Woodrow Wilson, was also to fail. In the late 1930s Americans watched with growing horror the events in China, Ethiopia, the Rhineland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, and Poland. Americans slowly came to the realization that isolation was not an effective or a realistic foreign policy for the 20th Century.

The bitter years of war from 1941 to

1945 have been followed by the cold war period of crisis between Communist nations and the non-Communist world. This time of tension has now stretched on for over two decades, including numerous times of crisis such as those surrounding the Greek Revolution, the Berlin airlift, the Cuban missile crisis, and the seizure of the Suez Canal. The two main periods of trouble during the cold war have been "police-action" wars in Korea and Vietnam. In 1968-69, just as in 1918 and 1919, the people of America are struggling with the problem of how to live in peace and in brotherhood with the many other nations of human beings who populate this earth .

In examining the international activities and concerns of the Club, it is difficult to find much material relating to events before 1940. This is because of the paucity of records relating to the pre-World War II time. It is fair to assume that Rotarians during the years before 1940 were as interested in events beyond their shores as they have been since.

Attendance at R. I. Conventions

The policy of holding Rotary International conventions abroad has made it possible for a number of the club officials to travel to other parts of the world and subsequently to report back to the club. Clyde M. Hill, the President of Southwest Missouri State College, went to Ed-

inburgh, Scotland, in 1921, to represent Springfield Rotary. The Rev. John Wesley Pearson in 1926 traveled to Ostend, Belgium, for the International convention and then went on for a visit to the Holy Land. (In the fall of 1968, Rev. Pearson's son, U. S. Senator James B. Pearson of Kansas was visiting our city as part of a Republican "truth squad" and thanked the club for having sent his father abroad some 42 years earlier.) Dr. Wallis Smith attended the convention in Nice, France, in 1936. David LeBolt represented the club in the meeting at Rio de Janeiro in 1948, and J. Randolph Wilson and Fred DeArmond attended the convention in Mexico City in 1968.

Student Activities

In reading the **Rotozark** issues which have been preserved since 1940, it is impressive to note the continuing relationship between the Springfield Rotary Club and the American Field Service organization sponsoring an exchange of students between the United States and other nations of the world. This relationship can be seen in the long list of programs providing opportunities for American students and foreign students to speak to the club. The relationship was strengthened by the continuing financial support of the club for this exchange project. Many foreign students have taken the podium.

One of the most popular was Martyn Egough of Evangel College, whose speeches on Africa in 1961 and whose comments concerning life in America were greatly appreciated. Martyn was frequently a guest at the noon meetings.

The list of local students who have spent time abroad is long. It includes the names of the following who after their visits came back to speak to the club: Denny Pilant, Beth Yancey, Bobby Shelton, Carolyn Phillips, Marilyn Dyer, Jimmy Lee Farmer, Jack Haseltine, Karen Golden, Nancy Turner, and Jack R. Vinson. In August, 1958, Joan Drumwright spoke to the club on the subject, "What I Expect to Accomplish in the Next Year." Joan then went to Germany as a Paul Harris Foundation Fellowship winner, where she met an English student and married him. Thus, the club has contributed in many ways to international understanding.

In February, 1964, the club invited Missouri Governor John M. Dalton to speak on world understanding, and all foreign students in the area were guests. It was a highly successful meeting.

Notable International Programs

Professor L. E. Meador of Drury College has been the mentor of the club during the post-war years of international deliberation and negotiation. More than any other person, Professor Meador spoke

to the club to explain events surrounding the establishment of the United Nations and the developments of the cold war crisis. Twice in 1945, he discussed the developments associated with the San Francisco conference organizing the United Nations. In 1946, he presented another lecture on the work of the United Nations. The year 1950 was one in which our nation became involved in the Korean conflict and Professor Meador spoke to the club twice. In 1960 he lectured on the Monroe Doctrine and its relationship to the Cuban crisis. Professor Meador, now an honorary member of the club, also spoke on the European Common Market.

Many other speakers have described the attempts of the United Nations to solve international problems. Among those who have discussed various aspects of the world organization are W. C. Powell, Albert Abarband, O. K. Armstrong, and Willard Graff. Wilber Bothwell covered the devaluation of the British pound sterling.

Foreign Aid Efforts

Service to people abroad has been a continuing concern of the Springfield Rotary Club. The problems of food shortage in the world in 1946 led to the "unseen guest" plan of that year. Rotarians who came to the meeting in May of 1964 were asked to pay for an additional per-

son. The money was then to be sent abroad, to assist the unfortunate. The club agreed to match the first one hundred dollars in donations from individual members.

In 1947, Dr. Roy Heimberger took leadership in collecting clothes to be sent to refugees who had fled Indonesia after the revolution in that country. The club sent great piles of clothing to these displaced people who fled to their homeland in the Netherlands. In 1953 and again in 1954, Rotarians expressed their concern over the people of Korea who were suffering because of the war. The club provided \$250 for milk and food and sent a collection of clothing to be distributed by Jesse E. Johnston.

There were a number of projects which the club supported during the 1960s to assist the people of South Asia. Most ambitious was the one led by Rotarian Robert Ashcroft in 1968. The club purchased a Rotomix Planetary Food Mixer which was sent to our matched district near Calcutta, India. The mixer was purchased at a cost of \$1,385, and was utilized to process food—especially milk—for over 600 children daily. Mr. Ashcroft described the project in his presentation to the club entitled "Rotary Hands Across the Seas."

Widespread Concern With World Affairs

The long list of speeches which have been given down through the years offer clear testimony to the international concerns of the club. The foreign areas most frequently discussed have been China, India, Africa, South America, and Europe. Speakers have varied from Dr. Edward Teller, famed scientist from the University of California, who spoke on world peace through strength, to George Perryman, from our own club, who described the currents of revolution in Latin America. Dr. Robert Duncan's 1962 presentation, "Practices and People Behind the Iron Curtain," was most popular as was a speech entitled "A Look at South Africa" by Dr. Jack Wann.

It would appear from the evidence that the Springfield Rotary Club has attempted to understand the role of the United States and of individual Rotarians in the world. The contribution of the club is a significant one in the area of international understanding. There are several reasons for this statement. First, well over ten percent of the programs which the club has held since 1940 have been concerned with international topics. Second, the continuing support and encouragement of the student exchange program has enriched the lives of hundreds

of young people in our country and in other nations. Third, our ties with other matched districts have broadened our horizons and, hopefully, theirs, too. Fourth, the service projects of the club have demonstrated in physical ways our desire to help our fellow man and to serve him regardless of national boundaries.

**List of Presidents
Springfield Rotary Club**

- †Arthur C. Dailey 1919-20
- †Ed V. Williams 1920-21
- †Burke Holbrook 1921-22
- †Clyde M. Hill 1922-23
- †E. E. E. McJimsey 1923-24
- (served less than one month
before his death.)
- †J. Emmett Cavin 1923-24
- †Walter C. Eisenmayer 1924-25
- †Albert E. Reynolds 1925-26
- †James S. Carpenter 1926-27
- Edwin C. Rice 1927-28
- †Wilbur Smith 1928-29
- †Ignace Glaser 1929-30
- †James M. Quinn 1930-31
- Frank C. Mann 1931-32
- †Walter G. Rathbone 1932-33
- †Fred C. Schweitzer 1933-34
- †Marion R. Mann 1934-35
- *†James W. Shannon 1935-36
- †F. P. Lippman 1936-37
- †Wallis Smith 1937-38
- †James F. Wells 1938-39
- †Herman H. Lohmeyer 1939-40

†Deceased

*District Governor

Harry Lilly	1940-41
†Frank G. Lister	1941-42
Lon S. Haymes	1942-43
†E. S. Willever	1943-44
†G. Clyde Raymond	1944-45
James F. Findlay	1945-46
E. A. Martin, Jr.	1946-47
Ray D. Kelly	1947-48
David L. LeBolt	1948-49
†James W. Kent	1949-50
George I. Hunter	1950-51
Joe Ben Wann	1951-52
*C. Wallace Walter	1952-53
†J. B. Kidd	1953-54
Durward G. Hall	1954-55
James A. Jeffries	1955-56
Will W. James	1956-57
C. E. Baxter, Jr.	1957-58
George I. Myers	1958-59
Willard J. Graff	1959-60
Bill Cantrell	1960-61
Joseph L. Johnston	1961-62
Bryan M. Van Hook	1962-63
George I. Perryman	1963-64
George B. Luna	1964-65
Aud M. Alexander	1965-66
Les L. Kennon	1966-67
Bill Peck	1967-68
Randy Wilson	1968-69

† Deceased

* District Governor