

Pickwick
HOTEL

TENTH AND MCGEE STREETS



KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI



May 1931

The Ideals I've tried to
make work and perhaps heart.

When I was twelve we
moved into another school
district. I'd been going to the
Presbyterian Sunday School
since I was six. My mother had
been raised a Baptist so had my
father but neither of them were
active in the church. My mo-
ther had taken her member-
ship out of the Blue Ridge Church
because she felt that there
were too many liars and hy-
pocrites in it. So when we
moved to Independence in

1890 she took us to the nearest
Sunday School which happened
to be the Presbyterian. I saw a
beautiful curly haired girl there.
I thought (and still think) she
was the most beautiful girl I
ever saw. She had tanned skin
flax hair, golden as sunshine,
and the most beautiful blue eyes
I've ever seen, or ever will see.
When we moved as before stated
I started into the fifth grade to
this beautiful young lady's
aunt (great aunt). She sat behind
me. I could not keep my mind
on lessons or anything else.
I read sweet stories. Always
she was the heroine and I
the hero. She never noticed
me. I went all the way to
graduation in high school with



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her and still she never paid me any attention except on occasion to let me carry her books home sometimes. I am still as crazy as ever at forty seven and she is the mother of my daughter. I wish I had the power of Volney or Poe or some other genius to tell it.

I studied the careers of great men hoping to be worthy of her. I found that most of them came from the factory. At twenty two I went to the factory and stayed until I was thirty four. I went to war as all great men had. Succeeded in

commanding a Battery of F.A.
came home with all the men
under me but one ~~only~~ left
me, and married my girl
sweetheart. She still loves me
after twelve years.

I was stirred in heart and
soul by the war messages
of Woodrow Wilson and since I'd
joined the National Guard at
I thought I ought to go. I believe
that the great majority of the
country were stirred by the
same flame that stirred me
in those great days. I felt that
I was a Galahad after the
grail and I'll never forget
how my love cried on my shoulder
when I told her I was
going. That was Martha's life
time on this earth. We trained.
I did my duty as a battery of



piece and ran a canteen
for the regiment. It was good
luck that I got an honest
man to do the real work under
me. We paid \$15,000.00 in dividends
in six months on a \$2200.00 in-
vestment and paid the invest-
ment back besides. I got sent
overseas in advance and a
promotion on the strength of
that canteen. Commanded a
battery on the front and came
home to my sweetheart sobe-
and reasonably poor.

Went into business, all enthusias-
tic. Lost all I had and all I
could borrow. Mike Buderger

picked me up and put me into
politics and I've been lucky.
I'm still an idealist and I
still believe that Jehovah will
reward the righteous and punish
the wrongdoer. Bill Ross is an
example of the punisher.

Have tried to make Jackson County's
government ideal as far as the
practical operation will allow.
Have built 231 miles of roads and
a \$500,000 hospital and the tax
papers have had an advocate
at court all the time.

Oh! if I were only John D.
or Mellon or Wait Phillips. I'd
make this section (six counties) the
world's real paradise. What's
the use wishing. I'm still going
to do it.