



In his Own Words

PETOSKEY'S KARL STONE RECOLLECTS WARTIME LIFE

BY KARL STONE

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My parents were stunned at the bombing of Pearl Harbor and speculated with concern what might happen to Dad and his brothers due to the shattering event. As it turned out, Dad was too young for the draft for WWI, and too old for WWII.

The second son of Nathan Jarvis Stone and Mary Milward (Brown) Stone, Hubert Wright Stone, was sent to Great Britain where he was involved with varied administrations. "Hube's" son, Craig Swinton Stone, donated some of Hubert's papers concerning his duties, post cards, etc. to the archives. The third son, Oswald Eugene Stone, had heart problems and was not accepted into the draft. I don't know about Alvin Thurlow Stone, the youngest. His oldest child, Evelyn (Stone) Dawson was born in late September 1941. There is some correspondence between Dad, his sister and brothers during war times. Thurlow may have just graduated from med school in 1941 at age 28. My mother's younger brother, Robert Leroy Johnson, was age 21 in 1941 and was drafted.



The author, Karl Stone, is pictured here with Stanwyn Shetler and Norma Shetler just before embarking on a trip to Alaska from June to September in 1959 to study plant life through Canada and Alaska. (News-Review photo by Luise Leisner)

Meanwhile, "back at the ranch," Dad planted a "Victory Garden" as they were called, on the Walloon property, meant to meet our needs while freeing as much food for the troops as possible, as part of the national effort.

We grew string beans, carrots, to-

matoes, peas, spinach, Swiss chard, corn, cucumbers, squash and beets as I remember, competing with deer in harvesting the lot. Soon enough, the deer were also harvested. The garden served another unrelated purpose, the awakening of my interest in entomology. I raised tomato worms

to beautiful, swift-flying moths, but just picked off yellow butterfly larvae from other plants. We spent many an evening weeding and hoeing the rows of vegetables. In the valley on the farm, we picked luscious blackberries and raspberries, which our parents had to monitor to be sure enough survived to reach home to be made into jelly. The small jelly glasses were capped with paraffin. Vegetables were canned in Ball jars with metal lids amid steaming pots where they were cooked. The jars were stored on cool basement shelves, carefully labeled as to when they were prepared. Occasionally one heard of food poisoning from home-canned food, so ladies took great care in assuring the food was sterilized.

There were stars on placards of two types displayed in residential windows, one kind for each family member enlisted in the services, the other to indicate how many had given the ultimate sacrifice. Flags were flown everywhere, and Kate Smith, the First Lady of Radio, often sang "America" at the end of radio programs to keep us all united. Church groups raised funds and collected clothing for the troops. In school, we said the Pledge of Allegiance before classes began. There was no questioning of doing so. We sang patriotic songs in honor of the Army, Navy and Marines with gusto.

Gasoline was rationed. Due to the combined funeral and ambulance business needs for transportation, the government granted an additional allotment of fuel to our family's funeral home business. Still, recreational driving



Wikipedia.org



Kate Smith is seen on the cover of Radio Mirror, October 1934. Photo from Wikipedia.org

was severely restricted. Our family made a trip to visit my maternal grandparents in southern Indiana, and we were required to drive no faster than 35 miles per hour, which made the trip interminable!

Once was enough, for parents and wiggly children confined in a car. Games helped, like who could count the most farm and wild animals we saw to a determined count. A cat in a window while driving through a town always won a game regardless of the count.

In those days, there were no car washes, so Dave and I had that duty, using a hose in the back yard, carefully polishing the surface after drying the entire car.

Other items that were rationed were sugar, silk stockings, shoes and meat.

I remember using the x-ray machine at Fryman's Shoe Store, checking to see if the new shoes were fitting properly. The pictures of my foot bones fascinated me. The shoes were just another factor of more concern to Mom than to me and, once she found out what I was doing, she promptly forbade me to use the machine again.

There were booklets with a sheet of stamps for each of the five rationed

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Emmet County gathered a total of 115 tons, 75 tons over their 40-ton quota during a nationwide rubber drive. This photo is from the Greenwood Cemetery archives and is dated Aug. 20, 1942.

items that were ripped out when items were purchased, restricting how many could be bought within a month's time. There were also little red tokens (I still have a few) carefully counted out during the purchase of restricted items. Must have been a problem for the cashiers of the time, storing all those additional bits that ultimately were deposited with the government, while keeping track of sales.

Walloon Lake was quiet then, lined primarily by widely separated farm-houses. As darkness fell, loons called



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across the quiet water, undisturbed by watercraft except for occasional rowboat propelled by evening fishermen. There was a lone cottage belonging to the Lucas family on the other side of the lake from our farm that was unique. It had sleeping

quarters for six people, which our art teacher, Miss Pailthorpe, told us about. Next to that was Camp Daggett. We kids thought the foam that occasionally lined the lakeshore was due to campers bathing themselves in the early morning!

Memorial Day Program

Under Direction Veterans' Council
High School Auditorium, 10 a. m.
Monday, May 31

InvocationFr. Austin Monaghan, O.F.M.
Medley, Patriotic AirsPetoskey High School Band
"Logan's General Order"Marilyn Lee
"Gettysburg Address"Beverly Mason
Male QuartetClaude Greenway
Roll Call of the Dead
Remarks by the MayorEmory O. Nyman
Solo "There is No Death"Walter Haberaecker
Main AddressEdwin G. Pailthorp
National AnthemPetoskey High School Band
Benediction

GENERAL ORDER NO. 1

All flags to be half mast until noon then raised to full mast. All organizations are asked to be prompt and be in line by 9:15 a. m. so as to step off at 9:30 a. m. Bystanders are asked to please remove their hats when their country's flag goes by.

FIRST DIVISION shall consist of the Marshall of the Day, High School Band, Sea Scouts, Draft Board, General chairman and City Manager, City Mayor and Council. Spanish War Veterans and World War Veterans will form on Mitchell street facing west.

SECOND DIVISION, consisting of the Auxiliaries to the Veterans, D.A.R., Blue Star Mothers and Women's Clubs will form on Division facing south.

THIRD DIVISION shall consist of the different lodges; Masons, Elks, Odd Fellows, K. of C. and others who will form on Mitchell, East of Division, facing west.

FOURTH DIVISION, consisting of Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts and children of the Public and Parochial schools under escort of Boy Scouts. Any citizen may join in the parade that wants to. Will form on Waukazoo facing north. The parade will move at 9:30 a. m. march west on Mitchell to Howard, then south on Howard to the High School where further exercises will take place.

From the High School proceed to Greenwood then the Catholic cemetery then to the dock for the final ceremonies; weather permitting.

Veterans — The East side of Howard street from Grove to State is reserved for you. Park your cars next to the school. Visiting soldiers and sailors are welcome to join with us.

BOY SCOUTS — Those helping to place flags and flowers on graves are asked to meet in the rear of the City Hall Saturday at 7 p. m.

Frank Leow
Marshall of the Day

Comdr. Guy E. Connor
General Chairman



graves of relatives in Greenwood Cemetery. Rarely, a few tulips, daffodils and narcissus were available that early in the spring that were added to the bouquets.

Early every morning, when Dad fixed oatmeal or Cream of Wheat for us kids, the radio was on with the latest news of the war. The voice of the commentator (whose name I think was Norman Thomas) was much of my morning ritual while eating breakfast. The background music was a waltz to help mitigate the ominous war news. There were no cell phones, computers, TV or plastic bottles. Music had not evolved into the many types of genre that flood the sound waves today.

Some of the Cub Scouts helped pick milkweed pods for a local factory that used the seed fibers as an experimental substitute for kapok which was scarcely available. Kapok is silky fiber from the fruit of the silk cotton tree. Due to need for assive production of life vests during the war effort, someone realized the abundant and readily available milkweed floss quickly filled the urgent demand for more stuffing. Dr. Ernest Miller of Petoskey was put in charge of collecting the fiber. Early on, before the danger those fibers posed was realized, a friend of ours who processed the floss was incapacitated because of breathing them into his lungs.

Unbeknownst to us at the time, the Hemingway family had a cottage further down the shore.

Every Memorial Day, our family gathered wild-flowers, trilliums, adder tongues, small ferns and lilies of the valley to put in small vases to put at the

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At elementary school, we spent one day in the playground and nearby vicinity picking up bits of metal, nails, screws and bolts that were scattered in the dirt.

There was a paper drive that Boy Scouts competed in to win a medal when a certain poundage was reached, a ton as I recall. That was tough for me, as National Geographic magazines were destined to become pulp, but I finally accepted their fate. The weight of those magazines added up quickly toward the goal. Still buried among my childhood treasures is my medal, consisting of a ribbon stretched across a bar pin with the medal dangling below bearing the face of General Eisenhower. I remember when bubble gum became available and kids lined up for blocks, eagerly anticipating the purchase of that popping, candy-like gum. Usually there was some kind of trinket held in boxes of Cracker Jack popcorn sold at the same store that specialized in all kinds of candy. Most sold at a penny a piece or a few cents more. At that price, our allowances allowed us the opportunity to indulge, when permitted.

Scouts Make Paper Drive

Boy Scouts of Troops Three and Five need about five tons of paper to finish the collection of a full carload of this vitally needed material.

The Scouts of the two troops have done a remarkable job of collecting and have made a house-to-house canvas during the past few weeks gathering and baling the paper.

The boys will be unable to make a house-to-house call next Saturday but will call for paper anywhere they are called. People who will cooperate are asked to phone one of the following numbers and the boys will collect the paper Saturday: 3869, 2279, or 3770.

Papers and magazines which are tied or placed in boxes are easier to handle but the Scouts will take it loose if you are unable to tie the bundles.

Troop 5 is under the leadership of Ralph Gillam and is sponsored by the Methodist Church while troop 3 is guided by Paul Rehkopf and Rolland Phillips and is sponsored by the Presbyterian church.

From the March 30, 1944 issue of the Petoskey Evening News

There were patriotic parades every Memorial Day with money-raising activities to support the war effort at various times during the year. Each elementary school was represented by marching children. Veterans of WWI joined in along with fraternal organization and church groups. We marched down Mitchell Street along with a band playing. The street was lined with onlookers, shopkeepers and proud parents. One felt a palpable spirit of driving purpose to win the war and support our allies. Later, the Marshall

Plan helped Europe recover from the devastation. Japan was also assisted in recovering from the atom bombs. Truman decided to use the bombs to reduce the inevitable massive loss of life caused by an invasion.

In Woolworth's 5 and 10 store, there were rows of ceramic skunks with faces of the three Axis leaders, Tojo, Hitler, and Mussolini for 50 cents each. I wondered why anyone would buy such worthless things, only to pay several dollars years later for two Hitler skunks for my wife's skunk collection. Diligent searches on the Internet for the other two types found no survivors of the era.

I remember a veteran, a former member of the Methodist Church Scout troop who returned home to marry his sweetheart. She died during childbirth. In those days, there were no professionals to support veterans experiencing post-traumatic stress, attempting to readjust to peaceful civilian life, a wrenching passage at best. I recommend the book, "A Bullet Away, the Making of a Marine Officer," by Nathaniel Fick. I was so impressed by his account of fighting in Afghanistan, saving all his men as a Captain under severe stress, I wrote to him and sent him my copy which he kindly autographed. He has been urged to run for president, but that has not happened. Understandable.

Enough for now. You really struck a sensitive nerve and allowed me to relive the past.

— Karl Stone