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NO. 15 THE LIFE OF JACOB KINDLEBERGER (1875-1947)

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THE LIFE OF JACOB KINDLEBERGER

This paper is about a person who came to the United States as a half-blind immigrant boy and began life almost without any education, yet became one of the most successful businessmen of his time.

Jacob Kindleberger's life began at Roumbach, Alsace-Lorraine, Germany, about five miles from Strasburg, where he was born February 27, 1875. He was the third child of John Kindleberger, a Bavarian, and Otilda Frealich, an Alsatian.

His father, who worked at paper making, was eager to get away from compulsory service in the German army and in 1880, when Jacob was only five years old, the Kindlebergers emigrated to the United States, going first to Cincinnati, Ohio.

At Cincinnati the father was employed as a straw cooker for one of the paper mills. Due to extremely faulty eyesight and also to more lax school laws then than now, Jacob did not start elementary school at this time, but was forced by his intemperate father to help earn the family living. Young Jacob accomplished this by cleaning up the back yards of the neighbors, shining shoes, selling papers, and picking up seeds out of the gutter. For these peach seeds be received five cents a quart by selling them to the old soldiers of the soldier's home. The old soldiers spent their time and made their "beer money" whittling out little trinklets from the peach seeds. By this time the family had grown to six children; Mary, who became Mrs C.C. Landis; Lena, Mrs Henry Daub; and Rose, Mrs Harry Zimmerman. The boys were John, Jacob, and Charles. The oldest was sixteen years of age and youngest a mere baby.

After staying a year in Cincinnati, the Kindleberger family moved on to Dayton, Ohio, there they lived for a period of three years. In 1885, five years after the Kindlebergers had emigrated to the United States, the family moved to West Carrollton, Ohio.

At West Carrollton, Jacob obtained a job in the rag room of the Friend Paper Company. His job was to cut buttons off rags, empty pockets, sort the kinds of cloth. He did it mostly by feel, being unaware that his vision was poor. Everything he saw, he saw as a blur. He thought that was normal. Young Jacob had to work a thirteen hour day under almost inhuman conditions, since the mills of that time were dark, dirty, and poorly ventilated. As Jacob soon found out, the penalty for a mistake was a kick by the foreman, and Jacob soon learned accuracy. For the long days at this work he got the princely sum of twenty-one cents an hour.

By the time he was thirteen years of age he was promoted to working on a paper machine. For this job he received thirty cents an hour. Two years later he was doing a man's work, back tending on a paper machine. For this job he was making the same rate as before -- thirty cents an hour. Jacob could neither read

not write. The hours of labor at the mill were such that he had seldom if ever played; in fact, there was little for him to do but work, eat, and sleep. Jacob had no ambition, for there had been nothing in his life so far but poverty and hardship and it seemed as though he was destined to become, like his father, a discouraged man.

His awakening came one autumn night when he was fifteen years of age. He and some other mill hoodlums, as he was later to call the gang, decided to go to church and laugh at the efforts of the local minister. But, instead of having a good laugh, Jacob sat spell-bound as the minister preached. The man spoke about life, its possibilities and responsibilities. As Jacob listened he became suddenly dissatisfied with his life. For the first time in his life he had an incentive to be somebody. The future had meant nothing to him before, but now it meant everything. He felt singularly lost because even though fifteen years old, he was still unable to read or write, always excusing himself on the ground of his eyes.

At the close of the sermon the Methodist minister invited those who earnestly wanted God to help them, to come forward, and Jacob arose and accepted the invitation.

From that time the church and its people claimed the boy's leisure hours, despite the ridicule of his former hoodlum companions. His employer, Mr. Robert W. Burns, was among them. They took an interest in him for which he was eternally grateful. His Sunday School teacher, a woman he was to speak reverently of as long as he lived, gave him a New Testament. Out of it, she taught him to read and write. Learning to read and write was a very difficult task for Jacob. Somehow, it never occurred to anyone that his eyes were holding him back in his attempt.

At the age of nineteen, however, he did get fitted with glasses and discovered a brand new world. Grateful to the church for what it had done for him, he decided he wanted to become a minister. In the meantime he kept up his work in the paper mill.

When Jacob was twenty-one he decided he wasn't getting ahead fast enough at reading, so he took on a job as school janitor in order that he might attend night classes. For this work he received twenty dollars a month. Part of his janitorial duties included that of being truant officer. He studied with fourth graders, a fact somewhat embarrassing to them both, but soon was able to go ahead of his former classmates.

Determining to go to college, he picked Ohio Wesleyan at nearby Delaware, Ohio, and by selling books, hat racks, and steam cookers, he was able to get through the Academy, which the university then conducted. He finished his work in three years, 1899-1901, and then entered the university itself. During the early months of his course he found himself so inadequately prepared that he was in constant fear of being dropped, and he

was handicapped not only by his poor vision but by the necessity for earning his way and supporting his mother and younger brother. Thus hours that should have been devoted to study were given to work, and his studies were pursued at the cost of sleep.

But after three and a half years at the university, when all else was going smoothly, although the youth was working at a tremendous outlay of time and energy, the sorely tried eyes failed. A doctor informed him that he faced certain blindness if he continued in college and there was just a chance that his vision, such as it was, might be saved if he abandoned his studies, and gave up his ambition to become a minister. However, it was an interest that was never to be lost. Nothing in later years gave him more pleasure than to appear before church gatherings, sometimes as a Bible class teacher, sometimes as a speaker before conventions, sometimes as the occupant of the pulpit itself. He loved church groups. He loved the work of the church.

After withdrawing from college his selling became most successful and soon he was making as high as one-hundred dollars a week with his steam cookers. One day while he was at the depot in West Carrollton, Ohio, supervising the unloading of some cookers he had sold, the head of the paper mill in West Carrollton happened to see him and was surprised at the success the young man was having.

Not knowing how much, Mr. Kindleberger had been making, he offered him the sum of fifteen dollars a week to sell paper. The young man took it. Mr. Kindleberger did not tell Mr. Burns until some years later that he was making one-hundred dollars a week selling cookers, because he felt that in the long run there was a much better opportunity in the paper business than in the house to house canvassing.

Thus was launched the selling career of one of the best salesman the paper industry has ever known. He was given the entire United States, Canada, and Mexico as a territory. Soon he was making five hundred dollars a month for his efforts. On the road as a salesman he was able to make those contacts and acquaintances that were later to be of great value to him. Few paper salesmen have become as well known, for he was calling on a very large percentage of the merchants of the country and also on direct accounts, particularly in the food field, especially meat packing houses, as the company he was now with was the West Carrollton Parchment Company in West Carrollton, Ohio. More than that, he was building an industrial philosophy and schooling0himself in details of the trade that later were to go into the building of the business he later was to found in Parchment.

During his career as a salesman on the road he would stop in at East Aurora whenever he was in the Buffalo area and listen to Elbert Hubbard talk to the guests. Mr. Kindleberger was very much attracted by this master salesman. Those were the days when Hubbard's meaty, pungent PHILLISTINE was the top-drawer house magazine of the country, and Hubbard's pithy sayings were being

published in motto card form from Nome to Timbuctu. Hubbard probably influence Mr. Kindleberger's concept of selling and successful advertising more than any other individual. This is probably why Mr. Kindleberger differed from many paper mill magnates in his attitude regarding advertising.. He was always a strong believer in printer's ink and more than once gave public utterance to the statement; "No concern can long survive and increase its markets that does not advertise. "

Years later, when Mr. Kindleberger was manager of the plant in Kalamazoo he was able to get Hubbard to stop off in Kalamazoo and write one of his famous "Little Journeys" about the mill. It was entitled, "A Palaver on Paper," and the Hubbard name and the Kindleberger enthusiasm made it work overtime with glowing results.

It gave Mr. Kindleberger an insight into what "printed salesmanship" could do. "This mill," he frequently said, "was built on a two cent stamp. I couldn't cover the whole country myself, and we were still too poor to hire a salesman, so I wrote letters to everybody I used to know, particularly the packers and creamerymen. They brought back orders, all for a two cent stamp." This enthusiasm for the power of the printed work to create good will for the company has continued to this day, even though Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment salesmen regularly cover every section of the country in person.

Also, during this period, on December 7, 1905, Mr. Kindleberger married Lucinda Faulkner of West Carrollton, daughter of Elijah Burgress Faulkner, a farmer from Xenia, Ohio. Their only child, Joseph Burns Kindleberger, now a Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment vice-president, was born in West Carrollton, taking his middle name from Mr. Kindleberger's much loved and respected "boss," who was then sales manager and part owner of the West Carrollton Parchment Company.

Late in 1909 Mr. Kindleberger received a letter from Harry Zimmerman, husband of his sister Rose, who had come to Kalamazoo to work in the papermills. Mr. Zimmerman was quite enthusiastic about the opportunity for another paper mill in Kalamazoo; especially a converting mill for the manufacture of parchment, which is a most interesting and unusual paper. Its most distinctive property is that it is insoluble in water and therefor will not go to pieces when wet; it is also very greaseproof.

Mr. Kindleberger came to Kalamazoo to look the situation over, since Kalamazoo was already famous as a papermaking center and well situated as to markets. Mr. Kindleberger knew that there was money available and men who understood paper making. Mr. Kindleberger became so fired with the possibilities that he set out at once to see if he could raise enough capital to start such a mill.

His selling ability and his enthusiasm was so great that he won over Mr. J.C. Knight, a Kalamazoo capitalist, and with Mr.

Knight's subscription of $10,000 at the head of the list, Mr. Kindleberger was soon able to raise the additional funds. With a capital of $50,000 Mr. Kindleberger decided to build two miles outside of Kalamazoo on the Kalamazoo River. Thus the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company was born on October 27, 1909, with a thirty-four year old salesman as its secretary .... at one hundred dollars a month.

At the outset the little company launched by Mr. Kindleberger could afford but a single machine, and that of the cheapest kind. The foundation of an abandoned beetsugar factory, an enterprise counted among the disastrous failures in this community was used in the building of the mill, and the entire payroll at the start contained less than a dozen names.

The mill was located in open country and its site was little better than a swamp. Neighboring farmers were very much against the opening of the mill. Only a dirt road-shoe-top deep with mud in spring and autumn, dusty in summer, snowbound in winter - connected the mill with the town.

In order that he might be near his work, Mr. Kindleberger moved his family into the office of the old factory that the mill had taken over. Unfortunately, the workers had no houses -- so they put up tents, cooked their meals in the open, and continued to live that way for nearly two years.

Although he was confronted with these barriers at the outset, Jacob Kindleberger exuded optimism, remarking as he looked over the first small one story factory: "We are going to have a wonderful plant out here one of these days at Parchment." Just how truly he predicted the future can now be seen by inspection of the giant concern of today and recognition of the fact that it is still marching forward.

One of the most significant things about those early days is that in spite of the strain of starting a new concern on much too little capital, the first thing he did was to start a Sunday school in his own home for the benefit of the farm children nearby, and for those of the mill employees who came to live in the neighborhood. Jacob Kindleberger never forgot what the church had done for him, when he was a young boy in West Carrollton, Ohio.

After the building was erected, there was no money left and no orders were coming in for their product. In addition to this, the factory was unable to meet the first payroll. With the company going into the "red" and the future very dark, a very trivial conversation overheard on a trolley car gave Mr. Kindleberger the needed hint. Two women were discussing the fact that no manufacturer provided shelf paper made in suitable widths, deploring the waste and inconvenience of cutting ordinary paper to fit, with the result that in many cases they turned to newspapers for shelf covering.

It was a brand new market untouched and at once Mr. Kindleberger started producing paper in forms suitable for home

use, including paper to be used as a cover for ice in summer, and another useful means in the care of babies. The company made up a household package of various kinds of paper, and enumerated all the common uses of each. There was almost no competition and these novelties were marketed readily. The income they brought in tided the mill over until the main products began to sell in quantity. The first order was filled on April 8, 1910. From that day to this, the mill has never been shut down a single day for lack of orders.

The country was then just beginning to become conscious of the part proper packaging plays in the safe and economical protection of foods. Consequently, the chief market for parchment was to be found in the rapidly expanding dairy and meat packing industries, whose products are in particular need of this type of protection. Those industries have remained the major outlet for the company's products to this day.

In the fall of 1910, a printing press, still in use in 1948, was purchased, and became the foundation of a huge printing department, that now number fortythree presses. Eventually the company was doing high grade printing of many types of paper by letterpress, offset and gravure methods. To make the service increasingly dependable, plate making and ink making departments were added. These, with the help of an art department make the original sketches and drawings, now comprise the largest self-contained graphic arts department in the industry.

The superb protection of waxed paper was just beginning to be understood and to be used by the industries. It was therefore logical that a waxing machine should be added so that customers could get both papers from the same supply. This machine was installed in the fall of 1910, and like the printing press, became the forerunner of a mammoth department. Today, the company is probably the largest producer of waxed papers in the world. It made some of the first waxed bread wrappers ever sold, and the baking industry thereby became the third great industry to look to Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment as its source of supply for this highly necessary wrapper.

Today bread wrappers, carton selling papers and soap wrappers account for the largest tonnage of Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment printed waxed papers, and meat packers and cereal companies probably take the greatest amount of plain waxed.

As the little company began to grow Mr. Kindleberger decided to build a community of homes as well as a business of paper making. He did not want any "mill town" houses -- he wanted privately owned dwellings where children could be born and grow up, homes in which people could take pride. For a long time he and his family lived in what had been the office of the old sugar mill, but he was all the time encouraging people to build for themselves.

Eventually the company purchased most of the land which is now the city of Parchment and began selling it to employees who

promised to build. It was not a real estate promotion in the usual sense but merely a means to make it easy and desirable for Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment employees to live near their work.

Mr. Kindleberger had a faculty of seeing homes completed, beautifully landscaped and filled with happy people, where others saw only rocks and gravel pits and sand. Practically every building put up in Parchment, up at least until 1935, whether it was a private home, public or business building, had his personal encouragement in its start and frequent inspection during its progress.

Today the lovely little town of Parchment is the monument to this far seeing policy, which probably stemmed from his own feeling of insecurity when he was a boy. He wanted people to know that their jobs were safe and he knew that they would be better men in their jobs if they had pleasant home surroundings.

He would take somebody on a walk with him and suddenly say "I want you to build right here." This personal interest gave people a feeling of security, a feeling that they belonged.

Today Kindleberger Park is a permanent memorial to his love of beauty and his passion to share good things with other people. It was a part of a farm that he bought. A good bit of the gravel that built the mill came from the hilly section. In 1932 Mr. and Mrs. Kindleberger deeded the area to the village of Parchment for the purpose of a park and no expense was shared in its development.

It was his invariable custom to walk through the park during its development, and through the whole town for that matter, making mental notes where improvements could be made. For a number of years he was accompanied by a gentle doberman pinscher called Margot, who considered it a great honor to carry his cane.

He had no hesitancy in telling a property owner that he ought to paint his house or mow his lawn or plant a tree. Few people could make such personal suggestions without creating ill will, but nobody ever questioned "Uncle Jake's" reasons for such comments. They knew he made them for the beauty of Parchment and the good of the whole community. The people of Parchment respected him for it. Mr Kindleberger wanted things done and he wanted them done right away but his reasons were so sincere and so evidently intended for the betterment of the community and the individual that few people could long take offense at what at first might have seemed rather peremptory orders.

In 1918, the first paper mill was build. It had two machines and included a rag room, for parchment was still being made from rag stock. These machines made the base paper for parchment and waxing stock. One was a 116-inch Horne Harper, the other a 163-inch Pusey and Jones. Both are still in the service although considerably improved over the original installation.

From the very beginning Mr. Kindleberger based his firm's work on two fundamental principles: First, know what the public

wants and excel in servicing that need; second, keep your plant up to the minute and clean at all times. Mr. Kindleberger had a passion for a clean mill. "We are making papers for protecting food," he would say again and again. "The mill must be as clean as a food factory." Woe to the foreman or janitor who let cleanliness slip in his department. "It is a sin!" Mr. Kindleberger would say, "a downright sin!" Seldom did anyone have to be reminded twice. No one ever saw him step on a piece of "broke," which is paper mill language for any bit of waste paper. "Every time I almost do," he would say, "I can feel my old foreman's number ten shoes on the seat of my pants. It hurts to this day!"

Mr. Kindleberger was a man of great pride, and he took unlimited satisfaction in the cleanliness and orderliness of the plant and the community. He was very sure that the people would be happier and could work more effectively in a clean and orderly environment. Mr. Kindleberger often said that the first job is to make men, and that when you have a good group of men working together you need have no fear of the success of the undertaking.

He was firm in his belief that the most charitable act that could be performed was to give men an opportunity to earn a good living through their own efforts and an opportunity for them to advance in line with their ability. This was one of the motivating forces that urged him to continue to build and enlarge the company so that more people could be employed and more opportunities for advancement could be created.

The business at Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company continued to prosper. It was founded on quality products. It was the studying the needs of its customers and helping them improve their markets. It was following the principle of the Golden Rule in its dealings with its employees, its customers, and it's stockholders.

The Golden Rule formed the basis of all Mr. Kindleberger's decisions and policies. He expected the men in the company to take a consuming interest in their work and to perform all their tasks efficiently. At the same time he took great pleasure in seeing that they were justly rewarded for their efforts. Due to his background, Mr. Kindleberger always had sympathy and understanding for the working people.

CONCENTRATION CLUB

One of Uncle Jake's strongest ridden hobbies for some time was the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Concentration Club. He would get a gang of people together, sometimes from the mill, sometimes from the office, sometimes from the sales force, and tell them to THINK. "Think how you can do a better job, how you can save the company money, how more uses can be found for paper."

People who turned in suggestions were automatically made members of the "The Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Concentration

Club." Mr. Kindleberger often spiced these meetings with his own experiences at thinking up new things, and they were many. "Some will work and some won't work, but keep everlastingly trying," he would exhort.

Scores of suggestions from every part of the mill resulted from his encouragement.

He could get more out of an ordinary man then some managers can from a near-genius. One's phone would ring. "Come down a minute!" he would hear, and bang would go the receiver at the other end. There was never any doubt where the call came from. People jumped when he called -- and often rose to heights under his shrewd guidance.

Now and then an employee came in for some pretty direct words. When the session was over, or maybe not until days or weeks after, J.K. would casually drop the work, "If I didn't think you had the right stuff in you, I would never waste time trying to make something of you. but don't expect compliments from me. As long as you don't hear from me, you can figure you are doing all right."

He had great appreciation for all the friends and customers of the company. He would often say that the customer is the only boss we have and that he must be pleased. He placed great emphasis on the fact that the quality of the product must first be right, second, it must be delivered properly, and the price should be fair. Beyond this, he always stressed the importance of friendly and understanding relationships between the customers and the company.

He was equally of the belief that it was better to build up new customers for a product, rather than take away customers from other concerns. Along that line he installed in the mill an experimental department with an expert at its head whose real task was to find new uses for vegetable parchment papers, thus broadening the field on consumption.

He had great appreciation of the service rendered by stockholders in providing the money to build and equip the plant and was firm in his conviction that they should be treated justly and fairly. He felt that a six per cent return on their investment was a very sacred obligation on the part of the company and became known quite generally as "six per cent Jake."

Mr. Kindleberger took a great deal of pleasure in reinvesting the surplus of the earnings into the business. He knew that this would provide greater security for the employees and greater safety for the investors. He knew this would provide the opportunity for greater employment and greater responsibilities among those already employed, and he knew that through this means the company could pay better returns to the employees and eventually to the stockholders.

Mr. Kindleberger, in common with other paper mill executives in the Kalamazoo Valley worked to promote cooperation in the

Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company. Mr. Kindleberger believed that it also applied equally to stockholders and employees. On more occasion than one he voiced his opinion along this line by saying, "more concerns go under due to knocking of employees and stockholders then competition."

By 1923, after the short 1921 near-panic, business began to grow again, which made it necessary for additional converting and papermaking capacity. This led to the construction of another paper mill, which included a large plant and a 165-inch Bagley and Sewell machine. The new paper machine was designed to run faster than any machine had ever before run on similar grades of paper. It took a great deal of costly effort to make it live up to its promised speed and perfection, including the building of new motors for the machine, but the problems were finally whipped, and a new standard of paper machine performance was set, also, numerous new printing presses, waxing machines, and finishing room equipment were likewise added, at this time.

During this period of growth at the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company Mr. Kindleberger received one of his famous "nick-names." The term "Uncle Jake" was probably first encouraged by the late William B. Brownell, one of his dearest friends and for many years an advertising counsellor. It was a time when big business concerns like Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment were trying to impress upon the public that they were human in spite of their size, and business leaders were wanting to prove they were like anybody else. For that reason, letters went out signed by Uncle Jake, and advertisements frequently bore his signature. The result is that the trade come to think of him as a kind, benevolent, dependable elderly man, all of which he was, to be sure, though the word elderly was not exactly applicable in his mid-forties when the name was first used.

> Here are a few excerpts from the letters that went out to the public at this time:
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> It was our earnestness, enthusiasm, and our faith in the new venture that helped win the battle. Our money was very meager. As time went on I saw the value of starting on such a meager amount. When men come to me today for help in starting a new enterprise, telling me the sad story that they have no money, I say to them, "Thank God for that!" I know for certain that the absence of money may prove to be a blessing in disguise as it was with us in our early start in business.
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> Virtues of thrift, frugality, economy,

and the burning of midnight oil stemmed the tide. If I could prevent young men from going through struggles I wouldn't do it. Struggles help to toughen men to find ways and means that will be a source of good fortune to them later.

Men will stick with you when the going is hard if you just take a little time to talk with them concerning your whole program, telling them how necessary they are to the development of the business. I would cheerfully recommend that all industries who have labor troubles take time to sell every employee on what they are trying to do and the importance of his part in the whole program. It is an easy matter to promise much -- but you must be honest. You never want to lie to them. You don't want to promise one thing and do another. They don't want to be high-hatted. Neither do I. Besides, what is there to high-hat about? I'm doing my job. They're doing theirs. We're on even terms as far as that goes. Don't knock your competitors. By boosting others you will boost yourself. A little competition is a good thing and severe competition is a blessing. Thank God for competition.

All my life I have used to good effect the same procedure in selling. Use three strong selling points, clothe them in the strongest language at your command, and with much earnestness put it over quickly. When you discover that you are fifty-one per cent right, consider yourself fortunate, and then as quickly as possible rearrange the other forty-nine per cent of things that are wrong.

I never borrowed money for any other purpose than to buy stock in this company. Every cent I had and every cent I could borrow went into Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company stock. I believed in this company. If it was worth devoting my life to, it was certainly worth putting my money into.

If Mr. Kindleberger had made money his god, there is little doubt he could have become a multi-million-aire. In that case, he could not have said, when asked what he looked upon as his greatest happiness..."the satisfaction of doing something--of being a builder. That is the best satisfaction of all." He

began the tithing habit when he was fifteen, and all his life that ten per cent or more came out of the pay check before anything else.

By 1928 the company was producing such a large quantity of bond and offset paper that a 167-inch Beloit machine was added to the company's growing amount of presses. Today at the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company the fourth major conversion is that of printing papers, which the trade calls bond, or fine papers. These are the papers used for letterheads, office forms, mimeograph, envelopes, advertising pieces, air mail, second sheets, etc.

One of the things that seemed of minor importance at this time but which brought untold good to the community and more national publicity for Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company than any other single thing Mr. Kindleberger did was the formation of the Home Works Corporation in 1934.

During the Early 1930's when the country was in the depth of the depression. Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment was working full time, but thousands of people locally were out of work. For many years prior to this, Parchment boys and girls of high school age had been employed in the mill during the summer, carrying the mail, running errands, doing the odds and ends that children that age could do to earn vacation money. Heads of families were now being hired to do these things in the mill's eagerness to spread work as far as possible.

Parchment youngsters, with idle time on their hands and little money, began to congregate on the street corners. There was no real trouble yet, but the signs pointed that way, and Mr. Kindleberger was never one to let the storm break before battening down the hatches.

He appointed the school principal supervisor of the group, paid him two months summer salary, and told him to see to it that the boys kept busy at tasks which not only earned them a little money, but at which they learned something worth while.

The school superintendent organized all the boys into a "company" with officers, sales managers, and on down the line-set up just like a legally organized corporation. They solicited odd jobs all over the village, lawns to mow, cars to wash, gardens to weed... anything an able-bodied boy could do. No sooner had the younger boys gone to work than their sisters desired work to do through the summer. Mr. Kindleberger turned them over to the ladies's aid Society of the Community Church and the Junior Bakery Company was formed, with a woman church welfare worker as supervisor. Even today both of these organizations exist to a modified form.

"Help the boy or girl to help himself," Mr. Kindleberger would say, "and you will have no juvenile problems. Get them to understand the worth of a dollar earned by the sweat of their face, and you have taught them a lesson all the economics books in the world can not do."

In 1936 Mr. Kindleberger was elected chairman of the board of directors of Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment after serving as president of the company for a period of twenty years, Mr. R.A. Hayward was appointed president of the company.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Kindleberger left Kalamazoo on a three-month business and pleasure trip to South America. The purpose of this trip was to find possible outlets for products of the company, since South American nations had lately gone in more extensively for preparing their wide range of natural products for the consumer market. As the result of this trip Mr. Kindleberger found many uses for the preservative and protective papers and containers manufactured at Parchment.

At this time Mr. Kindleberger was in great demand as a public speaker on such occasions as a church conference, anniversary of some business concern, or at a meeting of business men's clubs, such as the Rotary Club. Naturally this occupied much of his leisure time.

Mr. Kindleberger was regarded as a very able speaker, first of all, he always had something to say, which is the No. 1 rule on any successful speaker's list.

Second, he said it in an interesting way. He was a master of simile. "It is like this," he would explain, and then use some quick word pictures that all could understand. A talk to the salesman one year was entitled "Check-up." He used the parts of an automobile for illustration, the carburetor, the spark plugs, the gas.

Because he was so able, he was in constant demand as an after dinner speaker on innumerable occasions, and was eventually forced to turn most of them down. Church affairs were the most difficult for him to say no to.

Mr. Kindleberger never took a speech casually. It was always the most important thing of the moment. Although he never wrote them out in full, he had the outline well in mind, using rough notes as a guide. He had the rare faculty of spotting audience attention and being able in a flash to change his line of attack and get immediate and complete attention before hearers were themselves aware that a change of pace was necessary.

Many of his best speaking triumphs, however, were purely informal. He was never at loss for words, and time and again swung some important decision by well-timed logic and forceful argument.

Those who heard him on many occasions consider the speech he made to the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment salesmen and administrative staff at the close of the 1935 sales meeting as his greatest talk. It was entitled "The Master Salesman of the World" and he used St. Paul as his model of perfection in selling practices.

Asked once what he liked best to do, he said, "make a speech." He intended it as somewhat of a joke, but those who knew him knew that it came close to the truth. He loved to watch an audience submit to his will, and by tricks of voice inflection, platform mannerisms, and most of all, by saying something worthwhile in an unusual manner.

In 1939 Mr. Kindleberger took another trip to a foreign country -- this time going to Australia. He returned to this country very much impressed with the Australian standard of living and the large business concerns that were developing in that country. On this trip Mr. Kindleberger was accompanied by his wife and by Mr. and Mrs. James A. Greenly. At this time, Mr. Greenly was in charge of the Chicago offices of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company.

By 1942 the business at Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment had grown to such a great extent that plans were made for expansion. The most important step taken by the company in their plans for expansion was the purchase, in 1934, of a pulp and paper mill at Espanola, Ontario, Canada. Espanola is on the Spanish River one hundred and fifty miles east of Sault Ste. Marie and thirty miles north of Lake Huron.

As the result of this expansion movement, Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment was able to make pulps to exact specifications and thus have a better control of its raw stock. Expected economies of an "integrated mill" (one which is both pulp mill and paper mill combined under the same ownership) now enabled the company to market a superior line of papers without having to charge a premium price. Less than five hundred miles from Kalamazoo, Espanola assures the company the closest possible source of available pulp timber on this continent. In normal times, about half of Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment's pulp comes from the west coast, and the remaining half from Norway, Sweden, and Finland.

These factors improved the company's position in a highly competitive field and to day not as "job insurance" not only in Kalamazoo, but for another live and flourishing "model village" in Canada. The town of Espanola, with its three churches, its schools and its good hotel, is experiencing a most welcome rebirth and now is a thriving community.

Because the original mill at Espanola made ground-wood only, a complete, new chemical pulp mill was built. Today, it has a daily capacity of two hundred tons of bleached sulphate. This is sufficient to provide a substantial part of Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment's total pulp requirements.

The expansion was undertaken to assure greater security for the company, and hence for all its employees, in the highly competitive era that followed the war. It was paid for with borrowed money, since the directors of the company felt justified in using the Company's credit to secure the loan.

They had every confidence that the new plant would not only pay its own way, but would retire the debt in a reasonable length of time.

Today the mill at Espanola, Ontario, Canada, is delivering pulp wood to Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment and the plant at Espanola is being run full time.

It is only proper to mention at this time that down through the years one of the most important single events of every year for Mr. Kindleberger was probably the Christmas party. He planned it for months in advance.

It had begun almost with the founding of the company, when work was suspended and the few employees of the time were given a dinner and perhaps some little remembrance. This built up over the years to a mammoth occasion in which even the community house was taxed to hold the many who attended the Christmas party--all except those absolutely necessary to keep vital equipment running or who were seriously ill.

When "Uncle Jake" stretched out his arms and wished everybody a Merry Christmas one knew he meant it--that it came from the bottom of his heart. It was always distinctly a religious service. He made no apology for that. Christmas to him was a solemn, deeply significant time for religious inventory and a pouring out of good will toward men. For that reason the speaker of the day was always a prominent religious leader. These men included such headliners as Paul Rader, Roy L. Smith, Mike Rice, Frederick Shannon and Homer Rodheaver.

The musicians were always keyed up to top performance. They played and sang inspirational religious songs of the ages and with the combination of the speaker and the music and "Uncle Jake's" own warm, sincere personality it was impossible to leave the service without a feeling of gratitude toward the man who planned it.

In one of the recent years, shortly before he was taken ill, he yielded to the many requests and gave the main talk himself. He never quite got over his young man's ideas of being a minister and he could preach as good a sermon as many a formally ordained minister.

In 1944 Mr. Kindleberger became ill and for the next three years had to give up most of his work at the company. On New Year's morning, January 1, 1947 Jacob Kindleberger, the man whose vision and energy and prayers had built Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company, passed away at Bronson hospital, less than twenty-four hours after admission. Although the immediate cause was pneumonia, Mr. Kindleberger had been ill more than three years and for the past six months or more had been closely confined to his home under the constant care of his physician and of his wife, who was with him at the hospital when he died, as was his son Joseph Burns Kindleberger and his wife Helen. Besides his wife, Lucinda and his son, he is survived by three grandchildren, Ruth, Martha Jo, and Lucy Marie, all of Kalamazoo.

On Saturday morning, January 4, 1947, the funeral services were conducted in the community house at Parchment by Dr. James R. Pollock, pastor of the Parchment Union Methodist Church. Burial was made at the Riverside cemetery.

It was especially interesting to note how he acquaintances of Mr. Kindleberger reacted to his death. A reporter asked many men and women who had known Uncle Jake for many years the question, "What is the first thing you think of when you think about Jacob Kindleberger?"

"His genuine Christian character," was the reply of Mr. C. S. Campbel, treasurer of the company, chairman of the board of the First National Bank and Trust Company, and life-long friend. "I think my association with him is longer than with any other man in town," he added. "He was so genuine! I recall on many occasions when something particularly annoying came up he would say with a grin, 'Do you know, I almost lost my religion!' Religion meant almost everything to him."

"He was our most prominent pioneer industrialist," is the way Mr. L.W. Sutherland, head of Sutherland Paper Company characterized him." A lot of young fellows take over an established business and keep it running successfully, but Jake started out on his own. The paper industry has lost one of its great figures."

"His terrific and enthusiastic drive in everything he did," said Mr. Earl Weber, secretary of the Kalamazoo Chamber of Commerce, "and particular, in connection with Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment."

Mr George Gepheide, president of the Hawthorne Paper Company paused a moment when asked, then said, "He was a very religious man. I think of that first. Deeply, sincerely religious. Then I think of him in relation to his business. Wherever he went, whether for a ride in his car or a trip abroad, he was forever seeing new uses and new applications for Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment papers. He had a wonderful sense of humor. One day I had taken some customers of ours out to meet him. He passed us a box of cigars. By some trick or other, he got me to take a special one, and I can see his face yet when I lighted it. It would burn, but that is all you could say in its favor. It was simply terrible. Well, it turned out he had had it made from some tobacco he grew on his farm in Parchment. He used to say, 'if you want to make an impression on somebody, make it very good or very bad. Never in between. Then they'll never forget you.'"

Mr. Harold Harvey, president of Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment's Harvey Paper Products Company at Sturgis, said, "He was the most outstanding man I have ever met. I think of him particularly as one of the greatest helpers in assisting a young man to go into business."

My first thought," said James Alden, local manager of International Printing Ink, long a friend of the family and a frequent

visitor in Mr. Kindleberger's illness, "was of personal loss, and then what a shock it is to a world of people, not just Kalamazoo people but people everywhere, for he was widely known. He made a great success yet he started with nothing. I don't know any man who has done any better. People do not know what he has done for Kalamazoo. He was behind everything worth while. They just take him for granted."

John Schlick, first Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment traveling salesman other than Mr. Kindleberger himself: "It is a loss we can't measure. We who knew him all these years as an advisor, counsellor, teacher and friend, will realize more and more what he meant to us, now that he is gone. His life is a great inspiration."

Dr. Smith Burnham, educator and Notarian: "About the best man in our community has left us."

Mr. Forrest Christy, sales manager, Eastern Division, portrayed Mr. Kindleberger as a great man who had the power of perception to discern the fundamental difference between right and wrong. "I could talk for hours about J. K.," he said, "but standing out in my mind are his never-failing sense of humor in even the gravest situations, his ability to radiate enthusiasm as no one else could and his complete understanding of human nature."

Mr. Harold Boldman, supervisor of inkmaking, remembered "Uncle Jake" best for the security he had given to all the employees of Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment. "All through the years we've had a sense of security here that you would never get elsewhere," he commented.

Manager of Paper Manufacturing and Mayor of Parchment Mr. Frank Libby recalled "When I came to Parchment we had a small mill and a very small community. I have seen J.K. spend his life unselfishly in building these into a great company and a lovely little city. Kalamazoo Parchment Company and the city the Parchment are a memorial to the vision and the leadership of a great man to whom we are all indebted."

Mr. Kindleberger can be remembered for many accomplishments, but as a churchman he was outstanding. It is often said that people converted in revival meetings usually turn out to be backsliders. That was not true of Mr. Kindleberger. It was church people who got him fitted with glasses, who say that he got through school, who gave him his first opportunities, and he never for a moment lost his gratitude for the church.

In denomination he remained a Methodist, probably because he first went to the Methodist church, but he was not too greatly concerned about denominational lines. He was particularly proud that nearly twenty denominations are represented in the Parchment Union Methodist Church. He felt that a church is stronger if it belongs to one of the well established denominational groups and so he was glad that the local church became a member of the great Methodist body.

One of the first things Mr. Kindleberger did on coming to Kalamazoo was to start Sunday school classes in his home, as mentioned earlier in the paper. These were carried over into the welfare hall and then to the community house. He himself taught he adult Bible class for many years and in the middle thirties conducted a Bible study class on Wednesday evenings. This would often be supplemented by skilled Bible scholars like Drs. Goodrich for Albion. One series included the book of John, which he took up verse by verse and chapter by chapter. He could always find hidden meanings in almost every Bible verse and could adapt their truths to modern times with surpassing skill and interest.

Because he knew the Bible so thoroughly, his own speech and writing was greatly enriched by it and accounted in a great degree for his ability as a speaker.

Whenever a great and good friend would die, a characteristic letter or telegram from him would read, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Isreal?" This was David's tribute to Abner, Saul's great general.

Mr. Kindleberger was a great giver. Early in his life he adopted the tithe as his minimum obligation to God and others and this soon jumped from ten per cent up to twenty per cent and even more. Hundreds of people and institutions shared in his giving. He didn't care whether they were Methodists or Jews, Catholics or Presbyterians, churched or unchurched, white or black, brown or red. If he found a need and had "anything left in the barrel" that person would have it. He was constantly deluged with appeals from everywhere and sometimes the lobby of the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment Company would be full of more people waiting to see Mr. Kindleberger for a donation than with customers or visitors to the mill.

He so thoroughly believed in the spiritual and even practical benefits from tithings that he encouraged others to do likewise and thus his benefactions increased beyond his own personal giving.

Mr. Kindleberger was not a "Sunday Christian." He believed in living his Christianity through the week. He was a great believer in prayer. "This mill," he once said, "grew in answer to my prayer that we might serve humanity - not that we might make money."

Mr. Kindleberger believed in sin. He said no one could look around him and not see the evidences of it and he said that he had had too many encounters himself with the devil not to be aware of it. He believed, however, that God always forgives the truly penitent sinner and those who knew his religious side best are sure that he faced the future unafraid.

He admitted a little skepticism about "the resurrection of the body. That all right for you young fellows who are husky and strong," he would laugh, "but I can't imagine having a very good

time in Heaven if I have to drag this crippled old carcass around with me." He would want better eyes, for one thing.

In spite of opposition by the other mills his company was the first in this area to shut down all paper making and converting operations on Sundays. He believed that machinery as well as man needed a rest and that if a mill couldn't keep its head above water six days a week, working on the seventh would not be much improvement.

Earlier in life Mr. Kindleberger had, he said, been somewhat of a "joiner." Although he kept his membership in many organizations, in his mature years the one he loved best other than his church was the Rotary club.

The local club had been formed in December of 1914. None of the original ten or a dozen charter members are now active but early in 1915 quite a few members were added, among whom was Mr. Kindleberger.

He almost never missed a meeting when he was in town. He was once a vice-president of the club and served actively on many committees. It was always a great joy to him to go down and rub elbows with men in other businesses. He didn't always like the speeches or maybe the food but he always loved the companionship and when he did get together with men like William Brownell, Dwight Waldo, William McCracken, George Irvine, George Truesdale, Charles Little, John Ryan, Guy Wilson, and men of that stamp (all of whom have preceded him in death), the wit and the comradeship of men who had genuine respect and affection for each other was choice to behold.

Other memberships and offices included president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1917, 1922, and 1923, trustee at-large of Ohio Wesleyan College and trustee of Bronson Hospital. He was a member of the national commission on men's work of the Methodist church. He was vice president of the Goodwill Industries; vice president, American Management Association; chairman, Michigan Advisory Committee for the American Youth Foundation; president, board of trustees, Union Methodist church of Parchment.

He was a lifelong Republican, Elk, Odd Fellow and Mason (32nd Degree and Shrine). Although an ardent Republican and particularly a foe of deficit spending, he was a realist. He wrote to the trade in presidential years along the line of this letter, sent out during the bitter 1932 campaign:

> No matter whether Mr. Hoover stays in or moves out, no matter whether Mr. Roosevelt moves in or stays out - you remain!
>
> We have lived under several Republican and two Democratic presidents. We have seen the Country go to the bow-wows several times before a national election; but you will notice that it is still here, the envy of all other nations, and in spite of direful

predictions, it will continue to move on and move up if the businessmen of this country will repossess themselves of that spirit which actuated their pioneer forefathers.

Honesty of purpose, hard and intelligent work will once more bring us to the high ground we should occupy, no matter who may sit in the white House chair!

There is no doubt that Mr. Kindleberger was able to put many punch lines into his daily correspondence. He always said things differently. Beginning back about 1920 and lasting until the middle 1930's he wrote a letter nearly every month to all the Kalamazoo Vegetable Parchment customers.

Sometimes these letters were apparently casual, like one man's greeting to another on the street. again, they talked intimately of family and business affairs. None was more characteristic than those he wrote in times of depression. The following letters were taken from the January second edition of the Parchment news, in the short 1921 near-panic, he wrote this one:

August 15, 1921

Gentlemen:

You remember the Eastern pilgrim who one day on his travels met the plague.

"Where are you going?" said the pilgrim. "I am on my way to Bagdad to kill five thousand people," replied the plague.

A few days later the pilgrim met the plague returning. "You told me," said the pilgrim, "that you were on your way to Bagdad to kill five thousand people but instead of that, you killed fifty thousand."

"You wrong me," said the plague, "I killed only five thousand, the others died of fright."

I have been doing a little research work; doing it quietly but on quite an extended scale and I find that men who are doing a good business in this country right now are the men of courage, the men who are unafraid.

Fear, expecting something direful to happen, looking for and expecting poor business, has killed more business in this country during the past two years, than any and all other causes and agencies combined.

My doctrine is to be prepared for the worst but always look for the best.

If we think poor business, we attract it. If we think good business, success and prosperity, it will surely come to us because we will courageously bend all of our efforts to that end; then of course in order to make the prosperity abundant and the success complete, there should be in your scheme plenty of Kalamazoo Vegetable products.

Very truly yours,
J. Kindleberger

In 1934, under the heading "A bunch of Softies?" this one went out:

September 15, 1934

Call us old-fashioned if you will, but we are not ashamed to belong to that dwindling generation which believes that salvation comes through Toil, not Leisure; Through Struggle, not through Ease.

The only worth-while things that have come to us in this life have come through Work that was almost always Hard, and often Bitter. We believe that this has always been true of mankind and that it will always be true.

We believe not in how little work, but how much; not in how few hours, but how many. In short, with Theodore Roosevelt, we "wish to preach not the doctrine of ignoble ease, but the doctrine of the strenuous life."

America must not grow soft!

Sincerely yours,
J. Kindleberger

But the one which achieved the widest publicity and which many considered by far the greatest, most courageous, most tender letter he ever wrote, went out on August 6, 1932. It read as follows:

August 6, 1932

In these troubled days and sleepless nights, we find ourselves much worried about how we are going to make both ends meet.

Well, there comes to my mind at this time that uncanny ingenuity of my Mother.

Of the many successful managers that history records, I am compelled to pin the gold medal on my Mother as one of the best household managers.

There were six children in our family at that time. The oldest was sixteen years of age; the youngest, a babe in arms. Now how did this great Mother of mine clothe and feed her children? There were no Civic Leagues, not even a single Charity Association, no doles in those days. One just had to help himself as best he could.

On Saturday evenings, at seven-thirty (I shall always remember the day and the hour) Mother would take her large market-basket and start for the market, which closed at eight o'clock. She always made it a point to go there just about ten or fifteen minutes before closing time. Then the farmers, who had the stands at that time, sold their last few potatoes and vegetables for a few pennies. From the meat market, she received and armful of soup bones for about three cents; a few loaves of old bread at the local bakery for two cents a loaf; and a package of coffee essence from the grocery.

This basket of food and the wonderful skill possessed by my mother as a soup maker kept the little flock healthy.

Mother too suggested for the four older children just literally hundreds of ways to make a nickel here and a dime there: These nickels and dimes, together with the wash money Mother made, paid the rent.

One of the unsolved mysteries that will go down with me to the grave is how and where did Mother get all the old clothes wherewith we were clothed. I remember well my pants and coats were several sizes too large, usually made out of heavy coarse material. She continually reminded us that we were growing so fast that in just a few months they would fit perfectly.

Way into the night she would rip and cut and sew the clothes we wore. When we complained a little about our hardships, she would say, "Well, we must do the best we can with what we have. Someday conditions will be

better and God always helps those who help themselves."

How fortunate I am to have been born and reared in the time of depression and to have such a frugal, thrifty and ingenious Mother, one who always found a way out.

Blessed indeed is the boy who is fortunate enough to have such a Mother as mine.

Sincerely yours,
J. Kindleberger

And so there arises in the mind of the reader that deepest sense of Tragedy with the passing of Jacob Kindleberger who was a man of unlimited vision, unlimited faith and unlimited enthusiasm.

THE END