

THE CANTEEN NEWS  
*East St. Louis, Ill., August 18, 1943.*

MR. CALVIN D. JOHNSON, M. C.  
*Washington, D. C.*

DEAR MR. JOHNSON: In support of my claim as represented by H. R. 1220, Seventy-eighth Congress, for \$5,000 in behalf of my minor son, Paul M. Campbell, who lost his left leg in a collision with a Civilian Conservation Corps truck on United States Highway No. 66 in Edwardsville, Ill., December 7, 1940, I wish to make the following sworn statement:

My great grandfather, John Campbell, was a captain of Massachusetts Minute Men in the Revolutionary War; my grandfather, Jonas Campbell, built flatboats and fought Indians as an Indiana pioneer along the Wabash and kept a tavern in stage-coach days at Georgetown, Ill., when Abe Lincoln rode the circuit and stopped there; my father, Francis Marion Campbell, and his older brother, William, were both in the Union Army in the Civil War. Uncle William was killed after serving 3 years, leading his company in a charge up Missionary Ridge; my father was an 18-year-old soldier in the last year of the war.

I lost my leg as a result of a streetcar accident in Danville, Ill., April 25, 1915. This prevented me from participating in the First World War, 1917-18; it lost me my inheritance, a 537-acre farm, through my inability to take active management; it later lost me the leases on 700 acres of excellent oil land (which opened the Centralia city pool in 1937) permitting a major oil company to top lease by quicker footwork, thus losing me the interest in 47 producing oil wells; it also disqualified me for active footwork on newspapers and in the oil field, and I was not trained for a desk job.

The 28 years that I have walked on a wooden leg, I think, qualify me to speak with some authority on the handicap of losing a leg. When I lost my leg nobody counseled special training to help overcome the handicap. I stumbled along in competition with two-legged men and I know the bitterness of trying to do the impossible.

I was very proud of my son's good straight legs. He was born 8 years after I had lost my leg, and it seemed like a new lease on life. I have before me a kodak picture of my son standing on top of a rustic fireplace in a Missouri roadside picnic ground, in which he seems to be half legs. It was taken on an outing a scant 3 months before the truck crushed off his left leg.

That accident of December 7, 1940 (occasioned because the driver was late to supper and cut through traffic to get to camp more quickly, incidentally running down my son and his motorcycle), changed everything his mother and I and the boy had planned.

There was the struggle to save his life, the doctor, the surgeon, the blood transfusions, the hospital, and nurses. He had a long convalescence, it was over 6 months before the stump healed. The \$500 I received from the Army for medical aid fell far short of paying all the bills, but that was the statutory limit, and I make no further claim. However, no compensation was received for the smashed motorcycle, for the lost time for the additional year of high school, for the car (used) I had to buy for him to get around when bus or streetcar travel was almost impossible, for his artificial limb, which was well fitted, for his learning to walk in Minneapolis away from the heat and humidity of East St. Louis in August, and under the tutorage of an excellent limb maker.

The boy was an apt pupil. He was also a diplomat. He knew I was worried about him, so he said: "It's a dream come true. When I was a little fellow I used to wish I had a wooden leg like daddy—and now I have."

He went back to high school and finished. I had him take dancing lessons and he learned to dance. Last fall he entered Washington University, St. Louis beginning a 4 year's course in journalism: 2 years at Washington, and 2 years at Medill School of Journalism, Northwestern University, Evanston, Ill.

It has been hard sledding to rehabilitate this boy, as my only asset is the township newspaper I began 10 years ago writing subscriptions and advertising for and wound up by owning. I have more than a thousand dollars' worth of obligations growing out of the boy's accident and I have embarked him upon a course in journalism which will cost at least a thousand dollars a year for 4 years. So I submit these facts to you as substantiating my claim for \$5,000 for the boy's rehabilitation.

The Government can't replace the lost leg, the lost time, the lost plans of the boy's life. It can compensate for suffering and pain he has gone through by making it possible for me to pay the material bills growing out of the accident, and to pay for his education, so that he may become a useful, self-supporting citizen despite the loss of his leg. I am anxious that he have a better chance at life than I had when I lost my leg in 1915.

The annals of the Campbell family are wrapped up with the history of this country. We have always been ready and eager to respond to the call of the country; we have confidence in its fair dealing with us.

Sincerely yours,

PAUL J. CAMPBELL.