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DON REINHARDT, of rural Russell, plowed the words Ford and Dole into his land in 1976 before the visit here of President Gerald R. Ford and vice presidential nominee Robert J. Dole to announce their campaign as running mates. Reinhardt and his son Steve also plowed the letters Dole 88 in wheat stubble in preparation for the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Bob Dole here the weekend of Nov. 8-9, 1987. The letters of the DOLE each were 650 feet

tall and covered a width of 450 feet. The stem of each letter measured 42 feet in breadth. The numerals of the 88 were 21 feet wide and 325 feet high. To create the letters and the numerals, Reinhardt drove his tractor and Steve operated the measuring wheel. The four letters of the word DOLE required nine acres of ground and the two numerals about four and a half acres. The campaign sign could only be seen well from an airplane.



JUNIOR HIGH BASKETBALL — Bob Dole, a member of the Russell Junior High basketball team, is on the left of the

top row. Dole was not a star basketball or football player, but he was always on the team. He excelled at track.

Looking for a Miracle

By SENATOR ROBERT J. DOLE

When I first saw Dr. Hampar Kelikian in 1947, I was looking for a medical miracle. My definition of that miracle was simple: "Put me back the way I was before April 14, 1945" — the day I was severely wounded in Italy.

Even though I couldn't move my legs or arms, I believed what I had others write to my parents in letters sent from a military hospital — that I would be as good as new before too long.

I held on to that belief through nearly four turbulent years of hospitalization — as a result of which my weight would drop from 194 to 122 pounds. I would lose a kidney and suffer several touch-and-go, life-threatening episodes of blood clots in my lungs.

By the time I left the hospital, however, I could walk, feed myself, partially dress myself, and I was gaining weight. But I was still far from being "as good as new." Indeed, there were moments of self-pity, when I pictured myself going through life disabled, unmarried, and selling pencils on street corners.

That's when I met Hampar Kelikian. His friends called him "Dr. K." As a boy, he had escaped from

the blood-splattered landscape of his native Armenia. Three of his sisters were less fortunate; a fourth sibling — a brother — was killed in Italy during World War II. Dr. K. arrived in Chicago in 1920 with two dollars in his pocket and a rug from his homeland under one arm.

He got a job on a farm, where he so impressed his employer that the man paid Kelikian's way through college. He then went on to medical school and an apprenticeship at Cook County Hospital. Soon, he was recognized as a master in bone and joint surgery.

I have consulted many doctors before I met Dr. Kelikian. They talked to me about nerve damage and impaired function — but did little to discourage my search for "magical" surgical procedures that would restore me to my former self.

I recall that during our first meeting, Dr. K. administered the verbal equivalent of a slap in the face. He would do all he could, but there would be no miracles. "The choice is all up to you," he told me. I could either feel sorry for myself, or I could accept my situation, get on with my life, and work to make the most of what I had.

And thanks to him, that's what I

did. I still regret losing four years of my life to hospitalization and recovery, but now realize that those four years gave more than they took away.

Before my injury, I was not certain what the future had in store, although medical school was high on my list. Being injured may have narrowed my options, but it broadened my outlook. If I couldn't use my hands to become a doctor, then I could develop my mind for a career in law and public service. If I couldn't greet a voter with my right hand, I could reach out with my left.

I was one of many men in uniform whose lives were changed by Hampar Kelikian — and one of many from whom Dr. K. refused to accept payment for his services. After World War II, he turned his attention to children with congenital deformities, and he was still performing 10 operations a week at the age of 80.

Dr. K. died in 1983, but I think often of how he helped me — and countless others — overcome adversity. Because of this remarkable man, I understand that, with or without a disability, the secret to success in life is to always "make the most of what you have."

Editor's Note: Sen. Robert Dole, Republican from Kansas, is the majority leader of the U.S. Senate, where he has served since 1969. His wife, Elizabeth, who is president of the American Red Cross, received a Norman Vincent Peale Award for Positive Thinking in 1993.

Dole Injured in War

During the Second World War, Bob Dole was a platoon leader in the legendary Tenth Mountain division in Italy. In 1945, he was gravely wounded on the battlefield and was twice decorated for heroic achievement. His decorations include two Purple Hearts and a Bronze Star with Oakleaf Cluster.

Editor's Note: In preparing the copy for these Bob Dole sections, the editors of The Russell Daily News and The Russell Record were presented a copy by Ralph Resley of Russell of The Pony Express issue of Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1941. The Russell High School student newspaper contained an article written by Bob Dole, a member of the journalism class and Pony Express sports editor. We thought our readers would enjoy it. It follows:

By BOB DOLE
When you go back into any city's history 50 years, you go back to the time when cowboys still roamed the prairies and when murder was not punished severely; therefore anyone could murder a person and never feel the effects as far as the law was concerned.

Fifty years ago the small town of Russell consisted of only a depot and a few general merchandise stores. The streets were unpaved and lawlessness and ruthlessness still prevailed in the surrounding country. In the year 1890 Russell was gradually taking steps in the promotion of law enforcement, but it seemed that a touch of "might makes right" still existed in the hearts of some of the men of Russell.

Murder of Mr. Penney
It was a typical October day when the leaves had fallen from the trees and the cold weather was beginning to set in when an incident occurred in Russell that made the blood of every citizen run cold. A man named Penney had been murdered by three farmers because they accused him of stealing their cattle.

After the three men had killed Penney, they buried him in a nearby cornfield where he lay hidden for over a week. When his body was discovered and the murderers apprehended, the people of this small town demanded that the prisoners be hanged.

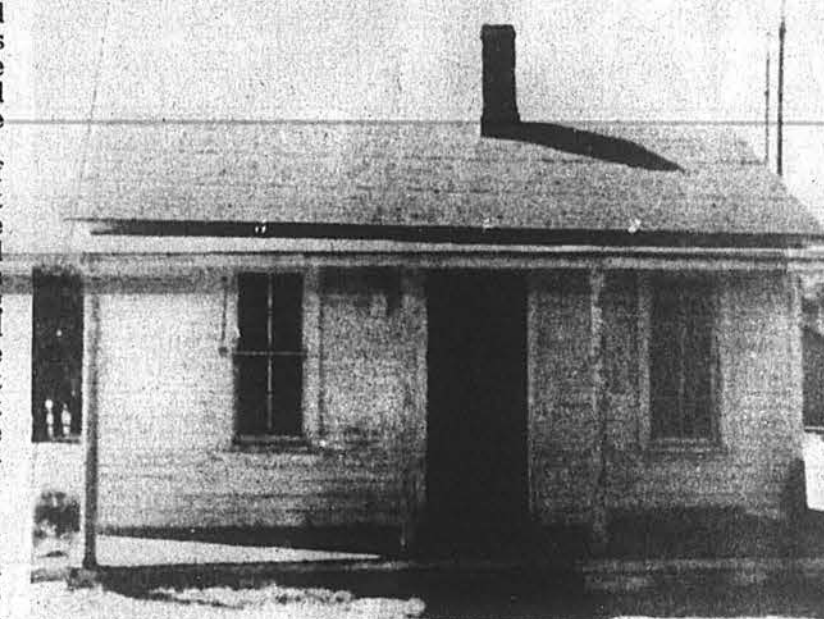
Mob Breaks Into Jail
Despite the efforts of the law officers to quiet the violence, a mob of angered townspeople broke into the jail and dragged the men to the bridge that still stands east of the

depot.
After listening to the useless pleas of the men, the mob hanged them one by one under the bridge. Their bodies hung there until every speck of life disappeared and until everyone in the community had had a chance to see them. The next morning the still, bloated, bloody bodies were dragged to the wheat-field and buried.

Memoirs of Lynching
E. E. Dawson, proprietor of Dawson's Drug Store, was 15 years old when the mob lynching occurred, and he has a letter and two knives which were taken from the

murderers' pockets, and a mask which the mob leader wore. Mr. Dawson treasures these possessions very much, and keeps them locked in his safe.

About six months ago, an agent from True Detective magazine was through Russell to get facts about the case. He told Mr. Dawson that a story would be published some time in the future about the lynching. You may be assured that when this story is published, the detective business will soar throughout Russell County.



BIRTHPLACE OF BOB DOLE — This house is where Bob Dole was born in 1923. Now razed, it was located a block south and on the west side from the present Dole family home at 1035 N. Maple St.

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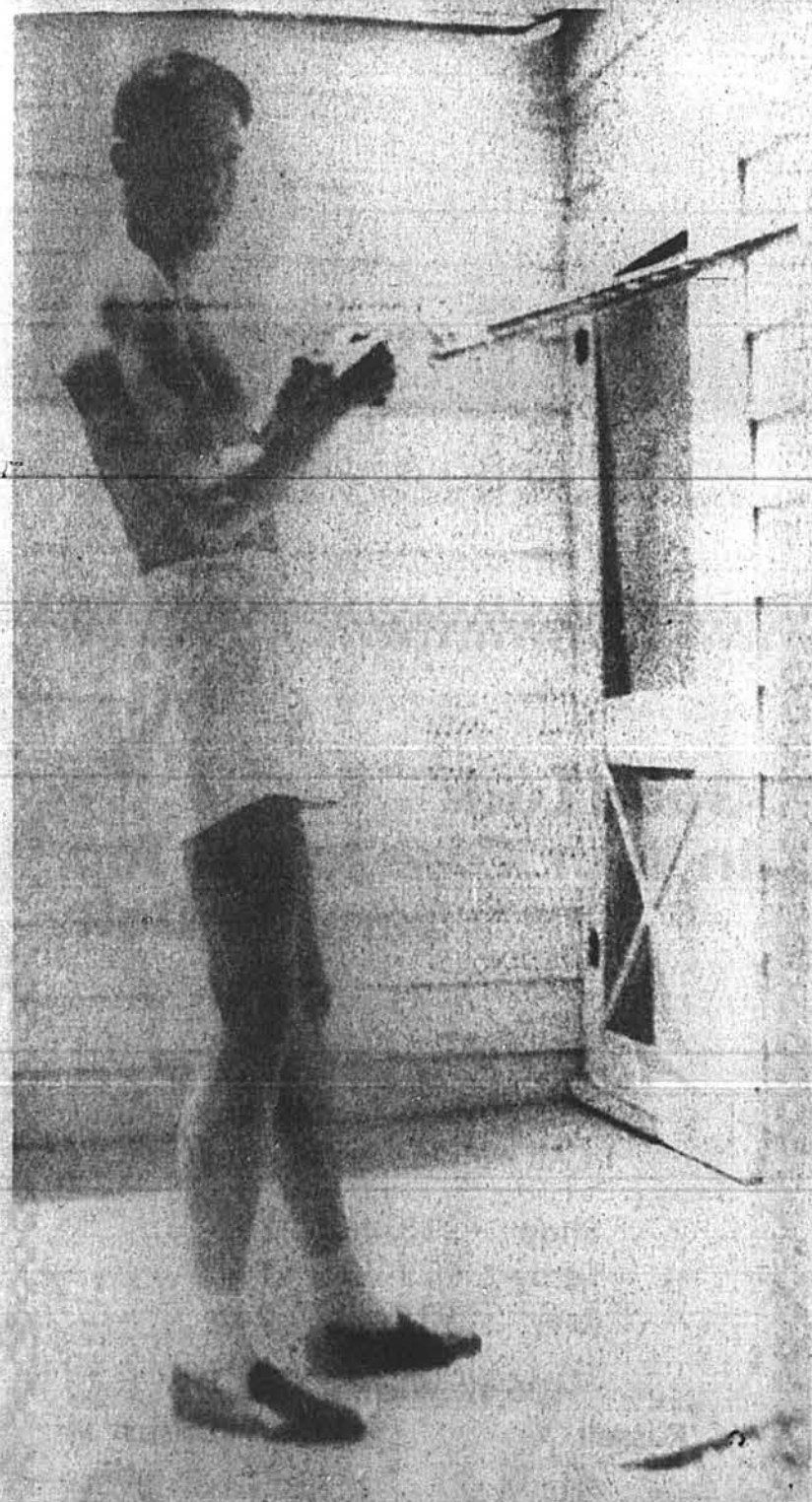
Jan Wrench, Administrator

Phone 483-5364

320 S. Lincoln St.

Russell

Kansas



EXERCISING TOWARD RECOVERY — Bob Dole conditions his body with a Shaw exercise weight attached to the garage wall of the Dole home here. The weight was built by Doran Dole and used by Bob while at home recuperating from war injuries. Dole was at Winter General Hospital in Topeka at this point in his recovery, about 1946.



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