

PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FILE

PPF 9
Gifts H
Mar.-Apr., 1942

PPF900353

Attach to file:

Mrs. Faye M. Hatch
3120 Donovan Avenue
South Bellingham
Washington

3/2/42

GGT

March 2, 1942

mrk

My dear Mrs. Hatch:

In acknowledging your letter to the President I want to tell you, first of all, how grateful he is to you and your associates for the nice way in which you honored his sixtieth birthday, and to express thanks for the enclosed contribution to the Infantile Paralysis Fund. He also appreciates your friendly thought in sending along to him the little symbolic doll and asks that you convey a word of thanks to Mr. Jasper Coffelt for his part in this birthday remembrance.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Mrs. Faye M. Hatch,
3120 Donovan Avenue,
South Bellingham,
Washington.

Little Kewpie doll dressed in patriotic colors with braces and a pair of handmade crutches. Thrown Away.

60¢ detached for IPF.

mrk

March 2, 1942

P.P. 7-
9-H

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60¢ detached for IPF.

From Bellingham, Wash.
(60 cents P. F.) Act 5
3-4-42
mak

Dear Mr. President, U.S.A.

I have come all the way
from Washington state, to
bring you a little gift from
a lady who is six months
younger than you.

She is a president, too,
for a dozen ladies who
are wives of Bellingham
Plumbers and Steamfitters,
and on the Jan. 26, meeting
day, she made it a party
honoring your birthday,
and had a big cake with
"Happy Birthdays 1942"
and told the ladies this

March 4, 1942

Thank you very
for your kind
birthday greet-

It wishes,
ours,

WILLIAM G. TULLY

X
Mrs. Lillian Marsh Higbee,
Route 2,
Willimantic,
Connecticut.

CMC

Booklet
x P.P. 7.9-B

was their birthdays' cake, and that club was to be the group celebration of all their birthdays of 1942.

She called it a "Black-out" party, pulled the shades & lit candles of red, white, & blue - two of each color, arranged in a Victory V - one set was in dining room by cake, one was on little table in living room - there was a picture of you there, and that's where I stood.

12
So the ladies would guess why they were asked to bring one cent for each year of their life, including 1942 -

The ladies decided to give their money to a local St. Luke's Hospital as they belong to a League lately organized to help this hospital get ready for defense emergencies and that children will be taken care of there, too.

The lady's mother said I was so cute she wanted me to go to see you and stand on your desk at the white house so you could see my sweet smile.

X
Mrs. Lillian Marsh Higbee,
Route 2,
Willimantic,
Connecticut.

CMC

So the lady fished up a
twin of me to send to
St. Luke's and here am I.
I hope you will feel
very, very happy, for my
smile is one thing one in
miles and miles of smiles
on little children's faces,
because you love little
crippled folk like me &
that your birthday means
parties & pennies & dimes
are given all over America
to honor your birthday by
giving aid to such as I.
Are not my crutches cute?
Gasper Coffelt, who is 85 yrs.
old made them for me.
The lady sending me is
Mrs. Faye M. Hatch, 3120 Donovan Ave.

March 4, 1942

Thank you very
much for your kind
birthday greet-

wishes,
Yours,

ULLY

Booklet
x P.P. 7.9-B

X
Mrs. Lillian Marsh Higbee,
Route 2,
Willimantic,
Connecticut.

CMC

P.P. 7.
9-H

March 4, 1942

My dear Mrs. Higbee:

This little note is to thank you very much, in the President's behalf, for your kind remembrance and for your generous birthday greeting.

With the President's best wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

X
Mrs. Lillian Marsh Higbee,
Route 2,
Willimantic,
Connecticut.

Booklet
x P.P. 7. 9-B

✓
cMc

To President L. W. Roosevelt,
Washington D.C.

4/29/42

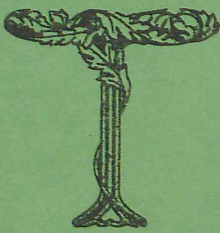
Bacchus of Windham

and

The Frog Fight

Many happy returns of your
birthday -
Lillian Marsh Higbee

Lillian Marsh Higbee -
Windham
Conn.



Printed At
QUALITY PRINT SHOP
J. W. BERNET, Proprietor
Willimantic, Connecticut
1930

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P. 7. 9-C

ms

The Record of
"BACCHUS"
OF
WINDHAM
From 1776 to 1930

TO MR. H. C. LATHROP,

whose interest in historical things resulted in the return, after an absence of half a century, of the carved figure, to its native village, where it found sanctuary in THE WINDHAM FREE LIBRARY.

January 30, 1930

LILLIAN MARSH HIGBEE,
Windham, Conn.

"To become historical-minded—to understand not merely the sweep and flow of civilizations, with their origins and declines, but to know the forces that have built them up, and held them together, and stabilized them in their transitional periods, while they were unconsciously preparing to pass on their slowly garnered findings to the next civilization, to know and to classify, and to come to an understanding of the significance of all these physical and social forces that were at work during the comings and goings of all these peoples of the past—this means you have grown up, intellectually and morally; that you have attained your majority."

—James Harvey Robinson.

sent to [unclear]



BACCHUS, CARVED IN 1776

"BACCHUS OF WINDHAM", is a quaint, curious, authentic Revolutionary relic. A wooden, graven image, conceived and carved under most romantic circumstances, by four English prisoners of war, who were sent for safe keeping, to the old town Gaol of Windham, Connecticut, after a sharp engagement on Long Island Sound, June 10, 1776, Captain Nathan Hale assisting.

At this time, the cellar of the gaol was used for the stronghold, and in this dungeon the four men were held prisoners until the following November. They then escaped in a manner not at all mysterious to those who knew the circumstances that led up to the fruition of well laid designs. In some way, they had secured possession of a large log of pine. It could not have been for heating purposes, as it was summer time, and the gaol was not constructed with provision for the comfort of those who were its unwilling guests. It might have been allowed for use as a table, as space was limited.

The little image, fashioned in the form of the God of Wine, was most cleverly carved with jack-knives, their only tools, the idea, most likely originating in the head of the prisoner who had served an apprenticeship as ship's carpenter, and almost all ships had figureheads in those days. By no stretch of imagination can this odd emblem of the cheer so freely dispensed in the early days of our country, be called beautiful. Neither has it ever been classed as a parlor ornament. There can be no doubt, the nude, little boy-man, the smiling, cupid-like emblem, christened "Bacchus", is a work of art.

All the more interesting, in that it had a mission, the fulfillment of which was most satisfactory for those who conceived and executed the design, which was the embodiment of an idea emanating from mythology. The first century's history of this little figure has been well told and widely circulated in a small volume, written by Brigham Paine, inscribed to his friend, Abel E. Brooks, who, at this time was the owner and devoted admirer of little "Bacchus". Mr. Paine's story is interesting, and available to those who apply to the Library Custodian.

As this story was published more than fifty years ago (1876), it is the vicissitudes and events of the last half century we note in this sketch, as well as chronicle events and episodes concerning the entire existence of this unusual and valuable relic.

Owing to many changes, not only in the old town of Windham, but in our National affairs, "Bacchus" grows in hallowed memories, and, in the sight of those who appreciate his past, is proportionately precious. This unique carving was the Tutelary Divinity of the old village,—a position he can never again occupy in the town's worship. Environment has changed, and "Bacchus" is but a reminder of times gone by. Safely sheltered from the storms that beat so relentlessly upon his unprotected head, he is the embodiment of a courage that defies defeat.

"Bacchus" was a witty conceit as a bribe,—a parting gift of gratitude for material favors,—to a woman who had pitied the condition of these mild-mannered men, and who, as time revealed, possessed a loyalty not pleasing to the valiant heroes fighting for the freedom of the colonies. Mercy Carey was her name—we know little about her, except she was a tavern keeper on the green, and soon after the escape of the prisoners, was married to Eleazer Fitch, the sheriff, who was a loyalist. Mr. Fitch was well liked by the people in his capacity of sheriff up to this time, but it was thought best to remove him from his high office, and one not so impressionable was appointed,—Jabez Huntington, who served acceptably for many years, Nathaniel Hebard being jailor. He was a satisfactory officer, but distinguished English hostages were never again sent to old Windham Gaol.

Old Windham Gaol is of itself a most interesting subject for an historical paper. One local historian has said it was destroyed, and all trace of its location lost. This is a misstatement, as the old building is standing today, January 29, 1930, on the original spot, and is still known as "the old jail house". It stands at the foot of Zion's Hill, to the left as one travels eastward, on the public highway from Windham to Scotland. The dimensions of the building are specifically the same as the first one constructed on this location,—material more suitable for a dwelling house having taken the place of the original logs. It was sold for the purpose of a dwelling house when the jail was removed to Brooklyn, Conn., in 1820. It is in fair shape today, as to patent roofing and paint, and changes ownership as often as any piece of property in town.

Visitors to the Library, which occupies the old bank building, situated on the western edge of the green, will find comical "Bacchus" ready to make their acquaintance and greet all who come with the same set smile he has worn in the same inscrutable manner for more than a century and a half. They are indeed sober (in all senses) personages who do not recognize "Bacchus'" friendly grin, with a friendlier one in return, and experience hilarious emotions at sight of this unique, expressive symbol of good cheer. Not only the halo of history is round about this rotund figure, but the absorbing charm of the antique compels us to appreciate the embodiment that is so clearly portrayed in the makeup of this boy-man, naked, sitting astride a keg, carefully guarding his basket of fruit. The circumstance of the making, the purpose of the finished figure, the story of its perpetuity, combine to amuse and inform all who enjoy the true story and romantic incidents of that vital time in our nation's building.

"Bacchus" is mentioned in all the local histories with more or less facetiousness, as he was the price paid, the current exchange of that occasion, for the freedom of our enemy, and dearly enough did they pay, as three of them were drowned a few days later in an endeavor to get to Long Island. In form and figure "Bacchus" is as attractive today as that night the jail doors opened outward for the makers of

the cunning pass-word, which not only served the purpose for which he was planned, but since that eventful time has been used for another purpose so diametrically opposite, it is good for a broad smile. Shakespeare has furnished us a classic quotation which can be paraphrased into, "to what good uses we may return, Horatio, whoever imagined times could change so greatly".

On September 2, 1927, having been loaned for the occasion, "Bacchus" held a reception in the Chapel of the Congregational Church, to assist in raising funds to further the missionary cause. Again he was the theme of the evening's entertainment, and acquitted himself with high honor for the good of the Missionary Society. Elevated upon a table this time, he was surrounded by leafy boughs, and there were those present who imagined his smile was a bit more genial than when he sits for years on the same dark pedestal in the Library. He held the attention of a cultured audience who responded generously to an appeal for funds, and a pleasing sum was added to the treasury. On this occasion "Bacchus" enjoyed his first automobile ride. Another in the morning when he returned to the Library, no doubt rendered him deeply grateful for the diversion of a new experience.

What a story the little image could have told, of fun and frolic, tragedy and tears, poverty and prosperity, soldiers going to war, soldiers returning from wars, time, time, time, change and decay, viewed from the vantage of an old elm tree.

What could he not tell in his history of the past one hundred and fifty years! Existence full of experiences, amusing and reminiscent. Even a wider knowledge of the world than would have been his came with his purchase by Mr. Brooks, which brought with it the opportunity of travel. Symbolic in more phases than were intended by his creators who languished in the old jail, his is but an indication of what life brings to most people. If "Bacchus" could speak he would say, "Lo! I have seen this nation grow from a small tree into a giant oak with protecting limbs; I am older than the oldest man that walks the earth; I have seen the mighty fall, and the lowly rise. Mine is silent testimony, but there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed in any philosophy, and more and more to come."

On June 10, 1776, when the British ship Bombrig (English records say Bolton) was captured, Captain Edward Sneyd, Commander of the Bolton, John Coggin, a husky Irishman, John Russell, Englishman, and William Cook, Englishman, were the quartet who arrived under strong guard at Windham. The Commander was only twenty-two years of age, having served in the British navy since he was a lad of fourteen. What became of the others captured in that sharp fight is not known. These four men were thrust into the dungeon cellar of the gaol, deprived of comforts, and found life in this restricted place dull, monotonous and gloomy in the extreme. No wonder they cast about to find some occupation to while away the gloomy days.

Why they were permitted to possess jack-knives, which today are classed as dangerous, if not deadly weapons, we are at a loss to explain,—unless the toughness of the Windham beef rendered it necessary for them to be allowed the use, to keep from choking to death,—which would have been ignominious under the circumstances.

"Bacchus" was planned with the idea of bartering—the price of vanity against a chance of escape—and we can imagine with what interest the four captives watched the evolution of the figure as it grew in shape day by day and the time of its completion drew nigh,—how their hearts beat with high hope. After all, it was a clever thing to make, to pay for precious liberty, alas, a brief freedom for three of them.

The carving completed, the kindly widow received a present. In verity, a parting gift. A token of esteem, in the possession of which lurked a more pleasing one in return,—a way to the open road. On a dark, stormy night soon after the presentation, the jail doors were left unlocked, and four happy men made their way to Norwich. Such was the influence of Widow Carey with the officials. One Lewis by name, had a canoe waiting on the river, said canoe having been stolen, and the five men were carried safely until they reached a point called "The Race", near Gull Island, where the swirling tides meet. The frail bark was not equal to the occasion and overturned. They clung to the sides of the canoe for hours, but finally the chilly waters swept four to their death, the Irishman Coggin clinging until rescued and taken aboard a brig in New London harbor.

In a few days he was again made prisoner, but not returned to Windham. Coggin's account of the drowning was published in the *Connecticut Gazette* of New London, Friday, November 29, 1776, Vol. XIX, No. 681, but the story did not gain credence, and was doubted until the investigations made by Mr. Brooks in the British Admiralty Records verified the facts as told by Coggin.

In the meantime, Mrs. Carey had made good use of the little image,—that so truly symbolized her hostellerie,—and "Bacchus", as he was intended, was mounted upon a high post in front of her inn. It proved a popular advertisement and attracted much attention, not alone as a sign for the inn, but the inhabitants realized the budding romance had been pitted against locked doors, and as usual romance won.

After the widow became Mrs. Fitch, "Bacchus" was removed to the Fitch Tavern and elevated to the limb of a large elm in front of the tavern. From this outlook "Bacchus" beheld events transpire for fifty full years. After the death of Eleazer Fitch, the heirs sold the property, the image included, to Mr. Lucius Abbe, who was landlord of the Staniford House. This celebrated inn was located upon the spot where now stands the beautiful home of the late Mr. Guilford Smith.

The Staniford House goes down in history as headquarters for fun and frolic in this old village and stories are current of the jollity

prevalent here. In 1840 Zaphney Curtis was landiord of the Staniford House, and in a way, was a noted character. He was not an amiable host at times, but had great respect for a perfectly good and appropriate carving. He had a large respect for "Bacchus". When a wag climbed the elm and inserted a clay pipe between the set lips of his prized symbol, the Curtis ire arose and profanity was promiscuous. Mr. Curtis was too stout to attempt a removal of this addition, and others saw only the amusing side of the situation; the pipe became a perfectly legitimate target for the venturesome vandals. Finally a lad who was a better marksman than many who had a throw, broke the stem. Mr. Curtis was so well pleased over this happening he forgot to give chase and that day ended the hot fighting that had been daily performance. Many had been the shakings-up of the unlucky boys who were slow in a getaway, after a fling. They do say that Mr. Curtis became the champion sprinter of the town. The boys must have been poor marksmen, for "Bacchus'" face bears few marks that resemble stone bruises.

Zaphney Curtis and "Bacchus" withstood these onslaughts by mischievous youngsters until the year 1856. Then it was a terrific windstorm, known as the great gale, swept "Bacchus" and his keg and basket from the big limb, and came near ending his earthly career. External injuries were so serious, the God of Wine was ingloriously thrown into the Curtis woodshed and slated for kindling. The generous supply on hand saved him from immediate destruction and he was cast aside and laid low in dust and grime for three long, weary years. "Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

These dark days were soon to be brightened and the little fellow's down-and-out, fallen estate changed for one more suited to his make-up. The Cummings boys, neighbors of the Curtis family, were prowling around one bright spring morning, seeing what they could find for amusement, as boys have a way of doing, and in some way discovered the fallen Deity in his undignified and grimy condition, and ran home post-haste to interview their father about the purchase and rescue of the derelict.

Father Cummings was a good sort and gave consent, providing negotiations could be carried through on a satisfactory basis. No need of paying too much for such an old thing,—and he had reason to believe on account of previous defences, that neighbor Curtis would be loth to part with the image, even if he had said "kindling".

Considering every phase of possession, Mr. Curtis had made up his mind never to be annoyed again by a wooden sign. Especially one so broken and dismembered as "Bacchus" seemed to be. After considerable wrangling, the deal was consummated and the ancient carving passed to the ownership of these appreciative youngsters for the sum of—twenty-five cents.

The Cummings boys searched the woodshed debris until they found the missing piece from the splintered arm, and it was with great glee carried to the Cummings' home. They had the good judgment not to attempt repairs, but sent all parts to Mr. Bowditch, a cabinet maker of Willimantic, who put "Bacchus" in his repair shop and made all damages good as new. Then Mr. Lillie painted the subject, and "Bacchus" was returned to Windham, lovely to behold, and the total bill for repairs was one dollar and fifty cents.

Soon after this, that indefatigable relic hunter, Abel E. Brooks, who had formerly carried on the saloon business where now stands the Boston Store, (also one on 4 Railroad Street), but who had removed to Hartford,—heard of "Bacchus" in his new estate, and came to Windham to search for Revolutionary relics. He purchased "Bacchus", the price paid is not known.

Then it was that "Bacchus" became more sophisticated. Mr. Brooks gave him a ride to Hartford on a train and the little boy-man became an added attraction to his place of business. Holes were bored in the keg, two faucets inserted from one of which ale was drawn, the other dispensed porter. Many came to view the mysterious flow, and quaff the brimming draught that came from historic wood. For two years "Bacchus" sat upon the Brooks' bar, then was taken to New York and used as a window ornament. As such, he remained in the metropolis from 1864 to 1872, when he was returned to Hartford.

After this date, his age and past performance gave him the distinction of being an historical relic. The holes were obliterated and George Bottom renewed the piney surface with a coat of paint.

In the meantime Mr. Brooks had spared neither time nor money to investigate the story told by Coggin, corresponded with the Sneyd family of England, secured affidavits and certificates from the Admiralty, which proved beyond peradventure of a doubt that Coggin's story was true.

When Windham celebrated its Bi-Centennial in 1892, Mr. Brooks attended the anniversary, and in order to have the Green appear as in the olden times, brought his beloved image and had it mounted on a post to carry out the illusion. There was an oil painting of "Bacchus" on exhibition also, made by George B. Baldwin, owned by Mr. Guilford Smith, that was given a prominent place. Reminiscences were rife as many beheld these attractions.

A few years later when Windham was preparing for an old home week it seemed to several of the residents that the old time emblem of good cheer ought to be returned to the old town. Mr. H. Clinton Lathrop, Mr. Yergesson, Mr. Parsons, and others, discussed the matter and as a result, Mr. Lathrop made a trip to Hartford and interviewed Mr. Brooks. The request was not regarded in a favorable light at first, but Mr. Lathrop's persuasive arguments, coupled with the fact that Mr. Brooks realized the fitness of return, he very generously granted

the favor. Not, however, before he had investigated the Library Association and satisfied himself as to the permanency of the Association. The figure was deeded legally and the deed duly recorded, much to the satisfaction of all concerned. The deed is one of the oddest on record in our archives today. Along with the carving came a large case containing records and letters all of which pertain to the history of the image, or the life histories of the makers.

Few things in the ancient village have changed as little as this image. His bold, saucy expression seems to hold the same influence although time has altered the nature of the cheer. "Bacchus" sits enthroned above the shelves that hold the genealogical data of some of our proudest families. This not so much that he looks down upon them, but to preserve his wooden anatomy from the too ardent souvenir hunter. There are those who would not hesitate to dig deep into his pine ensemble and those in whose charge he is do not take a chance on his being so cut up. We hope his smile will remain set for more centuries, and his eyes beam with the secrets he knows, but like the good sport that he is, he does not tell.

The carving is 26½ inches high, the keg on which he sits astride 21 inches long. It has seven hoops on the front end, five on the rear. Some of these were found to have been added, and not a part of the keg. The figures 1776 are across the front of the keg. A basket of perfectly formed fruit, symbolical of the liquid refreshment so freely dispensed at that time, rests upon the cask. Today we would find a can of malt, a package of hops, and a yeast cake concealed in the basket.

The cherubic face has dimples in chin and cheeks, full, smiling lips, and a roughish expression in the wide open, blue eyes. "Bacchus" seems to be peering into the future while remembering the past.

Overlapping epidermis at ankle and wrist joints would lead us to believe "Bacchus" was not intended to convey an idea of youth only, but a combination of youth and old age.

The chubby right hand reaches out as if offering the contents of the basket to a supplicating beholder, while the left hand and arm have a strong grip upon the basket, guarding the contents from disaster. The body is painted a flesh color, hair black, eyes blue, the keg red, with black hoops.

The hair is composed of grapes, with a crown of leaves on the head. The basket is a yellow-brown color, and is piled high with well simulated fruit, painted in natural tones.

The carving is attached to a pedestal furnished by Mr. Brooks and according to provisions in the deed, attached thereto is a metal marker bearing the donor's name. Another tablet might well be added saying—

Sacred to the memory of four English prisoners,
who gained freedom by carving this figure.
Drowned in an effort to reach friends,
a few days after their escape,
from the old gaol of Windham.

The Sneyd family of England made an offer to purchase "Bacchus" while in the Brooks' collection and a member came to Windham, dined at the old inn, but owing to misinformation did not investigate the old place of confinement. The offer was most generous, but was refused. "Bacchus" remained in Mr. Brooks' possession for fifty years. The case hanging in the Library contains many letters from celebrated persons who corresponded with Mr. Brooks during his search for facts, and in one is the receipt for price paid to Mr. Cummings.

We learn these items from a catalogue in the Library, but as the case is a sort of a mysterious container, and has never been opened, we cannot say what was "Bacchus" cost to Mr. Brooks. An account of the drowning as published, is in the same envelope.

From the Brooks' catalogue available at the Library, page 193, is obtained the following interesting information concerning Captain Edward Sneyd.

Letter from Rev. Walter Sneyd, a very celebrated English minister, dated May 17, 1881, 55 Portland Place, London W.:

"Lieutenant Edward Sneyd was my own uncle, for though 105 years have elapsed since his tragic end, he was my own father's youngest brother. Edward was born at Keele, 1754, entered the naval service, and was engaged in the American war, and all that his family ever heard of his sad fate was from the report of one of the surviving sailors of the Bolton Brig who had acted as his servant, and appears to have been much attached to him. His statement of the circumstances of the engagement and defeat, imprisonment, escape and death by drowning, is preserved in a memorandum in my father's handwriting, which I discovered amongst the family papers in the monument room at Keele. I fear there is little chance of his journals being still in existence. If they should be, I need hardly say that they would be most valuable and interesting to our family. Poor Edward Sneyd must have been a most gallant young fellow, for at the time of his death he was only twenty-two years of age. How strange that after the lapse of more than a century, these sad but curious details of his imprisonment and death should crop up in connection with the carved image which has been known to the world."

Then follows an account of the capture and death of Lieutenant Edward Sneyd, R. N., Commander of H. M. S. Bolton Brig, who was born at Keele Hall, December 5, 1754, copied from a document in the possession of Rev. Walter Sneyd, from a statement made by one of the sailors who was a fellow prisoner with him in Windham jail. The name or date, unfortunately does not appear.

"On the 5th day of April, 1776, the Bolton Brig, commanded by Lieutenant Edward Sneyd, was taken by a rebel fleet, consisting of nine sail, under one Hopkins. Soon after they had engaged the Glasgow, Mr. Sneyd fought then with undaunted bravery and great conduct, and even after he was surrounded by their whole fleet, he gave

them two broadsides and two shells before he struck. We were carried into New London harbor and every man put in irons because we would not enlist with the rebels. They allowed us only four ounces of bread per day and four ounces of port to last us two days. We defied all they could do, and were determined by the example and encouragement of our commander, who in no respect fared better than the rest, to die by our colors rather than purchase life by ingloriously deserting them.

"After remaining in this deplorable condition seventeen days they sent us up to Windham prison in Connecticut. Mr. Sneyd took me for his servant as the villains allowed him no kind of an attendant in his confinement. In short, the barbarous usage he received from them in consequence of the courageous defence he had made, and his endeavors to prevent his men from deserting their colors, is beyond anything I can explain. They took his parole from him, which he had enjoyed but for a short time, and confined him in a dungeon, so inveterate were they in their resentment toward him. They even offered me my liberty if I would leave him. But I scorned their offer and told them I would never quit him as long as he remained in such a situation.

"The villains made not the least difference betwixt him and the private sailors, and took from him several presents which a Mr. Malbon had made him to have rendered his confinement more tolerable. In his dismal situation they kept him from April till November, when tired of such a miserable life, Mr. Sneyd declared his determination of endeavoring to escape, and desired those who were of his opinion would join him, as he preferred death itself to remaining in the situation they then were. Mr. Cook, a midshipman belonging to the Scarborough, and three others, immediately declared they would go with him.

"In the beginning of November they broke the jail, travelled to the town of Norwich, where they seized a small canoe with which they resolved to attempt to cross the sound to Long Island, but most unfortunately they got into a race occasioned by the different setting of the tides, which presently overset them, when Mr. Sneyd and three others, after holding fast to the canoe for many hours, were at last drowned.

"The man saved was boatswain of the brig and sent in this melancholy account. When he left Windham he gave into my charge a bundle of letters and some other things, with his journals to return to him if happily we should ever meet again."

Mr. Brooks has given us a very clear account of his researches in England concerning the history of the prisoners, and the apparently hopeless task of ferreting out the descendants of the most conspicuous of the prisoners was by persistent effort accomplished. He says, "Unfortunately, I never could get any trace of the descendants of the other prisoners". He also states that the family of Sneyd is better known than almost any other in the British Isle.

This is the true story of the makers of the much prized, happy-go-lucky, carved figure of "Bacchus", with the beaming countenance and rigid expression, which conveys to us reminiscences of the vicissitudes of those early days of free drinking and freer fighting; of pranks and jokes and jollity that would shock the least prudish of citizens today.

The carving is enthroned in Windham Library (1930) smiling the same inscrutable smile, sound as to material construction, and of far more interest to the public that likes historical reminiscences, than the day he passed into the keeping of that enterprising widow and bought a temporary freedom for four valiant soldiers of England, our hostages.

Comical little "Bacchus" has been, for more than a century and a half the embodiment of good cheer—and for the first hundred years of his existence the sign and symbol of spirituous dispensation by those who controlled his destiny. Perched upon post or limb of tree, many a hat worn by a soldier went sailing toward the little God of Wine, along with glad hurrahs. He holds in loving remembrance the adieus of other brave men who did not return to offer libations at his shrine. Now, as then, he is the motive of many a hearty laugh. He is a good record, in wood, of the spirit of '76.

WHEN "BACCHUS" REBELLED

One night there crept, over Windham Green,
An enchanting, soft and beautiful sheen
Of pale moonlight. Here ended the quest,
Of a weary soul, who longed for rest.
Having travelled fast, and many a mile,
He paused 'neath a porch, to rest awhile.
The granite looked hard—there was no other choice
For a dusty tramp, and there was no voice
To welcome a stranger, passing through,
With a downy bed, or a good warm brew.
So, he settled himself on the aged stone,
For three winks of sleep, and was quite alone,
Just as the clock, in the old church tower,
Boomed out the time of the witching hour.
A sound,—as of breaking old dry wood,
Came to his ears, so up he stood,
Wondrous with awe, at this time of night,
Flickering blue, he saw a strange light.
Right in the Library reading room,
It rose and fell, like fate or doom.
Bacchus had turned his face to the wall,
The grapes had the look of a funeral pall.
The cask had burst,—'twas that snapping sound,
Pear, plum and peach were all scattered around.
The hoops were off, he well could see,
The basket smashed flat, as flat as could be.

A still, small voice, with a dry throat choke,
Carried these words as the image spoke.
"Spirits dispensed as they used to be,
Have gone from the land, ah! woe is me!
The times have changed,—my heart is broke,
To a God of Wine, this is no joke.
It may all be, for the good of the land,
But 'tis just a bit more than I can stand!"
The tramp quickly turned with a sudden start,
Remarking to self, "it is time to depart.
Emotion has caused him to cut up these tricks,
I'll take one more look at that old seventy-six."
When, lo! and behold!—there was "Bacchus", all right,
With his face wreathed in smiles, and that look of delight
He has held from the time the four captive men,
Made of pine, a good sign, for the old Carey Inn.
"I must have been dreaming", the traveler said,
"The eighteenth amendment affected his head."

COPY OF DEED

KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, Abel E. Brooks, of the City and County of Hartford, and State of Connecticut, for a valuable consideration received to my full satisfaction of the Windham Free Library Association, of the Town and County of Windham, in said State, do hereby bargain, sell, transfer and convey unto the said The Windham Free Library Association, the figure or image of the Windham Bacchus, so called, and further described as a figure or image of "Bacchus" sitting astride a keg. The height of the image and keg is 26½ inches; the length of the keg is 21 inches; the image is holding a basket of fruit; upon the head of said image is carved bunches of grapes and a grape leaf, and being the same image that was carved in the old Windham jail at Windham, Connecticut, by English prisoners of war, who were confined therein, in the year 1776; also one case containing two illustrated books connected with said image, and a lot of English letters relating thereto.

To Have and to Hold the same to it the said The Windham Free Library Association to it and to its own proper use and behoof, and I, the said Abel E. Brooks, for myself, my heirs, executors and administrators, covenant and agree with the said The Windham Free Library Association, to warrant and defend the said image or statue of "Bacchus" to it the said The Windham Free Library Association against all persons whatever.

Nevertheless this deed of conveyance is made, delivered and accepted with the condition that the grantee herein shall not dispose of said image of "Bacchus" at any time hereafter to any person or corporation, or allow the same to go out of its possession or control, and shall at all times keep attached to said image or said books or letters in some inconspicuous way the name of the grantor, and failing to keep and perform these conditions, then said image or statue, and said books and letters shall instantly become the property of the Connecticut Historical Society of Hartford, Conn., who shall immediately take possession of the same.

In Witness Whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this 22nd day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand, nine hundred and five.

ABEL E. BROOKS (L. S.)

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of
Sidney E. Clark, Belle G. Russell.

State of Connecticut,
County of Hartford, ss, Hartford Conn., June 22, 1905.

Personally appeared Abel E. Brooks, signer and sealer of the foregoing instrument, and acknowledge the same to be his free act and deed before me.

SIDNEY E. CLARK, *Notary Public.*

Received for record at 12 M., June 26, 1905.

FRANK P. FENTON, *Town Clerk.*

Vol. 75, Pages 616 and 617, *Windham Land Records.*

A Mystery of 1754

AN ACCOUNT OF

THE BATRACHIAN BATTLE THE TALE OF DEFLATED GREENBACKS

COMPILED FROM RECORDS

By Lillian Marsh Higbee

"When the morning was bright, and the water was still,
The good Windham Fathers went down to the mill,
Where in white bellied ruin turned up to the day,
The last that was left of the mystery lay.
'Twas a mystery still—of the hundreds they found
On the battlefield slain, not a frog had a wound,
And whether they worried themselves out of breath,
Or were strangled and bulldozed and bellowed to death,
Or, squelched by the nightmare that rode in the fen,
Is as much of a riddle this moment as then."

—Theron Brown.



WINDHAM FROG POND

The mysterious, startling affair of the frog fight, or as some records have it, "The Frog Fright", occurred at a time when newspapers were scarce, and so far as known, an account of this terrifying uprising was not published at the time. This singular occurrence was *The Historical Event* that has rendered this old-fashioned town famous for all time.

It was an extraordinary episode in the life of the (then) young town, which shocked and mystified the wisest and brightest of the inhabitants, turning the tables for some who had been exceedingly fond of playing jokes upon others, and rendering the inhabitants objects of mirth, the world over. In the middle of a dark night in June, 1754, the air was filled with strange calling cries and noise as of heavy thunder reverberated from hill to hill, and caused even the good minister to fall upon his knees in prayer, beseeching High Heaven to save him and his family, on this supposed Day of Judgment.

At this time the village had about a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the important frontier places of Connecticut. Windham is located upon an elevation, the highest point being a hill to the east of the Green, upon the summit of which stood the most pretentious house of the town,—the home of Judge Swift. He of Digest fame. From the apex of this hill the ground gradually slopes to a small body of water, which, from the time of the first settlement has been called Frog Pond. It was here it all happened.

"In mirth immortal, linked to Windham's name,
Has laughed to health more hypochondriacs
Than ever convalesced on Holmes or Saxe,
O'er half the globe, the very nurseries learn
The swampy music of that droll nocturne.
In pamphlets, scrap books,—where the English tongue
Is talked or read,—the tale is said or sung.
We tell it gladly, smiling with the rest,
To think how far its fun the world has blessed,
And rail at Parson Peters in our pride
No more!—but O! how Parson Peters lied!"

—Theron Brown.

The Frog Battle is chronicled by grave historians, who have not distorted facts to any great extent, mentioning the occurrence as a fearful time in those nerve-racking days. It obtained wide notoriety in song and story in later years, and the event served as a theme for an Operetta, (Leavett's), which was constructed with this ridiculous experience for amusement, and which was without doubt excruciating not only to those who witnessed a performance, but also to the descendants of those who played leading roles in the original plot. The score of the operetta is valued highly by those who possess a copy.

Peter's History of Connecticut, widely read and credited by those who did not know the truth, has been designated by President Timothy Dwight of Yale "a mass of egregious falsehood". His account of the

outcry in frogdom made over five millions of frogs in the dissension, at a moderate estimate, and he placed the rendezvous four miles out of location to try to make his story good.

The pond that was the scene of action was somewhat smaller than it is now, the dam having been raised and the boundaries enlarged. It is a small body of spring water, covering not more than six acres, about one mile from the village. Probably there were more frogs there at the time of the mystery, but big fellows with thunderous, raucous utterances make dark nights of the moist June-time hideous, and are credited with cutting up all sorts of frog capers.

The stress of this pre-revolutionary period has been a first-class excuse for the credulous fear exhibited by the good people of Windham when this alarming confusion produced a hopping good joke with a standing kick. It was little wonder, with the dread of a French and Indian uprising ever present, that when the belligerent sounds assailed their ears they became panic stricken at the awesome uproar, the like of which was never heard before nor since. Col. Eliphalet Dyer had just raised a regiment to join the expedition against Crown Point, and many of the bravest men were in the field with General Putnam, battling with savages. Rumors of massacre and bloodshed were rife, and every heart was apprehensive of further horrors.

It was not remarkable that when the inhabitants heard this roaring booming night-time noise, they were filled with alarm and became unbalanced. Good old Parson White's negro servant, returning from a midnight frolic, was the first to give the alarm. Rushing frantically in to his master he exclaimed, "Good Lordy, Master, don't you hear them coming,—the outlandish?" The Parson did hear, and proceeded to raise the alarm that brought from their beds a horrified mass of humanity. Women and children ran hither and thither shrieking, and the boys and men added to the general hubbub. They armed themselves with all kinds of weapons. Some secured billets of wood, others secured pitchforks, and swords of ancient design and make. There were a few firearms available, which three of the bravest stay-at-homes secured, and mounting hastily saddled or blanketed horses, rode up Mullin Hill in the direction of the uproar.

The noise filled the heavens, which led some to declare it was the Day of Judgment. One old negro, wiser than his neighbors, protested this decision, explaining that the Day of Judgment could not come in the night. This information was not given credence, and many dauntless persons utterly confused and bewildered, stood by their arms awaiting the dawn. When the gallant riders of horse returned, they reported thousands of batrachians had been engaged in a scrimmage, and many thousands more had left the pond and started for the Willimantic River.

No one has explained to the satisfaction of those interested why the frogs fought, although many reasons have been advanced. Some

supposed it was all caused by a frog distemper, others laid it to low water. Some advanced other reasons, but to this day,—no one knows the reason of the general uprising, their march on the public highway, nor why thousands lay dead around the edge of the pond. The dead might have been frightened to death by the parties concealed behind a stone wall, who poured volley after volley of shot in the direction of the pond.

Col. Dyer, who owned the pond, was known to be of a mind to repair the dam, and might have gone to the place and raised the gates, thus lowering the water, but the Follet family who operated the mill declared the water was no lower than ordinary. They were not disturbed by the noise, and slept through all the rumpus. We have no reason to doubt Mr. Follet's word, even if the three braves were firing guns nearby. No one is going to admit they were scared into a paralyzed state. Some of the townsmen were important personages in state affairs. Their dignity was disturbed, and they did not relish the croaking, jumping jibes to which they were subjected. When they returned to the village, the terror-stricken inhabitants turned their prayers to praise for gracious deliverance. To some, the occurrence brought fame that otherwise might have been lost to posterity.

Succeeding generations have better learned to take a joke, and smile with those who smile:

"Some were well pleased, and some were mad,
Some turned it off with laughter,
And some would never hear a word,
About the thing thereafter.
Some vowed that if the De'il himself
Should come they would not flee him,
And if a frog they ever met,
Pretended not to see him."

The Frog Pond is located near the road leading to Scotland village, on the left side of the state highway, and is now honored by a bronze tablet set into a large granite boulder which rests upon a semi-circle base of cobble stones. Mr. Charles Larrabee, late of Windham, constructed this marker. The tablet was dedicated on Constitution Day, September 24, 1924. It contains the following:

THIS TABLET IS ERECTED BY
ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN CHAPTER, D. A. R.
TO COMMEMORATE THE LEGEND OF THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS
MRS. FRANK LARRABEE, REGENT

The date, 1758, is in the upper left hand corner, 1924 in right. This error is due to a local historian, but four years out of true is a small matter in a traditional battle. Appropriate exercises were held in a pouring rain, Mrs. F. E. Guild read an appropriate poem, many chapter members being present. Verification of date—see Miss Ellen D. Larned's *History of Windham County*. Dr. Stiles also gives the

date as 1754 in a letter to his nephew, when the battle was first mentioned.

The hill over which they progressed toward the river has had several changes in name since the frogs fought for freedom. Mullin Hill became Moulton Hill, then Zion's Hill. Some say Moulton Hill on one side, Zion's on the other. Zion is euphonious, and in no way a reminder of the amphibian march, or a frog quickstep.

At Windham's Bi-Centennial celebration, an "Epic of Windham"—a poem, was read by Rev. Theron Brown, an editor of "The Youth's Companion" (1892) which contained wit and humor, and which was published in the souvenir book of that occasion. It is too long to be quoted in its entirety. The editions are scarce and precious. The story is well told in the following:

"In the periwig times of old Governor Fitch,
Fifty-four, fifty-eight, call it either or which,
Seventeen hundred and something—half way,
At the close of a sweltering mid-summer day,
The flood gate was up, the water was down,
For the owner or miller, Job, Peter or Sam,
Had drawn off the pond, while he tinkered the dam,
And the bull-frogs that peopled the mud puddle gloom,
Rubbed heads in the shallows, and crowded for room.
Each croaker beginning his first serenade,
Felt a hitch and a halt, in the music he made,
And elbowed his fellows with croupy complaint,
Till the humor of all took a quarrelsome taint,
And missing the seat where they commonly sung,
Every Punch had a crack in his temper and lung.
"Cudderow, cudderow," grumbled little and great,
"You Plug," said old Popeye, "You plague," said his mate.
"Jug-o-rum," thundered Yellowthroat, "Slum," echoed back
The meanest and wartiest sneak in the pack.
The concert was broken; they tried it in vain;
The low water tangle was symphony's bane.
Once more and once more they began it, but no;
They could pitch the old notes, but the chime wouldn't go.
The hole in the milldam had narrowed their brink,
And stinted their song, when it stinted their drink.
The mischief had put the whole pond out of tune,
On that moonless and starless old evening in June.
So it went, till at midnight, the jangle of sound,
Broke loose like a Bedlam shot out of the ground.
* * * * *

Calls all of the Gods of Parnassus to say,
The Colt of Minerva, that night, got away.
* * * * *

A thousand blind furies in bottle green coats,
Fell afoul with a howl, and a clutching of throats.

The battle waxed hot, and the swell of the storm,
Swept in every reptile that croaked in the swarm,
Till the whole slimy kindred of Jack-in-the-pool,
Were twisted and mixed like a mackerel school,
In a slippery, squirming, unspeakable hash
Of lunatic frenzy to strangle and smash.
There was BLUNDERHEAD crushing poor PEEP like an egg,
There was DRUM-BILLY butting young GRASSHOPPER-LEG,
There were HUMPBAC and COTTONMOUTH, SHINEY and
STRIPE,

HEE-HAW, WALLOW-SWALLOW, BIM-BOME, LITTLE PIPE,
THOROUGH-BASS, GANDERFOOT, WAPPERJAW,
DOUBLEDONE,

And BULDOZE and SPECKLE, and SON-OF-A-GUN,
And TOM-IN-THE-CATTAILS, and CROCKODILE-RIB,
And GIANT SWAMP-CABBAGE, and dwarf YELLOW-BIB,
And LONGSHANK, and POLLY-WOG, WHITE-EYE and
TURK,

And DOG-FACE, and LOAFER-THAT-WATCHES-THE-
WORK,

PEAGREEN, SILVER-DUDE, MONKEY-NOSE, and DULL-
THUD,

And BAWLER and SPRAWLER, and STICK-IN-THE-MUD,
And fat BEETLE-DRAGON, and SLIM HAMMER-TONGUE,
And QUACK, and FOG-TRUMPET, and CHOP and COW-
LUNG,

GO-BANG, BELLOWS-BAG, SHOVEL-LIP, THUNDER-BUG,
And WHEEZER and SNEEZER, and HONKER and CHUG,
And SQUATTER and SQUEALER, and BRAG and BOW-WOW,
All mixed in the tussle, and booming the row.

They kicked and they splashed, they spattered and swore,
They wrestled and tumbled all over the shore.

There were scrapings and scratchings without any claws,
There were biters that hadn't a tooth in their jaws.

There were chokings and pinchings nobody could see,
And death to the undermost wretch in the spree.

* * * * *

'Twas the trump of judgment, the wreck of the sky,
Some terror more solemn than WAR, must be nigh.
All sufferers smitten with sense of their blames,
Some fancied strange voices repeating their names.
And lawyers and doctors, and deacons appalled,
Wondered how came the summons, and why they were called.
And loudest of all, in the frightful ado,
Rang up, "COL. DYER", and ELDERKIN, too".
Poor Cuffee the slave, shouted loudly with glee,
"I'm glad on't, glad on't, for now I am free."

From Miss Ellen D. Larned's *History of Windham County*, Vol. 1,
Page 261, we quote the following:

"Windham's frog battle was first mentioned in a private letter
from Dr. Stiles (Rev.) to his nephew, a copy of which follows:

"Woodstock, July 9, 1754.

"If the late tragical tidings from Windham deserve credit, as
doubtless they do, it will then concern the gentlemen of your
Jurisprutian order to be fortified against the dreadful croaks of
Taurean Legions. Legions terrible as the very wreck of matter, and
the crash of worlds. Antiquity relates that the elephant fears the
mouse. A hero trembles at the crowing of a cock, but pray whence
is it that the croaking of a bullfrog should so Belshazzerize a law-
yer?

Dyerful ye alarm made by these audacious, long winded
croakers. Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme, Tauranean
terrors in Chimeras Dyer. I hope sir, from the Dyerful reports
from the frog pond, you'll gain some instruction, as well as from
the report of my Lord Cook."

George Webb, Esq., Elizabeth, N. J., sent to Miss Larned an ac-
count he received in childhood from "Cinda", wife of Jack, Col. Dyer's
body servant, which is most likely the least garbled account we have
of this dark night's doings:

"Well it was in June I think, and the weather was very hot, and
master had drawn off the pond to fix the dam. When he came home
he did not think of nothing. By and by when it became cool, there
began to be a rumble, rumble, rumble in the air, and it grew louder
and louder and louder, and seemed to be like drums beating in the air.
Well, it was in the old French war, when our men had gone to Belle
Isle or Canada to fight the French and Indians, and some guessed it
was the Ingins having a pow-wow or war dance on Chewink Plain,
and we should all be killed in the morning.

But Master (Col. Dyer), and Col. Elderkin and Mr. Gray mounted
their horses and rode to the top of Mullin Hill, as the pond was a little
way over there beyond. They found out whar it was and the scare
was over. Master said he supposed the frogs fought each other, for
the next day there were thousands of them dead. They croaked some
the next night, but nothing so bad."

Windhamites, since that dark and starless June night, have been
confronted at all times and places by jokes and bullfrogs, and the
picture of two frogs embellished the bank notes of the Old Windham
Bank. When the architects planned our present Town Hall, provision
and plan showed two ample granite slabs in front to hold two giant
granite frogs, but objection was made, and the prohibitory argument
against these emblems made negative by the late Mr. Weaver. A plain
slab stands ready, but will probably never hold a reminder to current
lawyers. "The mortification of the Windham people upon this unex-
pected and humiliating experience, has been inherited by some, no
doubt." The old bank notes were retired, but they are to be seen as

curiosities in the Windham Library. In Theron Brown's amusing poem occurs this bit of pleasantry concerning the old money:

"I pause to nurse a quaint remembrance here,
The bank and I were born the self same year.
I mind its notes, between whose figures poked,
Two frogs—so lifelike that they almost croaked.
The original greenbacks of the native race,
That long anticipated Salmon Chase.
They blossomed like pond lilies from the mud,
Memento of a war that shed no blood."

THE BULL FROG SONG, originally entitled "Lawyers and Bull-frogs", is supposed to have been composed by Ebenezer Tilden of Lebanon. He was the father of the somewhat noted Col. Tilden of the same town. It has a long and rather quaint title:

"A True Relation of a Strange Battle Between Some Lawyers and Bull-Frogs Set Forth in a New Song, Written by a Jolly Farmer of New England." This was extensively published, and was very popular.

Good people all, both great and small,
Of every occupation,
I pray draw near, and lend an ear,
To this our true relation.

'Twas of a fright, happened one night,
Caused by the bull-frog nation,
As strange an one as ever was known,
In all our generation.

The frogs we hear, in bull-frog shire,
Their chorister had buried;
The saddest loss, the greatest cross
That ever they endured.

Thus being deprived, they soon contrived
Their friends to send to, greeting,
Even to all, both great and small,
To hold a general meeting.

Subject and lord, with one accord,
Now came with bowels yearning,
For to supply, and qualify,
And fit a frog for learning.

For to supply immediately,
The place of their deceased,
There did they find one to their mind,
Which soon their sorrow eased.

This being done, the glorious sun,
Being down and night advancing,

With great delight, they spend the night,
In music and in dancing.

And when they sung, the air it rung,
And when they broke in laughter,
It did surprise both learned and wise,
As you shall find hereafter.

A negro man, we understand,
Awoke and heard the shouting,
He ne'er went abroad, but awaked his lord,
Which filled their hearts with doubting.

They then did arise, with great surprise,
And raised the town or city,
Although before, unto the poor,
They ne'er would show pity.

With one accord, they went abroad,
And stood awhile to wonder,
The bull-frog shout, appears no doubt,
To them like claps of thunder.

Which made them say, the judgment day,
Without a doubt was coming,
For in the air, they did declare,
Was very awful drumming.

Those lawyers' fees, would give no ease,
Though well their worth inditing,
To pray they kneel,—alas, they feel,
The worm of conscience biting.

Being thus dismayed, one of them said,
He would make restitution—
He would restore, one-half or more,—
This was his resolution.

Another's heart, was touched in part,
But not pricked to the center,
Rather than pay one-half away,
His soul, he said, he'd venture.

Then they agreed, to go with speed,
And see what was the matter;
And as they say, that by the way,
Repenting tears did scatter.

They traveled still unto the hill,

With those men they did rally,
Then soon they found, the doleful sound,
To come out of the valley.

Then down they went, with one consent,
And found those frogs a-singing,
Raising their voice, for to rejoice,
This was the doleful ringing.

Home those great men, returned then,
Now filled with wrath and malice,
And mustered all, both great and small,
From prison and from palace.

Swearing I say, thus in array,
To be revenged upon them;
Thinking it best, I do protest,
To go and fall upon them.

Then armed all, both great and small,
With guns and swords and hatchets,
The Indian king, could never bring,
An army that could match it.

Old Stoughton he ran, and charged up his gun,
And flourished his sword in the air,
"But not being stout", he at last gave out,
And fell on his knees to prayer.

Then armed with fury, both judge and jury,
Unto the Frog-Pond moved,
And as they say, a fatal day,
Unto the frogs it proved.

This terrible night, the parson did fright,
His people almost to despair,
For poor Windham souls, among the bean poles,
He made a most wonderful prayer.

Lawyer Lucifer called up his crew,
Dyer and Elderkin, you must come too,
Old Col. Dyer, you know well enough,
He had an old negro, his name was Cuff.

Now Massa, says Cuff, I'm now glad enough,
For what little comfort I have,
I make it no doubt, my time is just out,
No longer shall I be a slave.

As for Larabie, so guilty was he,
He durst not stir out of the house;
The poor guilty soul, crept into his hole,
And lay there as still as a mouse.

As for Jemmy Flint, he began to repent,
For a bible he had never known,
His life was so bad, he'd give half he had,
To old Father Stoughton for one.

Those armed men, they killed them,
And scalped about two hundred,
Taking, I say, their lives away,
And then their camp they plundered.

Those lusty frogs, they fought like dogs,
For which I do commend them;
But lost the day, for want, I say,
Of weapons to defend them.

Then with a shout, they turned about,
And said we've now been crafty,
Our city's peace, will now increase,
And we shall dwell in safety.

Home those great men, returned then,
Unto the town with fury,
And swore those frogs, were saucy dogs,
Before both judge and jury.

I had this story before me,
Just as I have writ it.
It being so new, so strange and true,
I could not well omit it.

Lawyers, I say, now from this day,
Be honest in your dealing,
And nevermore increase your store,
While you the poor are killing.

For if you do, I'll have you know,
Conscience again will smite you,
The bull-frog shout, will ne'er give out,
But rise again and fight you.

Now Lawyers, Parsons, Bull-Frogs all,
I bid you each farewell,
And unto you I loudly call,
A better tale to tell.

The following verses were published in the "Boston Museum" in 1851, and it is supposed, were written by a native of Windham. In the original poem the verses number 44, and the title is "THE BULL-FROG FIGHT" "A ballad of the olden time".

It can be read, if desired, by applying at The Windham Free Library, asking for Brigham Paine's "Story of Bacchus", which contains the full text.

* * * * *

'Twas in the days of old King George,
The Dutchman who did reign,
O'er England and her colonies
And islands in the Main.

* * * * *

But the direst fray in all that war,
To shake King George's Crown,
Was when the bull-frogs marched at night,
Against old Windham town.

* * * * *

The fiendish jargon that so loud,
From throats discordant rung,
They doubted not conveyed fierce threats,
In French or Indian tongue.

* * * * *

How quaked their very souls with dread,
As mid the greivous din,
The foe remorseless bellowed forth,
The name of ELDERKIN.

Their very heart within them died,
When as the hosts drew nigher,
They heard resound in guttural notes,
The name of COLONEL DYER.

* * * * *

They reached the spot from whence was heard,
The fearful hue and cry,
And though no murderous foe was seen,
They let their powder fly.

Ensconsed behind a granite wall,
They poured a leaden rain,
From blunderbus and rusty gun,
At random o'er the plain.

But strange to tell, the stupid foe,
Returned no answering fire.
They only bellowed lowder still,
The name of Colonel Dyer.

And when another volley spoke,
And cut through thick and thin,
They bawled more loudly than before,
The name of ELDERKIN.

"Pe-ung, pe-ung, go-row, go-row,
"Chug, chug, peep, peep, and tee-te,"
"Cease firing, boys," the Captain said,
The dogs desire a treaty."

* * * * *

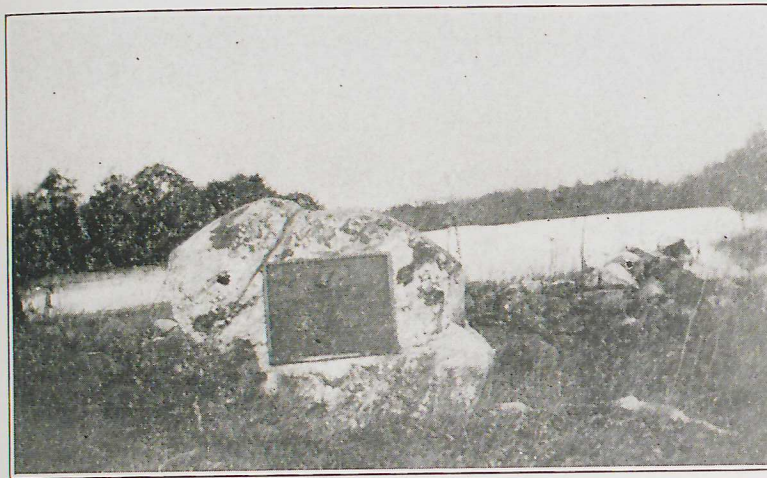
Our heroes rested on their arms,
Till morning light revealed,
The bodies of the prostrate frogs,
Stretched out upon the field.

* * * * *

But when they saw their waste of shot,
And fright had been in vain.
Some made a solemn vow that they,
Would ne'er bear arms again.

* * * * *

AND TO THIS DAY, EACH WINDHAMITE
UNTO HIS LITTLE SON,
RELATES HOW ON A SUMMER'S NIGHT,
THE BULL-FROG FIGHT WAS WON.



TABLET ERECTED BY ANNE WOOD ELDERKIN CHAPTER, D. A. R.
Windham, Conn., January 15, 1920.

Scp. 12-1924.



sent to [illegible]

PROCAS. Mrs. T.

March 6, 1942

P.P. 7.
9-H

My dear Mr. Halloway:

The President has asked me to send you this little note of thanks for the cane you presented to him. He wants you to know how deeply he appreciates your friendly thought.

X.P.P. 7. 9-C

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

X
Walter B. Halloway, Esq.,
Route 1, Box 164a,
Signal Mountain,
Tennessee.

ms

sent to "Series B"

Mrs. T.

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

March 3, 1942

Mr. Wagner,

Canes have been received from the persons listed below, have held for sometime and do not have any letters on them. Will you please have them acknowledged. They were sent to Series "B".

Walter B. Halloway

Route 1, Box 164a
Signal Mountain
Tenn.

John H. Oxley & Co.
(glass blackout cane)

258 Park Square
Boston, Mass.

J. C. Ellyson
(2 canes)

Route 2, Box 153a
Clarksburg, W. Va.

Charles A. Norris

C O P Y

PROCAS, Mrs. T.
Nyack, New York
Ack. 3/7/42

Sent an afghan and handkerchiefs to the President and
Mrs. Roosevelt at Hyde Park.

See - P.P.F. 9-P

mtl

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:

Many thanks in the President's behalf
for the photo-entire. Your letter has been noted
with interest and he has asked me to tell you
that he appreciates your friendly thought in send-
ing him this product of your own handwork.

Very sincerely yours,

WALTER G. FULTZ

W. T. Hutchins, Sec.,
145 W. 54th Avenue,
Bellevue,
Pennsylvania.

Oral V. Henry

March 31, 1942

My dear Mr. Heddaeus:

Many thanks in the President's behalf
for the photo-cutout. Your letter has been noted
with interest and he has asked me to tell you
that he appreciates your friendly thought in send-
ing him this product of your own handiwork.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

G. T. Heddaeus, Esq.,
146 N. Balph Avenue,
Bellevue,
Pennsylvania.

Oral V. Hemry

Hack
146 N. Balph Ave.
Billbore Pa.
3-8-42
3/30/42
OK

Dear Mr. President:-

With this note
I am sending you a photo-
cutout of my nephew —

Albert J. Heer, Pvt. Co. A.
30th Engineers, stationed at
Wilson, N. C. The picture
was snapped last Fall
while on a training hike.
It struck me as a picture

P.P. 7.
9-H

P.P. 7.9-B

Oral V. Henry

Oral V. Henry

of a typical American soldier
so I mounted it and
cut it out on my jig-saw.
This kind of work is my hobby.
Knowing that your desk
has many objects on it
I thought this typical
American soldier boy would
be an interesting and timely
addition.

In admiration of your
great leadership, I beg to remain
Yours very truly
G.T. Heddaeus

G.T. HEDDAEUS

X
Oral V. Henry, Esq.,
Oakdale,
Kentucky.

Oral V. Henry

Oral V. Henry

March 9, 1942

P.P. 7.
9-H

My dear Mr. Henry:

It was kind indeed of you to send
the President the volume of Daily Light to
which you refer in your letter of March second.
He thanks you ever so much and asks me to tell
you how gratifying it is to know that he has
your friendly thoughts and your prayers.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

X
Oral V. Henry, Esq.,
Oakdale,
Kentucky.

Oral V. Henry
Oral V. Henry

*ack
Henry*

*ack
3-2-42
Henry*

12

Oakdale, Kentucky

March 2, 1942

The President of the United States

The White House

Dear Mr. President

In these momentous, perilous, and often perplexing days there is nothing which can bring the composure, the consolation, the comfort that one finds in the living Word of God.

The enclosed volume of Daily Light is a collection of daily Bible readings which has proven helpful to countless numbers around the world over a period of more than twenty years. Were it anything less than God's Word I would feel unworthy to ask one in your high office to accept a gift from one in my station, but I trust that in the midst of your busy schedule you, too, will find in the readings of this little book a quiet source of inner strength.

Be assured, Mr. President, that the prayers of God's people are daily ascending in your behalf, and in behalf of those who labor with you for the preservation of our great nation.

Very respectfully yours

Oral V. Henry

Oral V. Henry

McGEE, Mr. & Mrs. W. D.
Kennett, Missouri
Ack. 3/4/42

Sent portion of a ham to be sent to the President through
Congressman Zimmerman. - Ack. 3/4/42 by Mr. Watson states could not be
given to the President because of wartime restrictions.

See - P.P.F. 9-M

mtl

P.P.F.
9-H

HURJA, Emil,
Wash., D.C.
1-30-42

Sends President for his birthday an amateur production of the ship
"CONSTITUTION", which came from the effects of Admiral John Percival, of the Navy.
Percival was commander of the Constitution in 1843 to 1847.
(Presidential acknowledgment sent 3-13-42.)

See P.P.F.2099

March 12, 1942

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

At the suggestion of Mr. Harold
Kutler, former Director of the International Labor
Office at Geneva, I have the pleasure in sending
you an advance copy of his forthcoming book, THE
LOST LEADER. We shall be publishing this on April
ninth. The book is coming under separate cover,
and I hope you will find it of special interest.

Respectfully yours,

Frank V. Morley

br

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY, INC.

PUBLISHERS

383 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK

Telephone: ELdorado 5-3610
Cable Address: Harbrace, New York



THE WHITE HOUSE

MAR 19 4 01 PM '42

RECEIVED

March 18, 1942.

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. President:

At the suggestion of Mr. Harold Butler, former Director of the International Labor Office at Geneva, I have the pleasure in sending you an advance copy of his forthcoming book, THE LOST PEACE. We shall be publishing this on April ninth. The book is coming under separate cover, and I hope you will find it of special interest.

Respectfully yours,

Frank V. Morley

FVM

March 25, 1942

My dear Mr. Morley:

Your letter of March eighteenth has been received and I want to thank you, in the President's behalf, for the advance copy of THE LOST PEACE, which you forwarded at the suggestion of the author, Mr. Harold Butler. You may be sure that he appreciates Mr. Butler's kind thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Frank V. Morley, Esq.,
Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc.,
383 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

ms

*has just been admitted as the
Woman translator to the Supreme Court in*

NURSES' AIR

While Our Boys March
members went to the
in Hammond and
Hubbard, movie
the song, Mrs.
ing, who is

Masonic Lodge Meeting
Whiting lodge No. 613, F. and A.
M., will confer the master Mason
degree on a candidate at the Whit-
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Kodicek will serve as co-hostess.
Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kowal, fi
Schrage avenue, entertained Mr. do
and Mrs. Henry Seipp and daugh- w
ter, Janet, of Madison, Wis., as H
their week-end guests. do
Mrs. Robert Monroe, 121st street, C
has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to visit ri

PL 7
9-11

March 3, 1942

My dear Mr. Hoffenberg:

The President asks me to acknowledge your letter and to express his thanks for your kindness in presenting to him for his birthday the shoe bag and that interesting cane - a relic from Africa. He deeply appreciates your thoughtfulness as well as your cordial birthday greetings. This note takes to you also, his congratulations for your own birthday which you celebrated on January twenty-seventh.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Nate Hoffenberg, Esq.,
3601 Main Street,
East Chicago,
Indiana.

mrk

first in
Medical Cor. to go to England
started and a sister Esther Hoffenberg
has just been admitted as the first
Woman translator to the Supreme Court in

Baby's Supple-
and Otherwise. C
strations of Baby
After-Care of M
and Class 8-Prep
Del. or, Cla
F. Personal

city of
London.

NURSES' ASSOCIATION

While Our Boys March
members went to the
in Hammond and
Hubbard, movie
the song. Mrs.
ing, who is

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Mrs. Robert Monroe, 121st street,
has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to visit ri

Copy to S. can
letter with P. care
to ask for photo bag or
My Dear Mr President

3801 Main St
East Chicago
Indiana
Feb 5th 1942
ackd 3/3

It gives me great pleasure in sending you a little token for your 60th Birthday and with all the best wishes you received from the World I double the same, and may you live long and able to be constantly and fidelity in all your engagements. The token I am sending under separate cover is a Rhinoceros Hide Walking stick made in South Africa and also called Spambock or (sum - bock) The handle and tip is made of Deer Horn. I brought it back with me in 1929 after visiting my family there. I also came from South Africa in 1910. and became an American Citizen in 1916 of which I am very proud of, I have a brother Professor S. B. Hoffenberg at the University of Witwatersrand Johannesburg a brother Dr Ben Hoffenberg which was the first to volunteer in S. Africa in the Royal Medical Cor. to go to England when War #2 started and a sister Esther Hoffenberg who has just been admitted as the first Woman translator to the Supreme Court in

Delivery, or, Class
others (optional).

shop. Mrs. ...
man of the committee in charge.

World War II Club

Following a meeting of all units of World War II Mothers' club, held in Hessville Sunday to rehearse the new theme song of group. "While Our Boys March" members went to the ... in Hammond and ... Hubbard, movie ... the song. Mrs. ... ing, who is ...

chairman; Mrs. Robert ... reciprocity chairman; Mrs. James C. Vaughn, president of the Whiting Woman's club, and Mrs. Chas. Haight, president of the Junior Woman's club.

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Mrs. Robert Monroe, 121st street, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to visit

Cape Town and many more professionals
in my family to numerous to mention.
Mr. President I also had the honor and
privilege of seeing Your most charming
Wife the First Lady two years ago in
Chicago at the Oct Banquet. Hoping the
package to you will arrive in good
condition with loads of health to
you.

I Beg to Remain
Yours Obediently
Kate Hoffenberg.

P.S. I saw also a January Birth
Jan 27th 1887.

11

delivery, or, optional).

line of material adopted
"aerocraft" courses in-
used by the ma-
of the
N.

shop. Mrs. ...
man of the committee in charge.

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has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to visit

nes Photo)

hn is being
Troop Nine
d his wheel
n assistant
at his home

at the Com-
Abe Ober-
den Farb will

has returned
er brother-in-
nd Mrs. Rich-
1, Mo.

p of the Whit-
will meet to-
at the home
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Foust and Mrs.
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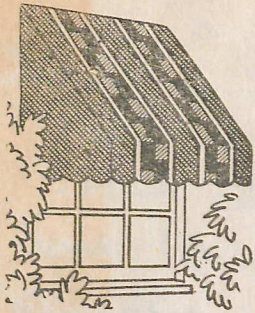
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ice
son.



The Blind Man
CALUMET BLIND & AWNING CO.

VENETIAN
BLINDS

MANUFACTURERS OF
Venetian Blinds and Awnings

SINCE 1915
N. HOFFENBERG

3801 Main Street
EAST CHICAGO, INDIANA

Phone East Chicago 1914

Phone Gary 8-1164

BUY WOOD BLINDS—ALSO STAMPS
& WAR BONDS FOR VICTORY

Sold to

Miss Grace G. Lullup

Date

Jan 23rd

Address

Washington

City

D. C.

ORDER N^o 1281

I am sending you under separate
Cover a Shoe Bag made of Canvas
we'll say for your birth day
when because I don't know
when it is or has been. I am
the same man who sent the
President a shoe bag & the South
African came last year. I have
the reply letter you sent me
last year framed and I see
it every day, also many of my
friends do so likewise. I am
sending the President a letter
birth day gift this year also
which comes from South Africa

The above merchandise remains the property of the Calumet Blind and Awning Company
until PAID FOR.

Sold by

Signed by
Purchaser

[Signature]

Baby's Bath. Class 6—
and Otherwise. Class 6—
strations of Baby's Bath. Class 7—
After-Care of Mother and Baby.
and Class 8—Preparation for Home
delivery, or, Class for Expectant
mothers (optional).

line of material adopted
"aircraft" courses in-
duced by the ma-
of the
dyn, N.

church will not have
year as previously announced. In-
stead they will have a bake sale
on Dec. 22 at the Whiting Flower
shop. Mrs. August Schnell is chair-
man of the committee in charge.

World War II Club

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of World War II Mothers' club,
held in Hessville Sunday to re-
hearse the new theme song of
the group, "While Our Boys March
Over the Sea," members went to the
club in Hammond and
Hubbard, movie
the song. Mrs.
ing, who is

club presidents will be intro-
Local women, who will attend,
are Mrs. Philip Krauel, county di-
rector; Mrs. J. J. Cravens, forum
chairman; Mrs. Robert Savage,
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Hammond Times Photo)

Whiting, John is being
y Scouts of Troop Nine
shown around his wheel
Hoffenberg, an assistant
rprised John at his home

3:30 o'clock at the Com-
house. Mrs. Abe Ober-
nd Mrs. Reuben Farb will
co-hostesses.

Robert Walker has returned
visit with her brother-in-
l sister, Mr. and Mrs. Rich-
nes in Clayton, Mo.

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has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to visit

it is a hand made "Dolie" which
my late mother sent me in 1914.
It has 57 Kimberley Garnets set
in my hand (my mother's hands) and
is the "Birth Stone" for January month.
Should I be lucky enough to get
another reply from the President I
would very much like to have
his signature on same. Hoping
this will reach you in good
health & high spirit.

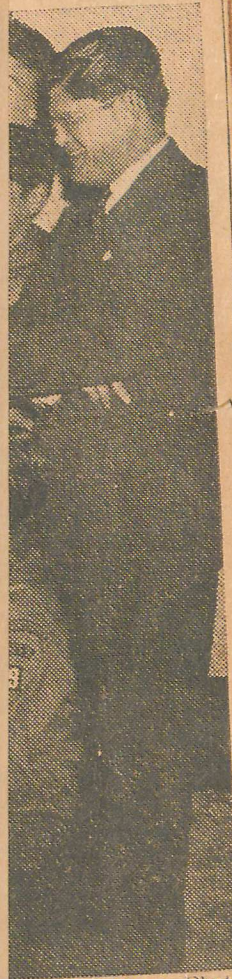
I Beg to Remain
Yours Very Friendly
Nathan Hoffenberg

P.S.
Please do answer me
if you receive shoe box
in good condition
(11)

THE HAMMOND

Neig

Scouts



Hammond Times Photo)

Whiting, John is being
Scouts of Troop Nine
shown around his wheel
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Babys Supplies—Trays In-
and Otherwise. Class 6 — Demon-
strations of Baby's Bath. Class 7—
After-Care of Mother and Baby.
and Class 8—Preparation for Home
Delivery, or, Class for Expectant
mothers (optional).

line of material adopted
"craft" courses in-
sponsored by the ma-
of the
N. N.

ciety of the St. John
church will not have a bazaar this
year as previously announced. In-
stead they will have a bake sale
on Dec. 22 at the Whiting Flower
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man of the committee in charge.

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Following a meeting of all units
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the song. Mrs.
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County department chairmen will
give their plans for the year and
club presidents will be introduced.

Local women, who will attend,
are Mrs. Philip Krauel, county di-
rector; Mrs. J. J. Cravens, forum
chairman; Mrs. Robert Savage,
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degree on a candidate at the Whit-
ing Masonic temple tomorrow eve-
ning at 7:30 o'clock.

NURSES' AL-
city of
London.

October 13

SCOT

OPEN EIGHT ON SERIES OTHERCRA

at Whiting Motl
d to Bring Car
Of Approval

first in a series of
Mothercraft courses
in Whiting will start
day afternoon at 1:30 o'
nursing room of the pi
ng. Mrs. Violet Miller, s
for the Whiting Red
g service, announced to
expectant mothers in W
sted in the course shou
a card of approval signed by
physician to the first class on
day afternoon. Mrs. Miller
whether or not she has re
her intention of joining the
to nurses at the Community
er.

One Hour Class Periods
Classroom periods will last about
hour each Thursday afternoon
eight weeks, the supervisor ex-
plained, and will instruct young
others expecting babies in the
e of themselves during their
gnancy and the care of their
bies after birth.

Purpose of the courses is to lift
me of the work of numerous in-
vidual calls to the homes of ex-
pectant mothers which formerly
ere made regularly by the city
ursing staff. Appeals for nurses
ave grown so much during the
ast six months, however, she said,
hat the more efficient and effec-
tive plan of group instruction was
adopted by the Whiting office.

Subjects of the eight lessons will
be as follows, Mrs. Miller an-
nounced:

Class 1—Hygiene of Pregnancy.
Class 2—Diet of Normal Pregnan-
cy. Class 3—Clothes for the Preg-
nant and Nursing Mother. Class 4
—Baby's Clothes: Attractive, Eco-
nomical and Suitable. Class 5—
Baby's Supplies—Trays Improvised
and Otherwise. Class 6—Demon-
strations of Baby's Bath and Baby.
After-Care of Mother and Baby.
and Class 8—Preparation for Home
elivery, or, Class for Expectant
ers (optional).

Line of material adopted
Mothercraft" courses in-
used by the ma-
of the
yn, N.

NURSES' AL
of London.

Mary Ehen
The canvas shoe
bag for Grace
has been received.
He says he is sending
a gift for the
President for his
birthday - When it
comes we can
thank for both -

THE HAMMO

Whiting and Neig

th Cheered by Boy Scouts



(Hammond Times Photo)

The smiling boy shown in the wheel chair is John Gurchik, 17, of 1240 120th street, Whiting, who lost a leg in the Sunday school picnic tragedy of last July 26, when a South Shore train hit a truck in which he was riding injuring 10 Whiting persons near Michigan City. John was a member of a picnic party sponsored by the Sunday school class of St.

John the Baptist church of Whiting. John is being cheered by a group of Boy Scouts of Troop Nine of Indiana Harbor who are shown around his wheel chair along with Nate Hoffenberg, an assistant scoutmaster. The scouts surprised John at his home over the week-end.

Whiting Social News

PHONE WHITING 838

Society Cancels Bazaar

Members of the Ladies' Aid so-
ciety of the St. John Lutheran
church will not have a bazaar this
year as previously announced. In-
stead they will have a bake sale
on Dec. 22 at the Whiting Flower
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Hubbard, movie
the song. Mrs.
ing, who is

able conditions with the result that
legislation on the subject will be
presented to the next legislature.

County department chairmen will
give their plans for the year and
club presidents will be introduced.

Local women, who will attend,
are Mrs. Philip Krauel, county di-
rector; Mrs. J. J. Cravens, forum
chairman; Mrs. Robert Savage,
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serve as co-hostesses.

Mrs. Robert Walker has returned
from a visit with her brother-in-
law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Rich-
ard Jones in Clayton, Mo.

The literature group of the Whit-
ing Woman's club will meet to-
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Schrage avenue, entertained Mr.
and Mrs. Henry Seipp and daugh-
ter, Janet, of Madison, Wis., as
their week-end guests.

Mrs. Robert Monroe, 121st street,
has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to visit

Whiting and Neig

OPEN EIGHT- ON SERIES MOTHERCRAFT

at Whiting Mothers
d to Bring Card
Of Approval

first in a series of eight-Mothercraft courses to be in Whiting will start on day afternoon at 1:30 o'clock in the nursing room of the primary ng. Mrs. Violet Miller, super- for the Whiting Red Cross g service, announced today. Expectant mothers in Whiting sted in the course should a card of approval signed by physician to the first class on day afternoon. Mrs. Miller whether or not she has red her intention of joining the to nurses at the Community er.

One Hour Class Periods
Classroom periods will last about hour each Thursday afternoon eight weeks, the supervisor ex- lained, and will instruct young others expecting babies in the e of themselves during their gnancy and the care of their bies after birth.

Purpose of the courses is to lift me of the work of numerous in- vidual calls to the homes of ex- ectant mothers which formerly ere made regularly by the city uring staff. Appeals for nurses ave grown so much during the ast six months, however, she said, hat the more efficient and effec- tive plan of group instruction was adopted by the Whiting office.

Subjects of the eight lessons will be as follows, Mrs. Miller an- nounced:

Class 1—Hygiene of Pregnancy. Class 2—Diet of Normal Pregnan- cy. Class 3—Clothes for the Preg- nant and Nursing Mother. Class 4—Baby's Clothes: Attractive, Eco- nomical and Suitable. Class 5—Baby's Supplies—Trays Improvised and Otherwise. Class 6—Demon- strations of Baby's Bath. Class 7—After-Care of Mother and Baby. and Class 8—Preparation for Home or, Class for Expectant (optional).

of material adopted
"craft" courses in-
by the ma-
of the
N.

Injured Whiting Youth Cheered by Boy Scouts



(Hammond Times Photo)

The smiling boy shown in the wheel chair is John Gurchik, 17, of 1240 120th street, Whiting, who lost a leg in the Sunday school picnic tragedy of last July 26, when a South Shore train hit a truck in which he was riding injuring 10 Whiting persons near Michigan City. John was a member of a picnic party sponsored by the Sunday school class of St.

John the Baptist church of Whiting. John is being cheered by a group of Boy Scouts of Troop Nine of Indiana Harbor who are shown around his wheel chair along with Nate Hoffenberg, an assistant scoutmaster. The scouts surprised John at his home over the week-end.

Whiting Social News

PHONE WHITING 838

Society Cancels Bazaar

Members of the Ladies' Aid so- ciety of the St. John Lutheran church will not have a bazaar this year as previously announced. In- stead they will have a bake sale on Dec. 22 at the Whiting Flower shop. Mrs. August Schnell is chair- man of the committee in charge.

World War II Club

Following a meeting of all units of World War II Mothers' club, held in Hessville Sunday to re- verse the new theme song of the group. "While Our Boys March" members went to the in Hammond and Hubbard, movie the song. Mrs. ing, who is

able conditions with the result that legislation on the subject will be presented to the next legislature.

County department chairmen will give their plans for the year and club presidents will be introduced.

Local women, who will attend, are Mrs. Philip Krauel, county di- rector; Mrs. J. J. Cravens, forum chairman; Mrs. Robert Savage, reciprocity chairman; Mrs. James C. Vaughn, president of the Whit- ing Woman's club, and Mrs. Chas. Haight, president of the Junior Woman's club.

Masonic Lodge Meeting

Whiting lodge No. 613, F. and A. M., will confer the master Mason degree on a candidate at the Whit- ing Masonic temple tomorrow eve-

20, at 7:30 o'clock at the Com- munity house. Mrs. Abe Ober- lander and Mrs. Reuben Farb will serve as co-hostesses.

Mrs. Robert Walker has returned from a visit with her brother-in- law and sister, Mr. and Mrs. Rich- ard Jones in Clayton, Mo.

The literature group of the Whit- ing Woman's club will meet to- night at 7:30 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Wilbur W. Craig, Wespark avenue. Mrs. Sam Foust and Mrs. C. F. Friday will give the reviews.

Whiting Hadassah will meet to- morrow afternoon at the home of the president, Mrs. Lester Apple- man, Mason street, Hammond, formerly of Whiting. Mrs. Walter Kodicek will serve as co-hostess.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Kowal, Schrage avenue, entertained Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seipp and daugh- ter, Janet, of Madison, Wis., as their week-end guests.

Mrs. Robert Monroe, 121st street, has gone to Buffalo, N. Y., to visit

P.P. 7
9-12

March 17, 1942

My dear Mrs. Alexander:

The President was especially pleased to receive those beautiful red carnations to which you refer in your kind note of March ninth. He asks if you will be good enough to convey his sincere thanks to the members of the High Point Red Cross Chapter and to tell them how grateful he is for their friendly thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Mrs. Harry A. Alexander,
1122 Rotary Drive,
High Point,
North Carolina.

mgs

Louise Hering

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

Mrs. Eben;

(12)
This was a spray made up in shape of
cross of red carnations. I sent to Mr. Reeves.

C.A.N.

of the American
Red Cross which
was held today.

I am sending
to you the red cross

erly. He thanks
to convey his very

ly yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Clifford Hunn, Esq.,
Veterans' Hospital,
Wood,
Wisconsin.

Ms

Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence.
I have secured three.

1122 Rotary Dr.
High Point N.C.
March 9, 1942
Pres. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Washington, D.C.
I have been

Chairman of the
Committee for the
Annual meeting of the
High Point Chapter
of the American
Red Cross which
was held today.

I am sending
to you the red cross

17, 1942

you to send

of SCIENCE

ly. He thanks

convey his very

yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Clifford Hunn, Esq.,
Veterans' Hospital,
Wood,
Wisconsin.

Ms

Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence?
I have secured three.

It also expresses the keen
interest and helpful, unselfish
spirit of our
High Point Red Cross
chapter.

With many thanks
for your wise, wonderful
leadership.

Mrs. Harry A. Alexander
Chairman of Annual
meeting
High Point Chapter
American Red Cross

2

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NCE

thanks

is very

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13

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Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence.
I have secured three.

made of flowers
which we used.

It expresses to you
my personal love,
admiration and best
wishes linked with
my daily prayer
for your health and
good judgment and
wise decisions in the
many hard things
which you have to face.

h 17, 1942

you to send

oy of SCIENCE

erly. He thanks

to convey his very

ly yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Clifford Hunn, Esq.,
Veterans' Hospital,
Wood,
Wisconsin.

Ms

Louise Hering

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

P.P. 7
9-24
March 17, 1942

My dear Mr. Hunn:

X.P.P.
9-15
It was kind indeed of you to send
the President the inscribed copy of SCIENCE
AND HEALTH as well as the quarterly. He thanks
you ever so much and wants me to convey his very
best wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Clifford Hunn, Esq.,
Veterans' Hospital,
Wood,
Wisconsin.

Ms

il
son

Louise H. Hering

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

MORLEY, Frank V.
HARCOURT, BRACE AND CO.
New York, N. Y.
March 18, 1942.

At the suggestion of Mr. Harold Butler, Mr. Morley sent the President
an advance copy of Mr. Butler's book "The Lost Peace".

See P.P.F. 9-H

P.P.F. 9-H

mef

Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

7 (P.P. 7
9-H)

March 30, 1942

Series B

My dear Mr. Henry:

I am requested by the President to acknowledge your recent letter and to tell you how pleased he is to have for his collection that profile casting of Abraham Lincoln. It is a handsome gift and your generous spirit in parting with such an historical treasure made by your father in 1864 has touched him deeply. He appreciates it ever so much.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Harry Hoover Henry, Sr., Esq.,
634 South 59th Street,
Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania.

mrk

Louise Hering

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

ack. copy of with February 26th 1942
aid 3-30-42
mk

To His Excellency
The President of the United States.

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt;

Dear Sir:-

Enclosed you will find a profile
casting of President Abraham Lincoln.

As to being of interest to you in this
respect, this casting was moulded in
the foundry of the old Navy Yard, at
the foot of Federal Street in Philadelphia
in the year of 1864, during the Civil War.

The Government ordered three castings
made from a steel die, for which
purpose I do not know. They were
were cast by William Henry, who

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Hand blown paper, on bank's cloth.

ms

Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

P.P. 7-
9-H

+ P.P. 7, 9-B
+ P.P. 7, 9-W
x 108

Aside from its historic value, I think this is the only one in the whole world of this type as I have tried to locate the other three, and cannot find no trace of them.

It is my desire, and would be very pleased if you would add it to your collection to be placed in the Hyde Park Memorial Museum.

Thanking you in advance I am,

Respectfully Yours
Harry Hoover. Henry Sr.
634 So. 59th St
Philadelphia Penna.

was then the foreman moulder. He also cast one for him self, which he always had hanging in his home at 229 Luckinson street Phila. Mr. Henry lived in this house for 67 years.

The original mounting was made of Wood, but recently, I have had it mounted on Bakelite, thus combining the old with the new. The casting is made of Babbitt metal.

William Henry died at the age of 97 years on January 1st 1919 and the casting was given to me, his son. Harry H. Henry.

515 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

ms

Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

(Babbitt metal of Pres. Lincoln on black
Bakelite mounting - to Series B, Hyde Park
Library)

arch 27, 1942

PP7-
9-H

X PP79-B
+ PP79-W
X108

My dear Mr. Hammond:

The President wants you and Mr.
Eltinge F. Warner to know how much he appre-
ciates your friendly thought in sending him
that inscribed copy of the Fishing and Vac-
ation Year Book. He thanks you most cordially.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Godfrey Hammond, Esq.,
President,
Fishing and Vacation Year Book,
515 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

ms

Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence.
I have secured three.

March 27, 1942

My dear Mr. Hammond:

The President wants you and Mr. Eltinge F. Warner to know how much he appreciates your friendly thought in sending him that inscribed copy of the Fishing and Vacation Year Book. He thanks you most cordially.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Godfrey Hammond, Esq.,
President,
Fishing and Vacation Year Book,
515 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

ms

Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence.
I have secured three.

7
117
9-H

March 2, 1942

My dear Miss Hering:

I want to thank you, in the President's name, for your friendly thought in sending him that gift for his birthday. You may be sure that he appreciates your kind remembrance.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Mr

X

Miss Louise Hering,
Box 785,
Albany,
New York.

fhs

ice
brown

Hand blocked panel, on monk's cloth.

~~Hand blocked panel, on monk's cloth.~~
x 117.7.9-P

Louise Hering -

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" Envelopes?
For personal correspondence?
I have secured three -

file

Albany N.Y.
Mar. 9. '42.

①

My Dear Miss Gully:-

Just recently, I received from you and from Mrs. Roosevelt, one of three notes acknowledging the receipt of gifts sent by me.

I wish to call your attention to a mistake you persistently make in addressing me.

I am Mrs. Louise Hering - not Miss as you have written on two occasions.

I feel sure Mrs. Roosevelt would not err three times in this matter - twice with you and once with Melina Thompson. I can not accept it as an oversight.

May I ask you to acquaint Melina Thompson with this notice?

I thank you, and hope for a correction in the future.

Sincerely Yours,
Louise Hering.

P.S.-

Is it customary to use
"Official Business" envelopes?
For personal correspondence
I have secured three.

ack.
file
B/S

JOHN HOWELL BOOKS

CABLE ADDRESS: "BOOKMAN"



TELEPHONE: SUTTER 7795-7

March 30, 1942

P. P. 7.
9-H

My dear Mr. Howell:

Many thanks, in the President's behalf, for the prints. You may be assured that he appreciates the friendly thought which prompted you to send them to him.

The President is deeply grateful for the loyal spirit which your letter of March sixteenth evidences and wants me to convey his best wishes to you and to the members of your family.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

X
John Howell, Esq.,
434 Post Street,
San Francisco,
California.

X P. P. 7. 9-P
X P. P. 7. 223

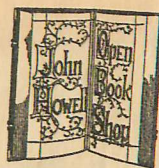
pl

B

ack.
file
B/S/T

JOHN HOWELL BOOKS

CABLE ADDRESS: "BOOKMAN"



TELEPHONES: SUTTER 7795-7796

434 Post Street :: San Francisco
[OPPOSITE ST. FRANCIS HOTEL]

March 16, 1942

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
The White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

It gives me much pleasure to send you my latest publication, Lord Nelson's Picture and his last Prayer, with a companion folder on Sir Francis Drake. Both should have an inspirational value at this time.

I sent out the Nelson Prayer at New Years and it met with so much appreciation I had it reprinted, with fuller text, and included the Drake folder with its emphasis on the Freedom of the Seas. You may note the comment of Mr. Winston Churchill regarding it, and the Prime Minister of Canada.

I want you to know how much all of us on the Pacific Coast appreciate your fine work as our Commander-in-Chief. Three of my four sons are in the Navy, an Ensign on a Destroyer in the Pacific Ocean, and two Lieutenants nearer shore.

Very sincerely yours,

John Howell

FOR THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

As Early as 1572

From the top of a tall tree on the Isthmus of Panama, SIR FRANCIS DRAKE looked out upon the

PACIFIC OCEAN

IN THE ENTHUSIASM OF THAT GREAT MOMENT, DRAKE LIFTED UP HIS HANDS AND PRAYED THAT ALMIGHTY GOD WOULD GRANT HIM LIFE AND LEAVE TO SAIL ONCE AN ENGLISH SHIP UPON THAT SEA, A PRAYER THAT WAS GREATLY FULFILLED.



In "The World Encompassed by Sir Francis Drake," London, 1628, we read:

"THE MAINE OCEAN (THE PACIFIC) BY RIGHT IS THE LORD'S ALONE, AND BY NATURE LEFT FREE FOR ALL MEN TO DEAL WITHALL, AS VERY SUFFICIENT FOR ALL MENS USE, AND LARGE ENOUGH FOR ALL MENS INDUSTRY.

"AND THEREFORE THAT VALIANT ENTERPRIZE, ACCOMPANIED WITH HAPPY SUCCESS, WHICH THAT RIGHT RARE AND THRICE WORTHY

Captain Francis Drake

ATCHIEVED, IN FIRST TURNING UP A FURROW ABOUT THE WHOLE WORLD DOTH NOT ONLY OVERMATCH THE ANCIENT ARGONAUTS BUT ALSO OUT-REACHETH IN MANY RESPECTS THAT NOBLE MARINER MAGELLAN AND BY FAR SURPASSETH HIS CROWNED VICTORY. BUT HEREOF LET POSTERITY JUDGE."

JOHN HOWELL

SAN FRANCISCO

A FEW DRAKE "FIRSTS"

From a Lecture by John Howell

"THE PACIFIC VOYAGE OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE"

At Pacific House, Treasure Island

August 11, 1939

SIR FRANCIS DRAKE WAS *FIRST* IN NOTABLE ENTERPRISES, AS FOLLOWS:

- The first Anglo-Saxon to set foot on the west coast of North America, landing in California, 1579, in his 100-ton ship, the famous *Golden Hind*.
- The first to use the English Bible, the Prayer Book, and Hymnal on the Pacific Coast. The Prayer-Book Cross in Golden Gate Park commemorates this.
- The first Englishman to go through the Straits of Magellan.
- The first to circumnavigate the globe in his own ship.
- The first English real estate agent doing business in North America, posting his claim on a durable *Brass Plate* for Elizabeth the Queen, and her successors.
- The first great commercial traveler, delivering English round-shot to the Spaniards, and trinkets to the natives, collecting generously from both.
- The first Englishman to open trade relations with the Spice Islands, the Moluccas, and to land in the Philippines.
- The first man to introduce the potato (*Batata*), resembling the sweet potato, into Europe.
- The first man to introduce tobacco (*Tobah*, Indian *Tabako*) to England.
- The first great English collector, particularly of coins and treasure.
- The first English navigator to present his Sovereign with a great captured treasure, over a million pounds.

THE FIRST GREAT NAVIGATOR OF ENGLAND AND REALLY THE FATHER OF THE BRITISH NAVY, HELPING TO RAISE ENGLAND FROM A FOURTH-RATE POWER TO THE FIRST PLACE. EVER SINCE THE DEFEAT OF THE ARMADA IN 1588, IN WHICH ENGAGEMENT DRAKE WAS VICE-ADMIRAL IN COMMAND OF THE "REVENGE"

"Britannia has ruled the waves."

AND NOW, 1942, WITH THE HELP OF THE AMERICAS AND THE NETHERLANDS, WILL CONTINUE TO MAINTAIN

The Freedom of the Seas.

(See "Sir Francis Drake's Voyage Around the World" by Dr. Henry R. Wagner, the definitive book on Drake's voyage, and also "Drake's Plate of Brass, Evidence of His Visit to California in 1579" by Dr. Herbert E. Bolton.)



Sir Fra

KE"

S, AS FOLLOWS:

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Pacific Coast. The Prayer-

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Moluccas, and to land in

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ENGAGEMENT

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gner, the definitive book

to California in 1579"



Sir Francis Drake, the Father of the British Navy.

DRAKE'S PLATE OF BRASS

BEE IT KNOWNE UNTO ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS

JUNE 17 1579

BY THE GRACE OF GOD AND IN THE NAME OF HERR
MAJESTY QUEEN ELIZABETH OF ENGLAND AND HERR
SUCCESSORS FOREVER I TAKE POSSESSION OF THIS
KINGDOME WHOSE KING AND PEOPLE FREELY RESIGNE
THEIR RIGHT AND TITLE IN THE WHOLE LAND UNTO
HERR MAJESTIES KEEPEING NOW NAMED BY ME AN
TO BE KNOWNE UNTO ALL MEN AS NOVA ALBION.

FRANCIS DRAKE

This Brass Plate was found near Drake's Bay, Marin County, in 1936,
and is now in the Library of the University of California.

Nova Albion or New England

was the name first given to the West Coast of America, 29 years
before Captain John Smith so designated a portion of the Atlantic
Coast.

In justice to our mother country, history records no serious attempt
on the part of England to ratify Drake's earlier claim to the Western
New England.

See "Drake's Plate of Brass Authenticated, The Report on the Plate
of Brass by Colin G. Fink, Head of the Division of Electro-
Chemistry at Columbia University, and E. P. Poluskin." California
Historical Society, 1938.

Printed by the Howell-North Press, Oakland
Copyrighted by John Howell, San Francisco

1942

A PRAYER WRITTEN BY LORD NELSON JUST BEFORE

THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR

OCTOBER 21, 1805

to My Country and for
the benefit of Europe.
in General a great and
Glorious Victory, and may
no misconduct in any
one tarnish it and
may humanity after
Victory be the predomi-
nant feature in the
British fleet, for
myself individually
I commit my life
to Him who made

*Facsimile of a page of Nelson's Prayer, now in The Royal
Naval College, Greenwich.*

1805

A TRIBUTE TO VICTORY

1942

JOHN HOWELL

San Francisco

LORD NELSON'S LAST PRAYER

1805

MAY THE GREAT GOD WHOM I WORSHIP, GRANT TO MY COUNTRY AND FOR THE BENEFIT OF EUROPE IN GENERAL A GREAT AND GLORIOUS VICTORY; AND MAY NO MISCONDUCT IN ANY ONE TARNISH IT; AND MAY HUMANITY AFTER VICTORY BE THE PREDOMINANT FEATURE IN THE BRITISH FLEET! FOR MYSELF, INDIVIDUALLY, I COMMIT MY LIFE TO HIM WHO MADE ME; AND MAY HIS BLESSING ALIGHT UPON MY ENDEAVORS FOR SERVING MY COUNTRY FAITHFULLY! TO HIM I RESIGN MYSELF, AND THE JUST CAUSE WHICH IS ENTRUSTED TO ME TO DEFEND.

AMEN, AMEN, AMEN.

This Prayer was written by Lord Nelson in his cabin in sight of the enemy at Trafalgar. His Flagship *VICTORY* led the column. Nelson had come up from his cabin after writing his Prayer, and after some little time he ordered the famous Signal to the Fleet to be made:

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

Then he added: "YOU MUST BE QUICK, FOR I HAVE ONE MORE TO MAKE,
WHICH IS FOR CLOSE ACTION."

A great shout throughout the Fleet greeted the memorable signal. "NOW," exclaimed Nelson, "I CAN DO NO MORE. WE MUST TRUST TO THE GREAT DISPOSER OF ALL EVENTS, AND THE JUSTICE OF OUR CAUSE. I THANK GOD FOR THIS GREAT OPPORTUNITY OF DOING MY DUTY."

Thirty-one ships of the British Fleet were opposed to forty of the enemy; all of which were destroyed during the Battle of Trafalgar or captured soon after. A glorious victory which saved England from invasion.

Staff Headquarters
PACIFIC SOUTHERN NAVAL COASTAL FRONTIER
San Francisco, California

25 December 1941

My dear Mr. Howell:

The picture of Lord Nelson with his Prayer is on my desk—a most appreciated present this Christmas Season. I think your thought of sending copies of this most interesting picture to a number of individuals—particularly of our Navy, to whom the life of Nelson has been a matter of study and great interest—is an excellent one, and that those fortunate enough to receive a copy from you would be truly appreciative. In these critical days, every officer and man of the United States Navy is deeply conscious of his responsibility to Almighty God and to his country.

Sincerely yours,

W. K. KILPATRICK
Captain, U. S. Navy
Chief of Staff

Pacific Southern Naval Coastal Frontier

To

Mr. John Howell
San Francisco
California



Lord Nelson at Prayer on

TO MY
GENERAL
NO MIS-
MANITY
IN THE
COMMIT
BLESSING
COUNTRY
HE JUST

AMEN.

y at Trafalgar. His Flagship
ng his Prayer, and after some

HIS DUTY."

MAKE,

W," exclaimed Nelson, "I CAN
F ALL EVENTS, AND THE
OPPORTUNITY OF DOING

y; all of which were destroyed
y which saved England from

TIER

25 December 1941

most appreciated present this
esting picture to a number of
een a matter of study and
eive a copy from you would
United States Navy is deeply

yours,

ILPATRICK

U. S. Navy

of Staff

Naval Coastal Frontier



Portrait of Nelson

Lord Nelson at Prayer on Sailing into Action on the Victory at Trafalgar, October 21, 1805.

FROM LETTERS OF APPRECIATION

I thank you for the copy of Lord Nelson's Prayer and the touching picture of the Great Admiral as he offers it. We need in these days to strengthen our hearts through the memories of those who have fought for freedom in the past. We need their courage and we need their faith in the God of justice and truth. Your thought of publishing this prayer is an inspiration. It is a help to us all. — *Rt. Rev. Edward L. Parsons.*

I am indebted to you for sending me the Nelson Prayer. It is appropriate in these times. — *Herbert Hoover*

The Prime Minister received the copy of "Lord Nelson's Prayer" just before he left for England and asked me to thank you very much for your kindness in sending it to him. He much appreciated the motive which prompted you to do this. — *British Embassy, Washington, D. C.*

The Prime Minister (of Canada) has asked me to thank you for sending him a copy of your very attractive folder containing a picture of Horatio Nelson at prayer before going into battle at Trafalgar in 1805.

Mr. Rockefeller, Jr. is much interested in the "Tribute to Victory" which you sent him and thanks you for it.

It was indeed good of you to include me among those to whom you sent the beautiful printed copy of the prayer of Nelson just before the Battle of Trafalgar. In times like these it helps one to have such expressions by great men who have also gone through the ordeals by fire. I congratulate you warmly upon it and express my great thanks to you. — *Monroe E. Deutsch*

Thank you so much for your Tribute to Victory. I was very complimented that you thought of me and I sincerely appreciate the picture of Lord Nelson and the copy of his prayer. It is certainly most impressive. — *Edgar Bergen*

In the midst of word conflict it is refreshing to receive the beautiful prayer by Lord Nelson. The thoughts contained therein and his demonstration of reliance upon God set a fine example for the leaders of our day. I agree with Captain Kilpatrick that the distribution of this prayer will do much good and I congratulate you upon your thoughtfulness. — *Fred D. Parr (Hon. Pres. Temple of Religion)*

The right thing at the right time. Nothing could be more apropos of world conditions, nor could anything be more stimulating to the legion engaged in public service. — *Peter V. Ross*

It is most fitting for our own time, and I trust that those who are entrusted with the conduct of our affairs of state, may see clearly that only by the most radical trust and reliance in the only one Mind, can we hope to win, and that they, too, will pray most earnestly for the guidance the great Nelson sought and received. — *Edward Parfit (Lt. Col., U. S. A., Retired)*

That the officers, who lead our men, are themselves willing to be lead—according to their highest understanding of God—is a source of gratitude to every true American. — *Harriet Van Dyne Newman*

For each of us to be divinely conscious, and divinely guided, in this grave hour is most imperative. Horatio Nelson, for whom my grandfather was named, aptly points the way. My deep appreciation for bringing this beautiful and timely consecration to me. — *Ann Hettman*

I have read the Prayer with interest. It is our business to know that the same Power that enabled Nelson to win at Trafalgar is in operation now in behalf of Victory on the right side. — *Paul Harsch*

Many thanks for the handsomely printed and timely "Tribute to Victory." — *Cushman McGiffert (President Pacific School of Religion)*

I am proud to be a descendant of Lord Nelson. The publication of his last Prayer is most interesting to me. — *Frank Hayward*

Unlike many pictures or monuments of great men, this has fully caught the true spirit of the great Admiral. Lord Nelson was a deeply religious man. — *The Argonaut, San Francisco*

A most interesting and timely souvenir. — *San Francisco Examiner*

I am happy to have the Nelson prayer and picture. Many great things in the past we have taken so casually, but now they shine out at us with light and power. Great characters are like a high-way down the centuries, one at least for each generation that needed him. Now, in this time, we have them, numbers of them, and they will be God-empowered to carry the world on rightly. — *Blanche Hersey Hogue*

Surely it was an inspiration which prompted you at this critical time to put before us this Prayer by Lord Nelson. His declaration of faith and earnest supplication have aroused in many a soul a stronger trust in God and a deeper spirit of self-sacrifice. None can read the Prayer without a new tide of courage through his heart. Thank You! — *Helen T. Pratt*

Your "Tribute to Victory" gives all who see it added and needed inspiration. What our country needs too, is to have the faith in God that Nelson had. America, like this great hero, expects every man to do his duty; and in this time of patriotic unity we cannot fail. — *Mrs. Mackenzie Gordon*

Timely and well done. The job ahead is going to demand all our material resource and all our spiritual resource as well—keeping our powder dry is not all of the story by any means. — *J. F. Williams*

You are making a fine gesture for a proper attitude after the coming Victory. The prayer for "humanity after Victory" and a world more approximating the best ideals is in the hearts if not on the lips of every one of us. — *Dr. Harry B. Reynolds*

It indicates the state of mind of a hero who did his part in carrying out the project for which he was petitioning the Almighty, and giving up his own life doing so. — *F. L. Lipman*

It is beautiful—the Prayer, itself, and the way in which you have presented it. — *Alfred Pittman, Boston*

Thank you sincerely for Nelson's Prayer, so timely, and attractively presented. We do know that out of this terrific struggle is coming the opportunity to establish a better condition for every nation which is prepared to receive the lesson. — *Dr. Albert F. Gilmore*

The lovely "Tribute to Victory" is a beautiful document and one worthy of cherishing. — *Mr. and Mrs. Leonard P. Edwards*

Thank you for the very impressive prayer and portrait of Lord Nelson. It should be very helpful to the U. S. Navy and others who see it. — *Galen M. Fisher*

Many thanks for the excellent picture of Lord Nelson at Prayer and for the text of the Prayer he wrote on the eve of the great battle from which his ships emerged victorious. — *George Channing*

The Nelson Prayer is very attractively done and very interesting. — *John Francis Neylan*

The beautiful copy of the prayer written by Nelson just before the Battle of Trafalgar is especially appropriate during these troublous times. — *Edward Hobfeld*

The copy of Nelson's prayer is appreciated very much. You are kind to remember me. — *Herbert W. Beck*

Nelson's Prayer is most revealing. You are very fortunate to have it come your way and I am grateful to you for sharing it with me. — *Genevieve King*

Your "Tribute to Victory" is a perfectly splendid thing. I can't tell you how much I appreciate it. — *Charles R. Blyth*

A warning of what the United Nations need and how to get it is clearly shown in your "Tribute to Victory" showing Lord Nelson's courageous devotions before Trafalgar. The Tribute's lesson must be taken to heart. — *Nate White*

The beautiful picture of Lord Nelson and the copy of his last prayer is a splendid reminder that the pomp of his position, all his decorations, etc., did not prevent his humbly kneeling in prayer. — *Lillian Slayton*

Lord Nelson's Prayer, which was so inspiring to him when he needed help, is still an inspiration to our boys at this time. — *Alice Tesch*

Today Lord Nelson might well make his famous "Victory" declaration in the words, "Freedom expects that every man this day will do his duty." That surely is the spirit which will lead us to the preservation of our precious heritage of liberty, and we must work with all we have, individually and collectively, and fight with all our strength to attain that end. — *G. W.*

Thank you for the "Tribute to Victory." How timely to send it out at this time when there is need for serious thinking and affirmative prayer. — *Lena W. Watters*

The picture of Admiral Nelson, and his prayer, really affected me. — *Joseph Durney*

I greatly appreciate your courtesy in sending me the very lovely copy of Lord Nelson's prayer. God grant that we shall do our part to bring about "Peace on Earth." — *Constance Camp*

Lord Nelson's Prayer is appropriate, a very timely reminder. We join in warmest thanks and in every good thought for a Victorious 1942. — *Delight and Garfield Merner*

Many thanks for the beautiful "Tribute to Victory," the Nelson Prayer, to which we add our fervent Amens also. — *Louise Seymour Jones*

The text of Lord Nelson's last prayer, together with the picture of the appealing humble face, brings not only a feeling of hope, but of confidence in the final outcome of these critical years. The spirit of Captain Kilpatrick's letter gives buoyance. Though there be much suffering, we can never be defeated when we consider the type of young men who are fighting for us. The workmanship of the Howell-North Press is exquisite. — *Eugenia Lawrence Eustace*

March 31, 1943

My dear Mr. Hutchinson:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for the maple syrup to which you refer in your letter of March twenty-fifth. He appreciates your kindness in sending it to him and wants you to know how deeply grateful he is for your friendly thoughts during these critical days.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Homer H. Hutchinson, Esq.,
Bristol,
New Hampshire.

cb

loyal citizen of the good Old U. S. A.

Homer H. Hutchinson.

Hamer

12
ack
3-31
ch
Bristol N. H. Wed. March 25th. 1942

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt - President of the United States

Dear President Roosevelt

Your nice message to me dated Jan. 5th, through Miss or Mrs.

Grace G. Tully in response to my Christmas Folder - was duly received and fully appreciated - I fully intended to write you an expression of acknowledgement and appreciation at that time - but as I failed to do so I am doing it now and in order to make my expression of appreciation mean a little more than just plain words I am sending you a gallon of new maple syrup - part of the sap from which this syrup is made came from maple trees that stand on a farm which I own in the adjacent town of New Hampton, and where I spent all of my early life and of all fond memories there none more memorable than those of the sugar season,

Vermont has a reputation for her maple sugar and syrup and it is very nice indeed - probably nine tenths of all the maple sweet sold is sold as Vermont product - however as a loyal New Hampshire citizen I think that The Old Granite State can go one lap better and that her maple sweet is the best that the world has to offer - Try it

I think a great deal about you and matters in Washington and I marvel that you are physically able to carry on, I sincerely hope that a silver lining will soon be visible in this black cloud that now hovers over the entire world and that you will survive and live to see and enjoy many years of world peace, joy gladness and prosperity that is due all of us in this Twentieth Century.

With all best wishes, hopes and good will, think of me as a good and loyal citizen of the Good Old U. S. A.

Homer H. Hutchinson.

Homer

Dear Miss Musgrove

What I have typed on the other end of this sheet I have not intended for publication in the Enterprise but for your consideration and investigation by you and those who have the situation in hand.

As a matter of fact I think that our situation is hopeless if the raiders are really determined to destroy us, - we are thinking of it and planning as though it was a cyclone- once over and if we can prevent or put out the fires all will be well and nothing more to fear- but I see it differently, There may not be only one plane but three or thirty or fifty - fire bombs followed by explosive ones - then followed by planes with machine guns to rake the streets and disperse what firemen that are not killed, they do not need to come in the night, early dawn when they can see the town perfectly and most people in bed, they can fly low, just skimming the tops of the trees and we have no defence against them, - they can come not only once but return two or three times an hour circling over Bristol Plymouth and Ashland, such a squad can destroy New Hampshire in a days time, - we cannot expect any assistance from our Air Service as they will be required to protect our cities and supply bases, and will I fear be shot down like so many crows not having had any experience in real action, Another possibility is that they would cut off our water supply by breaking the main water pipe where it is exposed near the intake, Cheerful isn't it.

I also see the situation at another angle - that they may not burn property - keeping it to occupy themselves after they have killed us off or driven us to the woods to perish - cheerful as well.

Dear Miss Musgrove
Bristol N. H. March 20th. 1942

Not having attended any of our defence meetings, I do not know how much we are organized, I offer the following suggestions, I do not know how they will be received, but I think they should be taken into consideration. That two men not members of the fire company should be appointed to be their street or section of any street allotted to them, and in case that a building is struck by a fire bomb to see that action is taken in that building to take care of it- only one of this committee attending to this particular place while the other continues his patrol. That ladders are available to reach the highest roof in each particular section, - That some occupant of every house should be stationed at the foot of the attic stairs, with door open provided with a scoop shovel and or in to a ball of sand to burn it self out, - this latter seems to me to be rather hazardous if they produce as much heat as I understand that they do, - I further suggest that this committee go over their several sections before a raid occurs and see if arrangements have been made for a "black out" that meets the required regulations, Yours for defence and protection - Homer H. Hutchinson

17.
22
P.P. 7/14
9-
April 1, 1942

My dear Mr. Hill:

Permit me, please, to acknowledge the receipt of the inscribed copy of your book which you sent to the President. I know that he would want me to express his appreciation of your kind thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

X
DeWitt C. Hill, Esq.,
3620 S. W. 12th Street,
Des Moines,
Iowa.

Book: "RECONSTRUCTION"

B
fhs

17.
PP7
9-1

April 1, 1942

April 1, 1942

Gentlemen:

Thank you in the President's behalf for the copy of YOUR BUSINESS GOES TO WAR. You may be sure he appreciates your courtesy in sending the book to him.

x PP7
9-18

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Houghton Mifflin Company,
The Riverside Press,
Cambridge,
Massachusetts.

fhs

Sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully

B

X
Military
Department

PP7.
9-H

NEVIL MONROE HOPKINS
12 WASHINGTON SQUARE NORTH
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Qid
4/6/42
M

THE WHITE HOUSE
APR 4 9 57 AM '42
RECEIVED

By Registered Mail

April 2, 1942

Dear Mr. President:

Knowing your great interest in ships, I have pleasure in sending, inscribed to you personally, Number 1, of a limited edition of a brochure entitled, "New Submersible Battle Cruiser with Sixteen Inch Gun," together with a history of the development of this proposition and presentation thereof to the United States Navy Department.

These have been referred, as you will note, by the General Board to the Secretary of the Navy.

As you will also note, this development has been endorsed by officers of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, and the Bureau of Ordnance, of the United States Navy, as well as by the head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering, Stevens Institute of Technology, and by the Head of the Department of Naval Architecture of the Webb Institute of Naval Architecture.

It is my thought that you would like this for your personal archives. I shall be appreciative of the acknowledgment of the safe receipt of the brochure and history.

Sincerely yours,

Nevil Monroe Hopkins
Nevil Monroe Hopkins

NMH/B

The President
The White House
Washington, D. C.

X PP79-B
X 18-Mixed
X 335 -
Military
Inventions

Port Hall

April 6, 1942

My dear Mr. Hopkins:

I shall be glad to make available to the President the inscribed brochure and history of the battle cruiser to which you refer in your letter of April second. At the same time, permit me to thank you, in his behalf, for your thoughtful courtesy.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Nevil Monroe Hopkins, Esq.,
12 Washington Square North,
New York,
New York.

fhs

Mrs. Elmer: In

view of his last paragraph
as you want to dispose

of — file room

r card.

P.P. 2.9-17.

meif

Mr. Green
L.C.
M

card.

See P.P.F. 217

P.P. 2.9-11.

ref

RANKS, F. H.
Bentonville, Ark.
Ack.-April 6, 1942.

Sent the President a ham and Easter card.

See P.P.F. 217

P.P. 2.9-11.

mef

April 8, 1942

CAREY, Rev. Thos. F.
NAT'L HDQTS. OF THE HOLY NAME SOCIETY
New York, N. Y.
April 2, 1942.

Letter to General Watson saying that since, according to Justice Frank Murphy, it is impossible for Father H. C. Graham, Nat'l Director of above Society to present a Plaque commemorating March 8th when all men of the Holy Name Soc. performed certain religious acts for the President and advisers, would General Watson meet Father Graham and receive said Plaque for the President?

Attached is letter dated 4/3/42 from Justice Murphy suggesting that Gen. Watson accept Plaque. Memorandum to Gen. Watson dated 4/3/42 reminding him of telephoned promise to Justice Murphy to see Father Graham and suggesting appointment at 4 p.m. April 6th. Wire dated 4/4/42 to Father Carey saying General Watson would be happy to accept the Plaque - giving time of appointment. Wire to General Watson dated 4/4/42 confirming appointment. Letter signed by the President to Father Graham dated 4/7/42 thanking him for the Plaque.

See P.P.F. 302

mpf

April 8, 1942

My dear Iris:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your friendly letter and for the enclosed snapshots. It was kind indeed of you to send the egg to the President as an Easter token and I know that he would want me to convey his very best wishes to you.

I am sorry to have to disappoint you regarding a personal reply from the President, but feel sure that you will understand when I tell you that during these critical days it is increasingly necessary to permit him to devote his every attention to his official duties. However, I do have on my desk a card signed by the President and I have pleasure in sending it on to you.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Iris Hunter,
R. D. 1,
Dallas,
Pennsylvania.

Enclosure. White House card signed "Franklin D. Roosevelt".

cb

good to me.

(2)

Thank (egg) (no P^a to 99T) given 99T. send card

ack 4-8 ch
Dallas A.P. Co.
Mar. 31 - 42

the girl 10 years
for our Country, and I wish you God speed
to victory. If we ask help in God's
Name we will get it, because I believe
that Jesus saves.

I wanted to send you a gift a long
time already but didn't know what
to send, As my pennies I would
have to send wouldn't mean a
thing to you. But I have just
it, a big goose egg for Easter.
and don't think it is a bomb
for God sake, I love you.

My Daddy is dead shot accidentally
deer hunting, and I live with
my Grandmother and my Daddy's
brother, and I love them they are
good to me.

(2)

ack
4-8
cb

12

Dallas, Tex.,

Mar. 31 - 42

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

I am a little girl 10 years old, and I (love) you for what you are doing for our Country, and I wish you God speed to victory. If we ask help in God's (name) Name we will get it, because I believe that Jesus saves.

I wanted to send you a gift a long time already but didn't know what to send, As my pennies I would have to send wouldn't mean a thing to you. But I have just it, a big goose egg for Easter, and don't think it is a bomb for God sake, I love you.

My Daddy is dead, shot accidentally deer hunting, and I live with my Grandmother and my Daddy's brother, and I love them, they are good to me.

(2)



Well I guess you will get tired
reading this or maybe you
won't have time, but I wish
you would answer me, with
your own dear hands and
sign your name. I would be
so proud of you. Please.
Just think my Daddy would be
one of your dear soldiers if he
were living. His brother the one that
is keeping me, is a farmer and
raises chickens for the Army. We
have 300 Chicks and 2 incubators
Hatching April 12 also have 100 laying
hens. We got 2065 eggs in March
Well good Bye Mr President.

From just a little girl.

Iris Hunter
Dallas Pt. Pa.

enclosed find 2 of my pictures also one
chickens and on one picture you will find
goose that laid this big egg.

(2)

you will get time
or maybe you
time, but I wish
anxiety me, with
lean hands and
ame. I would be
you. Please.



15.6
P.P. 7.
9-H

ks for those beauti-
President and Mrs.
to receive them and
cordial appreciation.
ll you that the rest

P.P. 79-7 (7 flowers)
+ P.P. 7. 9-0

of us are mighty grateful, too, for your friend-
ly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Walter Hawkins, Esq.,
P. O. Box 412,
Jacksonville,
Florida.

agw

(2)

Well I guess
reading the
won't have
you won't
your own
sign you
so proud
just think
one of you
were living
is keeping
raises Chick

have 300 Chicks and 2 incubators
Hatching April 12 also have 100 laying
hens. We got 2065 eggs in March

Well good Bye Mr President.
From just a little girl.

Iris Hunter
Dallas R. Pa.

enclosed find 2 of my pictures also one
chickens and on one picture you will find
goose that laid this big egg.

Learn the one on the like the other
girl is Betty Lee my girl friend.
They live close to me. She taught me to play
a guitar. I also ride this like



15.6
 P.P. 7.
 9-H

My dear Mr. Hawkins:

Many, many thanks for those beautiful orange blossoms. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt were delighted to receive them and want me to express their cordial appreciation.

P.P. 7. 9-0
 P.P. 7. 9-0 (7. flowers)

I need hardly tell you that the rest of us are mighty grateful, too, for your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Walter Hawkins, Esq.,
 P. O. Box 412,
 Jacksonville,
 Florida.

agw

(2)

This is me. Iris with our chicks
when they were just 12 weeks old.
these are the ones shelling out
the eggs now.

Just think
one of your
were living.
is keeping
raises Chicks

like the other
girl friend.
taught me to play
like this like

have 300 Chicks and 2 incubators
Hatching April 12 also have 100 laying
hens. We got 2065 eggs in March

well good Bye Mr President.

From just a little girl.

Iris Hunter

Dallas R. Pa.

enclosed find 2 of my pictures also one
chickens and on one picture you will find
goose that laid this big egg.

WALTER
HAWKINS
April 9, 1942
AIR MAIL

Miss Grace G. Tully
Secretary to The President
My dear Mr. Hawkins:

Many, many thanks for those beautiful orange blossoms. The President and Mrs. Roosevelt were delighted to receive them and want me to express their cordial appreciation.

I need hardly tell you that the rest of us are mighty grateful, too, for your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Walter Hawkins, Esq.,
P. O. Box 412,
Jacksonville,
Florida.

agw

ack for
all - many
thanks 9/9/42

WALTER
HAWKINS
P. O. BOX 412
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Mrs. Elin
ack
4-9-42
aga

Mar. 31, 1942

AIR MAIL

Miss Grace G. Tully
Secretary to The President
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Tully:

We are sending today the first of the
orange blossoms for the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.
Please will you see that they are opened promptly. The
President is especially fond of these and has person-
ally told me so, and I cannot fail to send him some.

Understand, though, definitely, that some
of these are for you, Mrs. Thompson and Miss LeHand if
she is there. I put the stems in irish potatoes to
make them keep fresh.

Respectfully,

Walter Hawkins

H/w

4-20-42
(2)

P.P. 7.
9-11

File

Des Moines, Iowa
March 14, 1942

Stephan D. Earley,
Secretary to the President,
White House,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. Earley:

Under separate cover I am mailing a copy of a book I wrote
in 1926 which is a semi-historical narrative portraying
the Reconstruction problems resultant from the deflation of
credits in the year 1920.

I trust you and our President may find time to read the book
from "cover to cover" because the same problems confront us
today in the making.

Sincerely yours,

Dr. Wm C. Hill
3620 S. W. 12th St.
Des Moines, Iowa

P.S.
Pardon the spelling of your surname which may not be correct.

No book received.

4-20-42

(2)

April 20, 1942

PP 7.
9-H

My dear Mr. Howe:

Many thanks, in the President's
behalf, for the copy of your book OUR COMMON
TREES - How to Know and Use Them. I can as-
sure you that the President appreciates your
kind thought in sending it to him.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Hollis Howe, Esq.,
City Forester,
Baltimore,
Maryland.

ms

EDWIN A. MALSEY
SECRETARY

United States Senate

Note:

Miss Tully is taking to H.P.
to read. When it comes back, it goes
to the Library "B".

April 16, 1942.

P.P. 7-
9-H

Dear Mr. Herzberg:

Walter Karig brought in to me the
copy of your book "Insults". I have only
had a chance to glance through it, but I
look forward with real pleasure to reading
it. I have been much amused by my first
glimpse.

Ever so many thanks for your thought
of me.

Very sincerely yours,

Max Herzberg, Esq.,
The Newark News,
Newark, New Jersey.

dj

Note:

Miss Tully is taking to H.P.
to read. When it comes back, it goes
to the Library "B".

ever so much and wants me to convey his best
wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Colonel Edwin A. Halsey,
Secretary,
United States Senate,
Washington, D. C.

Book: Development of United States Foreign Policy --
Addresses and Messages of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ms

667
X
10

File

10-10-13

After having received from you the
copy of your book "Insights". I have
had a chance to read it. It is
most interesting and informative.
I have been thinking about it
often. And you are so kind to
send me a copy for your insight.
Very sincerely yours,

John A. Smith

10-10-13

John A. Smith,
The Newark News,
Newark, New Jersey.

ms

EDWIN A. HALSEY
SECRETARY

United States Senate

April 20, 1942

Dear Mr. Halsey:

The President is especially pleased that I to have the personal volume which accompanied of your note of April seventeenth. He thanks you to our ever so much and wants me to convey his best wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

April 17, 1942

X
Colonel Edwin A. Halsey,
Secretary,
United States Senate,
Washington, D. C.

Book: Development of United States Foreign Policy --
Addresses and Messages of Franklin D. Roosevelt.

ms

EDWIN A. HALSEY
SECRETARY

United States Senate

APR 17 4 24 PM '42
RECEIVED
WHITE HOUSE

Thank
you
for
return book
to Mrs. Egan
study

Dear Mr. President:

It is with pleasure
that I send you a bound copy of a compilation
of your addresses and messages in relation
to our Foreign Policy.

Respectfully,

Edwin A. Halsey

April 17, 1942

ms

12
ack
4-20-42
ms
PP 7.
9-H

3
+ PP 7, 9-B

April 20, 1942

PP 7.
9-H

Gentlemen:

Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of and thank you for the copy of THE VALOR OF IGNORANCE. You may be assured that he appreciates your courtesy in sending the book to him.

x PP 7.9-B

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

x# 3870

Harper & Brothers,
49 East 33rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

ms

Franklin D. Roosevelt, President.
United States Of America
Washington, D. C.,

April 7, 1942

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:-

I take this occasion to write you relative to an idea now being
into use, under U. S. Patents Pending, known as a THREE STAR MYSTERY
Book. It is a book which would accept one as a gift for your own collection.

Gentlemen:

I want to thank you ever so much
in the President's behalf for the advance
copy of THE THREE STAR MYSTERY BOOK. You may
be assured that he is most appreciative of
your friendly thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. H. MCINTYRE
Secretary to the President

x PP73830
Harper & Brothers,
49 East 33rd Street,
New York, N. Y.

ms

105 E. W. 7th Ave.
Pt. Ledge, Fla.
April 10, 1942

PP7,
9-H

-R
-B

Sarah Isabella Gannon,
Inventor.

B

PP 7-
9-H

ack.
H-21
cb

105 S. W. 7th Ave.
Ft. Lauderdale, Fla.,
April 18, 1942.

+
PP 7.9-R
PP 7.9-B

Franklin D. Roosevelt, President.
United States Of America,
Washington, D. C.,

Dear Mr. Roosevelt:-

I take this occasion to write you relative to an idea now being put into use, under U. S. Patents Pending, known as a READING BLANKET. And, to ask if you would accept one as a gift for your own personal use.

The blanket is fitted with slots, covered with a flat flap. The hands are extended thru the openings, for use in reading, handling papers, smoking or otherwise, while the shoulders and chest are completely covered and protected at all times.

I am sure this blanket would afford you a great deal of comfort and pleasure, during your hours of attempted rest, from the stress and strain of work, directing the destiny of our Nation, in its trying hours.

If one of these READING BLANKETS is acceptable, I would appreciate a line so advising me.

Very truly yours,

Sarah Isabelle Hennen
Sarah Isabelle Hennen,
Inventor. X

April 21, 1942

My dear Miss Hennen:

This will acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April eighteenth.

While the President deeply appreciates your kind thought of him, he asks me to say that he does not care to avail himself of your very generous offer to send him the gift to which you refer.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Miss Sarah Isabelle Hennen,
105 S. W. 7th Avenue,
Ft. Lauderdale,
Florida.

cb

Colonel William W. Hike,
Fort MacArthur,
San Pedro, California.

ARK UNIT Memorial American Service League

283 LEXINGTON AVENUE

1-A 7

Study

P.P. 7
9-H

My dear Miss Hicks:

April 21, 1942

My dear Colonel Hicks:

The President is glad to have the very handsome bound volume of the 1941 Historical and Pictorial Review of the Harbor Defenses of Los Angeles.

Will you please thank the officers and men of Fort MacArthur for their kindness in sending the book to the President. He sincerely appreciates their thoughtfulness.

x P.P. 7
9-B

With warm regards, I am

Very sincerely yours,

EDWIN M. WATSON
Secretary to the President

Colonel William W. Hicks,
Fort MacArthur,
San Pedro, California.

RK UNIT Women's Overseas Service League

283 LEXINGTON AVENUE

April 17, 1942

NEW YORK CITY

186 CLAREMONT STREET

NEW YORK CITY

April 17, 1942

My dear Miss Hall:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for the March issue of CARRY ON. I can assure you that he will appreciate your courtesy in sending it to him.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Miss Mary Frances Hall,
186 Claremont Street,
New York, N. Y.

never did secure a position with the government, and I needed it so after losing everything, but I do hope to at this time be more successful. After such a fine record during the last war- 30 months in all here and overseas- and none of us ever ceased our work- we feel we should be useful in many departments. I have applied for a position with the Censor Div., do not know how

PUBLICITY
MISS MARY FRANCES HALL
WAR RELIEF
MRS. HUGH COSGROVE
WAYS AND MEANS
MISS SADIE MAUD JOHNSTON

ARK UNIT *Women's Overseas Service League*
283 LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

186 Claremont Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.
April 13, 1942.

CORRESPONDENT
MRS. M. P. COWEN
433 EAST 51ST STREET

TREASURER
MRS. CHARLES KANDEL
33-45 86TH STREET
JACKSON HEIGHTS, L. I.

DIRECTORS
MRS. DONALD DUNCAN
MISS BERTHA MCCALL
MISS AGNES MITCHELL
MISS MADELINE DE ROSSET
MRS. HERBERT SAWYER
MRS. GARNET TRAINOR

ADVISORY COMMITTEE
MRS. BALLINGTON BOOTH
MRS. ELIOT CROSS
MRS. HENRY P. DAVISON
MRS. DELIA AKELEY HOWE
MRS. ROBERT G. MEAD
MRS. FRANCIS ROGERS
MRS. F. LOUIS SLADE
LADY SEWARD

COMMITTEE CHAIRMEN
ACTIVITIES
MRS. GLADYS SEARS
BUDGET
MRS. A. J. MAXWELL
BY-LAWS
MISS AUGUSTA FIELD
COLOR GUARD
MRS. JOSEPH SCHRUFER
HOSTESS
MISS ALINE MCDONALD
MEMBERSHIP
MISS MARY B. GREENE
MEMBERS AID
MRS. MATTHEW SWERLING
MEMBERS SERVICE
MISS MARION STYLES
MEMORIAL
MRS. MABELLE A. BARRISON
PATRIOTIC
MISS VICTORIA MONTGOMERY
PUBLICITY
MISS MARY FRANCES HALL
WAR RELIEF
MRS. HUGH COSGROVE
WAYS AND MEANS
MISS SADIE MAUD JOHNSTON

Miss Grace Tully,
Secretary to President Roosevelt,
White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Tully,

A few weeks ago I saw the loveliest picture of you in one of the N. Y. City papers and I could not help but wonder "How do you do it?". In these hectic days- and we all know- and we do so appreciate- what you are going through. It is very helpful and gratifying however, to know those so close to our President, can keep and look so cool and charming- he needs to be surrounded by just such people.

Congratulations and we hope and pray God, will continue to bless you with good health and charm and good sense for we need you so.

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Mrs. Ellen:
Mary: Because this is
the New York Unit, I am
wondering if you want
it?
B.B.

Overseas Service League

INGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

186 Claremont Ave.,
 New York City, N. Y.
 April 13, 1942.

ENDING SEC'Y.
 MRS. M. P. COWETT
 433 EAST 51ST STREET

TREASURER
 MRS. CHARLES KANDEL
 33-45 86TH STREET
 JACKSON HEIGHTS, L. I.

DIRECTORS
 MRS. DONALD DUNCAN
 MISS BERTHA MCCALL
 MISS AGNES MITCHELL
 MISS MADELINE DE ROSSET
 MRS. HERBERT SAWYER
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NEW YORK UNIT *Women's Overseas Service League*

283 LEXINGTON AVENUE

NEW YORK CITY

186 Claremont Ave.,
New York City, N. Y.
April 13, 1942.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT

MRS. G. LEONARD GOLD
210 RIVERSIDE DRIVE

VICE PRESIDENTS

MISS MARION BRAINERD
MRS. WILLARD C. NELLIS

RECORDING SECRETARY
MISS ROSE FRANK

CORRESPONDING SEC'Y.

MRS. M. P. COWETT
433 EAST 51ST STREET

TREASURER

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successful I will be. It is some time now since my application was filed. I did get a letter from the Civil Service Commission last week, after careful investigation among my friends and neighbors- 'I did pass as far as character was concerned.'

If I did not have to keep a home here for my crippled brother, how I should like to do some OVERSEAS work again- with the Construction Div. or U. S. Engineers, same as I did last time before going with the Knights of Columbus, in Paris.

With kindest regards and begging your indulgence for I know you are busy- I am

Sincerely yours,

Mary Frances Hall

P.S. How is Miss LeHand? Never read about her any more- I hope she has recovered her health.

HELD, Jules
Cincinnati, Ohio
4/18/42

Wrote to the President, sending under separate cover, a complete set of the first American edition of Lord Byron's works, printed in New York in 1825.
--Sent to study.

mtl

See - P.P.F. 450

P.P.F.
9-H

My dear Mr. Butler

Thank you so much for the copy of your letter of April 15th, with the enclosed clippings. It was kind of you to send the President the inscribed copy of your book of poems and I can assure you that he will be most appreciative of your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

JOHN D. WALKER

John D. Walker, Esq.,
1025 Grand Street,
Cincinnati,
Ohio.

April 24, 1942

My dear Mr. Heller:

Permit me to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of April fifteenth, with the enclosed clippings. It was kind indeed of you to send the President the inscribed copy of your book of poems and I can assure you that he will be most appreciative of your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Calvin B. Heller, Esq.,
4925 Greene Street,
Germantown,
Pennsylvania.

ms

B

ack
perry
9/9/42

MR. CALVIN B. HELLER
4925 GREENE STREET
GERMANTOWN, PA.

ack
4-24-42
ms

April 15/1942

P. 7.
-H

Franklin D. Roosevelt President
Dear Mr President:-

I am sending you a gratuitous
copy of my book of original poems
Vol #2 None of these books are for
sale "The survival war" is very good

I send you this one line of my
new poems not yet published
"ON GOD'S SIDE"

"WE'LL SURVIVE 'CAUSE WE'RE ON GOD'S SIDE"

With my best wishes
Sincerely yours
Calvin B. Heller

ms

"LIBRARY B"

THE PATRIOT

Tho' I've grown old like many men,
And time has dimmed my eyes once bright,
Yet, long as I can see the light,
That aids me wield my humble pen,
For my dear land, I'll toil and fight.

All vital things I'll save and store,
From pleasures gay I will abstain,
Buy BONDS and STAMPS until we gain
The victory in this far-flung war,
That our brave boys die not in vain.

CALVIN B. HELLER,
Germantown, Pa.

April 28, 1942

P.P. 7.
9-H

APRIL
1942

No land's secure where traitors tread,
Their sordid minds start hellish flares,
AMERICA, FULL SPEED AHEAD!

Contributed by CALVIN B. HELLER.

It has noted with a

all that you say in

will seventeenth to General

s you very much indeed for

aph and wants you to know

es your sending it to him.

sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Honorable John Edgar Hoover,
Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
United States Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

ms

"LIBRARY B"

AMERICA, FULL SPEED AHEAD!

America begins to arm,
Show to the world our strength and might,
O'er all these lands our heart beats warm,
For freedom we must grimly fight.

One hundred thousand planes and tanks,
Are on the way, we Yankees yell,
Ten million mad, free-fighting Yanks,
Will smash our way to gates of H . . . !

We fear no foe, we challenge lust,
No time out now for free men brave,
We'll grind these perils into dust,
Fling out the Flag and let it wave!

Unlimber guns, unsheathe the swords,
Stamp out foul isms, fifth columns' smash,
Defend our lands from foreign hordes,
'Ere our back door the monsters crash.

These rattle-snakes strike unawares,
No land's secure where traitors' tread,
Their sordid minds start hellish flares,
AMERICA, FULL SPEED AHEAD!

Contributed by CALVIN B. HELLER.

Feb 1942

April 28, 1942

P.P. 7.
9-H

Mr:

President has noted with a

interest all that you say in

April seventeenth to General

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GRACE O. TULLY

Honorable John Edgar Hoover,
Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
United States Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

ms

"LIBRARY B"

Respectfully forwarded to the President.

E. H. H. April 28, 1942

P. P. 7.
9-H

My dear Mr. Hoover:

Washington. The President has noted with a great deal of interest all that you say in your letter of April seventeenth to General Watson. He thanks you very much indeed for the color photograph and wants you to know that he appreciates your sending it to him.

Very sincerely yours,

GRACE G. TULLY

Enclosure
Honorable John Edgar Hoover,
Director,
Federal Bureau of Investigation,
United States Department of Justice,
Washington, D. C.

ms

"LIBRARY B"

Respectfully forwarded to the President.

E. M. W.

AND CONFIDENTIAL
IAL MESSENGER

The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear General Watson:

As of possible interest to the President and
you, I am enclosing herewith a color photograph of a
poster depicting Japanese Imperial warships and army
weapons. This poster is a supplement to the "Syonen
Kurabu," a Japanese youth club magazine, and was obtained
by Agents of this Bureau during a search of the residence
of Shozo Sasaki, a Japanese alien enemy of Portland,
Oregon. X

Sincerely,

J. E. Hoover

Enclosure

2094
12

ack
4-28-42
mb.

X197-2

X11.11.29-P

X10-13

Color photograph - SERIES B

Division
of Justice

1.

2

PERSONAL AND CONFIDENTIAL
BY SPECIAL MESSENGER

Major General Edwin M. Watson
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X10-B

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X197-a

X11.1.29-P

J. EDGAR HOOVER
DIRECTOR



Federal Bureau of Investigation
United States Department of Justice
Washington, D. C.

April 17 1942

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