PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FILE

PPF 9
Gifts M
Nov.-Dec. 1943

PPF900541

COLBY, Lt. Comdr. Leslie E.,
Williamsburg, Virginia,
November 5, 1943 - ack.

P.P.F. 9-M

Miss Tully wrote to Comdr. Colby, thanking him for sending the book matches to the President.----------Distributed.
Attached is a memo, dated, 9/24.

See P.P.F. 9-C

fmf

PPF 9-T

November 11, 1943.

Dear Mr. McCarter:

The President and Mrs. Roosevelt ask me to thank you ever so much for that very wonderful turkey which you sent to them. It is a fine one and will be enjoyed by all. They both are very appreciative of your thought of them, particularly in these days.

PPF 9-T

With all good wishes from the President and Mrs. Roosevelt,

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Mr. Joe McCarter,
Burnt Corn,
Alabama.

From; Joe McCarter
Burnt Corn,
Alabama.

To. President and Mrs. F.D.Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D.C.

1 live turkey weight (in crate 43 lbs)
Express # 3782
C.O.D. $ 2.29 Paid by Agent Murray

My dear Mr. Taylor:

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me that calendar of Gaucho paintings. I do appreciate your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

W. B. Taylor, Esq.,
Minneapolis-Moline Power
Implement Company,
Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

pl

Mrs. Eben -

Do you want to note?

File Room

943

My dear Mr. Taylor:

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me that calendar of Gaucho paintings.

I do appreciate your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

W. B. Taylor, Esq.,
Minneapolis-Moline Power
Implement Company,
Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

pl

BB

et by "P"

WE

PPF 9-M

November 15, 1943

My dear Mr. Taylor:

Many thanks for your kindness in sending me that calendar of Gaucho paintings. I do appreciate your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

PPF 9-C

PPF 9-P

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

W. B. Taylor, Esq.,
Minneapolis-Moline Power
Implement Company,
Minneapolis,
Minnesota.

pl

BB

Gave it to
John Bradley
WE

ational Geographic Society
of the maps in the President's
will be made within a few
hoto made by a National
wrote Dr. Grosvenor saying
up for him to send to Mr.
he had just seen the cabinet which Dr. Grosvenor had made
Churchill and he was delighted with it. The President said he thought it was a grand job
on the photograph of the White House and it was a most attractive case. Said he knew the
Prime Minister will find it as useful as he had found his, and the the new map of the
world would be a great addition. The President also thanked Dr. Grosvenor for sending him
a copy of the new map which he will include in his case.

SEE P.P.F. 7872
AS

P.P.F.

9-m

GROSVENOR, Dr. Gilbert
President, National Geographic Society.
Washington, D. C.,
Nov. 10, 1943.

Writes the President he is sending him a cabinet of the National Geographic Society maps of the continents and oceans. Says a rearrangement of the maps in the President's cabinet, to conform to this arrangement for Mr. Churchill, will be made within a few hours. Hopes the President approves of the White House photo made by a National Geographic Society Staff man.---The President, Nov. 11th, wrote Dr. Grosvenor saying he had just seen the cabinet which Dr. Grosvenor had made up for him to send to Mr. Churchill and he was delighted with it. The President said he thought it was a grand job on the photograph of the White House and it was a most attractive case. Said he knew the Prime Minister will find it as useful as he had found his, and the the new map of the world would be a great addition. The President also thanked Dr. Grosvenor for sending him a copy of the new map which he will include in his case.

SEE P.P.F. 7872
AS

P.P.F.

9-M

November 22, 1943

P.P.F
9. M

Respectfully referred to the
Department of State.

Attention: Mr. Summerlin.

M. H. McINTYRE
Secretary to the President hms

Copy of booklet entitled "Romances Perdidos" by Vasa More, Montevideo, Uruguay; The dedication, in Spanish, reads "To the great regulator of the world Franklin Delano Roosevelt President of the United States of America, homage of a Uruguayan writer who bows before the star spangled banner. Vasa More, Juan Lindolfo Cuestas 1446, Dpto. 8, Montevideo, Uruguay".

BELFORD, Miss Florence Mae,
Oakland, California,
November 7, 1943 - (ack. 11/19/43).

O.P.F.
9-M

Let. to the President, encl. copy of book, THE PROPHETS AND OUR TIMES, together with publications and religious medals for the President and Mrs. Roosevelt.----------Book sent to Study; Periodicals T.A. and one medal sent to Mrs. Roosevelt with sender's address and copy of ack. The other medal is in B.B.'s desk draw.

See P.P.F. 9-B

fmf

November 22, 1943

P.P.F. 9-M

+P.P.F.9-B

My dear Dean Mosher:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your courtesy in sending him a copy of the book, POWER UNLEASHED, to which you refer in your letter of November thirteenth. I can assure you that your friendly thought is much appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Dean William E. Mosher,
Maxwell Graduate School Of
Citizenship And Public Affairs,
Syracuse University,
Syracuse, 10, N. Y.

Dean
WILLIAM E. MOSHER
Secretary
M. HELEN KURTZ

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY
MAXWELL GRADUATE SCHOOL OF CITIZENSHIP AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

SYRACUSE 10, NEW YORK

Advisory Counsel
FREDERICK M. DAVENPORT

ack
ptd
9 54

11/22/43

November 13th, 1943

Dear President Roosevelt:

I am sending under separate cover a copy of a work entitled Power Unleashed, written by one of my former associates in the Electric Rate Survey, Mr. M. M. Samuels. On account of your past and present interest in the development of electricity as the servant of mankind, I thought that you might be interested to glance over this simple and interesting story about electricity.

Very sincerely yours,

William E. Mosher.

William E. Mosher, Dean
Maxwell Graduate School

WEM:CAS

The Honorable Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States
Washington, D. C.

November 24, 1943

My dear Miss McGinty:

I want to send you this little note acknowledging the receipt of the calendar and ration book cover you forwarded for the President and to express appreciation of your courtesy.

I, too, appreciate your kind remembrance of me.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Miss Marie L. McGinty,
710 Union Commerce Building,
Cleveland,
Ohio.

SUMMERLIN, George T., Chief of Protocol,
Department of State,
Washington, D.C.,
November 26, 1943.

P.P.F.
9-M

Let. to Miss Tully transmitting three copies of a special Fourth of July issue of the Honduran magazine Ferrovia, together with a letter of presentation, which have been forwarded to the Dept. for the President by the American Embassy at Tegucigalpa at the instance of Mr. Raimundo O. Pilloni, Director of the publication. The American Embassy at Tegucigalpa has been requested to convey to Mr. Pilloni a suitable expression of appreciation.

The three copies of magazine sent to Study and let. of presentation kept in file.

fmf

See P.P.F. 9-P

PPF
9-M

November 16, 1943

My dear Mrs. McMahon:

Your letter of November eighth, with the enclosed booklet, has been received. It will of course be made available to the President.

Very sincerely yours,

M. H. McINTYRE
Secretary to the President

Mrs. Mae McMahon,
344 East 1st Street,
Zone 2,
Long Beach,
California.

NMN

× PPF 9-B

× 400 - Hawaii Pearl Harbor

× 75-A

B

Booklet: "What Really Happened at Pearl Harbor" by Dan Gilbert, LL.D.

8

Long Beach
Calif
11/8/43

Dear President and wife:

Am reading
For your inspection this Book
entitled "What Really Happened
at Pearl Harbor." With malice
to no man for - To the Image
and Likeness of "God" all the
humane race were Created
by "God." - By "One" and Only
Right Command. With no
Ego. no thot of offering any
suggestion or duty part. - may
I, in my very humble little
way, ask you to please read
this Book. If your limited and
valuable time will possible
permit you to do so. Like
your-self. I am only in-ter-

Pennsylvania.

dd

2/- ested in the Light of Justice and Humanity for all peoples of the world, Regardless of Race, Color or Creed - First for the love, we owe to our Creator - second with Brotherly love toward all men of good will. The Truth will set us all free. May "God" Bless you in your [illegible] wonderful leadership and May "He" bless all loyal men and women who are co-operating with you - In the "Survival of the Fittest". It is a most deplorable fact that existing in the beautiful city of Long Beach there are Licensed Cock Tail Lounges, Cafe's with Bars to say nothing of Taxi drivers Boot blacks and Cake Joint places of business selling

Oakdale,
Pennsylvania.

dd

pp 1
9. m

pp 1
9.B

B

3/ any and all kinds of
Liquor to our young men
and women ~~dragging them~~
down to the depths of degra-
dation — Must we let them
get away with it? Thank
you for reading this.

Most Respectfully Yours
Mrs Mae McMahon
344-E-1st St
Long Beach
Calif

100% American
"Right will win always"

Oakdale,
Pennsylvania.

dd

P. P. ?
E. Smith
Mcfate

December 3, 1943

PPF
9.m

Michael:

he absence of Miss LeHand, I

e receipt of your letter of Novem-

th and, in accordance with your

l be glad to make available to the

accompanying copy of your writings.

+PPF
9.B

You may be assured that he will appreciate your

kind thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

P

L. D. McMichael, Esq.,
Oakdale,
Pennsylvania.

dd

December 3, 1943

PPF 9.m

My dear Mr. McMichael:

In the absence of Miss LeHand, I acknowledge the receipt of your letter of November twenty-sixth and, in accordance with your wishes, I shall be glad to make available to the President the accompanying copy of your writings. You may be assured that he will appreciate your kind thought of him.

+PPF 9.B

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

L. D. McMichael, Esq.,
Oakdale,
Pennsylvania.

dd

ack 9/7

ack 12/3/43 LD. (11)

Oakdale, Penna.,
November 26,1943.

To the President,
Via. Miss Margaret LeHand,

Dear Mr. President:

Inclosed is a hastily thrown together assembly of my writings of the last twelve years --- soon to be published under the title "Let's Be Partners".

My hope is that this collection may prove helpful,

Fithfully yours, "rim to hub",

L. D. McMichael

L.D. McMichael

OPF
9-M

December 11, 1943

My dear Mr. Murdock:

In the President's absence from Washington, I wish to send you this little note acknowledging the receipt of the copy of the booklet DEAR MOM. I know that he will be grateful for your friendly thought in wanting him to have this fine tribute to your brave son, David, who gave his all for his country.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb

Honorable John R. Murdock,
House of Representatives,
Washington, D. C.

fastened in the
is a mop".———

fmf

Dear Mom

fastened in the
is a mop".——

fmf

Dear Mom

We have lost our Dave
In the fight for Sicily.
He was our pride and staff.
But it is not our grief
We would share with you.
It is a legacy from David
And thousands of other
American boys, we would
Share with you.
What is this legacy
Tossed across the seven seas?
Courage and love of home
And devotion to duty
In the cause of right,
And faith in God and
Faith in America.
The songs these boys
Have left Unsung are
Ours to sing.

MYRTLE M. MURDOCK
RACHAEL MURDOCK ELLIS
JOHN B. MURDOCK, *Capt.*
JOHN R. MURDOCK, M. C.

(5)

7.
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i fastened in the
s is a mop".——

fmf

A Letter Story

(5)

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...s 'is a mop".

fmf

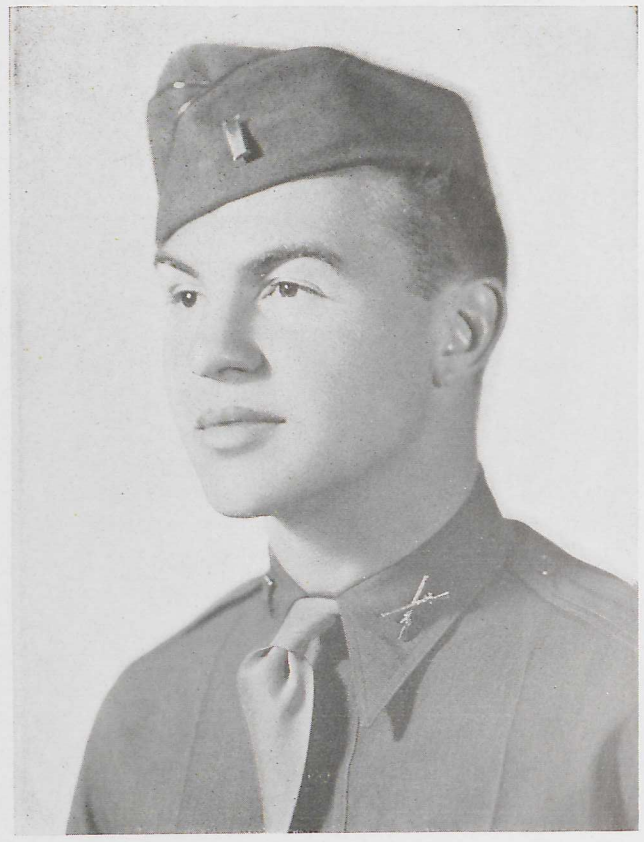
Lieutenant David N. Murdock

First Lieutenant David N. Murdock entered the Armed Services of the United States on August 11, 1941. His amphibious training with the Infantry led to numerous beach landings on hostile shores. He was killed in action near San Agata, Sicily, on August 11, 1943.

The State of Arizona remembers Lt. Murdock's heroic sacrifice for freedom. His country remembers his death in battle, facing the enemy, leading his men, stricken "with a gunshot wound in the breast". His friends remember his music and his spirit and his vibrant life. His brother remembers his joyous living. Captain John B. Murdock of the 67th Fighter Wing writes from overseas:

"David died with his boots on, fighting for a just cause. He has no regrets. David did such complete living that he could make a full life anywhere——even on a battlefield."

The following selected letters are Lt. Murdock's own memorial to the courage, faith, love of home, and devotion to duty of our American boys who go forth "with a cheery smile and a wave of the hand" to give their "last full measure of devotion" to their country.



November 1, 1942

Dear Mom,

We're right smack in the middle of the Atlantic. The ship is darkened as it is each night, and I have to use a flashlight to write by. We've been at sea for a week and a day—and it's been a glorious pleasure cruise—calm sea, sunny days, with big clouds and blue water, moonlight nights, starlight nights—some a little cloudy, none cold. One guy said the other day, "When the war is over and I get married I'm going to go on a honeymoon over all the country I've traveled since I've been in the Army." And I think he's got a good idea. Uncle Sam has certainly taken us for some wonderful rides.

We're just beginning to feel a little tension in the air. For a week now no one has acted as though we were heading for a war—all relaxed—guys sleeping around all over the deck; card games at night, song sessions and conferences on enemy intelligence. They've given us reams of information—maps, photos, etc.—hope it's accurate——and plans for the attack—all very carefully planned. But the whole atmosphere has been very pleasant and easy. I suspect that this next week will see a great change.

We are in submarine territory—and we hear rumors daily of sighted submarines and unidentified aircraft—though nothing definite as yet, and no trouble. I don't see how we can get by without some sort of attack before we reach our destination—but we'll see. ** It will be some excitement. They take every precaution—cruisers and destroyers patrolling front, flanks and rear of the convoy——a zigzag course and changing pace—patrols of carrier-based planes——no lights, no smoking from dusk to dawn—no radio broadcast and no reception except by the ship's special radios which are anti-detection (or something).

At night it's quite a sight—after your eyes get used to the darkness. You can see the dark shapes of all those ships—always the same distance to sides, front and rear—kind of spooky—You can hear and see the foaming water rushing by the sides

of our transport, but those others never move, night or day, same place. And sometimes I get to thinking at night, especially, of those thousands of men on the other ships—all those eyes looking out in the dark—just like me—and everyone absolutely confident that somebody knows where we are going and knows enough about the sea and ships to get us there safely in spite of Hell and High Water (I mean that literally). Just think of those poor devils riding with Columbus—but then all they had to fear were sea snakes and the end of the world.

I get very homesick each day at sunset. You'd be surprised how much a sunset on the ocean is like a sunset on the Arizona desert. It's the only other place besides the desert where you can see the sky from horizon to horizon. And again when a bunch of guys get out in the dark and start harmonizing—just like an Arizona picnic—all we need is the smell of greasewood and barbecued hamburgers and the laugh of home.

I was Officer of the Guard last night. Some fun inspecting the guard all over the dark ship and down in the holds——but it was worth all the trouble when the moon came up at midnight—beautiful! Just aft the center of the ship are two big towers about 70 feet up, with lookout posts atop, and two big guns. It's a queer feeling at night to look up and watch them sway with the rolling of the ship. They look so stiff. I keep thinking that they ought to bend a little like trees—but boats aren't made that way. I climbed up on top of the tower the other day—view was wonderful. I could see the whole convoy. I got a sudden urge to dive off, the water looked so blue and inviting.

We hear the radio a little each evening. That's how I know we're going somewhere. The programs are changing from American to British, French and German. *** Have a feeling that I am in for a terrific education in the next few months—from a lot of different angles.

Love,

David.

November 8, 1942

Dear John,

Well, Kid——This is it. We're in good shape and as far as I can tell it's a complete surprise—no air or sub attacks all the way across. It's now 12 o'clock and the first men are going over the side. I go at 2:15. The night is dark. The waves very still. The sky is dark and everything looks perfect.

Strange—no sensation of fear. I've often wondered—even figured how to say, "I'm scared" in French. All equipment complete. I'm a walking arsenal. You should see the men. Morale high. You'd think they were headed for a picnic—wonder how we'll feel in 24 hours.

The lights are all on in the town. We can see them 10 miles away so of course we're curious as to how much they know. We are prepared for any reaction from the defending population. Everything is planned to minutest detail.

Better get my stuff on and get up and take a last look at my maps. I'll censor this and leave it aboard. It may get to you in time for a

"MERRY XMAS and a Happy Noo Year."

David.

November 16, 1942

Dear Mom and Pop,

I wrote you a note aboard ship at midnight before we landed. Get it? We went over the side at (Censored) scheduled to land in the fifth wave at (Censored). We had just heard the President's message to the Free French so we knew they would be alert for us. Our wave was late starting for shore in the first place and about halfway in, the motor of my landing boat froze and stopped. The rest of the wave went on in. Our last two boats waited till the skipper got the motor going and then found that no one knew the way to our beach—and all Hell was popping ashore, rifle, machine guns, artillery, and then the ships in our fleet opened up on the shore batteries at (Censored).

I took stock of the personnel in the two boats. I was the only officer (besides our chaplain). I finally argued the Navy kids that were piloting the boat that the only thing to do was to get ashore *anywhere* and then we'd find the rest of our units. We finally landed on a rocky reef and floundered and swam on in. Each man had from 50 to 70 pounds of equipment and ammunition on him and when we hit shore we found that a lot of it had been dropped including all our m. g. ammunition and the tripod mount for the gun.

It was colder'n Hell and we were all alone on the coast of (Censored), Africa with 5 and 10 inch shells whistling over our heads. (Our battleships were shelling a French Marine garrison just inland from us.) About then there appeared on the horizon, on a sand dune, on horseback with cloak flowing in the morning breeze, a lone Arab horseman. I was about to quit and swim back to Arizona. I had visions of hordes of Tuareg tribesmen riding down on us with rifles—but nothing happened. I suppose he was just a curious natero wondering what was going on.

I had the men wring out their clothes, (we had all been in water over our heads) and clean up the guns, and the m. g. sergeant and I went down to the reef, stripped, and went diving for the tripod and ammunition (funny sight in the early

morning). We found the tripod and two boxes of ammunition and managed to get ourselves stuck plenty by the marine thorns growing down under the rocks.

We hauled back our finds and dressed and then I saw an excited Frenchman running toward me over the rocks so I grabbed my gun and gave him, "Arretez! Haut les mains". He was scared half to death but was friendly. He took me around some big rocks to his family who were huddled there—driven from their home earlier by the naval shelling. I gave them a wet chocolate bar and a pack of cigarettes and everyone relaxed—anyway, he could tell me where we were and I knew the country well enough from map study to see that we were some two and one-half miles away from our beach—clear out of the Division zone of action. By then the sun was up and the men were drying and the shelling had quit, so we started out to find our various outfits. On the way we found other scattered units. The First Aid men patched up a few wounded soldiers—we had none in our group—and by 2 o'clock they were all back where they belonged and I found the (Censored) Battalion and was able to take first word from it to the Regimental C. P. even though it was 7 hours late. The Regimental group was (Censored) hours late landing so everything was O. K.

On our way up the coast line we ran into no fighting—but the firing was still in progress down toward (Censored) and there was lots of artillery fire and plane strafing down on the beaches where we should have landed—most of the casualties were on that beach. After a terrific bombardment and some hand to hand fighting (Censored) surrendered about (Censored). I drove in a la jeep about an hour later.

Quite a sight—a beautiful little resort city all shot up—made a tour of their harbor defenses—and, take it from me, they were plenty strong—the taking of (Censored) was a damn good job by the American Army (with naval support)—most of the fighting had been done by a single Battalion—and our losses weren't so very heavy.

We all felt good and started out that night moving up on

(Censored) 16 miles away. Not much excitement that nite nor most of the next day—sleep a few hours in a trench—then march a few miles—run a few of my "messenger-boy-missions", etc.—but about 5:30 that day (Monday) the guns from (Censored) found our C P and laid shells all over us. We all learned that high explosive artillery shell isn't bad so long as you stay down in a trench—and it didn't take long to learn to dig. I dug mine with a trench knife and a helmet plenty fast.

The artillery fire followed us all night—everywhere we moved. They must have had telephone spotters from the houses around (Censored). The fire was too accurate for guess work. But we never lost a man (from our Command Post group, I mean). At 3 A. M. on the outskirts of (Censored) our two assault Battalions ran into a trap and got out only with considerable loss. I had to run a message to the 2nd Battalion at 9:00 A. M. and got into some excitement myself but it wasn't bad, though I did have a shell explode only a few yards from me when I wasn't looking and wasn't down. It took one fellow's leg off.

The rest of that day (Tuesday) we organized the Infantry and bombed and shelled the dock area. Early the next morning before our big push on the city we had news of the armistice.

I was most scared on the rocks that first morning. After that I got used to battle. At least we all know a little bit now what battle conditions are like so when we have another one to go through we'll do even a better job.

Love,

David

November 18

Dear Rachael,

We have been in for over a week now and are gradually getting organized and settled. I feel fine—no sign of a cold even though the first three nights were spent in and out of slit trenches whenever the shells started flying. And I haven't yet slept in a bed though my bed roll caught up with me a few days ago. We have lived entirely on Type C and K rations and it's evidently very healthful—must be well fortified with vitamins, almost no sickness and quite satisfying. Hot coffee for the past two days has been a great help.

We are in a very nice city about the size of Phoenix—architecture mostly very modern. Most of the larger buildings and apartment houses are of Paris World Fair flavor—many of them incomplete, due to the war. Wide streets—funny mixture of people—few cars—many bicycles. I can't get used to seeing some well-dressed woman, fancy coiffeur, screw-ball Paris hat, etc., etc.—pedalling down the boulevard. We have a little bit of gentle rain most every day—otherwise the climate is wonderful—like southern California—without the fog.

Don't know how long it will be till we have mail from home, but I think of home a lot. What a funny feeling that night in a barn in Africa when I found my foot locker and opened it and there was my picture gallery of you and George and little David and Janie and Mom and Pop and John—just the same as before.

Word has just come in that it's O K to give our location so—Casablanca it is. We landed at Fedhala and came here in the next two days.

I'm having fun parley-vooing French but would give my kingdom for a piano.

Love,

Dib

November 23

Dear Mom,

I know you like "impressions". Let me send you a few.

– Soldiers grouped in the dark at the rail at 2:30 A. M., waiting turn to go "over the side" hearing radio news of the President's message to the French.

– Soldiers descending climbing nets from transports into landing boats not visibly afraid of the coming battle but fussing volubly about the weight of ammunition and equipment carried.

– During trip in for initial beach landing in the early morning—a machine gun makes a neat pattern in the side of the Higgins boat—one man calls to his buddy; "Say, fella, were those shots? Did that sound to you like firing?"

– Dejected old Arab squatting mournfully beside his dead burro—killed by fragments of a Naval shell.

– American Medical officer displaying with pride his beautiful evacuation set-up in a screened building of a rural villa—makes a quick change of location when a piece of shell whistles through the lattice.

– American soldier making a dive for the nearest empty fox-hole as an enemy plane strafes the Command Post—finding that the hole was just dug by the orderly for the Colonel. The "Old Man" gets sore—and I am embarrassed.

– Group of soldiers waiting orders under fire outside (Censored) ignoring shell to get fresh oranges from nearby orchard and stewing up a "captured" chicken for lunch.

– Soldier who has just taken cover under an oil tank car on a railroad track when caught between friendly and enemy fire, gets a terrific scare when the fire is lifted—finding the tank riddled with holes.

– French aviator complaining the American soldiers stand up and shoot back when strafed by aircraft—no fair!

– French artillery gunners chatting with American soldiers over wine glasses after the battle: "Americaine soldiers are crazee—they walk through our 'impossible' barrage."

– Typical reaction of soldier on learning of sinking of transport offshore: "Damn—*my* bed roll was still aboard."

– French populace wild with joy on news of armistice—American soldiers too tired to be much concerned.

– Sporty French man-about-town calling to soldiers: "Good-bye-boys-hallo-geeve-me-wan-ceegarette-thank-you-please."

– Dignified, middle-aged Frenchman in fashionable restaurant to American officer: "Pardon, Monsieur, bot ave you ze Americaine ciegarette?"

– American soldier smoking his first Moroccan cigarette with strong odor: "*Whew*—Jeez, bud, will you loan me a Lucky?"

– Well-dressed, high-coiffured French woman with pert hat and hi-heels pedaling a bike down the boulevard. Add to the picture a cute kid in a basket on the handlebars or rear fender—or both.

– French children clapping hands in time with American band.

– American soldiers pushing a Frenchman's car to start it on a cold morning.

– Group of American negro quartermaster troops grinning at local troops of the same color—and the Senegalese soldiers grin right back.

– French fruit-peddler selling oranges eight-for-a-nickel or four-for-a-dime.

– African version of Step-n-Fetchit in ragged burnoose, barefooted and with bandage on one big toe.

– Spahi troops on ceremonial parade with uniforms of red breeches, blue jackets, and white turbans.

– Weary artillery officer after three sleepless nights and with a shrapnel cut over one eye (Censored) looks down to find a French child reaching up to kiss the American flag insignia on his arm——goes on his way heartened, feeling his three days well spent and ready to continue on the "Road to Berlin".

Love,

David

Thursday, Dec. 18, 1942

Dear Mom and Pop,

It's raining hard outside but I'm as snug as a slug in a thug––in my lil ole pup tent. It's a grand feeling––that patter of rain on canvas when you're warm and dry. I always remember the old canvas house in the back yard, and the sound of the rain, and those summer wind storms when we had to get up and tear for the house.

I'm writing by the lite of a flashlight, suspended from a barracks bag rope in the top of the tent. At intervals it slips and hits me in the head––at other times it slips and falls inside the bag––so forgive the scribble and a few interruptions.

We finally got our tents just before the heavy rains hit us. Lucky! I've got a slick rig here. I dug my slit trench inside my tent to one side––so now I can stand up inside or sit on my sleeping bag sideways and have room for my feet, and in case of a bombing (which is very improbable but always a possibility) I can roll out of bed to comparative safety. Smart, huh? All the guys said the trench would fill up with water, first rain––but the tent is well ditched, and through three storms she hasn't shipped a drop.

Funny what things one misses most when they're taken away. You should have heard the shout that went up when we had *white bread* for supper the other night. Usually It's C ration biscuit (a compressed graham cracker with the consistency of masonite.) There is now a quartermaster bakery back at the supply base but they can't supply all the units at once––Anyway, we'll all love white bread when we get home––and a lot of other things, too.

The full moon is around again! I tell you, you can't beat these nights––anywhere. "Moroccan Moonlight"––a good song title, huh? Which reminds me. A Lieutenant here had a brain storm––a one-verse ditty, "STELLA THE BELLE O' FEDELA", I compounded him a tune and the darn thing is growing into an epic. Two bits she becomes as famous as "Mademoiselle from Armentieres."

Thanx again for all the letters. The guys get jealous of all my mail but I guess I just have wonderful friends and a more doting family. I only hope that all my letters to you haven't been stopped.

Remember this––the United States Army does EVERYTHING for its men. With all the hard work and lack of freedom we don't lack for anything that we really need (except a few days at home)––so don't worry. There's only one thing that I worry about––that you folks worry about me––so if I know that's out, I'm a free man. OK?

Love,

David

P. S. The only other Arizona boys in the Regiment to my knowledge are Lt. Coy L. Morgan and Sgt. Thomas Kiernan. I thought you might want to do something for me, Mother––send a note to their folks saying that the fellows are plenty OK. Lt. Morgan's wife lives in Prescott and Sgt. Kiernan's folks are in Winslow.

Christmas Nite

Dear Mom,

Christmas has "came and went"—here's how:

Got 16 carolers together. (They're darn good too—think it's the beginning of my glee club.) and we went out singing last night—clear, cold as the dickens, and a big full moon—beautiful nite. We went to town in a truck, "did" the evacuation hospital and then came back by camps and four other units and ended up with a tour of our area—so Christmas is not dead even in Africa.

This morning a call from Division asking for three officers to eat Xmas dinners at French homes. I took the call so I got one dinner—very interesting. M. Doisy is French—his wife is English, which solved the language problem. They had a *piano*, a *radio*, and *soft chairs—to sit on*— and Boy, what a meal! Everything just like you would fix it—baked chicken, almonds in the dressing, good salad, etc., etc. (I still burp garlic, though.)

In the afternoon I stalled around town watching the people—always fun to watch. Hopped a ride back to camp on a *mail truck*—and what did I find here—2 big packages from home! O, man—my tent looks like a commissary—and it was a swell choice of groceries—all the things we can't get here, and they came through in fine shape. After seeing the battered remnants of some packages that come in, I'm thankful that you wrapped them well. I've seen G. I. mail clerks in action, too!

I'll be anxious to hear from the Murdock-Ellis Xmas there. As for me, I feel a little woozie. Too much excitement—but it was a swell Christmas and now my next course of action will be to take one of my "bran-new vitamin" pills and go to bed in my warm li'l ole pup tent, inside my good ole sleepin' bag —an' I bet I won't even turn over.

Thanks a lot—you people,

Dib—

10 - February - 43

Dear Mom,

The third chapter is closed out. First chapter was the trip and the fight; second chapter was the Armistice and stay at—: the third chapter was the best one to date—beautiful little city, nice bivouac near by, plenty to do, friends in town and places to go. But as I say—the third chapter was finished two days ago when we left ——— and moved to ——, which is smaller and very dirty and where we don't know a soul—besides the bivouac is far out of town over a terrible road, so I plan to stay in camp. The new campsite is nice again—a good clean forest—and our regiment now moves like real veterans—one day after the move and we're all established and settled—tents pitched and all installations made—I've been spending the afternoon drawing up a set of guard orders.

The little chorus that I sang with in ——— presented me with a neckerchief and their *Rose au bleu* insignia—which is their only bit of costumery—I hated to leave them—but I picked up several swell choral numbers for my own use after the war.

We have our bivouac troubles—when we moved into the old area the Colonel said, "No tents in line, get under the trees, etc."—it was so ordered and executed. But about 2 months later when the General moved into camp he thought we didn't look so good so he rules, "All tents in line—get it dressed up"—and it was so executed. When we moved to this area, of course we lined 'em up with an aiming circle, and Boy! does it *look* good! Now today comes an order from Allied Force HQ—"All installations will be carefully camouflaged". So all the Company Commanders beat it for the C. P.—"What are we gonna do?" I personally can't think of any solution except to line up the trees over the tents—same old troubles.

They have one of the Special Service "B" Kits here in HQ Company— radio, phonograph, P. A. System, records, etc. The boys have a great time with it—you can hear the loudspeaker all over the area—and they have a "broadcast" every morning. Announcements, records, poems, plays, cracks and even some "human interest" bits. They took the mike into the supply tent

the other day so the general public could listen while Sgt. "Happy Joe" Secolo (the best Supply Sgt. in the outfit) interviewed an applicant for an extra pair of pants. First Question: What the Hell are you here for? Second Question: What the Hell did ya do with the last Pair? Third Question: What the Hell do you think this is–pants don't grow on trees–
etc. etc. etc.
finally ended up throwing the guy out of the tent, much to the delight of the "Radio Audience".

Final announcement last night was: "We are glad to play each and every request, but the management has expressed the desire that all requests be made by calling "Message Center–one–one" because when you guys come runnin' up yellin'–'Hey, play Casey Jones' then things get all screwed up and we never get nowhere–thank you for your kind attention–and sweet dreams."

One morning we had a half-hour reveille program. Between recorded numbers on this cold, foggy, dew-soaked morning they put in commercial plugs for G. I. coffee–"Have you tried G. I. coffee?–go at once to your nearest kitchen and try a cup of this steaming, tasty, aromatic beverage which is also delicious with sugar and cream or may be cut to half strength with hot water and is still strong as Hell."

–Another favorite on G. I. Bread–"Do you roll, toss and spend sleepless nights? You do–then try G. I. Bread––just one slice–no more rolling, no more tossing–you'll just lie there."

Ah Me ———

Dib

February 22, 1943

Dear Mom and Pop,

. . . Actually that's the way the club looks now–nobody around the fire–funny isn't it how those things come and go? The club started like this:

When we first moved into the old Bivouac area just after the "war"–the orders said, "no fires"–but camping out in a nice forest with loose cork bark lying around the trees and nights cold–an order like that just wouldn't work–well, Old Mitch built a fire in front of his tent. Soon four or five officers were shivering around the little blaze–when up comes the *Colonel*–looks at the fire a minute, steps up and warms his hands, "Cold tonight, isn't it?" "Yes, Sir." "Fire feels mighty good, doesn't it?" "Surely does, Colonel." "Couldn't see a little fire like that very far, could you?" "Oh, No, Sir." "If somebody will go over to my tent and get the radio we can have some music with our fire." – "Yes, Sir" So that made the club an institution. We tried to set up a big fire place further over but everybody always went to the little fire by Mitch's tent–so we set the club up there. Volley ball after supper and bull sessions at the Club were quite an institution there–but that's all changed now. They all built bihis (see last week's issue)–a lot of the old bunch have been transferred to other units–both inside and outside the Regiment––the Colonel (now General Macon) is leaving us soon and things move on.

Mentioning Mitch–he's quite a character–easy going guy with a peculiar sense of humor, and just "don't give a damn for nuthin"–at chow the other day he called down to Chaplain Dyerson, "Hey Chaplain, what part of the Bible is the story in where old Sampson grabbed a bone for a club and whipped the ass off of 5000 Filipinos?" Dyerson answered, "Why, I don't recall that particular story." So Mitch says, "See, if you'd read your bible more and quit pedaling your organ around over camp you might get someplace." Mitch is Special Services Officer (a typical job for an 8-ball officer–I've found), and the Chaplain cuts in on his territory by putting the little field

organ in the trailer behind a jeep and riding around through camp serenading or starting group sings here and there—he's a good Joe—or a good Holy Joe.

You asked about Roosevelt's visit—I think I told you—He visited us—the men had to hike out five miles to meet someone, and, of course, they were well rewarded for their effort—it was a thing to be remembered forever—the picture (newspaper) you sent of the Sergeant shaking hands with F. D. R.—he is one of our men. Me—personally—I didn't get to see him. The Adjutant had to be present at the formation so I had to stay in charge at camp—I'm sorry to say. But everybody told of the terrific amount of protection, precaution and secrecy that attended the whole thing. It was a wonderful thing. The civilians at ——— were quite disturbed to think that he had come and gone and they didn't even know it. The news pictures were good. I guess they gave a very real impression of the review——. As for the location of the actual meeting in Casablanca I've been there several times.

And a letter from Pop—Dad, that's my prize.

Love,

David

Somewhere in Africa
Sunday, April 4th
4 A. M.

Dear Mom,

The General will have arrived there long before this letter, but let me know if you get a chance to meet him, and if you get the music manuscripts and case that I asked him to bring you—Didn't think I'd be able to use it much more and it's safer for the duration.

I led the band yesterday for a 2½ hour rehearsal. I don't remember anything that has affected me quite like that. I couldn't get my feet on the ground for six hours. It's a good band and the W. O. band leader is a good guy, but the band only half plays for him. I think I got 'em going yesterday. I know that I got me going. We worked through some pretty tough things, and they were *good!* I know that when the session broke up we had a big audience of guys gathered around to listen in—and as a rule nobody hangs around the band practice—either the music was good or the sight of a Lieutenant waving a stick was a heluva novelty. Anyway, it was great fun. But after the elation wore off, I got pretty low and homesick (first time I've been that way)—which I guess was natural enough. I figure that in the future, though, I'll be better off to stick to the military.

Sending you a little more leather. Guess this is the last. They've upped the prices now so it's almost prohibitive but I guess there are still enuf curio-seekin' suckers left in the American Army here to keep on buying.

Days are getting hot now—afternoons swell to spend at——— Tempe Beach,

Love,

David

Saturday nite—17 April

Dear Mother

It's a wonderful day. Two things have happened—I have finished my work before 11:00 P. M. and got two letters from home. One from Ralph Hess—and the one you sent after the leather goods hit D. C. It was such a funny feeling—kind of hazy. I said to myself—"O, Yes. I remember those people."

You see, they gave me a company, congratulated me—and I haven't had any time since—except to take a bath out of my helmet at 11:30 P. M. or shave or change underwear when things get just too dirty—and to rub down sore feet and crawl into bed at midnight and start going again at five. We hiked 50 miles the first two days, *incidental* to 8 hours strenuous training. I never thought it was possible—lost a lot of men by the wayside, but we are all getting tough, and the only consolation is that I can take it—and too, I'm in on the basic business of this war and maybe if I can help make K Company a solid outfit we can help finish this misery a little quicker. Anyway there's no more time nor energy for long letters. Shame too—I had some excellent material—save till after the war.

Only did ten miles today to and from training. Have lots of extra time tonight—may not happen again. Anyway keep writing. It's wonderful to be reminded that there's more to life than aches.

Say, Mom, do you remember how we felt after that first walk down the Grand Canyon?—My God—

David.

Thursday, April 22

Dear Rachael,

I am Officer of the Day today—I can remember when guard duty was a "dirt detail"—now it is really a chance to get a little rest. I even have a little time to sit up here in the guard area and look out across the landscape and almost figure that it is a good world and *life can be beautiful.* I never saw a country with so many scenes worth looking at—really a very picturesque place. I'd like to come back someday when I could get more enjoyment out of just looking.

Another flood of mail came in two days ago. I sat up half the night going through mine by candle light in a blacked out pup tent. It was swell. I heard from almost everyone. Rachael your seeds, personal letter and kid pictures—all good. The garden idea was *fantastic.* I'm going to spread the seeds in some old Arab's plowed field and have fun imagining the result. The pictures are added to my gallery. Mother, you sent me enuf clipping material to read for a month. I'll get to read it some day.

I've thought about home an awful lot lately—much too much. I have even remembered the shade in our back yard and the honeysuckle vine and that GREAT BIG ole Apricot tree, and "German and American side" in the sand pile and Mother's Washing machine—a guy's a sucker for getting started thinking back—but, Rachael, listen, I hope you do as good a job on your brood as Mother did on us——and when the next war rolls around let 'em have as many swell things to remember as we have——I think we were pretty lucky people to get tied up with our Mom and Pop.

goodnite

lots of love

Dib

June 9—12:30
Mailed July 13

Mother and Dad,

It's late and I have to get some sleep, but I have a chance to leave some mail aboard now—on the other side mail won't get out for a long time.

Tomorrow starts the next big push and I'll have a swell seat for the show—you guys watch the newspapers and someday I'll tell you what really happened.

I am sure it will be quite sensational, though certainly no surprise. With all the power in this force I don't see how it could go wrong.

Anyway—I'll soon start my educational tour of Europe, and what I mean—*educational.*

This step will be the beginning of the end and we'll finish it up in a hurry I betcha—I'm getting restless to go home.

Lots of love,

Dib.

V-mail, June 25, 1943

Dear Mother,

A V note and a letter—*this* to let you know that all is well and *that* to let you in on the "big picture". It's been a great experience. I've seen everything—and now we are at that "Where do we go from here" stage again.

I only hope that everyone there is as well as I am and as utterly happy to be alive—–letter coming today—

Lots of love,

Dib.

July 8–11 P.M.

Dear Rachael,

When I left camp in the dark the other nite I left my letters to be mailed, and stuffed all other papers in my bag. Now I find your letter still here, so I'll add to it and leave it aboard—— also a copy of *Dirty Gertie* (Stella's only rival) and a load of love.

Tomorrow nite in the wee hours we will hit Sicily with a bang, and get set to give "Musso" the hot foot. I know there won't be time to write tomorrow——it will take plenty time and effort to tie up the loose ends and get this outfit of mine ashore—— don't know how I'll ever get them where we gotta go——but I betcha we get there and shoot up plenty of the enemy on the way.

The General said, "You picture it all in your minds—but no one can say how it will be. It may be a thousand times worse or a thousand times easier than anyone has imagined." Me? I'm ready for anything but betting on the "thousand times easier"—— with all the air power I've seen overhead. (They've been coming back in all evening)—a sea full of ships——and plans—— plans——plans——We can't miss! Anyway you"ll know what happened long before you get this note. We had an air raid the other night that was the prettiest sight I ever hope to see—— but I'll write John about that. Time's short.

Good nite, you all——

Dib

Tuesday, July 20

Dear Folks,

Yesterday was a good day. Ten weary days into Sicily and then we actually spent a whole day in one place, got clean underwear from our baggage, got mail from home and a good B ration supper—now were fittin' for fightin' again.

———————

Sunday, July 25

Well, that's as far as I got. I knew I shouldn't try to write a letter. We were alerted and moved out a half-hour later—and now the picture is changed. I'm writing at a desk with a shaded lite in a large city R. R. station at 11:30 at nite. My company is guarding all R. R. installations and you can imagine the chaos in a city after weeks of terrible bombing, hunger, etc. . then sudden turnover of military powers—the chance to loot Fascist stores (the R. R. station was a Fascist headquarters.) Refugees coming back home, people going back to work, suspected soldier—civilians, fear for abandoned munition and explosive dumps.

———————

And that's the end of the second sitting—fell asleep there, I think. Our guard was relieved the next day and we moved to another guard job, which consisted of all nite motor patrols—first nite we cracked up a jeep in the black-black-blackout—second nite I was in a daze and herded jeeps all over the country. Come morning—a terrible headache, fever and chills. I got the company moved into a new bivouac area, then went to the medic and he sent me promptly to the evacuation hospital with 103 degree fever—malaria—and I'll be here for a week, I guess, a rest but boresome, a chance to finish this letter. I'll take a new sheet and start over.

As for the big story of the landing, the news has told it pretty straight. I won't repeat. A few unpublicized difficulties might be interesting.

The day before the landing was a *rough* day—wind blew all

the barrage balloons off the tank transports and the L. C. I.'s (Infantry) rolled and jumped and tossed all day. *Everyone* was dead sick–I stayed on my feet all day because I thought I *had* to, but I couldn't get anyone else up. And there were so many little details that weren't finished–and at 4:00 the next morning we had to fight our way ashore–imagine the feeling. However, the sea calmed at midnite and when we saw the search-lights, shell flashes and machine guns everyone roused out and the details took care of themselves in a hurry. Artillery landed around us and m.g. bullets sprayed the boat. Once on the way in, no one was hurt, and on the beach we had no fire at all. I can't understand it either. Had trouble landing, as usual, lost a ramp from the boat. Skipper was a little nervous and got us 300 yards off the beach and on some rocks–waves were too high to use the rubber emergency boats so we swam, floundered and crawled in–just like the last time–but never lost a man and but very little equipment. We had two small skirmishes, caught a few prisoners and were five miles inland on our objective by noon.

We fought, maneuvered, moved and defended for over a week, rested two days and then swooooosh–across the island; found out why they'd been hiking the feet off of us for three months (though I still think they over-did it.) Did 85 miles in two days, took three cities and hundreds of prisoners–and more than half of it was done afoot–and the mountains of Sicily are the worst in the world.

Our company has been under fire several times–each time we maneuvered and took our position. We (myself included) killed and wounded our share of the enemy, and the company took over 1500 prisoners by actual count, which is nothing to brag about.

I saw the effect of all-out American bombings on cities and civilians. Believe me, it isn't pleasant. I picked an Italian born boy for an orderly and kept him with me all thru for an interpreter. We were talking to some civilians in the city when there was a roar of bombers over head. I looked up with a question. They said, "Don't worry–those are American planes. We know the sound of the motors *by now*." It was a while before

I realized just what that meant, yet they seemed genuinely friendly to us, for all their misery. Why, because they think we bring food and because they know we are fighting H. and M., both of whom they hate violently. The worst of this bombing business is–the Americans bomb a city until they get it and then the Jerries start the bombings all over again. But Jerry bombings aren't so terrible any more. I've seen several. Funny thing–the whole spectacle, while always interesting, didn't affect me emotionally at all–thank God. I've always been afraid I'd be terrified. I think I've gotten numb physically and emotionally in the past three months–which is the only way to get and stay alive.

But–here's what happened. A big pile of mail caught up with me just after the big push, while we were settled in a lemon grove outside the big city–and I had to grab my mail and beat it back into the trees where I could read it and weep. Oh–the mail was wonderful, but it was the first thought of home I'd had for a long, long time.

When I get to the fourth kind of paper it's time to quit.–I feel about leaving the hospital as I did about leaving the British Battle School (it was in Africa, by the way)–chief reason for wanting to go back–there may be mail for me back at the outfit. I'll drop V-mails from time to time–you all keep them coming.

Pop–thanks for the note. I think we *gave them Hell.* John–write.

Love to everybody,

Dib.

P. S. Two matters strictly *administrative*

(1) Did my footlocker of clothes arrive? Be on the look out for it––parcel post––and the bag full of uniforms should be packed and sent to Mrs. Johnson––address enclosed. Her husband is a swell guy and a good friend of mine. Hope it won't be too much trouble.

(2) I subscribed to "Army Times" and billed it to the Arizona Congressman. OK, Pop? It's for My Company reading.

V-mail, July 30, 1943

Dear Mother,

I've tried twice to write a big letter full of Sicilian experiences. It's still unfinished. I seem to be busier now than I was after Casablanca. Anyway, there's a lot to tell and I hope to get it sent soon. Right now I am in the hospital taking the malaria cure, but they tell me I can get back to my company in a few days. It's really wonderful to be able to sleep *all nite* and *all day* on a cot–a rare luxury indeed. The Mussolini deal was a wow–wasn't it? The air is full of rumors, guesses, etc., etc.–but no one knows just what lies ahead. I get more and more respect for the management of our army and armed forces! The big shots have done well by us. Casualties here were light–it *could* have been terrible, and it wasn't all because of low Italian morale either. Anyway, I've been right in the front of things all the way thru and saw the whole show and my company did its full share and we're still in good shape. I hope the worry strain there hasn't been too heavy.

Love,

David.

V-mail, August 5, 1943

Dear Mom,

I get out of the hospital tomorrow–malaria cured, but weak as the duce. I need several days of my own mess sergeant's chow and some exercise before I get back on my feet proper. As for Sicily it's not a particularly pretty place–people very unpicturesque and the villages are of colorless grey stone always built on *top* of a mountain. The mountains are terrific and would present some wonderful scenes if we didn't have to climb over them–that spoils the effect. All in all, I'd rather be in Arizona––or D. C.–or anywhere over there–Well,–someday maybe––in the meantime, God bless you plenty.

Love,

David.

WESTERN UNION

SEPTEMBER 8, 1943

JOHN R. MURDOCK
1102 VAN NESS AVENUE
TEMPE, ARIZONA

THE SECRETARY OF WAR DESIRES THAT I TENDER HIS DEEP SYMPATHY TO YOU IN THE LOSS OF YOUR SON FIRST LIEUTENANT DAVID N. MURDOCK. REPORT RECEIVED STATES THAT HE WAS KILLED IN ACTION ON ELEVEN AUGUST IN NORTH AFRICAN AREA. LETTER FOLLOWS.

ULIO THE ADJUTANT GENERAL.

Somewhere in Sicily

Sept. 2nd, 1943

My dear Mrs. Murdock,

I wish to extend you my deepest sympathies in these hours of bereavement for you. The loss of Dave has been a sharp blow to many of us.

Dave was the only friend from Arizona I had here in this regiment so I too feel a great loss. He and I had gone through our whole Army career together. Now that he is gone I feel very lonesome because I have no one to chat with about our beloved Arizona.

This Regiment has lost one of their best Company Commanders and most promising young officers. Dave did so much for the men with his music ability and he was doing something to keep the men happy in the service.

His loss is going to be felt very much in the future.

Dave's death came almost instantly so there was no prolonged suffering for him.

I offer you my deepest sympathies. You can well be proud of your son—he gave his life for the greatest cause this world has ever known.

Sincerely,

/s/ Coy Morgan

First Lt. Coy L. Morgan, 0-1287743
A. P. O., No. 3, % Postmaster
New York, New York

Tempe, Arizona.
Sepember 9, 1943

Dear Mother,

There's nothing new to say—but millions of things to remember and repeat. We've known for a long time how the cards were stacked, but even so it's terribly final not to hope anymore.

David knew he wouldn't be back too, and I'm sure he died with the complete satisfaction and self-respect of knowing he stood *well up* on the scale of men as men. It's terrible to think he went back into battle in a weakened condition, but his last V-mail attested to his confidence and regard for the higher ups in this war.

David always wanted to compete—under fair rules—with no favors shown—and I think he must be content with the results of his last competition.

He had a job to do and I *know* without anyone's telling me, that, like the great guy he was, he did a *super* job.

I'm glad John's across—it will be easier for him. He'll do his job too—and *extra super*, and I'm just as sure the law of chance favors him. John will come back to take the place of both boys and do the work of two. And he can do it. The big job is only started—we need John and many others like him to make this world click after the firing's ceased.

David died proud of his mother and dad—proud of his family and what it's stood for—proud to die doing a job he couldn't quite understand, but knew was *right*. As much as he loved us all—I'm sure the self respect with which he died made it all, all right. He'd done his share and surely felt no regrets. We've got to take up this battle where David left off and do a job that would make him proud. We can't do that and be bitter. Anyway, David wouldn't like it that way. He loved things to be smooth, cheerful, enthusiastic, and worth while.

And gosh——wasn't he a *swell guy*. I hope if souls are used over and over he'll wait for me and we'll be twins next time.

Love,
Rachael.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR
WASHINGTON

October 2, 1943

My dear Mr. Murdock:

You will shortly receive the Purple Heart Medal, which has been posthumously awarded by direction of the President to your son, First Lieutenant David N. Murdock, Infantry. It is sent as a tangible expression of the country's gratitude for his gallantry and devotion.

It is sent to you, as well, with my deepest personal sympathy for your bereavement. The loss of a loved one is beyond man's repairing, and the medal is of slight value; not so, however, the message it carries. We are all comrades in arms in this battle for our country, and those who are gone are not, and never will be forgotten by those of us who remain. I hope you will accept the medal in evidence of such remembrance.

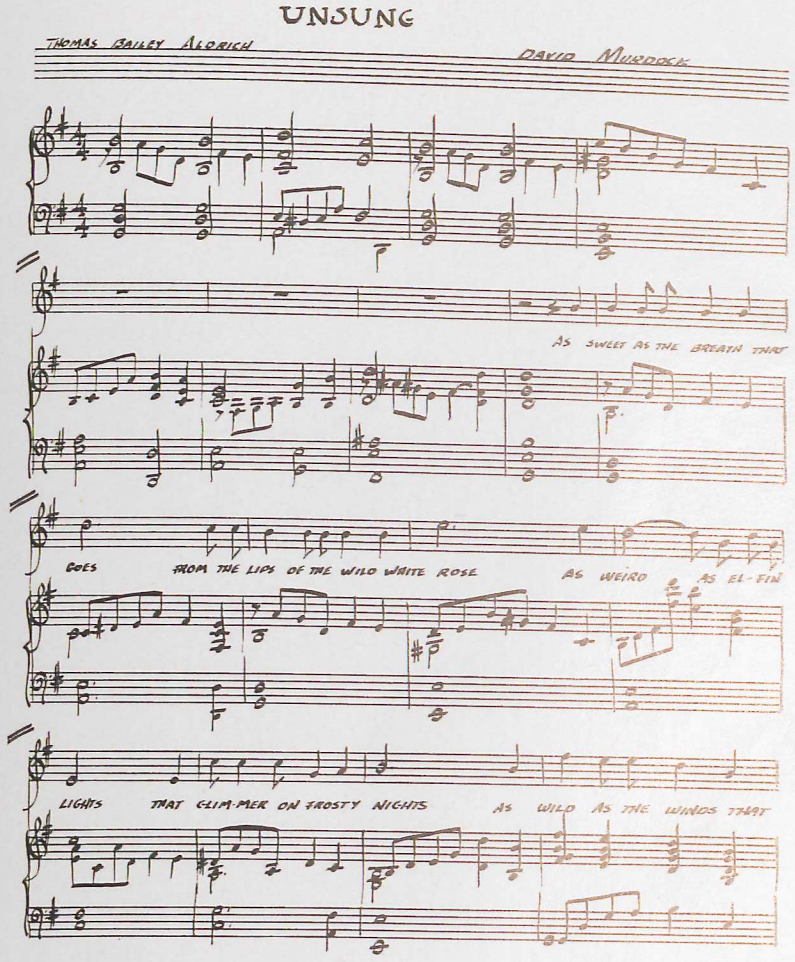
Sincerely yours,

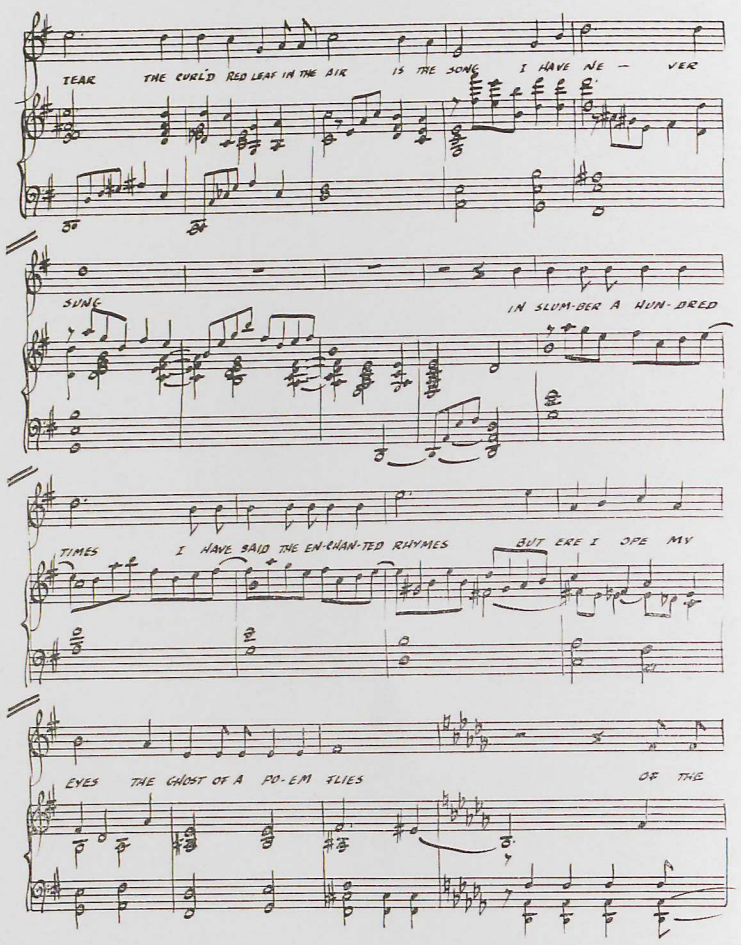
Henry L. Stimson

UNSUNG

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH

DAVID MURDOCK

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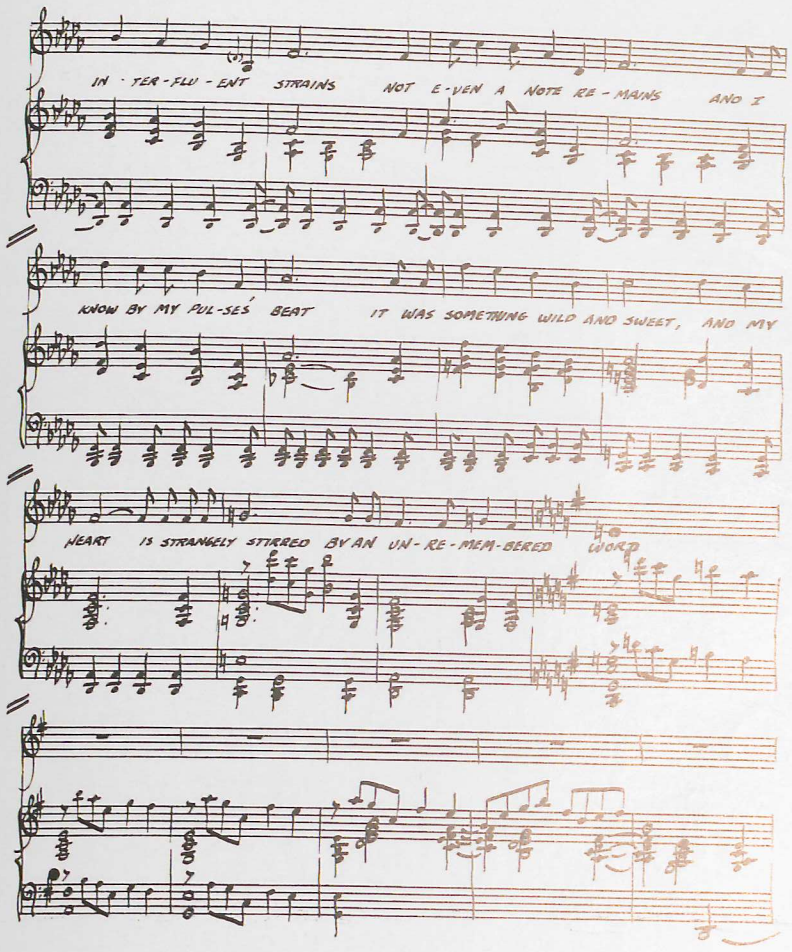
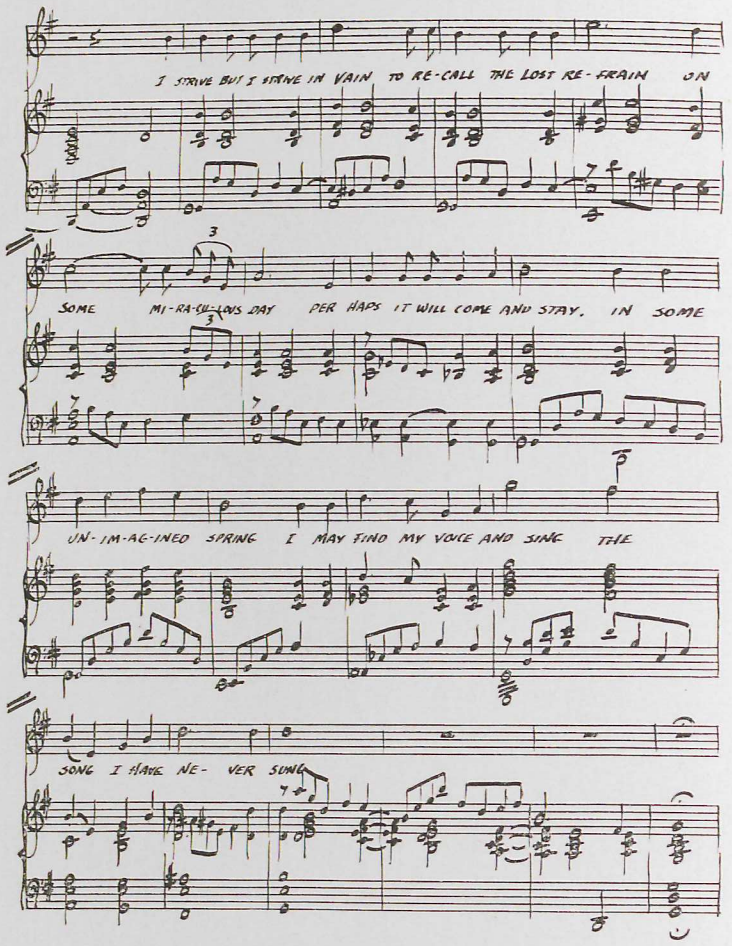

IN-TER-FLU-ENT STRAINS NOT E-VEN A NOTE RE-MAINS AND I
KNOW BY MY PUL-SES' BEAT IT WAS SOMETHING WILD AND SWEET, AND MY
HEART IS STRANGELY STIRRED BY AN UN-RE-MEM-BERED WORD



Copyright 1943
JOHN R. MURDOCK

ROXOR CORPORATION,
Chattanooga, Tennessee,
December 16, 1943 - filed. — Not ack.

O.P.F. 7.

RYAN, Mrs. James,
Gibson City, Illinois,
December 16, 1943 - filed. - Not ack.

O.P.F. 7.
9-M

Sends the President a small mop (two pieces of wood fastened in the form of a "T" by a piece of wire). Note attached; says "this is a mop".
T.A.

fmf

See P.PF..9-R

ROXOR CORPORATION,
Chattanooga, Tennessee,
December 16, 1943 - filed. — Not ack.

O.P.F. 7.
9-M

Carton of book matches sent to the President.——F.A.

See P.P.F. 9-R

fmf

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

November 23, 1943

PPF 9.m

×PPF 5418

×

Congressman Mary T. Norton

Called requesting 5 minute appointment for

×

M. D. McCauley, Detroit, Michigan

×PPF 9.C ×773 ×PPF ×

Here with a map and case -- automatic case -- map of the world.

Mrs. Norton spoke to Mrs. Roosevelt about it and she said the President would be delighted to have it.

Mr. McCauley wants to present it to the President for his birthday. It is to be a surprise. Wants to talk to someone here about its receipt, installation, etc.

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

December 8, 1943

MEMORANDUM FOR: MRS. DENNISON

With reference to the attached memorandum, have you seen any correspondence or had any phone calls from Mary Norton's office on M. D. McCauley of Detroit, Michigan?

RB

Roberts -
I'm sorry - it's a surprise to me, too!
ld

filed
12/9/43

UNDERWOOD J A

ARTHUR WILKES PAINTING CO.,
Bridgeport, Conn.
12-16-43 (ack.)

Sent President gift of a memorandum pad. (Given to Mr. Groshon)

See P.P.F.9-A

P.P.F. 7
9-24

br

WILSON, C. H.,
Los Angeles, 4, California,
December 17, 1943 - ack.

O.O.7.
9-M

Note of thanks to writer for sending the President the mirror.——
T.A.

See P.P.F. 9-W

fmf

UNDERWOOD, J. A.,
Hyannis, Massachusetts,
December 18, 1943 - ack.

No covering let.
Sends the President book matches.------T.A.

O.O.F.
9-M

See P.P.F. 9-U

fmf

NEWTON, Dick and
NEWTON, Barbara,
Beach Haven Terrace, New Jersey,
December 22, 1943 - ack.

P.P.F. 9-N

Let. to the President, sending him the Scottie match box, as a Christmas remembrance.————T.A.

fmf

See P.P.F. 9-N

PPF
9-M

December 18, 1943

My dear Mr. Marootian:

Permit me to thank you in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him that handsome traveling set as a Christmas remembrance. Your friendly thought is appreciated and I have pleasure in conveying his every good wish to you for the holiday season.

+ PPF 9-T

Very sincerely yours,

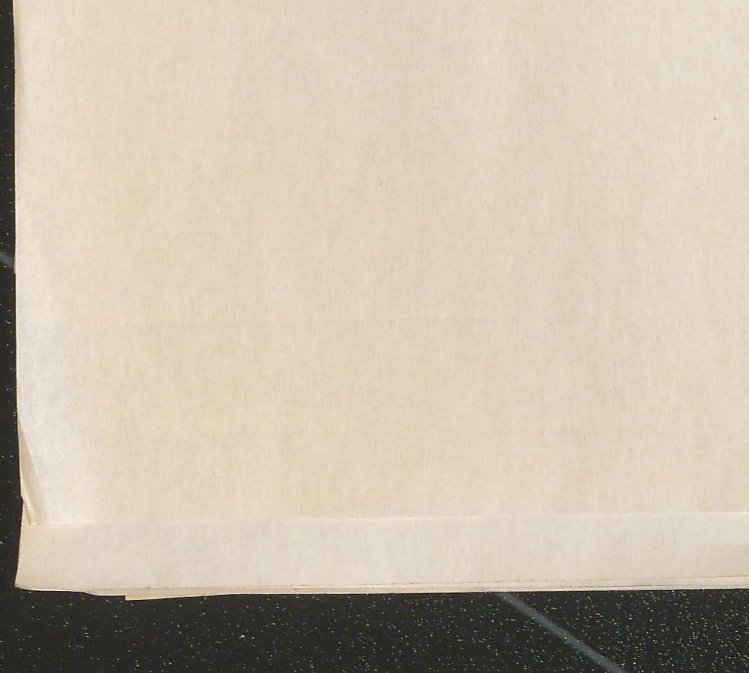
Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Karl Marootian, Esq.,
3552 Broadway,
New York, New York.

vb

BB

3rd floor Safe closet



P.P.7.
9-74

a Day pills and a package

P.P.F.

9-74

letter of Dec. 6th to the
courtesy in sending him the
es Mrs. Myric that her
on of the officials of the
the Office of Indian Affairs.
passing of her aged mother. Mrs. Cornealia
rs. Myric was referred to the Dept. of
arently wants money from the Government for

P.P.7.
9-24

kage of One a Day pills and a package

P.P.F.

9-24

ing that her letter of Dec. 6th to the
er for the courtesy in sending him the
urther advises Mrs. Myric that her
consideration of the officials of the
ction over the Office of Indian Affairs.
passing of her aged mother. Mrs. Cornealia
rs. Myric was referred to the Dept. of
arently wants money from the Government for

(5)

P.P.F. 9-74

LAVEN, D.J.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
10-26-43 (ack. 12-17-43)

Sends to the President a package of One a Day pills and a package

P.P.F. 9-74

mcg

TO:
MYRIC, Mrs. M.D.
Tulsa Okla.
Dec. 20, 1943.

Mr. Early wrote stating that her letter of Dec. 6th to the President has been received and thanks her for the courtesy in sending him the mat with the picture imprinted on it. Further advises Mrs. Myric that her communication is being referred for the consideration of the officials of the Department of Interior, who have jurisdiction over the Office of Indian Affairs. Extends the President's sympathy in the passing of her aged mother. Mrs. Cornealia Ross Presley Taylor - - -The letter of Mrs. Myric was referred to the Dept. of the Int. (Off., Indian Affairs): She apparently wants money from the Government for Indian land. (as per brief)

See - PPF 50-T

(5)

P.P.F. 9-L

AVEN, D.J.,
Minneapolis, Minn.
10-26-43 (ack. 12-17-43)

Sends to the President a package of One a Day pills and a package of Alka-Seltzer. (medicine) Thrown away.

See P.P.F.9-L

br

FISHER, Harry B.,
Philadelphia, 39, Pennsylvania,
December 22, 1943 - ack.

P.P.F.
9-M

Note of thanks from Miss Tully, for sending the President a small bottle of medicine for head colds.--------T.A.

See P.P.F. 9-F

fmf

PPF
9-M

December 28, 1943

Given away

My dear Mr. Madancy:

Your card of Christmas greetings to the President and the handkerchief you enclosed have been received and I want to thank you, in his behalf, for your kind thought of him. He sends you all good wishes for the New Year.

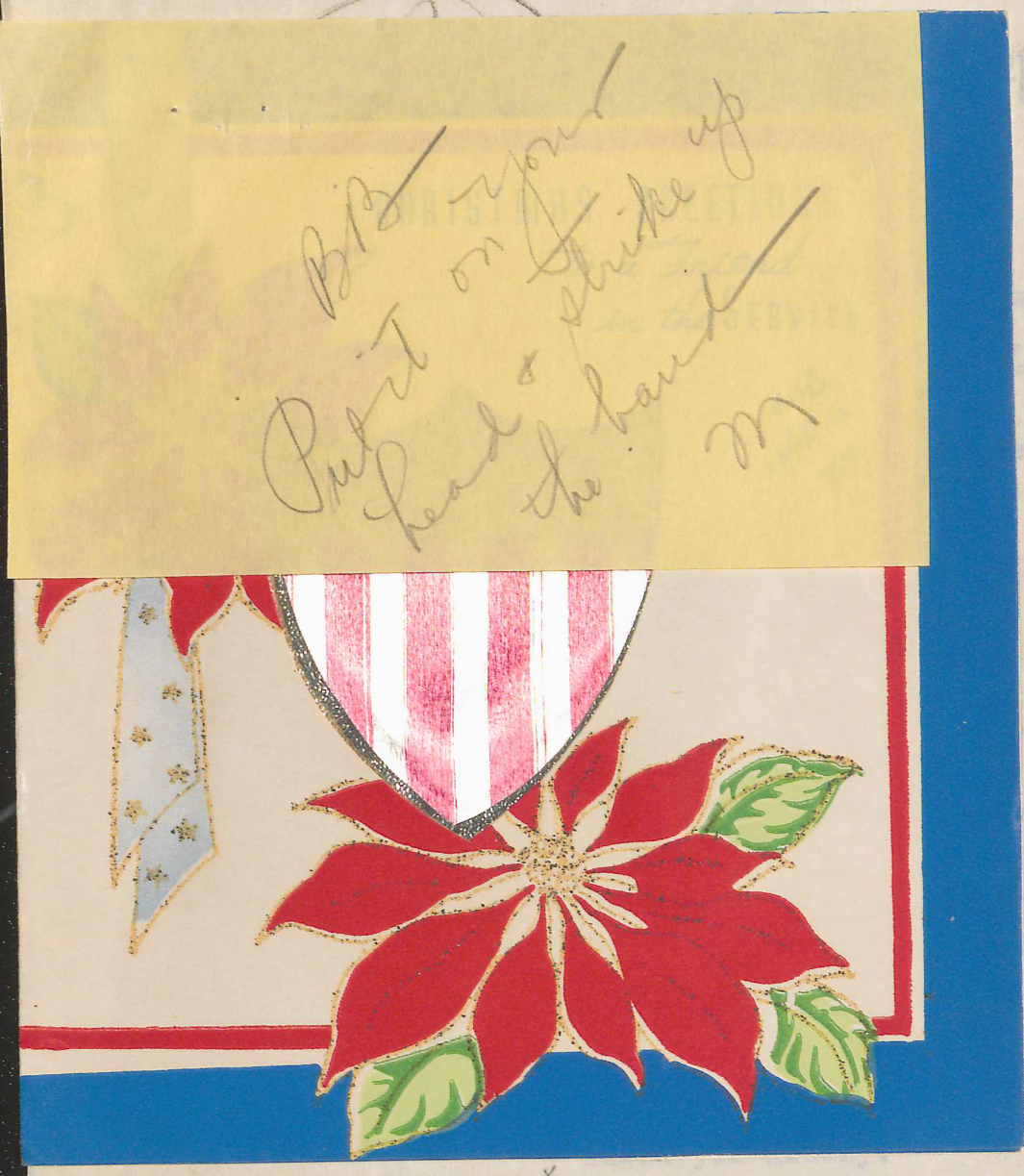
Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

xPPF
9-M

George S. Madancy, Esq.,
395 Weybosset Street,
Providence,
Rhode Island.

vb



Miss Frances Johnson,
Monarch Wine Company of Georgia,
Sawtell Road,
South Atlanta Station,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

dd

Miss Frances Johnson,
Monarch Wine Company of Georgia,
Sawtell Road,
South Atlanta Station,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

dd

It is not the same old Christmas
But the same old friends
are dear
And Old Glory, proudly flying,
Is a symbol of good cheer;
So good luck and all good wishes,-
Hope this finds you feeling fine,-
Though it's not the same
old Christmas,
You're the same dear
Friend of Mine!

From
George L. Miadaney Lt.
395 Weybosset St.
Providence,
R. I.

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

x

Miss Frances Johnson,
Monarch Wine Company of Georgia,
Sawtell Road,
South Atlanta Station,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

B

dd

P.P.F.
9.W.

December 22, 1943

My dear Miss Johnson: P.P.F.

Mrs. Roosevelt has referred to this office your letter of December seventeenth. I want to thank you ever so much on behalf of the President for the kind offer you make, and it is suggested that you send the case addressed to Mr. Frank Murray, 1834 L Street, N.W., Washington, D. C.

Please assure Mr. Gilsten of the President's appreciation of his thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Miss Frances Johnson,
Monarch Wine Company of Georgia,
Sawtell Road,
South Atlanta Station,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

dd

Monarch Wine Company

OF GEORGIA

The Pioneers of
GEORGIA FRUIT WINES
PEACH BLACKBERRY
SCUPPERNONG CONCORD
MUSCADINE

MONARCH WINE CO., Inc.
Bush Terminal
4500 Second Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sawtell Road, South Atlanta Station Atlanta, Georgia.

December 17, 1943

DEC 20 REC'D

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Madam:-

We are anxious to send The President a case of our Georgia Blackberry Wine for the Holidays and would appreciate word from you as to where this case should be shipped.

Thank you kindly.

Yours very truly,

MONARCH WINE CO. OF GA.

Frances Johnson

Frances Johnson
Sec'y to Mr. Gilsten

fj

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

January 11, 1944

My dear Mr. Gilsten:

Many thanks, in the President's behalf, for your kind remembrance of him at Christmas time. He wants you to know that he appreciates your friendly thought and I have pleasure in conveying his every good wish to you for the coming year.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Charles Gilsten, Esq.,
Monarch Wine Company of Georgia,
Sawtell Road,
South Atlanta Station,
Atlanta,
Georgia.

hms

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Mr Wagner - To ask
for Case of Blackberry
Wine — (only 10 bottles
recd - broken neck
one bottle thrown in -
had it distributed)

$9.57

11/11/44

MONARCH WINE CO., Inc.
Bush Terminal
4500 Second Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Georgia.

28, 1943

f December 22
and sending a
Murray,

spend
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Christmas.

lly,

E CO. OF GA.

sten

CG:dcb

...Main 8458

Monarch Wine Company

OF GEORGIA

The Pioneers of
GEORGIA FRUIT WINES
PEACH BLACKBERRY
SCUPPERNONG CONCORD
MUSCADINE

MONARCH WINE CO., Inc.
Bush Terminal
4500 Second Avenue
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Sawtell Road, South Atlanta Station Atlanta, Georgia.

December 28, 1943

Miss Grace Tulley
Private Secretary to President
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Tulley:

Permit me to acknowledge receipt of your letter of December 22 to inform you that we are following instructions and sending a case of Granny's Blackberry Wine in care of Frank Murray, Washington, D. C.

I heard over the radio the President was going to spend Christmas at Hyde Park, therefore took the liberty of sending him a case hoping it would reach him in time for Christmas.

With very best wishes.

Most cordially,

MONARCH WINE CO. OF GA.

Charles Gilsten

Charles Gilsten

CG:dcb

BB
No doubt will
find it way to
Lee - Judy
9/5

PPF
9-M

December 27, 1943

Mecke:

me to thank you in the President's
kindness in sending him a copy of
ST BATTLE, by W. J. Bryan, which has
been received through the courtesy of Mr. Phillip
H. Knight. The President appreciates your friendly
thought of him and this little note conveys his very
best wishes to you for the New Year.

Very sincerely yours,

+ PPF
9-B

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb eb

A. H. Meinecke, Esq.,
c/o Metcalf, Hamilton, Kansas City
Bridge Company,
Skagway,
Alaska.

(8B2 9-M)

REAL ESTATE BOARD OF NEW YORK,
New York, N.Y.
Acknd. Dec. 28, 1943.

Sent copy of their 1944 diary and manual. Given to Miss Tully.

SEE: PPF-9-R

lok

MRS. PANCOAST:

The book, THE FIRST BATTLE, was sent to Mrs. Eben this morning.

C. Dougherty

Mrs Eben

December 27, 1943

My dear Mr, Meinecke:

Permit me to thank you in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him a copy of the book THE FIRST BATTLE, by W. J. Bryan, which has been received through the

BATTLE, was sent to
hen this morning.

C. Dougherty

Mr Ehrw

PPF
9-m

December 27, 1943

My dear Mr. Meinecke:

Permit me to thank you in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him a copy of the book THE FIRST BATTLE, by W. J. Bryan, which has been received through the courtesy of Mr. Phillip H. Knight. The President appreciates your friendly thought of him and this little note conveys his very best wishes to you for the New Year.

Very sincerely yours,

+ PPF
9-B

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb eb

A. H. Meinecke, Esq.,
c/o Metcalf, Hamilton, Kansas City
Bridge Company,
Skagway,
Alaska.

December 28, 1943

My dear Mr. Knight:

It was kind of you to send on the copy of the book THE FIRST BATTLE, by W. J. Bryan, a gift to the President from Mr. A. H. Meinecke of Skagway, Alaska. Your courtesy in the matter is very much appreciated.

A note of thanks is being addressed to Mr. Meinecke direct.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

e
b

Phillip H. Knight, Esq.,
422 Crittenden Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

ON BOARD SS.

Phil. H. Knight
422 Cuttenden St NW
Washington, D.C.
December 20, 1943.

Mr. Steve Earley, Secy.
Whitehouse,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir;

The day before I left Skagway, Alaska, a Contractor's pay master asked me if he might mail a book to me in Wash. D.C. for delivery to the President. I did not know the man very well but told him O.K. and that I would forward it if it arrived. Dont know why he did not mail it direct to you.

The book reached here and keeping it in "channels" I have mailed it separately to you today. Please see that it reaches proper destination and I am sure this man now at c/o Metcalf, Hamilton, Kansas City Bridge Co, Skagway, Alaska would appreciate some kind of receipt acknowledgement.

Sincerely yours
Phil H. Knight
Engineer (Civil Constn)
U.S.E.D.

January 28th, 1944

of receipt of a copy
n, which Mr. Phillip H.

ever, since it was Mr.
lection was in trans-

gain you will find a
lf-explanatory. Mr.
President Roosevelt,
State for Nebraska.

nsas City Bridge Co's

truly,

einecke

C/O Metcalfe, Hamilton, Kansas
City Bridge Co's
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Mr. Knight 2d
you must call me
I rush down
and add note to
memo in front of
Book that you are
making this a journal
Del to Pres.

Hom.

Phone me. Transportation
Dept

January 28th, 1944

nent of receipt of a copy
Bryan, which Mr. Phillip H.

however, since it was Mr.
connection was in trans-

le again you will find a
s self-explanatory. Mr.
Swanson is an active Democrat, a great admirer of President Roosevelt,
and was, as I recall it, at one time Secretary of State for Nebraska.
His present address is:

Mr. Harry R. Swanson
C/O Metcalfe, Hamilton, Kansas City Bridge Co's
Skagway, Alaska.

Yours very truly,

Allan H. Meinecke

Allan H. Meinecke

C/O Metcalfe, Hamilton, Kansas
City Bridge Co's
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

Pickup
1/26/44

January 28th, 1944

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary to The President
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Miss Tully:

Thank you for the acknowledgment of receipt of a copy of the book " The First Battle " , by W. J. Bryan, which Mr. Phillip H. Knight delivered to you for The President.

A correction should be made, however, since it was Mr. Harry R. Swanson who sent the book. My only connection was in transmitting it to Mr. Knight for delivery.

If you will examine the volume again you will find a note from Mr. Swanson on the fly leaf which is self-explanatory. Mr. Swanson is an active Democrat, a great admirer of President Roosevelt, and was, as I recall it, at one time Secretary of State for Nebraska. His present address is:

Mr. Harry R. Swanson
C/O Metcalfe, Hamilton, Kansas City Bridge Co's
Skagway, Alaska.

Yours very truly,

Allan H. Meinecke

Allan H. Meinecke

C/O Metcalfe, Hamilton, Kansas
City Bridge Co's
Edmonton, Alberta, Canada.

OPF
9-M

REAL ESTATE BOARD OF NEW YORK,
New York, N.Y.
Ackd. Dec. 28, 1943.

Sent copy of their 1944 diary and manual. Given to Miss Tully.

lok

SET: PPF-9-R

PPF 9.M

December 29, 1943

My dear Mrs. Moran:

The President has asked me to write you this little note of thanks for your kindness in sending him those delicious apples from Snow Mountain Orchard. He more than appreciates your friendly thought.

I have pleasure in conveying the President's hearty good wishes to you for the coming year.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

× PPF 9-A

× PPF 7911

Mrs. Kim Moran,
"Whitecaps",
Palm Beach,
Florida.

dd

B

B B
Distributed

otting

ive me what
you can,
ing "Kim".

n

h, Fla.

7737

P.P.F.
9-M

cember 29, 1943

ire:

s in the President's behalf

sending him the inscribed

HE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROSS,

I can assure you that he is most appreciative

of your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

B

Captain W. Maguire,
Camp Elliott,
San Diego,
California.

mgs

nothing

Betty- Will you please give me what you can on this Orchard and if you can, would appreciate your identifying "Kim". Thanks.

eva s.

Mrs. Kim Moran
"Whitecaps"
Palm Beach, Fla.

P.P.F. 9-M

No 17737

December 29, 1945

My dear Captain Maguire:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him the inscribed copy of your book, THE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROSS. I can assure you that he is most appreciative of your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Captain W. Maguire,
Camp Elliott,
San Diego,
California.

mgs

SNOW MOUNTAIN
ORCHARD
YAKIMA
WASHINGTON

High in the Cascades

To

— President Roosevelt
— White House
— Washington, D. C.

№ 17737

Thank 12 for delicious apples

P.P.F.
9-M

December 29, 1943

My dear Captain Maguire:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him the inscribed copy of your book, THE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROSS. I can assure you that he is most appreciative of your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Captain W. Maguire,
Camp Elliott,
San Diego,
California.

mgs

This Snow Mountain gift
brings greetings and best wishes from
Kim

P.P.F.
9-M

12

December 29, 1943

My dear Captain Maguire:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him the inscribed copy of your book, THE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROSS. I can assure you that he is most appreciative of your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

P.P.F. 6001
9-B

Captain W. Maguire,
Camp Elliott,
San Diego,
California.

mgs

12

P.P.F.
9-M

Bebb
R, Miss Ida,
dami, Florida,

P.P.F.
9-M

December 29, 1943

My dear Captain Maguire:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your kindness in sending him the inscribed copy of your book, THE CAPTAIN WEARS A CROSS. I can assure you that he is most appreciative of your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

B

+ P.P.F.
9-B

Captain W. Maguire,
Camp Elliott,
San Diego,
California.

mgs

12

P.O.F.
9-M

P.P.F.
9-M

R, Miss Ida,
ami, Florida,
vah.

FURLONG, Col. Charles Wellington,
Graham-Eckes School,
Palm Beach, Fla.
September 25, 1943

Writes to the President making reference to the latter's letter re the matter of placing a suitable monument over the spot where the old U.S. Frigate Philadelphia now lies, and also to his acceptance of a small written souvenir, with its sliver of the old Philadelphia, for the President's historical museum at Hyde Park. Says that in the meantime he has had a map mounted, inscribed and framed, and sent to the President, which he thinks the President will value almost as much as the Philadelphia souvenir. This map is a record of every camp made by General William Eaton, in Africa. Tells that he is at present at work on the story of our Navy in its fight for the freedom of the Mediterranean during that dramatic and romantic period of the Barbary wars. Asks permission to quote from the President's letter in relation to that matter.--On 12/30/43 Miss Tully wrote to Col. Furlong stating that upon his return from the Cairo-Teheran conferences, the President was delighted to find the interesting map above mentioned. She expresses the President's appreciation of this gift and states it will have an honored place in his collections. Miss Tully adds that there is no objection in Col. Furlong's quoting the last paragraph of the President's letter to him of July 30th, in the manner above mentioned.--(Pencil notation indicates that the above-mentioned map is to go to the President's Hyde Park Library.)

See P.P.F. 8481

12

P.O.7.
9-M

Bebb, Miss Ida,
Miami, Florida,
November 11, 1943 - ack.

Sends the President 14 avocados and a jar of tangerine marmalade.——
Fruit given to Mrs. Roosevelt.

See P.P.F. 9-O

fmf

Bible - ed 1829.
medium sized photo

PPF
9-M

THE CHURCHES
Philadelphia, Pa.
Dec. 20, 1943. Not ackd.

Let. to the President enclosing Christmas card; sent framed motto "Friendship". Given away.

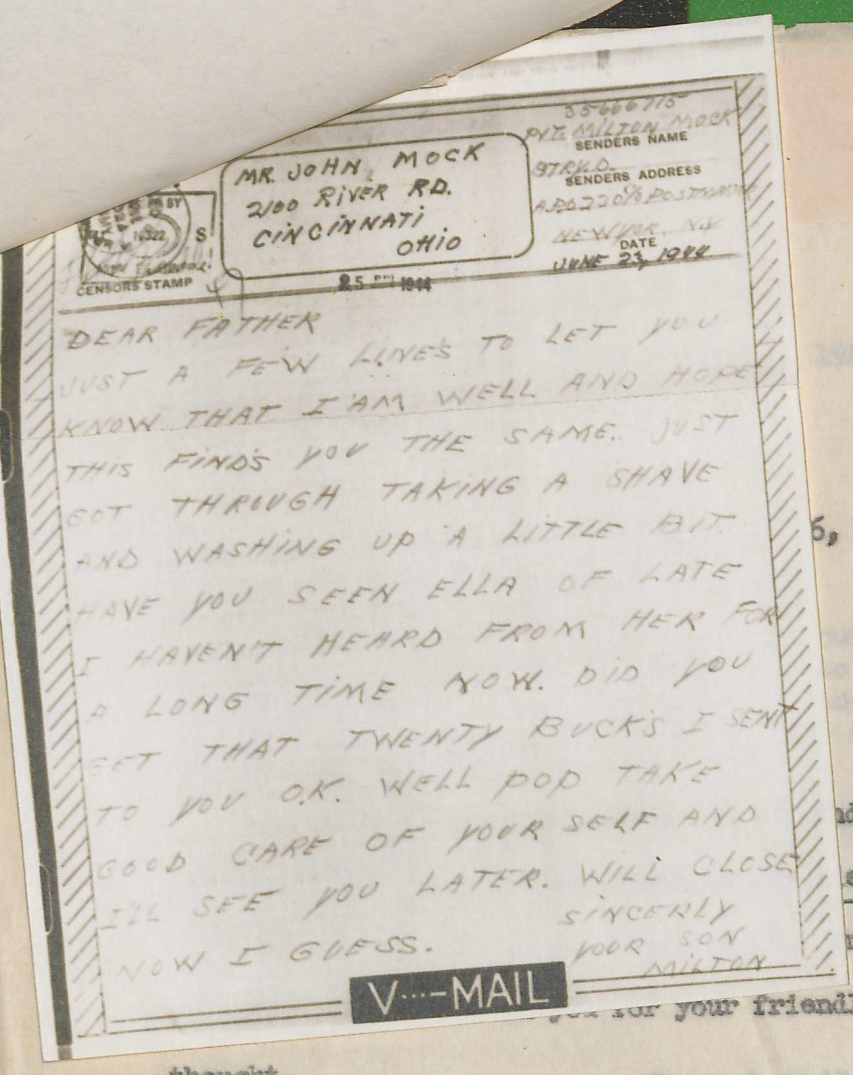
SEE: PPF-9-C

iok

Bible — ord. 1829.
Medium sized photo
of sailor — under
photo of sailor
picture of lady
(probably mother).
All put in Store
Room — except V
mail letter which
is in file —
P.P.F. 9 — M (Mock) E.B.

Miss Dorothy L. Matthes,
104 Longman Lane,
Ann Arbor,
Michigan.

cd



MR. JOHN MOCK
2100 RIVER RD.
CINCINNATI
OHIO

CENSORS STAMP

35666715
PVT. MILTON MOCK
SENDERS NAME
97 K.D.
SENDERS ADDRESS
A.P.O. 220 C/O POSTMASTER
NEW YORK, N.Y.
DATE
JUNE 23 1944

DEAR FATHER
JUST A FEW LINES TO LET YOU
KNOW THAT I AM WELL AND HOPE
THIS FINDS YOU THE SAME. JUST
GOT THRUGH TAKING A SHAVE
AND WASHING UP A LITTLE BIT.
HAVE YOU SEEN ELLA OF LATE
I HAVENT HEARD FROM HER FOR
A LONG TIME NOW. DID YOU
GET THAT TWENTY BUCKS I SENT
TO YOU O.K. WELL POP TAKE
GOOD CARE OF YOUR SELF AND
I'LL SEE YOU LATER. WILL CLOSE
NOW I GUESS.
SINCERLY
YOUR SON
MILTON

V---MAIL

6, 1943

Mr Gordon

d your

e and

n his

you for your friendly

thougrt.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Miss Dorothy L. Matthes,
104 Longman Lane,
Ann Arbor,
Michigan.

cd

December 16, 1943

My dear Miss Matthes:

It was exceedingly kind of you and your mother to send the President that lovely tie and handkerchief as a Christmas remembrance. In his behalf, I wish to thank you for your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Miss Dorothy L. Matthes,
104 Longman Lane,
Ann Arbor,
Michigan.

cd

12

PPF
9-M

December 1, 1944

My dear Senator Mayfield:

The President has received your letter of November twentieth and asks me to thank you most heartily for those pecans, raised on your farm. He is especially pleased to have them.

× PPF
9-P
× PPF
9-N

The President extends his every good wish to you.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

eb

× × PPF
26x6

Honorable Earle B. Mayfield,
14th Floor, Peoples Bank Building,
Tyler,
Texas.

P3

M/e

Hon Earle B. Mayfield
(Former Senator)

Earle B. Mayfield

THE FILES

FROM: C. C. WAGNER

Previous papers, please. Both Miss Tully and Presidential correspondence.

None
Entire file attached.

12

LEE

14TH FLOOR PEOPLES BANK BUILDING
TELEPHONE 2840

14

THE WHITE HOUSE
NOV 23 9 19 AM '44
RECEIVED

12/1/44

Dear Mr. President:

I am today sending you under separate cover a box of paper shell pecans (the Mahan) grown on my farm in Bosque County, which is situated in the central part of our State about 40 miles due west of Waco, Texas. Three years ago I had some of the native pecan trees on this farm topped and grafted with paper shell pecans and this is the first year they have borne but I think you will conclude that they are pretty nice sized pecans.

Being a "tree grower" myself I wanted you to see how these native pecan trees had produced since they were topped and grafted.

In this box of pecans you will find a very tiny box containing 3 very small pecans grown on these native trees before they were topped and grafted and you will observe that they are marked Hoover-Dewey pecans. I had a lot of fun joking the so-called Regulars (anti-Roosevelt men) and the Republicans by showing them these 3 little pecans and then showing them 4 or 5 of the large paper shall pecans and telling them that the paper shell pecans were Roosevelt pecans and that these two classes of pecans represented the condition of the country in 1932 and the condition of the country under your administration.

We feel pretty proud of your vote in Texas especially under conditions existing at the time of the election. It is my hope and prayer that you will continue to enjoy good health and that a kind providence will uphold and sustain and strengthen you and you will continue to lead our people to a successful conclusion of the terrible, global war.

With kindest regards and espressions of highest esteem, I am

Sincerely yours,

Earle B. Mayfield

Hon Earle B. Mayfield
(Former Senator)

M/e

Mr Wagner
To Thank - Pecans,
to Mr. with P.
ME

12

LEE

14TH FLOOR PEOPLES BANK BUILDING
TELEPHONE 2840

14

THE WHITE HOUSE
Nov 23 9 19 AM '44
RECEIVED

11/21/44

Dear Mr. President:

I am today sending you under separate cover a box of paper shell pecans (the Mahan) grown on my farm in Bosque County, which is situated in the central part of our State about 40 miles due west of Waco, Texas. Three years ago I had some of the native pecan trees on this farm topped and grafted with paper shell pecans and this is the first year they have borne but I think you will conclude that they are pretty nice sized pecans.

Being a "tree grower" myself I wanted you to see how these native pecan trees had produced since they were topped and grafted.

In this box of pecans you will find a very tiny box containing 3 very small pecans grown on these native trees before they were topped and grafted and you will observe that they are marked Hoover-Dewey pecans. I had a lot of fun joking the so-called Regulars (anti-Roosevelt men) and the Republicans by showing them these 3 little pecans and then showing them 4 or 5 of the large paper shall pecans and telling them that the paper shell pecans were Roosevelt pecans and that these two classes of pecans represented the condition of the country in 1932 and the condition of the country under your administration.

We feel pretty proud of your vote in Texas especially under conditions existing at the time of the election. It is my hope and prayer that you will continue to enjoy good health and that a kind providence will uphold and sustain and strengthen you and you will continue to lead our people to a successful conclusion of the terrible, global war.

With kindest regards and espressions of highest esteem, I am

Sincerely yours,

Earle B. Mayfield

Hon
(former Senator)

M/e

MARY EBEIN

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MAYFIELD, JAMES AND LEE

ATTORNEYS AT LAW
TYLER, TEXAS

14TH FLOOR P
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EARLE B. MAYFIELD
L. L. JAMES
W. EDWARD LEE

November 20, 1944

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President of the United States,
Washington, D. C.

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November 20, 1944

Hon. Stephen M. Early,
Secretary to the President,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Secretary:

Today I am sending President Roosevelt under separate cover, a box of paper shell pecans grown on my Bosque County farm and I will appreciate it so much if you will see that he gets these pecans because they represent his administration.

Enclosed find copy of letter that I am today writing President Roosevelt about these pecans.

Whenever I wanted to run a so-called Regular or Republican off the street, I simply pulled these pecans on them and showed them how the pecan industry had grown and prospered under President Roosevelt's administration and the argument was unanswerable.

We feel mighty proud of the vote that we gave President Roosevelt here in Texas, especially under conditions existing at the time the election was held.

I hope you will come this way some time and that we may have the pleasure of giving you a real Texas welcome and entertainment.

With kindest regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

Earle B. Mayfield

Earle B. Mayfield

M/e

EARLE B. MAYFIELD
L. L. JAMES
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MAYFIELD, JAMES AND LEE
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Sincerely yours,

Earle B. Mayfield

M/e

COPY

December 1, 1944

PPF 9-m

My dear Miss McCarthy:

Your generous words of congratulation mean a great deal to the President, and he appreciates your prayerful wishes. Permit me to thank you in the President's behalf for your friendly thought in sending him the religious medal to — in which you refer.

Very sincerely yours,

Grace G. Tully
Private Secretary

Mrs. Ellen V. McCarthy,
148 13th Street, S. E.,
Washington, D. C.

jli

148 13th St S.E.
Washington D. C.
November 8, 1944

rebd
12/1/44
J.L.L.

The President
The White House
Washington D. C.

My dear Mr President.

You have my heartfelt congratulations on your successful campaign, and being our splendid leader for the next four years.

God bless you, guide and guard you in all your ways and days. I am from Belmont, Massachusetts have voted there for you, and am proud that Massachusetts went plump for you! I am enclosing a small token to watch over you and bring you good luck.

Respectfully yours
Ellen V. McCarthy.

PPF
9-m

December 1, 1944

My dear Mrs. Waldo:

Your generous words of congratulation pleased the President very much. He asks me to express his appreciative thanks for your loyal interest and for your support.

The President wants you to know that he is ever so grateful for your prayerful wishes and for the friendly thought which prompted you to send him and Mrs. Roosevelt the medals.

Very sincerely yours, x8P7

WILLIAM D. HASSETT
Secretary to the President

eb

Mrs. Frank Waldo,
Box 413,
Rome,
New York.

File note: Medals in B B's desk

11 Nov 18/44 Rome my

My dear Mr. President:- I am a little late in sending in our personal congratulations to you & pray God bless you & keep you as healthy in the future as he has in the past. I did the same this year as four years ago & went to mass & Holy communion & offered it that you would be our President. God really has been so good to you, & I'm sure its my prayers &

millions of
allies the peoples prayers
vibes in the world that you voted
for you. Next to God
your family thinks there
no one like President
Roosevelt.

I'm sure with
your brilliant brain
which certainly is a real
job, planning & think-
ing what's best for
this war to end, & a
miracle from God
we look to see this
peace soon.

Our son is
in New Guinea now &
doing his part &
we are most proud
of him. He now is

Staff Sergeant.

A little joke
Mr. President, I over-
heard my husband
Frank say to a few
customers of ours in
our little store, you
know, I think if my
wife wasn't so busy
helping me in the store
with me, this was about
three wks before
election, he said, I really
think she'd have
campaigns for her own
for the President, I
never saw any one so excited
over this election as she
I know he won't lose he
said, but if he does

4

my wife will surely be one disappointed woman. Oh gee, Mr President was I happy when you won, for should I send me, he broke our own ice cream in our stove & honestly I treated more people, This is on our President I'd say. Anyway, again God bless you & your family & here is a little medal for you & one for Mrs Roosevelt, wear them or pin them in your wallet got them at Adrienville Shrine and blessed by the priest for your health & to win. I think Mrs. Roosevelt is the smartest woman in the world Sincerely

Mrs. Frank Wade Box 413.