

PSF Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin

Subject File

Box 152

PSF Twelve to Night!

Mrs. Hamlin

Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin
The Hay Adams
Washington, D. C.

January 6th
P.F. 1938.

Dear Mr President.

I cannot tell
you how kind we feel
it was of you to take
your time to write me
about Charlie.

He had to have nine
X-ray charges or bolts
or whatever they call
them - fired into his mouth
to burn out a small
spot that bothered him
like a canker all summer.
It seems to me they

used a Cannon to
kill a Gnat! The job
was done so efficiently
that his tongue was very
badly burned too and
that is what has been
the trouble - he has suf-
fered tortures! It keeps
hard luck to have had
to suffer for something
that was unnecessary!
The pain ran him crazy
and the Dr. got worried but
things seem to be on the
mend all around - he
will soon be back working
again! We send every
thought to you and
our thanks. Always faithfully,
Bertha Ormiston Hamilton.

The LOG of the ARK, grounded on MT. ADARAT,

in the SMITHGATE of SEPTEMBER 21--1938.

East wind blowing stronger all morning.

PSF - Subject File

After luncheon went upstairs for a nap.

Mrs. Charles Hamlin

About 3 P.M. woke up because house shook.

Looked out from upper piazza and saw a terrible sea rolling in with rising tide.

Water breaking heavily over stone pier--float pulling on chains--it went out

soon after and landed on the Warren's vegetable garden.

Think it good plan to dress--find tin roof and railings already blown off porta-
cochere--grape arbour flat--trees bending almost double.

4 P.M. Mountainous breakers coming towards us. The water a most curious colour
--baleful is the word that comes to me--a menacing, grayish green with enormous
white caps breaking wickedly on top--like a terrible nightmare--an enormous moun-
tain range is apparently moving ruthlessly on us. Light House has waves break-
ing half way up--wonder if foundations can hold out. Somehow do not yet feel so
worried about this house----then--suddenly realize water from Flagg beach has
joined water from harbour between us and Light--trees swirling about in whirl-
pool. No piers to be seen now.

4.45 P.M. from upper piazza. Terrifying sight--nobody can have a wider view than
we have here. On our west side a raging sea with rearing wind carrying huge
breakers against the Stoddard house--wonder how long it can hold out. Pray hard
for tide to turn--have no tide table so do not know when it is due to turn--hor-
rible spectacle to see these mountains of water beating up all around us. Alice
appears with tea and sandwiches--very reviving to courage--went into next room
to watch storm from big window and then found "John Brewer" ate everything. Would
like cheer of open fire but few chimneys may not be safe. Manuel collected
chairs from under the Cedars and piled them in yard--now surf breaks all over the
Waves now break into shrubs around billiard room--break against stone terrace--
leave quantities of eel grass and hay--looks as if contents of a barn had been throw
up here--wonder how soon it must pour into cellar--darkness falls early--we are
entirely isolated--no gas, lights or telephone. Too dark now to see much but wave

crash nearer and nearer. Have plenty of candles and an oil lamp and three flash lights. Go to attic with Mother's glass shaded candle--the roof is terrifying up there--wonder how roof and chimneys can hold out--carry down a few things--put out suit case--try to think of things that would be saved in case can't pull of house is blown in--but--do not even try to fill it--can't be saved with strong feeling we will be moved--have FATH house will stand. No windows gone yet--mirrors--Lew's--wonder why billiard room and piazza are not torn off as they have no real foundations. Manuel has the McCall's suit cases here in Mrs McCall's car--they had to leave the Makerson house as their front steps, piazzas and dining room walls were ripped off--the garage fell in just as their car was taken out--he says trees down all along road and our driveway too--road is so terrible--it howls in the chimneys.

6.30 P.M. Feel sure tide is turning--if so we are saved from flood but not yet from wind. Peer into growing blackness--try to imagine water not so high. Town Patrol comes--young Bauer with companions and flash lights--managed to find us long--more so when they see me eating ice, cold supper on tray by candle light--when we had hot coffee for them--they say Plee and Orescent beaches all gone--is missing--Provincetown reported gone too--"BEWARE of LOOTERS". Town to post guards at every wrecked house--lucky for us that "JOHN BROWER" is visiting us even though he is a looter himself--he and "KAY" are fine watch dogs. Wind surely abating--men say tidal wave--think this must be true--remember Lisbon, Messina and San Francisco--but wonder if earthquake is coming too. Two strange men appear to borrow saw to open road as in case of fire, no help can reach us. Tell us of fire in Marion. 7.40 P.M. Wish we had a dove--it might return with a piece of sea weed--urge dogs to be doves but they sit on their tails and look sad--thinking of balls and bones gone out to sea--might be a dove myself in a bathing suit.

9 P.M. Manuel decides to try to take suit cases down to the McCall's at her sister's on North St.--he does not return--sorry as we want news. Patrol up & down stairs--find only one window looking--really wonderful--light House blinking faithfully--breakers each side of us still but not so violent--tell man Patrol we can take refugees--but they say--how get them here?

10.15 P.M. Wind much less--feel sure we are saved--so thankful--get out History of Mattapoisett and read about famous storm of Sept. 22--1815. There was no Light House on this Point nor any summer houses--but the house Miss Stackpole now lives in, in the Town was lifted off it's foundations then and turned around. Midnight. Feel so relieved--had to celebrate--could only think of some hard exercise to work off past worry--had noticed dining room table looked dull--got out oil and rub vigorously--feel better--had milk and sandwiches--feel better yet--next Patrol says town a sad sight--the Lewis Stackpole maids rescued from upper floor in boat--Miss Stackpole and her sister Mrs Howland rescued from her historic flood house in boat from front door.

1 A.M. Last round--all seems safe--dead boat but so thankful--RESOLVED--that henceforth this house shall be known as M^r. Ararat.

The day after. Wind still high--dawn early--we look like the Abomination of Desolation spoken of in Holy Writ. Such sights everywhere--quantities of stones all over grass and thrown far up in fields--trees down by dozens--pier covered with huge beams--concrete on pier badly broken--also steps--iron uprights bent over--lights and bench gone--debris piled high on shore--almost everything can be found there like a variety store--have lost twenty or more feet of land--grass path wiped off--bushes, trees and wild flowers along edge gone--gives a crude look--but what matter all this--small damage for us when I see the ruins of the next two houses and the Warrens. The whole lower floors ripped out in the Stoddard and ^{WARREN} houses and the furniture strewn on the beach and road--shingles cleaned off on water side of all three--luckily the Elliots, who rented the Stoddard house, left on Tuesday. Met Austin Maury and his wife, Miss Brinley and two Olivers--with help of Patrol and asst, and his car and Austin's, we moved china, glass, lamps, mirrors etc. from the Stoddard's and Nickerson's houses over to a room in the ell here. Mrs de Koven's house is un-harmed but her grounds are a mass of debris--her lovely garden a ruin and her boat across the road in the weeds. Everyone amazed to find how little we are damaged--say they thought we must have floated off in the night. Many come up to inquire. The milk-man sends

extra quart of milk to our joy as provisions are reported as short. Bridge to New Bedford closed for inspection. Provincetown is safe. Each one has a new tale and experiences seem incredible. Mary Lethrop says a large, square plane landed in what was once their living room and their own upright piano vanished into the Bay--later see the fourth leg of the Lethrop's legacy on Minnie Curtis' lawn. Ned & Katharine Hamlin motored down from Boston to see what had happened to their house in Marion--found about everything had happened--the billiard room carried off with collection of old prints and ship models--also garage, play-house and pier--I do feel so sorry about this loss. Harriet & Jane Hamlin not being on the shore, are not damaged at all--even have telephone. They got in touch with Mr Mahoney here and he said this house was standing. They came over in the afternoon--Marion is also very badly hit. Sight-seers drive down this road only to be stopped by our gate on account of fallen trees--Manuel has cleared our drive-way so they come in here to turn around and to ask questions too if I am about. After this first day, State Troopers were stationed at the head of this and all other roads to the shore, to prevent anyone coming except on business. Air-planes zoom very low so as to get photographs--this noise adds to the unreality of the scene. People are rather quiet and seem stunned.

Friday. A huge Govt. truck drove in and a man in uniform of Coast Guard inquired for me--said he had orders from Washington to look me up--he had a printed questionnaire, asking about my health--house--food supply etc.--I wonder who would inquire for me now. Mrs Harrington drives down to take me back with her for a refugee luncheon as she has a coal range--Miss Stackpole and her sister also there and tell of their thrilling experiences--they are at the Bay View where cooking is done on Sternos. We cannot buy any Sternos--all sold out--we cook on two alcohol lamps--later Tom Phillips lends us an oil stove. Luckily the water supply is in order--otherwise it would be difficult to stay here. Went down with Hamlins to see Town-- a tragic sight. The old cooper shop has gone--Mrs Barrow's "Anchorage" is flat--the Band Stand and the picturesque old Sail Loft near it--the water front houses are a sad sight--a motor boat blocks Water St.--it belongs to LaBaron Winslow who put on full power and drove the boat from the

5.
meeting right up over land to the corner of Pearl St. where he roped it to a tree--he and Ernest Rowland stayed in it all night to prevent any looting. The loss everywhere is terrible--about 100 boats from this town alone injured or wrecked--the "Astra" on high land near the R.R. tracks--I hope the Govt. can come liberally to the rescue. The Town authorities and the Red Cross have been very fine in their prompt and efficient aid--they have protected property and given necessary relief--there are no complaints from anyone--on the contrary great praise. Sallie Battelle & I walked along Pice beach this afternoon--every house gone--not a trace left of where they stood--just sand banks again--it looks as I first remember it in Nov. 1899. Furniture strewn about--a rocker rocking drearily on the sand--bridge over creek gone--we cross by a child's iron bed wedged into the banks. We kept on around the point--nothing there now--Mr Daff's two servants were drowned trying to save his property--then on by the Cedars to Crescent beach--at this latter out of over 160 houses only a few are standing--8 people killed--houses blown across marsh to woods--many trying to dig things out of the sand--motors piled with beds, chairs and every kind of household effects look like Sunday supplement pictures of disaster in the west but it took this disaster to make me realize what it meant. Red Cross have set up relief station in part of building and food is being served by volunteers. All beaches and points have same experiences--we talked to many and they seemed unwilling to rebuild for fear of another hurricane and flood. It is like the shark tragedy two years ago--nobody ever heard of such a thing before here. We seem to be about the only people around here, who took out a hurricane insurance. About three years ago, my husband was very much impressed by a heavy storm and what a more severe one might do to the pier. So he insisted against my protests in taking out a hurricane insurance on it. Now I hope we will profit by his foresight.

I believe in Miracles. Sent messages to Father Adrian at the Roman Catholic Church and to Rev. Mr Cottle at the Congregational Church on Sunday--asking them to have Thanksgiving Prayers for me for the miracle wrought here last Wednesday in the storm. Our Church is closed as it is badly damaged.

P.S. I have always wondered what I would do in an emergency--now I know--nothing.

meeting right up over land to the corner of Perry St. where he roped it to a tree--he and Ernest Howland stayed in it all night to prevent any looting. The loss everywhere is terrible--about 100 boats from this town alone injured or wrecked--the "Astor" on high land near the R.R. tracks--I hope the Govt. can come liberally to the rescue. The Town authorities and the Red Cross have been very fine in their prompt and efficient aid--they have protected property and given necessary relief--there are many more from other parts of the country great praise. Saline Beach is a place I walked along this beach this afternoon--every house gone--not a trace left--just sand and debris again--it looks as if first summer it is Nov 1899. The picture shown about a rocket rocketing directly on the beach--we were by a child's foot bed wedged into the banks. We kept on around the point--nothing there now--Mr. Latt's two barns were blown trying to get the debris to Grandport beach--at this latter out of over 100 houses only a few are standing--6 people killed--houses blown across marsh to woods--many trying to dig things out of the sand--others piled with beds, chairs and every kind of household effects look like Sunday supplement pictures of disaster in the west but it took this disaster to make me realize what it meant. Red Cross have set up relief station in part of building and food is being served by volunteers. All beaches and points have same experience--we talked to many and they seemed unwilling to rebuild for fear of another hurricane and flood. It is like the sharp tragedy two years ago--nobody ever heard of such a thing before here. It seems to be about the only people around here who took out a hurricane insurance. About three years ago my husband was very much impressed by a heavy storm and what a more severe one might do to the place. So he insisted against my protest in taking out a hurricane insurance on it. Now I hope we will profit by his foresight. I believe in Miracles. Sent messages to Father Adrian at the Roman Catholic Church and to Rev. Mr. Gottle at the Congregational Church on Sunday--asking them to have Thanksgiving Prayers for me for the miracle wrought here last Wednesday in the storm. Our church is closed as it is badly damaged. P.S. I have always wondered what I would do in an emergency--now I know--nothing.

Written by

Bette Pryor Hamlin

Wattapoint

Massachusetts

September 1938.

Item in Washington Post. September 23rd, 1938.

"Mrs Hamlin's summer home at Mattapoisett, Mass. was inundated by a tidal wave during the hurricane, friends here were advised. Mrs Hamlin and a maid were forced to go to the second storey of the house, since the lower floor was under water. There they remained awake all Wednesday night, burning candles to attract the attention of rescuers. Mrs Hamlin is reported to have informed friends that she is now safe".

PSF August 20th. 1940.
Mrs. Hamlin Mattapoisett
Massachusetts file personal.

Dear Mr President.

I greatly appreciate
your letter and only
feel very sorry you
bothered to write.

I do wish I could
have seen you and
talked about several
points. I have been
in a back water for
so long that I need
bringing up to date.

I do feel people are
getting their second
wind now and I
am going to do all
I can for you in this
corner. It is the
summer people who
are "the chickens" to
argue with. They treat
me as if I had a pest
and change the subject
when I join them -
they also warn their

Sincerely that I "have
peculiar views to it
is best not to mention
politics".

Mattapoisett
Massachusetts

I am very apologetic
about George Brewer
and Teddy Eliot going
out on the "Potomac".
My niece Helen Hamlin
Brewer is here and
we were all on our
clock when your
letter came for the
Chauffeur. Without

looking me - Helen
asked the officer if the
boys could not go out -
and he very kindly
took them. I felt very
sorry about it but
it all happened so
quickly that there was
nothing I could do.

Now please do not
answer this. "I am
twirling for you" as we
used to say in school.

Affectionately.

Berke Dwyer Hamilton.

file
Bum
April 9th 1942
PST-Hamlin
352 STATE STREET
ALBANY
Gen. Carlos
3-42

Dear Mr President.

I have never
been more surprised
or pleased in my
life than by your
birthday telegram
but how - when -
who tipped you off
as to the fatal date?
With all the world
on your shoulders
how can you add

a "hefty" show
like me? I am most
appreciative and
grateful.

One of my cousins re-
membered the date
and prodded up
other relatives and
friends and the
consequence was
an avalanche all
day of telephones -
letters - flowers -
a book and an

Enormous cake
with "Happy Birthday"
in pink frosting.
It was many years
since I had had
any celebration.
Things go along
here about as
usual with
William Rice.
He is well - meets
people with pleasure

and likes to talk
with them a bit
but he does not
generally remember
who they are.

With love and
thanks.

Affectionately.
Bertha Mayn Hawkins.

PSF
Mrs. Hamlin

New Corner "H"
3-44

Mattapoisett,

Massachusetts.

August 9th, 1944.

Dear Franklin;

This is just the letter of an old friend to tell you about the enthusiastic clam-bake rally last Sunday at Fort Phoenix. It would have done your heart good--it certainly refreshed mine coming down from the damp and Dewey atmosphere of Albany and the daily heralded conferences at the "Dewey drop inn". The Clam-bake was crowded and all but Mayer Tobin came down for it as it is the first real get-together of the summer since nominations were made.

Of course I said a lot more than the paper reported and I got a lot of I hope--real appreciation--for the line I took as I also warned them about a Republican Senate and House. I have not seen many people yet but they seem to feel that Gov. Saltonstall will win in the Senate race and Mayer Tobin for Governor. I should think from all I hear that you will carry the State without doubt. There are a good many Democrats here in the town but not among the summer people.

I do wish you were here for a swim--the water is delicious and now at night there is no restriction on lights any more but though the Ned's Point light was lighted last year it is not lighted now.

This is not for any answer--it is just a "I'm thinking of you".

Affectionately,

Bertha Prager Hamlin

Mrs. Hamlin Honor Guest At Outing

Democratic Women
Hear Speakers

Mrs. Charles S. Hamlin, of Washington, and Mattapoisett was guest of honor at the gathering of the Democratic Woman's Club at Fort Phoenix, Fairhaven, yesterday. Mrs. Mae Manning, club president, was toastmaster and presented the various speakers. To vary the Summer program there was a clamboll in place of the usual bake.

Mrs. Hamlin, first to be called upon, made reference to the intimate association between Fairhaven and President Roosevelt, who spent many Summer vacations at the Delano house on Walnut Street.

"In those days," said Mrs. Hamlin, "he was more concerned with boats than votes and when he grew to manhood, he carried his love of ships and the sea with him and just naturally drifted into the Navy Department."

"This election year is a most important year. Looking back to the deplorable '20s, we must learn a lesson from the past that we may learn how to meet the future. I well remember Sept. 27, 1920. The Morning Mercury carried a list of 31 prominent Republicans, all Harding supporters, who were pledged to some type of international organization for World Peace. They were just nothing more than decoys to secure support for the Republican presidential candidate. When a Republican President was elected the League of Nations was killed, and we saw the tragedy of a separate peace with Germany. Can we trust that party who once before pledged support to an international organization for peace, or are we going to assure ourselves of that peace by returning the leader who has so magnificently led our party for the past 12 years, Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

Robert D. Fielding represented Maurice J. Tobin and urged registration of voters as the most important preparation for success in the election. This election, he said, the women will have more than the usual influence. James Tobin also spoke briefly in the interest of his brother.

John B. Carr, Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, said this is the most important election since the days of the Civil War, adding that it is a contest between reaction and liberalism. Thomas J. Buckley, candidate for re-election as State Auditor, listed several blunders which he said had been uncovered by his office and promised that in October "one of the rottenest scandals ever known will be exposed." He said the State Auditor's office handled something like 200 million dollars annually and this made it necessary to have men of integrity in such an office. He warned that the veterans were being used by many candidates as bait for vote getting.

Other speakers were John E. Hurley, candidate for State Treasurer; Mrs. Anna Quinn Gauthier for Francis E. Kelly, who seeks the office of Attorney General; William McAuliffe, candidate for Congress from the 9th District; John P. Clark Jr., candidate for Governor's Council; John Almeida Jr., candidate for County Commissioner; Richard B. O'Connor, candidate for sheriff; Mrs. Noemi C. Hinkley, alternate to the national Democratic convention, and James H. Tighe, candidate from the 7th Bristol District. Edward C. Peirce, candidate for the State Senate, paid a visit but did not speak.

The committee in charge comprised Mrs. Allena W. Ashley, chairman; Mrs. Florence Mosley, tickets; Mrs. Frances Harrington, hospitality; Misses Edna O'Leary, Mary Kobza, Agnes Baker, Noemi C. Hinkley, Mary Gonsalves, Mollie G. Lafferty, Loretta Taber, Dorothy Manning, Dorothy Kinney of Mattapoisett; Misses Florence Kelley, Agnes Messey, Anna Grady and Mrs. Mae Manning, ex-officio. Miss Theresa Begnoche sang the National Anthem, accompanied by Mrs. Aurora Amaral at the piano.

Mrs. Manning invited all candidates and the general public to the next meeting of the Democratic Woman's Club, Sept. 20 in the B.P.W. Club.