

Anecdotes - F.D.R.

Subject File

P.S.F. Box 115



Feb 5-'23

My dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Will you W-Lay write
Senator Pittman how fond
you are of my husband,
how able he was, and how
much this legislation is
deserved - I believe the little
human touch from you will
help - Senator Pittman knows
I give home to talk it over
with you as I told you - and
will you add what you told

me at Charlie's grave - I
the successful 48 troops
trip in the Broadway
Wireless matter.

The little incidents -
of the way you told me
about I will now whiffed
into shape by D - mission
and drop by with them
while they will not have
the same charm as the
I have written exactly as
you talked - none the less
they will serve as memoranda
With many thanks and
regards I am
K. M. Mads.

La Rochelle
Fifty-seven West Seventy-fifth Street

J. R. F.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt
The little stories
I hope have caught
your spirit - your im-
agination. I was sorry
I had not taken them
onwards. If there is anything

Many will you
correct them and
I will make
new copies

Very cordially

K. M. Mass.

February 13, 1923.

Dear Mrs. Haas:

I am very glad to write to Senator
Pittman and do hope that he will be able to put
this through.

Thanks so much for the little stories -
it is going to be a real help in putting the thing
down in permanent form some day.

Very sincerely yours,

Mrs. M. M. Haas,
57 W. 75th St.,
New York City.

For
Hon.
Franklyn D Roosevelt

L. M. Maas

February 13, 1923.

Dear Senator Pittman:

I hear that you are working in the worthy cause of trying to set the record of the late Lt. Commander Charles Maas straightened out and put in permanent form.

This is simply a line to tell you that Commander Maas really did splendid service on the other side during the war. He helped me materially in the matter of the big radio station near Bordeaux, and as a liaison officer won the regard and the respect of the French naval authorities to the highest degree.

Very sincerely yours,

Hon. Key Pittman,
United States Senate,
Washington, D.C.

KEY FITTMAN,
UNITED STATES SENATOR,
STATE OF NEVADA.

file

United States Senate,

WASHINGTON.

February 16, 1923.

COMMITTEES:
FOREIGN RELATIONS,
NAVAL AFFAIRS,
MINES AND MINING,
INTERSTATE COMMERCE,
PUBLIC LANDS AND SURVEYS,
IRRIGATION AND RECLAMATION,
TERRITORIES AND INSULAR POSSESSIONS.

Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
52 Wall Street,
New York City.

My dear Mr. Roosevelt:

I am very pleased to receive your letter
commending the acts of the late Lt. Commander Charles
Maas.

I am in hopes that the proposed legislation
authorizing the Department to supplement his record
and construe his services as active service will pass
Congress. It is the very best that could be obtained
after very long and intense efforts.

Trusting that you are rapidly regaining
your health, and with best wishes, I am,

Sincerely,

Key Pittman

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PSF
FDR
Anecdotes

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 2, 1941

MEMORANDUM FOR

ADMIRAL STARK

Here is the story I told
you I would write out some time.

F. D. R.

Enclosure

72K Unrecorded
PSF

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

July 28, 1941.

In the Spring of 1915, President Wilson had planned to open the San Francisco Exposition in person but the international situation made this impossible and he delegated Vice President Marshall to take his place. William Phillips and I were two of the National Commissioners, the third, Mr. Lamar, being in residence in San Francisco.

The Marshalls, the Phillipses, the Frank Lanes, the Adolph Millers and ourselves went out in two special cars.

The Vice President was always delightful in his complete frankness. For example, when we were standing on the rear platform, crossing great Salt Lake, the view of the sun-capped mountains at sunset was one of the most magnificent and awe-inspiring things we had ever seen. Mrs. Roosevelt turned to the Vice President and said "Isn't that the most glorious view you have ever seen"? He replied: "Sorry, I see nothing in it. I was born and brought up in the flat country in Indiana -- never did like mountains -- never will -- see nothing in them".

On the way out we all got telegrams from W. R. Hearst inviting us to attend a magnificent banquet to be given by him during our stay in San Francisco. Before we could stop him, the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall accepted. Phillips, Lane, Miller and I held an indignant conference, decided wild horses could not get us to a Hearst banquet, and all of us arranged for a "previous engagement". on the designated evening.

In San Francisco there were many ceremonies and the whole thing was beautifully handled by the Exposition authorities.

I had arranged for a review of the Pacific Fleet on the afternoon of the third day, all of us to go on board the Flagship (the old armored cruiser "San Diego", I think) to be anchored off the Exposition grounds, the Fleet to pass us in review through the Golden Gate.

Then came the fun. I went on board first with full honors and my flag was hoisted. Then came Lane, Phillips and Miller and their families, followed by the Vice President and Mrs. Marshall and their party. I had previously designed a

flag for the Vice President -- white with the Presidential arms in the middle, but without stars on the theory that the Vice President can hold no command rank.

We were lined up thirty feet from the gangway, the Admiral and I a pace or two in front of the others.

The Vice President's barge came along side, the band and the side boys were all set, and in a minute the Vice President's silk hat and frock coat appeared at the top of the gangway. He had a cigar in his mouth, yellow gloves in his left hand and a cane in his right hand. Evidently his Aide had not indoctrinated him on how to board a ship -- and, as a matter of fact -- the whole blame for what followed was really on his Aide.

The Vice President stopped at the head of the gangway quite correctly and stood there while the four ruffles were given on the drum. But when the Star Spangled Banner was started, confusion followed. The poor man had an awful time shifting his cane to his left hand with the gloves. He reached for his hat, got it half way off, remembered the cigar, put his hat on again, got the cigar out of his mouth, fumbled it in with the gloves and the cane, and got his hat off again just before the National Anthem finished. Then came the reverse process -- back went the hat, back went the cigar, and back went the cane into his right hand.

At that awful moment* the first gun of the salute was fired almost over his head. He jumped two feet in the air and stayed there during the whole of the nineteen guns.

Utterly confused by that time he stepped down on to the deck between the line of four side boys on each side, shifted his cane once more and reached out for the hand of the first side boy. The latter utterly confused also broke into a broad grin, reached in turn and shook the Vice President warmly by the hand.

By this time Admiral Howard (?) and I had started forward and we rescued the Vice President before he had completed shaking hands with all eight side boys.

The only aftermath occurred three days later when we were all in San Diego and a movie of the San Francisco festivities was shown to us at the Exposition there. The Vice President was sitting next to me and when the movie film of his boarding the ship was thrown on the screen he said nothing until it was over, when he turned to me and remarked "Roosevelt, I am afraid that picture is telling the truth. Never again so long as I live will I go on board any Navy ship". It was a bit pathetic, but on the whole the Vice President carried out his mission splendidly and was evidently very popular wherever he went.

Incident
file
personal
GTN *PSF*
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 28, 1941.

Dictated by the President:

One of the most delightful episodes of the first World War occurred when I was in England in 1918.

The destroyer "Nubian" had the whole of her stern (the after two-thirds of the ship) blown off by a torpedo or mine. The balance of the ship was safely towed into port.

At about the same time, the destroyer "Zulu" had a collision in which the forward third of the ship was completely wrecked but the ship was safely brought into port.

What was left of the "Nubian" was built on to what was left of the "Zulu". Net result one new destroyer. The official name for her was the "Z~~u~~bian".

46 Personal *PSK* *Unclassified FSR* *Control*
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

September 25, 1941.

When I visited the King at Buckingham Palace in July, 1918, he told me the following:

When he was visiting a hospital in Scotland containing several hundred sailors wounded in the Battle of Jutland, he stopped for a moment at the cot of a burly Britisher who had a large tattooed portrait of the King on his bare chest.

The King congratulated him on his patriotism, and the sailor proudly pointed out a tattooed portrait of the Queen between his shoulder blades, a tattooed portrait of the Prince of Wales on his right arm and one of Princess Mary on his left arm.

The King congratulated him again on his patriotism and loyalty, whereupon the British sailor said:

"That ain't the 'alf of it, Your Majesty. You should see me behind. I 'ave two other portraits -- I am a sittin' on the Kaiser and Von Hindenberg".

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Hyde Park, N. Y.,
October 5, 1941.

In about 1897 or 1898, the first "Half Moon", belonging to my Father, was lost under wholly unnecessary circumstances.

She was really the first auxiliary yacht designed about 1891 by Carey Smith -- sloop rigged, about 38 foot water line, 52 feet overall, and with an old-fashioned naphtha engine in the cockpit.

We used her every Summer at Campobello but she was laid up for the Winter in or near New York, involving a long voyage both ways. In 1897 or 1898 my Father decided to have her towed from Campobello to New York by a small coasting steamer -- the "Pentagoit", I think. The Captain of the latter said it would be a simple operation, rigging a bridle from the "Pentagoit" to each side of the bow of the "Half Moon", proceeding at not more than eight or nine knots. He agreed that the crew of the "Half Moon" -- Captain William S. Mitchell of Campobello Island and his hired man -- would remain on board the "Half Moon", ready to cut the hawser at any time in case the weather got rough.

She left Campobello in smooth seas and Captain William S. Mitchell and his hired man declined to stay on board and went on board the "Pentagoit".

After the "Pentagoit" had towed the "Half Moon" to a point off Mount Desert, a sailor of the "Pentagoit" noticed the "Half Moon" was yawing badly and seemed to be down by the bows. The "Pentagoit" stopped, sent a boat to the "Half Moon", but it was too late. Her planks had started forward and it was too late to accomplish anything with the pumps. She sunk in a hundred fathoms of water, with everything on board.

My Father was greatly overcome, not only by the loss, but by the fact that Captain Mitchell and the hired man had failed to stay on board. It is clear that if they had done so, in accordance with orders, they would have discovered the leak as soon as it started and would have cut the hawser. As usual, in so many marine insurance cases, the company declined to pay the insurance, claiming that it did not cover such an unusual case as towing.

F. D. R.

Oct 23 1941

2 W.D.H.
Mr Franklin D. Roosevelt
White House
Washington D. C.

My dear President:-

Enclosed clipping
I feel will interest you -

Best wishes to you.

Thomas W. Cornell
80 Fairfield St
Springfield Mass.

AGED SAILING INSTRUCTOR OF F. D. DIES HERE

Capt. Williams Mitchell, 87, of
Campobello Island, knew
President as Youth

Capt. Williams Mitchell, 87, of
Campobello Island, N. H., an old salt
who, recognized President Roosevelt's
love of the sea when the latter was
only a stripling and taught him the
fundamentals of sailing, died at
Springfield hospital today.

He succumbed to a heart attack
aggravated by this infirmity of old
age, after being stricken a week ago
while visiting his daughter, Mrs.
W. A. R. Chapin, here. Dr. Chapin,
medical examiner.

Capt. Mitchell first became
acquainted with the youth who was
to become President when he cap-
tained a yacht owned by Commodore
James D. Roosevelt, the President's
father. Capt. Mitchell noted young
Roosevelt's interest in ships and life
on the sea.

When Commodore Roosevelt's yacht
went on cruise, young Roosevelt

Continued On Page Ten

AGED SAILING

Continued From Page One

missed no opportunity of going
along. He eagerly drank in the
sailing lore Capt. Mitchell expounded
and thus was well grounded in a
field which has been a dominating
force in his life.

Born in Campobello, Capt. Mitchell
spent his entire life there. Conse-
quently, he remained in touch with
the President who has a summer
home at Campobello Island for many
years.

Like most of the men of Campo-
bello, Capt. Mitchell went to sea at an
early age. He sailed on ships that
plied Atlantic ports in the coastwise
trade. Eventually he became a cap-
tain and after serving with Commo-
dore Roosevelt, commanded different
ships engaged in commerce in New-
foundland, Canada and the North At-
lantic states.

Capt. Mitchell retired 15 years ago,
but had continued to live at Campo-
bello.

He leaves two daughters, Mrs.
W. A. R. Chapin of this city, and
Miss Gertrude Mitchell of Campo-
bello; and five sons, Horace, Winslow
and Manning, all of Campobello;
Harry of Philadelphia and Cleveland
of Montreal, Que. He was a member
of St. Anne's Episcopal church, Cam-
pobello.

Serving as captain of the Roose-
velt yacht, he instructed President
Roosevelt then a youth, in the art of
sailing. Services will be held Satur-
day in St. Anne's church, Campobello.

PSF C. M. L. 7408

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

November 10, 1941.

During the Wilson Administration in 1916, I think, the Governor of Arizona, who had been elected and re-elected without a break since Arizona became a State, was defeated for Governor. Soon thereafter Senator Ashurst went to President Wilson and said "Mr. President, our Governor has had such a continuous record that he ought to receive some recognition. Can you make him American Minister or Ambassador somewhere?"

The President said "Have you any suggestion as to what country?"

Ashurst got up without saying a word and walked over to the other side of the room where there was a large revolving globe on a stand. He put one finger on Arizona, turned the globe around, placed another finger on the approximate point of the earth at the greatest possible distance from Arizona, read the inscription and said "Siam, Mr. President".

It so happened that the post of Minister to Siam was at that moment vacant and the President promptly made the appointment of the Governor of Arizona who went to Siam and stayed there for several years.

JWR F. D. R.

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BP FOR Anecdotes FAK

November 15, 1941.

Bill Hassett - Give this to the President of the Club:

I am deeply appreciative of Bill Coyle's toast. Did the members of the National Press Club ever play the game of "forfeits"?

Here is my forfeit for not getting there tonight. I will sing a song at the next dinner -- I may get expelled from the Club but it might be a popular hit -- for that reason it will be copyrighted by me -- not by the Club.

Your fellow-member.

F.D.R.

(The above in President's handwriting)

✓
BF Undated 9AR
THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 18, 1942.

MEMORANDUM FOR

MORRIS ERNST:

Here is the best I can do in
my recollection of the automobile
accident in France in August 1918.

F.D.R.

Enclosure

Transmitting a memorandum regarding an accident
early in August 1918, while the Assistant Secretary
of the Navy was making an inspection of U.S. Naval
Air Stations on the coast of Brittany, in which an
elderly priest was injured.

"Early in August 1918, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy was making an inspection of U. S. Naval Air Stations on the coast of Britany. As he was proceeding from one station to another, his pilot car most unfortunately knocked down an elderly priest, injuring him slightly. When the Assistant Secretary of the Navy got there a few minutes later, he extended the apology of the Navy to him and offered compensation for the injury.

"The old priest, who of course spoke Br^eiton, but had apparently forgotten most of his French, replied that he most certainly did not want to accept any compensation from his friends of the American Navy which was doing so much in the cause of saving France.

"The Assistant Secretary asked him if there was something that the American Navy could do for his church -- a very lovely old church on a promontory. The church dated from the fourteenth century. The old priest's eyes filled with tears and he said:

"Oh, if I could have even a little contribution toward the fund I have been gathering all my life to have the stained glass windows re-leaded, it would mean more to me than anything else in the world."

"The stained glass windows were among the earliest in France and had not been re-leaded since about 1750.

"The Assistant Secretary asked the old man how much it would cost and he said, with tears in his eyes: '1000 francs'-- a sum far greater than we could possibly raise.

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"The Assistant Secretary thereupon wrote out a Navy requisition for \$200.00 and gave it to the old priest.

"Several months later, an officer reported to the Assistant Secretary that he had been in the church and that the work of re-leading the stained glass windows was nearly completed and that in one of the bays of the church a perpetual candle had been lighted by the old priest in honor of the American Navy.

"Six or eight years later, it was still burning and I have no doubt that now, in 1942, it is still burning -- unless the Germans have put it out."

PSF

Anecdote
(FR)

May 23, 1942.

I went out to Walter Reed Hospital and took General Pershing for a drive for about an hour. While he has to be very careful on account of his heart, the General was very much himself and we laughed together over several incidents of the first World War. He seemed particularly happy in my recalling to his memory an episode in January, 1919, as follows:

On my second trip abroad, after going first to Paris and then to London, I visited the Marine Brigade which was holding the bridgehead west of Coblenz, on the north bank of the Rhine, at a place called "New-Wied". I spent the night in Cologne and with my Aides motored up the south bank of the Rhine toward Coblenz. I kept telling my companions that in a few minutes I was going to get the thrill of my life -- the great fortress of Ehrenbreitstein with the Stars and Stripes flying over it. I told them that as a boy I had on several occasions gone up or down the Rhine, sometimes by boat, sometimes on a bicycle, and that I had always carried in my mind the picture of the largest masonry fort in all the world, rising high and wide on the hill overlooking Coblenz.

We came around a bend in the river and there was Ehrenbreitstein but no American Flag was flying over it. The flagstaff was bare. I got angrier and angrier as we approached Coblents. We drove directly to the headquarters of the Commanding General of the American bridgehead.

I strode into his room, and before the poor man could say anything I demanded, in an angry voice, to know "Why the Hell the American Flag was not floating over Ehrenbreitstein". All of my thrill at the expected sight had been dashed to the ground.

He tried to explain to me that his orders were to take no action which would unduly excite or disturb the peace of mind of the German population in Coblents or in the bridgehead and that he had, therefore, omitted the Flag for fear that it would arouse German sensibilities. I spoke my little piece but he seemed unmoved and as I left him I said "This is a matter which I will take up with General Pershing as soon as I get back to Paris".

The next day I visited the Marines at New-Weid, and returned to Paris by motor via Treves.

As soon as I got to Paris I dashed around to General Pershing's hotel, told him my story and said to him "This is wholly outside of my jurisdiction as Assistant Secretary of the Navy but I hope you will rectify what I think is a very grave error. The German people ought to know for all time that Ehrenbreitstein flew the American Flag during the occupation".

General Pershing smiled quietly and said "You are right. It will be hoisted within an hour". He rang for his Adjutant and told him to telephone to Coblenz -- and the Flag was hoisted within an hour and flew over Ehrenbreitstein every day until the last American soldier was out.

file

PSF

*discrete folder
(FRR) 3-42*

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED
WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

ARTHUR WALSH
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

August 14, 1942

Miss Grace G. Tully
The White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Grace:

You can always count on the Boss to do a superb job at anything he tackles -- even if it is just the "needling" of a friend. His letter to Admiral King is up to his high standard. I'll bet it delighted old Blowtorch.

It was good of you to let me see a copy of the letter and I shall thank you personally before very long in Washington.

Yours as Bt,

Art

Voice-written
by Ediphone:PSF

P. S. I would like to have seen you as a fly on the Admiral's wall provided I could have been there as the spider with the web.

Art
W

file

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED
WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

ARTHUR WALSH
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

July 30, 1942

Miss Grace G. Tully
The White House
Washington, D. C.

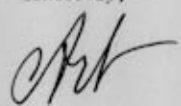
Dear Grace:

With so many persons worrying about the possibility of Russia making a separate peace with Germany, I wonder if it might not electrify the world if the President were to decorate Stalin and Timoshenko at this time. Certainly the valiant stand of our Russian allies entitles the leaders to this special mark of recognition.

I perhaps am just a presumptuous arm-chair strategist but I couldn't keep this idea to myself.

Harmest regards.

Sincerely,



Voice-written
by Ediphone:MMF

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

August 12, 1942.

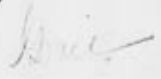
Dear Art:-

The President thought you might like to see a copy of the letter which he sent to Admiral King. I would love to be a fly on the wall when he opens it.

Thank you for the letter with the suggestion about our friends across the sea. I do not know that we have ever done anything like this and I think if we have it has been done by Congress.

My best to you and come down soon.

As ever,



August 12, 1942.

Dear Ernie:-

You will remember "the sweet young thing" whom I told about Douglas MacArthur rowing his family from Corregidor to Australia -- and later told about Shangri-La as the take-off place for the Tokio bombers.

Well, she came in to dinner last night and this time she told me something.

She said "We are going to win this war. The Navy is tough. And the toughest man in the Navy -- Admiral King -- proves it. He shaves every morning with a blowtorch".

Glad to know you!

As ever yours,

Admiral Ernest J. King,
Chief of Naval Operations,
Navy Department,
Washington. D. C.

P.S. I am trying to verify another rumor -- that you cut your toenails with a torpedo net cutter.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED
WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

ARTHUR WALSH
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

July 29, 1942

Miss Grace C. Tully
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Grace:

As you will remember, I spent two months with the United States Fleet during the maneuvers of 1940 in the Pacific and at Hawaii. While on that trip I spent most of my time with Admiral Ernest J. King, and his superior qualities were very apparent to me back in those days. It was also obvious that he was a very tough guy. For instance, I discovered that he shaves with a blowtorch.

After his appointment as COMINCH Admiral King sent me an autographed photograph which he signed "BLOWTORCH". As an expression of my appreciation for the photograph I had our factory make up a miniature gold blowtorch, a photograph of which is attached. The Admiral's flag is in blue enamel with white stars. I am also attaching copies of the correspondence which I had with Admiral King at the time. I know you will enjoy reading it.

As I told you the last time I was in Washington, it struck me that if the President would greet Admiral King some day when he calls at the White House by saying, "Hello, Blowtorch", it would delight the Admiral's heart and he would be puzzled to know how the President learned the secret of his wiry beard. I would suggest that the President should not tell him but in response to the inevitable inquiry from Blowtorch King the President might say, "Oh it's well known that you're so tough you shave with a blowtorch".

- 2 -

Miss Grace Tully

July 29, 1942

Even during these difficult days I know
that the President still enjoys having his little
joke and this is my suggestion for to-day.

A flock of good wishes to you as usual.

Sincerely,



Voicewritten
by Ediphone:KBF
Att.

THOMAS A. EDISON, INCORPORATED
WEST ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

ARTHUR WALSH
EXECUTIVE VICE PRESIDENT

D U P L I C A T E

April 14, 1942

Admiral Ernest J. King
Navy Department
Washington, D. C.

Dear Admiral:

The blowtorch with which I caught you shaving on the PENNSYLVANIA was sort of disreputable looking. Hence, I took the liberty of having a new one manufactured for you in our factory -- one that can be used between shaves as a paper-weight.

The fact that Uncle Sam appointed you COMNAV after he had his closest shave is another reason why this shaver is an appropriate souvenir.

A million good wishes.

Sincerely,



Voicewritten
by Ediphone; WCM

C O P Y

UNITED STATES FLEET

April 18, 1942

Mr. Arthur Walsh
c/o Thomas A. Edison Incorporated
West Orange, N. J.

Dear Arthur:

I hardly know what to say to you - whether to be chagrined that my necessity to use a blowtorch is being "publicized" - or to be chagrined at my lack of capacity in words to express to you my appreciation of the kindly thought that prompted you to send me the blowtorch paper-weight.

I will risk the "publicity" - and wish to say to you that your gift overwhelms me with its evidence of your kindly feelings toward me - I deeply appreciate it.

With all good wishes, as always.

Sincerely yours,

(signed) King



11
p5f Unredacted
3-42

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Hyde Park, N. Y.,
August 16, 1942.

ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH SMUGGLERS WHICH
TOOK PLACE ABOUT 1902

I was cruising up the coast in the Half Moon, my Father's auxiliary schooner which he had bought in 1899. I had with me three or four college friends, including, as I remember it, Amor Hollingsworth, Walter Bradley and Livingston Davis.

We had left Bar Harbor early in the morning expecting to get to Campobello, via the Lubec Narrows, that evening. The wind died out about eight miles short of West Quoddy Head -- when it fell completely calm and the fog came in. We went into an indentation called "Bailey's Mistake", so named because some ancient Captain Bailey had mistaken it for Quoddy Roads and run his ship ashore.

We anchored two or three thousand yards from the beach and were about to turn in when we heard through the fog a very heavy anchor chain being let go from an obviously large vessel which, however, we could not actually see through the fog and darkness.

Soon we heard a heavy ship's boat being lowered from the davits and almost immediately came the sound of a naptha engine being turned over. This stopped and we heard the sound of what seemed to be heavy boxes being lowered from the ship to the launch. This made it probable that the ship was not a yacht, and we were much mystified.

Thinking that perhaps there was some trouble afoot we armed ourselves and in our pajamas stood at the rail. The armament consisted of one revolver, one rifle and two shotguns.

Soon the launch started from the ship's side and headed in to the beach. We could not see her but she was passing close aboard the "Halr Moon".

Hollingsworth, who had a very loud, deep voice, put up his hands and shouted "Come along side at once". The launch stopped. Hollingsworth shouted again. The launch circled slowly and just as we could see her outline filled with packing cases, the man in the bow saw us and the launch's engine stopped. As she drifted by the man in the bow took a good look at us and yelled back to the man at the engine, "Hell, go ahead Bill, 'taint nothing but one of them damn yachts".

The launch ran into the beach and we could hear her making three or four other trips. Then at about two o'clock in the morning we heard the heavy anchor chain going aboard and saw the outlines of a three-masted lumber schooner as she stood out to sea under a gentle breeze.

The next morning we went ashore at the little settlement of three or four houses and one of the fisherman, after we had gained his confidence, told us that this was one of the underground smuggling routes and that this schooner, having carried a load of lumber from the St. Croix to Cuba, had taken on board a large number of cases of China silk on which at that time there was a very high duty per pound. He also told us that in a similar way thousands of cases of cigars were smuggled in each year.

PSF *Complete Folder*
3-12

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Hyde Park, N. Y.
August 16, 1942

Back about 1897 I had a little SEAHAWANAKA -- 21 foot cabin knockabout -- and accompanied by my class mate, Lathrop Brown, went for a cruise around the southern end of Grand Manan.

As the fog started to come in in the late afternoon we anchored in a tiny harbor close to the lighthouse on White Head Island. The entrance was very narrow and the harbor did not have room for more than four or five boats at a time. However, it was safe for any weather.

At about 11 P.M., the fog being very thick, I heard an anchor chain going overboard and realized that somebody with an intimate knowledge of the coast had come in through the fog and darkness and had dropped his hook not more than 200 feet from where we lay.

In the morning about 5.30 the fog had lifted sufficiently for me, when I went on deck, to see a little black schooner which I recognized as belonging to Captain _____ of Robinston, Maine, which lies about half way between Eastport and Calais. He was as usual accompanied by a boy and a dog.

I got into the small dory, rode over to the schooner, said good morning to Captain _____ and climbed on board. He was very affable and we sat in the cockpit for five or six minutes.

I asked him where he was going and he said from Digby to Machias with a load of potatoes. I said "I never heard of carrying potatoes from Nova Scotia to Maine". And he replied "Well, son, the market is ripe for it this year".

Getting up I strolled forward -- he close at my heels. We stood just forward of the foremast and I noticed that the forward hatch was lifted up at one corner resting on a piece of kindling wood.

I noticed a curious odor and said "Captain _____, those are funny smelling potatoes". He did not reply.

I pursued the subject and said "You know my family was out in China for a great many years and those potatoes smell to me very much like Chinese potatoes".

He came up to me, evidently a bit upset, and standing close to me with his fist clenched he said "Young fellow, you're altogether too nosy. It is none of your damned business".

I said very quietly "How many of those Chinese potatoes have you got on board, Captain?"

It was pure guess work on my part but he thought I knew the whole story and that he could not very well throw me overboard with my classmate looking on from the little knockabout.

His attitude seemed to change and he said "Sonny, I guess I can count on you. I have 18 of them below decks".

I said "What do you get apiece"? And he replied "One hundred per".

I said "Well, Captain, I hope you have a good voyage and make Machias alright". And after a few pleasantries I left his schooner and went back to breakfast on the "New Moon".

PSP

Anecdotes folder

Private

November 12, 1942.

Dear Tom:-

I am delighted to see that excellent speech of yours at the American-Soviet Friendship meeting.

May I tell you a story which I have never yet committed to paper?

In the Autumn of 1933, when I initiated with Stalin the question of renewing diplomatic relations, Litvinoff was sent over and we had a four or five day drag-down and knock-out fight in regard to a number of things, including the right to have American priests, ministers and rabbis look after the spiritual needs of Americans in Russia.

Finally, after further objections on Litvinoff's part, I threw up my hands and said to him "What is the use of all this any way? Your people and my people are as far apart as the poles".

Litvinoff's answer is worthy of an eventual place in history. He said "I hope you will not feel that way, Mr. President, because I do not. In 1920 we were as far apart as you say. At that time you were one hundred per cent capitalistic and we were at the other extreme -- zero. In these thirteen years we have risen in the scale

to, let us say, a position of twenty. You Americans, especially since last March, have gone to a position of eighty. It is my real belief that in the next twenty years we will go to forty and you will come down to sixty. I do not believe the rapprochement will get closer than that. And while it is difficult for nations to confer with and understand each other with a difference between twenty and eighty, it is wholly possible for them to do so if the difference is only between forty and sixty".

Perhaps Litvinoff's thoughts of nine years ago are coming true.

As ever yours,

Thomas W. Lamont, Esq.,
23 Wall Street,
New York, N. Y.

23 Wall Street
New York

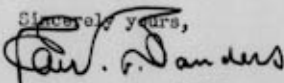
November 10, 1942

Dear Miss Tully:

Mr. Lamont was told - correctly or not, he doesn't know - that the President had said in regard to that big pro-Russian mass meeting at Madison Square Garden last Sunday, at which Ambassador Davies presided, that they ought to get some business man "like Mr. Lamont" to stand up and speak for business. Mr. Lamont accepted to do so and I enclose a copy of his brief remarks.

With kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,



Secretary to **EDWARD T. SANDERS**
Mr. Thomas W. Lamont

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

Enclosure

CONGRESS OF AMERICAN-SOVIET FRIENDSHIP
MADISON SQUARE GARDEN
November 8, 1942

REMARKS OF THOMAS W. LAMONT

Ambassador Davies, you have been kind enough to allude to my recent public plea, asking for whole-hearted support of our friend and ally, Russia; begging that we be more tolerant to her on matters where we differed in political outlook. The response that I received from all sections of the country was quick and generally sympathetic. A few dissenters have demanded of me whether I had forgotten my early religious training; whether I had abandoned my belief in the democratic system of individual effort.

My answer is always—No. I was reared in a little country parsonage up the Hudson River, and I still cling to the faith of my fathers. And my political and economic convictions remain unchanged. I am anything but a Communist. But in this great, joint struggle for national survival, in which Russia and we are engaged, questions of the religion, of the politics and economics practised by our Allies have become entirely secondary for me. And so, as a business man among business men in this community for over forty years, I am glad to stand up and declare my unequivocal friendship and support for Russia.

Among the less engaging qualities of us Americans is a habit of irresponsible criticism of other nations. We all have that habit more or less, and sometimes it penetrates even to our legislative halls at Washington. But when we discuss Russia, it seems to me that, however much her social system may differ from ours, that difference has no bearing on the question of our alliance today with the people of Russia who, with their deep-rooted love of their country, have shown sublime resistance against our common enemy, Hitler.

Only last Friday in his speech at Moscow the head of the Russian state declared: "It would be ridiculous to stress ideological differences between Russia and her Allies in the face of the common foe." And so I repeat: We Americans have no mandate to censor other peoples' politics or religion. Censoriousness at this time toward any of our Allies fighting by our side does grave injury to our own country and to our common cause.

All the more do I say this because without Russia as our friend in the post-war years, never will a man or woman in this great audience see a peaceful or a stable world. France as a great power, though we pray for her resurrection, is for the time under complete eclipse. Today the Russian nation is the only one on the Continent of Europe that can be a great stabilizing influence. For the post-war world America, Britain, Russia and China,—we and all the United Nations—must stand together to preserve civilization. These peoples must see to it that for the sake of world peace for generations to come, those two ferocious and predatory powers, Germany and Japan, shall always face a double front. Germany must be forced to face Britain on the West, Russia on her Eastern front; Japan must face America on the East, China and Russia on the West. Yes, for us a *modus vivendi* with Russia in war and in peace is vital.

Early in the present conflict, Field Marshal Smuts was predicting that the war would become world wide, spreading to the utmost reaches of the earth. "This," said he, "is a gigantic struggle, a war in the souls of men, an immense conflict between light and darkness. Evil incarnate trying to subdue the Divine principle in the hearts of men."

Yes, these are days that mark a great turning point in the history of the world: like the fall of Rome, like the defeat of the Spanish Armada, like the discovery of America, or the Declaration of Independence. What threatens us most in this great aggression by Germany and Japan against the liberties of peoples all over the earth is the loss not of material, but of the invisible things of the spirit that give us light and understanding, that are the essence of a community and of a civilization.

It is years of trial like these that we are passing through that seem to work a change in the scale of human values. No longer do we think of life in terms of years but of quality. On every battle front where our American youth are fighting today we see emerge the higher and nobler qualities—of heroism, of selflessness, of supreme sacrifice. We know too the attributes of the British peoples, for we are of the same stock and the same faith. We must learn to know equally well the quiet heroism, the immense patience, the constructive endeavor of the Chinese. And today of all days we must be glad of the incredible valor and love of country and of peace of the Russian people.

Just as we Americans must strive to gain their complete confidence, they too must learn to realize the good faith of America and equally of Great Britain. Only so shall we see a new world in which America, Britain, Russia, China and all the United Nations have a powerful and creative place. No one could listen to the thrilling address of Prime Minister Smuts in London on Trafalgar Day without realizing that, as with Russia, no appeasement with Germany or Japan is possible in Britain today. Nor here in America. There can be no peace talks until that arch-enemy of mankind, Hitler, suffers complete defeat.

We speak of moral values that in any great struggle like this emerge in human beings. How many of you heard as recently as September 21st what the Berlin military spokesman said? This Nazi of blood and iron declared: "The easiest and most complete victories are achieved when the moral resistance of the enemy—the will to fight—is hit quickly. Against Soviet soldiers there is no chance of achieving such a victory." And what an abysmal comedown for the German hosts, after conquering a dozen countries and sweeping over a thousand miles eastward, to find themselves, immense hordes of them, struggling now, not for an empire but for the vantage ground of a solitary lamp post or a single street in Stalingrad!

How often has it been said that Stalingrad has become a symbol—a symbol not of despair but of desperate and unconquerable valor! The city on the Volga may be shattered, its streets heaped with rubble. But Russia will continue indomitable and free. Her heroic stand will have achieved great ends. Despite heavy casualties, Russia's military might still faces Hitler's hordes. Russia's stand will have given precious months to the Allies to prepare for that great offensive which on more than one front is already begun, as the thrilling news from North Africa this morning shows. Of course the Russians are fighting for themselves. So are we. Only it happens that in saving themselves the Russians have held up Hitler, and in saving themselves may well have saved civilization.

The Volga River may run red with blood. Stalingrad may be in ruins. But whatever happens, that citadel of courage and faith will remain the symbol of Victory. Stalingrad will live to rise again. Down the ages mankind will remember how the Greeks withstood the barbarians at Thermopylae and the Russians at Stalingrad!

file
personal

17th Nov 1882

107, East 70th Street

Dear Mr. President: I am indeed
immensely obliged to you for your
letter of Nov-12th, first be-
cause of your pleasant
words about my Russian
tale; and more especially
because of the intimate
and confidential episode
that you relate, dating
back eight years or so -
when you came ~~to~~ to set
down some of your recollect-

24 ions, it will be important
for you to include this striking
conversation. It was good
for you to give me a private
preview of it.

Congratulations with all
my heart to the Command-
in-Chief, upon the recent
thrilling successes of
our Armed Forces both
East and West!

With appreciation again,
Sincerely & respectfully yours
Thomas W. Clement
to the President.

PSF

Anecdotes folder
3-42

December 9, 1942.

FUNNY OR SAD!

I wonder how one's philosophy should act under certain conditions? Here is the problem:

As far back as 1933 I found that on my trips to Hyde Park from Washington, it was almost impossible to have any time to myself in the big house. The trips were intended primarily for a holiday -- a chance to read, to sort my books, and to make plans for roads, tree plantings, etc. This was seemingly impossible because of

- (a) visitors in the house
- (b) telephone calls
- (c) visits from Dutchess County neighbors
- (d) visits from various people who, knowing I was going to be in Hyde Park, thought it an opportune time to seek some interview.

Therefore, I began talking about building a small place to go to to escape the mob. At first the plans contemplated only a terrace on the top of Dutchess Hill -- in what formerly was known as "the Chestnut Woods" -- this terrace to include a lean-to shelter large enough to go under in case it rained, and attach to it a fireplace and kitchenette.

This gradually grew, first into a large terrace and a large living room which could be used in colder weather; thence into a plan for a small cottage, and, finally, into the adopted plan of a wide porch, a living room, two bedrooms and a bath, and a wing large enough for a pantry, kitchen and double bedroom. This was called for in order to have someone take care of the place and prevent theft, etc.

I did not personally expect to occupy the bedrooms but thought that they could be used by the children in case any of them wished to move there for a holiday or for the summer.

The house was, therefore, designed by me and the detailed plans were worked up by Henry Tombs.

About the time the house was being built, the newspaper men heard of the operation and asked for a story on it. The story was outlined as above written, emphasis being placed on the fact that it was intended solely to get away from official business during the day time while at Hyde Park.

One or two of the newspaper men, out of a total of about ten, deliberately and without any intimation that it was accurate, invented the name "Dream House", giving the impression that I had regarded it as such and that I had always longed for such a place.

The story was copied in most papers, in spite of the fact that the name was definitely repudiated the following day.

In other words, an untruth was never caught up with.

In one sense the joke was on me. Should I have laughed it off or got mad over it?

That is a nice point.

F. L. R.

Anecdote 4-2-1944
PSF
FDR

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 17, 1944.

In 1936 I went to Chattanooga and drove around the town with Judge Cummings, one of the most highly respected citizens. We went south on a broad boulevard lined with Negroes who showed enthusiasm and real interest. Suddenly we came to a sign "State of Georgia". We went on for a few blocks but the Negroes were completely apathetic and had declined in number to a handful.

I commented on this to the Judge and he said "Why, now we are in Georgia where none of the Negroes vote. They have no part in public affairs. In Tennessee they are not by any means excluded from voting. They do not all vote but by a mutual satisfactory arrangement most of them do. By this understanding, especially in eastern Tennessee, the Negroes who have a good reputation and a fair education had voted by common consent and an increasing proportion of them vote each year. It is all working out without much trouble and with no violations. We are handling it in an evolutionary way".

F. D. R.

BF
FDR

7th Anecdotes

3-44

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

May 19, 1944.

MISS TULLY:

The President directed that this story be written up and given to you for his records. It was part of his press conference of May 6th, 1944, while at Hobcaw.

Rigdon
RIGDON.

For the President's records.

I want to tell you (members of the press) a story about a Marine court-martial case at Guantanamo. You know a court-martial in any of the services is a very solemn affair. They had appointed down there a major general, a couple of colonels, two or three majors as members, and a judge advocate of the court. They had also assigned another officer to the defense. The accused was a second lieutenant - a youngster who had, I think, been in the service six months or so. He had been sentenced to dismissal. It was approved by the Judge Advocate General of the Navy, the Major General Commandant, the Secretary of the Navy, and, I think, by Wilson Brown. It came on down to me. I picked it up to read it. The more I read of it the more I laughed. This youngster had gone out from Guantanamo - Guantanamo is a U.S. naval reservation surrounded by Cuba. He had taken a party out on patrol to patrol around the edges of the eastern side of the reservation. About two miles out they ran across some cows. The cows obviously were strays. There was a good deal of question as to whether the cows were on the Cuban side or the American side. One calf was limping very badly. After a conversation some members of the patrol felt that this calf was suffering a great deal. That was a perfectly correct assumption. The second lieutenant told the sergeant that he would take the responsibility and that he thought the calf should be put out of its misery. So the sergeant shot the calf. Now, they happened to have in this patrol the company cook. The cook butchered the calf. The result was the whole company had veal for about three days. Perfectly delicious veal, butchered by the company cook. The story came to the ears of the major general that one of his officers had shot a calf. The result was the kid got a court-martial -- and all that a court-martial means in time of war. The court was held. The record built up into a pile of documents. It finally got to the Major General Commandant -- that was before Vandegrift got here. They approved it. It was all lined up to ruin this kid's life - to dismiss him from the service. Maybe he did want the veal. But it was funny -- the great question was about his decision as to whether or not this calf ought to be put out of its misery. So, I took the recommendation that had been prepared for my signature, reading "Approved. The sentence will be carried into effect." and instead of signing it I wrote thereon, "The sentence is approved, but it is mitigated so that in lieu of being dismissed the accused will be placed on probation for a year subject to the pleasure of the President. (Paragraph). This man must be taught not to shoot calves. Franklin D. Roosevelt." It went back to the Marine Corps Headquarters. And they were wild. They thought I was trying to be funny with the Marine Corps.

PSP anecdotes folder 3-44
FOL

ON THE TRAIN IN NORTH DAKOTA - August 14, 1944:

"MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB" - 1944 version

Shortly after leaving Honolulu, clear blue sky, calm sea, no wind, there appeared over the horizon a cloud as small as a man's hand. It saw us and approached slowly.

It turned out to be one of those rather rare animals known as a "low". The party was on deck and as soon as the "low" saw us it recognized Rear Admiral Wilson Brown, U.S.N. and headed straight for us.

We cannot shake it off.

It smiled all over, circled us several times and took a position just off the stern. It followed us all night and the next day and the next.

After three more days, we reached Adak, where it went ashore and played happily in the wake of Admiral Brown. With it came wind and rain and fog.

We all realized that it was a nice little cloud but to be accompanied everywhere by a "low" was getting to be monotonous. Its presence became so persistent that the tug boats were prevented by it from pulling us off the dock. In other words, it was an annoying "low". Our expert said it would pass us to the eastward and finally when it went off to gamble on the horizon for a few minutes, we got under way and had only been headed for Kodiak for an hour or two when the little "low" turned up again from nowhere and accompanied us. All the way to Kodiak it hovered around us and while it was kind enough to run away while we caught a fish, there it was back again all the rest of that day and all the next day and accompanied us in to Auk Bay.

- 2 -

By unanimous cursing, we persuaded it to go away while we caught some more fish and the sun actually came out. But having transferred to a destroyer, Admiral Brown seemed to be somewhat worried and sure enough his little "low" appeared again that evening. He was so glad to see it that it never left us. We think that he fed it surreptitiously under the table.

It was with us all the way down the Inland Passage day after day and actually followed us into the Puget Sound Navy Yard. We pleaded with the Admiral to say goodbye and leave it there. He said he would do his best and we think he did do his best, but to no avail.

In the late afternoon, we went to Seattle and boarded the train and to our horror the next morning after we woke up across the Cascade Mountains there was the little "low" following us. It kept on going all the way into Montana and the following day across Montana and into North Dakota.

What can we do about it?

The trouble is that it has lots of friends in the party. For instance, it has encouraged Admiral McIntire to use a new word with almost every sentence. If we cannot see the horizon we are told it is an "occluded front". It seems to me that is a very long word to apply to a little lamb or a little "low". Anna and the girls had never seen an occlusion. They think it is just a nautical term for bad weather and we tell them that it is just an old Navy custom.

collected and sent enough for the little "low" book
presented to a publisher, and the book was
sent to the publisher and the book was
sent to the publisher and the book was
sent to the publisher and the book was

- 3 -

So here we are approaching the Twin Cities and we have
got the bright idea that Admiral Brown should continue to feed
his little "low" and bring it with us all the way to Washington.
Washington needs a little "low" and so we must never forget that
Wilson had a little "low" and write a new children's book about it.

F.D.R. Anecdotes

The Wonderful Leopard. Dictated by F.D.R. at Hyde Park, Nov. 15 1944.

"While at Casablanca, Gen. George Patton told me the following: About two weeks before, he had been taken to be introduced to the Sultan of Morocco. At the palace, he was taken into a white-columned hall with a throne and on each side of the throne, 12 marble seats for the Councillors -- all of them over 80 years and bearded, with few or no teeth. The Sultan came in and all bowed low. The French General introduced Gen. Patton, who addressed the Sultan in suitable terms in French.

The Sultan stood up, pulled out a scroll and began to read. Suddenly, high piercing shrieks came from back of the curtain. The Sultan excused himself, and said he would be back in a moment. In about three minutes he returned, his face very solemn. The General said: 'Sire, I hope nothing bad has happened.' The Sultan replied: 'Most unfortunate, most unfortunate; my black leopard -- what do you suppose? He has jumped out of his pit. No leopard ever before has been known to jump out of a pit 7 meters deep. Oh what a jump, a marvelous jump -- what a leap! It was a shame to have to shoot him, the most marvelous leopard I have ever owned.'

The General said: 'Sire, I trust he did no harm?' The Sultan replied: 'Oh, you know that pit -- when he jumped out, he jumped right into the middle of the harem, landed on one of the concubines and scratched her quite badly -- but she will live. Fortunately she was not one of my wives; just one of the concubines. Oh, what a leopard that was -- what a jump -- what a shame they had to shoot him.'

Two years later I told the story to President Peñaranda of Bolivia when he visited us at the White House, and I told him that the Sultan is allowed five wives and 20 concubines. He began counting on his fingers, and, having reached 25, he looked at me solemnly and said: 'I should think that a total of ten or twelve would have been enough.' "

JWR

1

Unrecorded 40/20

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

MEMORANDUM FOR F.D.R.'s PERSONAL FILES

In 1915 the Assistant Secretary of the Navy and Mrs. Roosevelt went to the opening of the San Francisco Exposition with Vice President and Mrs. Marshall, the William Phillips, the Franklin K. Lane and the Adolph Millers. Phillips and Roosevelt were Commissioners to the Exposition. The Vice President was to open it officially on behalf of President Wilson who could not go on account of the European War.

After a day or two at the Exposition, the Pacific Fleet, of which I think the old armored cruiser SAN DIEGO was the flagship, anchored off the Exposition Grounds and an official reception was held on the flagship in honor of the Vice President.

For this occasion, the Assistant Secretary of the Navy had designed a Vice President's Flag i.e. a white flag with the Presidential Eagle and Stars in the center but without the four stars demonstrating command of rank. It was this flag that was broken out at the main when the Vice President went on board.

All the other members of the party gathered on board and stood thirty or forty feet back of the gangway.

The Vice President and Mrs. Marshall came alongside in the Admiral's barge; the Vice President accompanied by a naval aid but had apparently not been given any instructions as to how to go aboard a Navy ship.

He appeared up the gangway -- silk hat, frock coat, cigar in his mouth, gloves in his left hand, and cane in his right hand, and stepped over the rail to the grating.

At that moment, the Boatswain's pipe was heard and the four ruffles were played. Everybody, including the eight side boys -- four on each side of the Vice President -- was at salute.

The Star Spangled Banner began and the Vice President realized his predicament. There was a moment of hesitation but he then transferred the cane from right hand to left, took the cigar from his mouth and with a good deal of difficulty, got his hat off. At the end of the National Anthem, he started to put his hat on again when the first gun went off. The whole works went two feet in the air.

- 2 -

When the hat, cigar, gloves and cane were back in position, the Vice President, receiving no coaching from his Naval Aide, stepped down from the deck and extended his hand to the first sideboy on the right. The poor boy did the correct thing, grinned broadly, took his hand down from salute and shook hands warmly with the Vice President.

By that time, the Admiral and I had sprinted across the deck and rescued the Vice President.

It certainly was not the latter's fault. He had never done it before and if anyone was to blame, it was the Aide who failed to tell him what to do.

Three or four days later, we were all inspecting the San Diego Exposition and went into the auditorium to see pictures of ourselves at the San Francisco Fair. The poor Vice President was sitting next to me and when the moving pictures -- then in an early stage of development -- showed the whole scene on the armored cruiser, he turned to me and said:

"My God, if I looked like that I will never go on board another ship as long as I live!"

- - - - -

Hyde Park, N.Y. Oct. 6th 1944.

In 1920, at the opening of my campaign, I went by rail from New York to Binghamton, speaking from the rear of the train at a number of stations. At Binghamton, there was no crowd to meet me; just a small Committee, who walked me across the Street to the one and only Hotel. On going in we saw two large crowds, all with their backs to us, no one apparently aware of the Vice-Presidential candidate!

I discovered that one crowd centered around Babe Ruth. The other round Madame Galli-Curci.

Before dinner we were all introduced, and the result *of 3 million* was a rather poor attendance at all ~~these meetings~~.

signed F.D.R.

70

F.D.R. Anecdotes.

Visit to the Front, in 1915.

Dictated by F.D.R. at Warm Springs, Ga.
Dec 11 1944.

155 "The story by the widow of Lt. Com. Maas, about the American-manned French ~~100s~~ is substantially correct, but she did not mention that, after we had accepted the laughter of their gun crews we went into the thicket and the C.O. trained them on a German-held railway junction about 12 miles north. I pulled the lanyards, and a spotting plane reported that one shell fell just short of, and the other directly on the junction and seemed to create much confusion. I will never know how many, if any, Huns, I killed!"

"On the far slope to the right stood a fine house, a tile-roofed barn surrounded by a brick wall. Evidently that morning, or the day before, one shell had opened a breach in the wall and another had taken off the corner of the tile roof.

Thirteen years later, I took Elliott from Paris to Rheims. We went up to the Bois de Belleau and Chateau Thierry. When we got to Fer-en-Tardenois, I told Elliott that, without asking the way, I wanted to find the rough road to the right, a few Kilometers further on, then turn to the left into some woods and come out where there was a slope and a stream and on the far rise, the village of Marcuil-en-Dole, in order to see the Division Commander. I told Elliott of the blown up village, the clump of bushes and the farm house and barn in the field to the right.

We found the roads, the slope, the bushes, the wall, and the broken roof, exactly as I had described them, after 13 years.

There was a new section of wall, and too, the new tile just where the hole had been. Later that day, we got to Rheims, saw the Cathedral which had been greatly repaired. I had told Elliott of the little restaurant in another "Place" with a hole in the roof, where a shell had landed. I told him of the crêpe aux ~~ettes~~, 13 years before, when the shells were going overhead. We found the Restaurant just where I thought. The proprietor came out to the car and said:

"Monsieur, have I not seen you before, a great many years ago?"

The "Crêpes" again, were well worth it! "

FJR

F.D.R.'s note II, in Paris This

An incident told me by Franklin D. Roosevelt, War Assistant Secretary of the Navy while having Tea one Sunday with the family.

K.M.Maas, widow of Lt. Commander Charles O.Maas, Assistant Naval Attache' at Paris during the great War.

Mr Roosevelt was speaking:

An amusing thing happened to us on our trip to the American front. We were quite a party. Captain R. H. Jackson, Charlie (my husband Lt. Commander Maas, the Asst. Naval Attache' at Paris) Captain McCaully, Livingston Davis, my civilian Aide and Lt. Commander Elliott Brown. ^{Commander} Victor Jackson too. (Commander)

We were walking along, that is picking our way, through what we were told was a quiet sector, in no danger from the big German guns, tho ^{shells} they whistled and ~~xxxxxx~~ shrieked as they tore through the air above us and we could plainly hear them smash and crash as they hit. Sometimes we could see where they struck because of the great clouds that would suddenly ~~xxxx~~ rise here and there in spots. As I said we stumbled along, now and then stopping to use the glasses so as to see more plainly what was all intensely interesting, ~~when~~ when an explosion from one of the big 108 's seemed to plant a shot right in our midst. (These guns were the next larger size than the seventy-fives.) The effect was extremely funny. Commander Brown jumped clear of the earth by a couple of feet. Captain McCaully made a sound like nothing earthly, I danced. I don't remember what Commander Jackson did, but Captain Jackson and Charlie did what was manifestly the proper thing to do, fell flat on their faces, tho I don't believe they did it for that reason. - ~~xxxxxx~~ From the bushes on our right came wild howls of laughter, shrieks and screams of glee which upon investigation proved to be a gun crew of our own army with a camouflaged 108. They had seen the group of American Naval officers coming up ~~xxxx~~ and just wanted to see how the Navy would stand fire.

Note-- I take it that gun crew stopped laughing when the identity of the party was revealed-- Even a joke is not a joke sometimes. K.M.M.

F.D.R. Anecdotes.

Visit to King Albert of Belgium in 1915 . Dictated by F.D.R. at Warm Springs, Ga. Dec. 11 1944.

"This account by the widow of Lt. Com. Maas is substantially correct, but I would add that Marie José was just Anna's age and greatly resembled her. She became the Crown Princess of Italy, later.

The Crown Prince Leopold, then about 17 years old, was actually with the troops, just north of La Panne, in the trenches.

Mrs. Maas forgot to add that after lunch I went for a short drive with the King, to a village several miles away, and about four miles from the German trenches. In the "Place", the Town Hall had been hit by a shell, the day before, which tore out a part of the side wall, leaving exposed to the air, a large part of the old Town Records tied up in little packages with tape. I asked the King if I could see some of them, and half a doz. packets were brought to the car. Most of them were dated in the middle of the 16th century, and were Voyage Reports of fishing boats of this village. The village was then on the Channel instead of four or five miles inland.

I told the King that after the war I want to come back with a good scholar and examine them and similar Cinqueport records; for I have always held the theory that hundreds of French or Flemish or Dutch 'Grandbankers' went every year to the neighborhood of New foundland to fish - that many of them must have been blown to Nova Scotia and that undoubtedly some got as far as our own New England coast. A theory still to be proved."

7/4/45

(They bested I should do from memory) K.M.Maas.

An Incident of the War, told to me by Franklyn D. Roosevelt War Assistant Secretary of the Navy, while having tea with the family one Sunday.

KyM. MAAS. Widow of Lt. Commander Charles O. Maas, Asst. Naval Attache' Paris during the Great War.

Mr. Roosevelt was speaking:

"Did Charlie ever tell you of our trip to see the King of the Belgians, and our luncheon with him?" "Yes" said I " He wrote me just a short account of a visit to "Somewhere in Belgium" of the King and the charming little Princess Marie Jose" Mr. Roosevelt smilingly continued, "Ah Yes, I remember, Ah I sat at the right of the King, then the Princess then Charlie, and he flirted outrageously with her all during luncheon-- She was terribly thrilled-- just twelve years old. To start at the beginning-- We left Paris, as I recall very early in the morning on Thursday, Our appointment with the King of the Belgians was for Friday, but we were to make an inspection of some of our own troops ~~fixs~~ en route. There was a strange thing about this incident. I don't remember that anybody ever told us where King Albert was-- just everybody knew-- no secret about it at all. The King with his family lived in two villas on the sea front right in the ~~fixs~~ course that the Germans took in their bombing raids on the English-- but they never dropped a bomb in passing. There too the Queen maintained her Hospital and took care of the ~~Religion~~ Belgian orphans-- went there continually and personally looked after the details-- but a charmed circle seemed to have been drawn about this little community.

We arrived at the place at night-- Charlie, Livingston Davis, an Army Aide, designated to accompany me, whose name I don't remember/ The Hotel was a small inconsequential affair, comfortable enough-- in fact palatial for War. Charlie roomed with me. The Army Aide told us not to go to bed, or at least not to take off our clothes, because there

War
Incident told me by Franklyn D. Roosevelt Asst. Secretary of the Navy
K.M.MAAS.

was apt to be something interesting happen later -- that we might be able to hear the German Bombing Squad go out, tho they travelled a mile and a half ^{up} in the air .

Sure enough while we sat smoking and talking over the events of the day, the terrific shriek of a claxton wailed and moaned. We grabbed our hats, leaped down the stairs, rushed across the street to the Beach. Looked up, could see nothing, but that cry of distress continued, made the night hideous. Down the sands on the edge of the water we could see the lights of the King's villas shine gaily-- no attempt to disguise his residence. We counted -- all our party was there. We talked in whispers and waited. Down the beach a little way we saw the flare of a signal light flash up-- again it flashed-- the wail of the claxton stopped. We waited. ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ gazing into the vast space of sky-- soon we saw a tiny speck of light, grow more distinct then the ^{faint} ~~whir~~ of a motor struck our ears, louder and louder, closer closer until the shadow of a dark object could be discerned with the naked eye -- and in another breath ~~right~~ at our feet landed a British Plane. He told us he had gone out with the British Bombing Squad, had ~~xxxxxx~~ become separated, lost his way, sent out his distress signal which had been answered by the light on the Beach, and he came down -- knew he was among friends-- in the allies lines. To continue about our visit with King Albert:

We arrived just at the hour set, Charlie who acted as my ~~xxxx~~ Naval Aide assigned to me from the Embassy, Livingston David my Civilian Aide and the Aide sent to me from the Army. ~~The conversation~~
~~was general-- War of course-- there were some of the King's Staff present~~

Incident told me by Franklyn D. Roosevelt, War Asst. Secretary of the Navy.
K.M.MAAS.

The King was most courteous made us feel ~~welcome~~ in our American parlance -- at home. Almost directly luncheon was served. We went into the dining room in a group-- as a large family. The Queen was not present-- all I think-- The little princess and one of her brothers were the only ~~members~~ members ~~xxxx~~ of the Royal family, besides the King. The luncheon a plain good meal progressed. The conversation was general-- War of course-- there were some of the King's staff present. Coffee was served in the Sitting room, where the King talked a few minutes with each -- then finally settled down near the window with Charlie and me. We had a heart to heart talk about conditions.

I had been told before I went, that the King because of his in-ate courtesy and very perceptable shyness found great difficulty in dismissing his guests-- he did not have the American habit of "So sorry you can't stay longer". We had talked over the whole situation, and I was searching my brain for a line of conversation which would lead up to departure-- Charlie moved his chair, caught my eye-- and I knew was frantically signalling me. A light shown-- the distance to Paris. How many kilometers is it from here to Paris, I asked of the King, who replied that it was nearly three hundred-- but he added "You do not think of going before to-morrow. Oh yes indeed said I- I have an appointment in Paris early to-morrow morning. Then the King gave me the opening I had waited for. "I am so sorry", said he, "but if you are to get to Paris even late to-night, you will have to start now--" We shook hands all round, made our adieus, and parted with an entente ~~xxx~~ cordiale that was simply delightful. Well pleased were we with our visit and with ourselves.

PSF
FDR

A DRY CROSSING

When Hitler arrived in Paris he called on the leading Rabbi and said, "I've heard about your people and understand you had a man named Moses who went over the sea on dry land. Can you tell me how he did it? I rather like the idea." The Rabbi replied, "Yes we had a great man named Moses. He had a rod and when he lifted it up the waters moved aside and the people crossed on dry ground." "That's fine," said Hitler. "Can you tell me where it is?" "I'd like to have that rod." "It's in the British Museum", said the Rabbi.