KELLEY - KELLY

Thanks
~~[illegible]~~ Hyde Park Library

337 South Dearborn St.,
Chicago, Ill.
September 10th, 1946

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park,
New York.

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:-

During the war I published a little news sheet which I sent out to those of my patrons who were in the armed service of our country. It was called "The Latrine News" and went out to a mailing list of about three hundred and seventy service men and women.

The front page of the April 1945 issue carried a beautiful tribute in verse to my Idol and your late husband, President Roosevelt. The verse was written by Jim Bowers, an army buddy of mine from World War I and in reading over some of the back numbers today, the thought occured to me that you might like to have a copy of it, so I am taking the liberty of enclosing a copy herewith.

I received many, many letters from the boys who received it and each one re-echoed the sentiments expressed by Jim Bowers.

If you will notice page four of this issue you will no doubt receive a surprise and perhaps a smile, when you read a column written by one of my employees, Peggy, who calls her column "MY DAY." The other column on the same page, "I GOT TROUBLES", is written by my partner who is also a former army buddy of mine.

May I add that I am a constant reader of your column, rarely missing it, and I enjoy it very much.

Sincerely,

Edward J. Kelly

Edward J. Kelly.

VOL. 2 NO. 1 CHICAGO, ILL. APRIL, 1945

THE SERVICE MAN SPEAKS

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
January 30, 1882 - April 12, 1945

Medals and ribbons of honor
And combat memories dim;
For THIS is our greatest glory;
That we have served under him.

On far-flung atoll and headland,
On beachhead . . . . wherever we fight,
Our hearts are bowed deep with our mourning;
The commander is passing tonight.

"Clean, simple, valiant, well-beloved,
Flawless in his faith and fame,
One whom neither ease nor honors moved
A hair's breadth from his aim".

That aim? To aid humanity,
To bring mankind surcease
From war and bloodshed and oppression;
To build a lasting peace.

For this he gave his heart, his life,
That all men might be free;
He walked the paths and knew the cross
Of the Man of Galilee.

He lived, and he loved, and was America,
And few as we fighting men
Feel the pang of his loss, and the knowledge
That we shall not know his like again.

Medals and ribbons of honor,
And combat memories dim;
For THIS is our greatest glory:
That we have served under him.

JIM BOWERS

"LATRINE NEWS"
Published periodically for the patrons of KELLY'S GRILL
who are serving in the Armed Forces of the United States.

KELLY'S GRILL

(Ed. Kelly -------- John Dasaky)

Chicago, 337 South Dearborn Street Illinois
Edited by Ed. Kelly

OUR SECOND ANNIVERSARY

Well boys and gals we have been in the mail for two years!

Two years ago this month we got the idea of putting out this sheet as a medium of answering the many letters which we were receiving from you guys and gals who were in service. Was that a hot one? If we had letters then -- what we got after the first "LATRINE NEWS" went out was a caution. Instead of taking care of the letters we had previously had, it seems we had invited MORE and we LOVED IT. Maybe we haven't given out an answer for each letter we received but we have done our best to keep up with the many fine letters we have received from you. We have a couple of whiskey cases full of your letters (every one we have received) and we want you to know that we treasure each one of them. These two years have brought us all kinds of letters. Some of them have brought us good hearty laughs. Some of them have caused us to wonder if we here at home know what it is all about. Some have brought tears to our eyes. Not tears of sorrow, but tears of pride; Pride in your accomplishments; Pride in the knowledge that the things that are being done, are being done by the boys and gals who a few years ago were sitting at our bar sipping on a glass of beer. We are so damn proud to know you.

JOHN ** KELLY ** PEGGY ** EDNA

BEHAVIOR CLINICS FOR CIVILIANS

The following are excerpts from the Chicago Tribune of Sunday, March 18, 1945, in an article captioned "Re-adjustment of Vets Theme of Club Meet".

"When G I Joe comes home he will find his neighborhood community well prepared to assist with the difficult and multitudinous re-adjustments to civilian life ***. Several gatherings are scheduled in the future along these lines".

"The Women's division of the Church Federation of Greater Chicago will have such an assembly Friday afternoon and the Chicago Section of the National Council of Jewish Women has invited Ida Marie Cohen of the state labor department to speak on this subject Wednesday afternoon ***. At 8 o'clock Tuesday night the Hematology Research Foundation will hear Dr. Maria Piers, psychologist and counselor of the Association for Family Living, lecture on 'You and the Returning Veteran'".

Hold your hats, kids -- here we go again! Which means that I'm getting damned tired of reading what a lot of society dames and so-called club women are going to do about making the returning veteran over to suit the ideals of a lot of females who

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 3)

(Continued from page 2)

e nothing to do, and if they they wouldn't know how to do . As a veteran, I don't like it d I wonder if it wouldn't be a ood idea for the veterans to go bout discussing ways and means of etting up a re-orientation course to educate civilians in adjusting themselves to live with the MEN and WOMEN who have been FIGHTING this war.

When you return, here are a few things about which I wish to warn you. If a civilian stares at you, don't take offense, it's only that he has been living among 4 F's so long -- they are not used to seeing MEN. Explain to them in a tolerant manner that that LUMP sticking out between your neck and abdomen is a CHEST. It is so long since they've seen one that they associate the word only with "hope".

Then too, they may ask what kind of wound brought about those unsightly bulges on your upper arms. This may require quite a bit of patience to make clear. You will probably have to go into a lengthy explanation to make them understand that these are known as MUSCLES, and are caused by playing in sand piles and digging fox-holes, which are used in playing a game known as "Baby In The Hole". You see Block Captains and night bartenders don't have MUSCLES, (nor do psychologists, except in the head).

There is another thing. Civilians have funny eating habits. They show a preference for eggs which come in SHELLS, commonly known as "Fresh Eggs". But you must overlook this peculiarity as they have never had the opportunity of eating nice POWDERED EGGS and consequently don't know any better. They have other oddities in their preferences for food, like gooey old fresh steaks which they get mostly from an organization of "patriots" who are known as "Black Marketeers".

If they tell you that the "WOW's" took Aachen and Iwo Jima, and Luzon and Cologne were stormed and taken by Commandoes of the Anti-Vivisection Society, don't argue with them. They are well posted -- THEY heard it at a lecture by a fellow clubwoman who drives into Chicago every day from her home in Kenilworth. She drives her own Packard on "A" card gasoline.

Then there's the matter of dragging this war out so long. Oh no, it wasn't <u>your</u> fault. YOU weren't in command, it was EISENHOWER and MAC ARTHUR -- who never had a chance to learn war in a "Club-room Strategy Course"- those two Generals Of The Army got only as far as West Point.

See what I mean boys and gals? Your duty is clear -- you must start now to set up committees in your own communities to teach these dopes that THEY are the ones who need re-orientation in order that they may make themselves FIT to live with the 12,000,000 or more of you who are WINNING THIS WAR.

Ed. Kelly

YOUR ADDRESS

The last two issues of LATRINE NEWS have had TOO MANY returns!

PLEASE keep us informed on any change of address. We are enclosing a SELF ADDRESSED ENVELOPE with this issue of LATRINE NEWS for your convenience. PLEASE write your name and address on the enclosed card and MAIL IT IMMEDIATELY. We want you to get our little paper OR WE WANT TO KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN GETTING IT. IF YOUR ADDRESS IS NOT VERIFIED ON THE ENCLOSED CARD WE WILL ASSUME THAT YOU ARE NOT INTERESTED IN GETTING OUR PAPER.

MY DAY
by Peggy

Remember in my column last issue I was complaining about Kelly hogging the mail? Well that sure did bring results. I have received plenty of comments on "My Day", all the way from a S 2/c to a Lt. Col. And also a personal letter from a retired Major. (Thanks Major Langlund). You see things just like those letters make it much easier for me to think up things to write to all of you.

My kid was home on leave since the last paper. He came to Kelly's first to see me so I knocked off early and took him home in a cab. He has changed a lot, to tell the truth, in three months time my boy turned into a man. We arrived home about 6 o'clock and in our courtway there are about 40 French windows and I think most of them flew open when Roger stepped out of the cab. All you could hear was "Roger is home", and all the boys, although much too young to be in service, sure did envy and admire him in that Marine uniform.

He went from South Carolina to North Carolina and is now out in San Diego and likes it swell.

The next situation almost had JOHN down for a few weeks. One day he had to send his wife shopping for lamb shanks and when she came back JOHN politely said "Thanks". Now don't say anything to JOHN about it and I don't want you to think he is cheap, but he didn't even pay her car fare. Even yet when the meat truck stops out in front he sighs in relief when he sees a package coming in.

A certain customer has changed JOHN'S name around a bit -- he is now "DAISY-K", but boys don't worry, he is still shaking dice and doing all right too.

PEGGY

I GOT TROUBLES
by John Dasaky

Well, boys, here I am back again to let you know some more of my troubles. A few days ago my very first customer was a gentleman whom I spotted as having seen some place before. This very gent was in the place a few months ago; and when I served him a drink, he pretended that he left his money in his other trousers. Naturally this time, I wanted to be sure he had on his right trousers, so I asked him for the money first. He then replied, "You must be afraid that you won't get paid, eh"? After he searched through all his pockets to show me that he had sufficient cash on his person, he finally found a dime and asked if that wasn't enough money. So I told him we didn't have any 10¢ whiskey. "Hell", he said, "I'm going somewhere else, I can't drink that 5¢ stuff".

There is a certain guy by the name of "BOB" PEARSON now serving with the Red Cross somewhere in Germany with the 378th Infantry, and doing a swell job for our boys over there, who, as I remember, always boasted about being able to beat me shaking Indian dice for a drink. But since then I have developed a thumb technique which, according to our friend FRED HURST, can't be surpassed. So, BOB when you come back you better watch out.

Just the other night, an Indian dame came in and sat at the bar. She asked Kelly for a shot and a beer. Kelly saw she was pickled and refused to serve her. "Who the hell said I had enough, you big fat Irishman" she shouted. Of course Kelly's Irish temper rose and accentuated his whiskey complexion. He then attempted to put her out through the revolving door. Though the young lady was plenty "stinko", she resisted so fiercely that Kelly instead of her wound up on the street.

JOHN

I GOT TROUBLES
by John Dasaky

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JOHN

WHO'S WHO & WHERE

Congratulations to SGT. VINCE HART, author of "G.I. HAMLET", which appeared in October LATRINE NEWS. His talents are not confined to writing verse. Appears to excel in other lines. He is now the proud father of TWINS. WOW!

DON GOULD, Ph.M. 1/c, formerly of the Chicago Naval Recruiting Station visited us last month when he came back from Luzon and gave us a batch of Jap invasion money.

DAVE EVANS of Navy Recruiting found a set of false teeth under the cushion of his davenport after a visit from some unidentified CHIEF. Can be had on proof of ownership.

BOB PEARSON with the Red Cross and attached to the 378th Infantry over in Germany is doing a swell job and PIERRE MEUNIER, Chef of the Union League was the happiest man in Chicago when BOB wrote us that he had visited Pierre's sister in Paris and assured us that she was in good health. That was a very kind act BOB and you sure made yourself a fine friend.

And from "SCOTTY" KILLIPS out in the Philippines we have a nice compliment on our editorial "NUTS" in our February issue. Thanks, pal, glad you liked it. Also we'll see that you get some more "Legion Digests".

And DICK MURPHY who was wounded over in Germany is back in this country and is doing O.K. out in Madigan General Hospital at Tacoma, Wash. Hope to see you out at Vaughan before long DICK. Your Uncle Johnnie is trying to have you transferred there.

Letters from TONY HARRANT, WILLIE WILCOX, GEORGE BLACKMAN, DAVE MULCHRONE, BILL KRAUS, DAVE SHEEHAN, CHARLIE KUNZ and about 60 others. THANKS boys. We will catch up on our answers soon.

THE SILENT HEROES

We'll never hear them bragging,
  who for us have borne the most.
The boys who've been in battle
  and come home don't care to
    boast.
We have to drag it from them, bit
  by bit and word by word.
"Other fellows did the dying!" is
  the phrase that's oftenest
    heard.

Walk the sanitarium hallways
  where the wounded lie in bed
And notice just how little of
  their glorious deeds is said.
It is never: "Hear what I did?"
  That, they'd keep forever hid.
All they seem to want to tell us
  is what other fellows did.

We're the ones who do the boast-
  ing, we, from peril miles away.
We, with little more to fret us
  than the taxes we must pay.
We go 'round ourselves extolling,
  when the blinded and the lamed
Say they merely did their duty --
  and they make us all ashamed.

EDGAR A. GUEST

(from the Chicago Herald-American)

The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wines and
    beers
The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch and Rye
The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done
The dog at 15 cashed in
Without the aid of Rum and Gin
The cast in milk and water soaks
And then in 12 short years it
    croaks
The modest, sober bone-dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies at 10
ALL ANIMALS are strictly dry,
They sinless live and swiftly die
But Sinful, Ginful, Rum-Soaked MEN
Survive for three score years and
    ten.

MUSINGS

When money talks the cream of the conversation is rich.

****

Eternal vigilance is the price of celibacy.

****

Many a man's money burns a hole in another man's pocket.

****

The man who has over-confidence in himself is often too dull of hearing to distinguish between a cheer and a jeer.

****

The penalties of fame are not sufficiently severe to deter many aspirants.

****

No man ever attains dignity so great but that some one will call him by his first name.

****

If we ever get to heaven we shall meet a great many people who will be surprised to see us.

****

Confucius say: "Smart girl never worry about holding shape; let boy friend take care".

****

A chiropractor is a guy who gets paid for the same things you guys get slapped for.

****

If a girl is good there is no need for her to be careful, but if a girl is careful there is no need for her to be good.

****

Did you hear about poor Miss
Lampson?
She was kissed five times in a
hansom
When she insisted on more
There came a weak voice from
the floor
"The name is Simpson not
Sampson".

ACK -- ACK

"And there, my son, you have the story of your dad in the great World War".

"Yes, Daddy, but why did they need all those other soldiers".

****

He knelt beside her bed. She gasped, "Hubby, I'm dying, and I can't go without telling you something. I've been unfaithful to you.

"I know", he answered. "I found out and that's why I poisoned you".

****

A timid old maid looked under her bed and finding a burglar there exclaimed, "and what are you going to do -- I hope"?

****

"You know, there's a baby born in New York every minute".

"Well don't look at me that way, I live in Philadelphia".

****

"When George and I get married we're going to Bali Bali to see what it's like".

"Silly, it's the same wherever you go".

****

"I've just taken a shine to your wife", said the stork to the Negro as he left the house".

****

Telephone operator to new girl she is breaking in: "No, honey, you say, 'Just a moment, please', not "Hang onto your pants mister".

****

What a scandal it would cause if an undertaker gave way to cheerfulness and whistled at his work.

861 Wynnewood Road.
Overbrook Phila Pa.
December 19, 1946.

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt.
Cottage House,
Hyde Park New York.

Dear Mrs Roosevelt.

Just a little note to wish you a very Joyous Christmas. I am enclosing a poem, I wrote the afternoon the President died, Mr. Roosevelt was an inspiration and an ideal to millions, to me he was a man of destiny, being a poetess, for many years, I could deeply appreciate his worth. I kept the poem locked away only two or three friends have read it, because I loved the ideals he stood for, I knew your grief was heavy. I am sending it to you now as an expression of hope and faith in the future of our dear land, I know your grief has become a prayer for all the world so, I felt it would be a joyous remembrance of a very dearly loved one. May God bless you and help you in your own way to guide those who stop by your way. With every Good wish, I am,

Sincerely, Mary. Winifred Kelly.

The only limit to our realization of tomorrow, will be our doubts of today. Let us move forward with strong and active faith -- Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

In Memoriam.

Our President today, was laid to rest,
Beneath the soil that he loved best
Among the rolling hills, down by the Hudson deep,
He'll sleep and have at last, his well earned rest.

His heart big as an ocean wide, for those oppressed
He could not rest -- till Victory had come and Peace, was won.
The brotherhood of man to him -- was real
For he made each one feel -- just like a Son!

All Nations mourn his loss -- he took their cross,
Each ragged heavy load.
And with his bright and cheering smile, he said,
"I'll go ahead!" "I'll carry it awhile.
A heart, with dauntless courage, brave, -- he gave
His life to see that free men stand,

fight, for liberty and right.
Not slaves to greed and tyranny and hate
But free - to love and hope and wait, - for
that Great Day!
When Peace would come and Freedom, would
recall Democracy to all.
For this, he gave the last full measure of his
strength.,
He did not count the cost, - but only gave - till
he was spent.
.....
His love for humans was not lent, - he gave it,
all unstintingly,
He died to set men free.
"O God of courage brave and true, we look to you,
in this dark hour of grief.
To guide these nations, with Thy loving hand,
To have the lasting Peace, which he had planned.
Give them Thy wisdom, make them steadfast, true.
That they may look to You, -- for guidance and for aid
And make us worthy of the debt he paid
For you like he, once gave Your life, to set men
free!"

Mary Winifred Kelly
861 Wynnewood Road Overbrook
Phila #31 Pa.

"For God so loved the world,
that He gave His only
begotten Son."

JOHN 3:16

May God's dear love,

just like the Christmas Star,

Shine down on you,

no matter where you are.

From Mary & Kelly

Joyeux Noel!

American Greetings
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