Subject File
Box 152
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 turn out a small shot that bothered him like a cancer. All successes it seems to me.
used a cannon to kill a giant. The job was done so efficiently that his tongue was very badly burned too and that is what has been the trouble - he has suffered tortures! It seems hard luck to have had to suffer for something that was unnecessary! The pain came into Cleobius and the Dr. got worried, but things seem to be on the whole all right - he will soon be back working again. We send every wish to your health and our thanks. Always faithfully,

Bertha Conyngham Hamilton.
The LOG of the ARK, grounded on Mt. Abarat,
in the HURRICANE of SEPTEMBER 21--1933.

East wind blowing stronger all morning.
After luncheon went upstairs for a nap.

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 poteeckers—gray arbor 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 mountain range is apparently moving ruthlessly on us. Light House has waves breaking half way up—wonder if foundations can hold out. Somehow do not yet feel so worried about this house—then—suddenly realize water from Stone beach has joined water from harbour between us and Light—trees swirling about in whirlpool. No piers to be seen now.

4.45 P.M. from upper piazza. Terrifying night—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 Steedard 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—horrible 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—new surf breaks all over the
Waves now break into shrubs around billiard room—break against stone terrace—
leave quantities of soil grass and hay—looks as contents of a barn had been threw
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
June 20, 1920

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Smith,

I received your kind letter yesterday. I am glad to hear that all is well with you. Your garden looks very nice in the photographs you sent. The weather has been rather hot lately, but we are managing to enjoy ourselves in the evenings.

I hope to visit you soon. Please let me know if there is anything I can do for you.

Yours truly,

[Signature]
10.18 P.M. Wind much less—feel sure we are saved—so thankful—get out History of Mattapoisett and read about famous storm of Sept. 28—1815. There was no light house on this point nor any summer houses—but the house Miss Stackpole new lives in in the Town was lifted off its 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—get 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 R. Ararat.

The day after. Wind still high—down 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 large beams—concretes on pier badly broken—also steps—iron uprights bent over—lights and chair bones—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 Hickerson houses and the furniture strewn on the beach and road—shingles cleaned off on water side of all three—luckily the Eliots, who rented the Stoddard house, left on Tuesday. Met Austin Maury and his wife Miss Brinley and two Olivers—with help of Patrol and ass't and his car and Austin's, we moved chins, glass, lamps, mirrors etc., from the Stoddard's and Hickerson's houses over to a room in the Eliot's. Mrs de Koven's house is uninjured but her ground is a mass of debris—her lovely garden a ruin and her boat across the road in the woods. Everyone amused to find how little we are damaged—say they thought we must have floated off in the night. Many came up to inquire. The milkman comes
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 piano 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 Gov't 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 Hamlin's 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 Maier St.--it belongs to LeBaron Winslow who put on full power and drove the boat from the
neering 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 losing.
The loss everywhere is terrible--about 100 beats from this town alone injured
or wrecked--the "Astro" 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 Pike 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
recking drowsily 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
Duff's two servants were drowned trying to save his property--then on by the
Cedars to Crescent beach--at this latter out of over 150 houses only a few are
standing--8 people killed--houses blown across marsh to woods--many trying to
dig things out of the sand--meters piled with beds, chairs, and every kind of house
hold 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 un-
willimg 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 take-
ing 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

Betty Brown

Mattapoisett

Massachusetts

September 1938.
Mrs. Hanlin's summer home at Mattapoisett, Mass., was inundated by a tidal wave during the hurricane. Friends here were advised. Mrs. Hanlin and a maid were forced to go to the second story 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. Hanlin is reported to have informed friends that she is now safe.
August 20th, 1943
Mattapoisett, Massachusetts

Mrs. Herbert

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 fruits. 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 feet and change the subject when I join them - they also warn thei
Sincere that I 'have peculiar views to it is best not to mention politics.'

I am very apologetic about George Brewer and truly sorry going out on the Potomac. My niece Helen Hamlin Brewer is here and we were all on our clock when your tender came in the chauffeur. Without
Parking me - Helen asked the officer the boys could not find 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 writing to you for we used to play in school. Affectionately,

Sara Bauer Hawkins"
Dear Mr. President,

I have never been more surprised or pleased in my life than by your birthday telegram. How, when, who tipped you off? Are to the fatal estate? With all the world on your shoulders, how can you add...
a "hearty" 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 of telephone letters, flowers, book and an
Enormous, Cake
With "Happy Birthday"

Hi Pink Filling,
It was many years since I had had any celebration.
Things go along here about as usual with William Rice.
He is well. Meet 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,

[Signature]
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 Mayor 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 Mayor 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 Bourgee Hamlin
Mrs. Hamlin, the new Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was the main speaker at the meeting of the Democratic Women's Club of St. Johns County at the Home of the Women's Club. The meeting was attended by a large crowd of women, many of whom were active in the party. Mrs. Hamlin spoke enthusiastically about the party's platform and its promises for the future. The meeting was a great success, and the women were inspired to work harder for the party's victory in the coming election.