

● PSF Great Britain: Arthur Murray 1940-44

CONTINUED

TELEGRAM

127WUAB 25 Cable

The White House  
Washington

*Arthur Murray*  
*file*  
*personal*  
*3-*

Ellsmere Port May 28, 1940

nlt. THE PRESIDENT:

Implore consider favorable decision for sake of democracy including  
American cousins. We are up against it. What would Page think.

Murray.

July 1st, 1940

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.  
Mayfair 0495.

The President  
The White House  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Franklin,

The sixth anniversary of the "Blood-Bath" in which Hitler murdered his best friends passed off yesterday, and the eleventh month of his attempt to conquer the old world and the new opens to-day, with Britons and such of her Allies as remain facing the future in good heart and with confidence -- a confidence braced by the ever-increasing flow of aircraft and munitions of war that your far-seeing and courageous leadership and action has caused to come to us from across the Atlantic.

Whatever the feelings of the vilest and blood-lustiest member of the Germanic race who has ever seized and held power, it is tolerably certain that the Nazi General Staff are fully aware of the hazards of an attempted invasion of these Isles. We are not complacent, nor do we minimise the dangers, for we know that Hitler must now try to knock out BRITAIN. Sound strategy dictated that -- leaving Poland to be dealt with later - he should have made the endeavour to do this whilst Britain was very inadequately prepared to defend herself from or to counter the blow.

To-day, we have, in the coming battle, advantages both for defence and attack: (a) we hold a tiny Island of which we can guard every square foot, whilst Hitler sprawls over a continent packed with hostile and sullen peoples; (b) we control No-Man's land -- the sea. We can strike when and where we like, in the air, on land, and on the water. Hitler has now come up against water. Water, water, everywhere -- wherever his morbid, ferocious, beast-like gaze rests. Water between him and Britain -- water on the road to Africa. The blue and green water which is his worst enemy, but still, as always in the past, our best friend -- water leading to our victory.

With Faith's and my love and best wishes; we are doing "our bit"; and are well; and are mightily cheerful!

Yours, as ever,

*Arthur Hurry*



MONDAY JUNE 24 1940

## Letters to the Editor

### FEARLESSNESS

Sir,—Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence's "appeal to fearlessness" in your issue of to-day should ring like a clarion call throughout the land. British men—and women—at sea, on land, and in the air have shown, as in Britain's past wars, that for them the words "safety first" do not exist, and that their fearlessness is synonymous with their complete confidence in victory.

Theirs is the spirit, and the only spirit, that should imbue all our people at this time. Far from wondering—as do some dismal croakers—whether we can stand up to Hitler's probable coming attack, we should welcome the attack, and let him and his associates realize that we welcome it. The Prime Minister—outstanding symbol of ultimate victory—has shown us the great advantages that lie on our side. We may rest assured that Hitler and the German high command—having failed in three of their main objectives to date—namely, (a) to inflict hampering damage on British sea communications and power; (b) to wipe out the British Expeditionary Force; and (c) to have proved a decisive superiority of the German Air Force over the R.A.F.—are also well aware of those advantages.

"The temper of the British people to-day," says Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence, "is one of hardness and simple heroism." That is indeed so. And the British people wants to feel that it is being organized not so much for defence but for victory. It wants to be aroused with the call, and feel firmly in its heart, that it cannot be defeated, and that it is now taking part, not in a defence of itself, but in an attack on Hitler and all the evil things for which he stands, for assuredly if it succeeds—as it will—that attack will make the first serious break in Hitler's back, and victory will be ours sooner rather than later.

I am your obedient servant,

ARTHUR MURRAY.

Carrington House, Hertford Street, W.1,  
June 21.

*File Personal*

*✓*

July 26th, 1940

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.  
Mayfair 0495.

*file personal*

Dear Franklin,

Faith and I want to tell you how rejoiced we are on public grounds that you are going forward again in November to a third triumphal victory. And there is wide-spread rejoicing, believe me, throughout these Isles where men and women of all sections of the community wish for the continuance at the helm of the great American whose bold and far-seeing leadership has brought them, in these terribly anxious times, so vast a measure of moral support and encouragement and of highly practical assistance to their war effort. In conversation with Halifax yesterday, he said to me: "we can never be too grateful for all the help the President has given and is giving us in every way".

On private grounds -- well, that is another matter! We know something -- from our visits to you -- of the never ceasing work and burdens that lie upon your shoulders so long as you continue to occupy your high Office. How, therefore, could we congratulate you, in the private sense, upon the prospect of another four years of such burdensome activities? But the noble motives which actuate your decision sweep aside all personal considerations. The day when we had looked forward to welcoming you to the seas and hills of An Cala will perforce be postponed. And, in the meantime, the defeat of Hitler and of all the evil and hideous things for which he and his brutal gang stand, remains the sole objective of all lovers of freedom and civilisation. The gaunt spectre of disaster that stalks forward to meet him is gradually hastening its footsteps. Its way may yet be long, but it will not lose its purpose, nor deviate from the path along which it strides. And its death-blow will be crushing and certain.

We had ten days at An Cala early in May, but our war works have not allowed us to return there since that. Meantime the house is just shut up. Perhaps when the invasion -- to be, or not to be?! -- has been thrown back, we may get a few days there in October.

With our love, as ever yours,

*Arthur Murray*

July 26 - 1940

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.  
Mayfair 0495.

Dear Franklin,

This brings faith's  
and my deepest sympathy in  
the passing of your aunt  
Mrs Forber. She was truly  
a great and wonderful  
woman, and here was a  
great and wonderful life -  
a noble example to all.

We are writing to your  
mother for whose sorrow we  
feel deeply. As ever yours  
Arthur Murray

The war position in terms of a  
cricket score.

by

Brigadier James Whitehead, Commander  
of the London Area "Home Guards"

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GERMANY v. THE REST

P.O.Land, ..c. Stalin, b. Hitler... 10  
C.Slovakia, c. and b. Hitler..... 0  
A. U. Stria, ..run out..... 0  
D. Enmark, ....run out..... 0  
N. Orway, .c. Quisling, b. Hitler, 62  
H. Olland, ....retired hurt..... 3  
B. Elgium, stumped Leopold, b.  
Hitler. 17  
F. R. Ance, c. Mussolini, b.  
Hitler, 294  
G. T. Britain, ...not out..... 331  
D. O. Minions, ...not out..... 331  
A. Merica, .....to bat.....

Tea interval: (8 wkts) 1,048

UMPIRES:

S. Talin and S. Oviet.

STOP PRESS

=====.  
Mussolini bowling from  
Gasworks end.

July 26, 1940

~~In~~ Great Britain to-day.

=====

The lighter side of the  
War!

July, 19th, Correspondence  
1940.

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"INVASION

WEEK".

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Perhaps?

Perhaps not

!!

SIR.—Ever since it became necessary to place obstacles in fields to prevent enemy aircraft from landing in them, I have been putting my grandfather in the centre of my meadow each day. His bathchair makes a formidable obstruction, and the knowledge that he is "in the fighting line" and "doing his bit" helps to brighten his declining years.

A string-and-pulley device, contrived by my wife, enables him to put up the hood when it rains, and sufficient food for the day is contained in a picnic basket which we place on his lap. Of course, we have to take him in at night, during which period the meadow is unprotected, but, as my wife says, half a loaf is better than no bread.

May I recommend the scheme to your other readers who have grandfathers and would like to see them "pulling their weight" and "going to it" in the national cause.

Faithfully yours,

"Pro Bono Patria,"

Correspondence

SIR.—Your correspondent who puts his grandfather in a meadow to prevent enemy aircraft from landing reminds me that when I was in Nagpur, Central Province, I used to tether a Mrs. Fogglesworthy, one of my wife's poor relations, to the undergrowth when out after tiger in the jungle. In this way I was successful in ridding our part of the country of no fewer than 22 of these pests, which, of course, play Old Harry with the game and the natives.

Faithfully yours,

# Convoys Beat The Bombers

Germany had high hopes from the air blockade of Britain, but courage and strategy are upsetting her plans . . .

By  
**CAPT. BERNARD  
ACWORTH,**

D.S.O., R.N.

**F**OR a month past Britain has been awaiting without any undue apprehension, and in complete confidence as to the outcome, the threatened fury of the Hitlerian blitzkrieg. Two days ago we were given to understand that unless we cry "Kamerad" the threat would immediately be put into execution, with results which were intended to make the national flesh creep.

But the truth is that during this past month, and while Hitler, in his speech, was cajoling as well as threatening us, that part of his assault upon us on which he mainly relies for success, has been in full blast, namely his air attack on our shipping.

We have been, and still are being,

ing ships at sea by gunfire, the obliteration of the target by mountains of spray would give the impression of unmistakable hits; but as every naval officer knows, this obliteration of all sight of the target is in reality an assurance that it has been missed—in fact, that the shells have fallen short of the target.

A large convoy gives the impression of an almost solid mass of shipping, but in fact only about 1 per cent. of the total area of water covered by a convoy contains a ship; if the bombs are dropped from a height, probably not more than 1 per cent. will find their target.

Precision, or dive, bombing will increase this percentage considerably, but for such attacks to be successful on a big scale the bomber needs to be free from counter attack by anti-aircraft guns or fighters, and that they seldom are so free their heavy casualties reveal.

It has been broadcast to the Germans that our convoy system, a proved defence against large-scale submarine success, is a source of weakness against air attack. This may deceive the German public, but it certainly won't deceive our Navy, or lead it to abandon convoy in the Channel and approaches in favour of single ship sailing.

Nothing that has been said should be interpreted as an excuse for complacency. This concentrated air attack on our shipping and ports is a serious menace, and casualties are being suffered. For those who have to endure them, and oppose them,



German dive bombers attacking shipping in the English Channel. Great columns of water are rising from bombs bursting in the sea near a British destroyer.

threatened with invasion and, under the guise of reprisals, with devastating air attack on the civil population; but, as I have previously shown, the wholesale destruction or stoppage of our shipping entering and leaving our ports is the barometer of German success or failure in forcing us to capitulate. Hitler therefore made his speech under the shadow of failure, because during the past weeks his aircraft in swarms have been looted against our ships—without any success that could be decisive.

The truth is that these mass attacks on our convoys by aeroplanes are failing, the ports of Britain are still extremely busy, and our airmen have accounted for at least 160 enemy machines.

It is not by any means clear whether the German authorities are bluffing their people in their aerial claims against our shipping, or whether they are themselves deceived by the reports of their airmen. In their last communique, for example, they claimed to have sunk 40,000 tons of shipping in the Channel, a claim totally unrelated to reality.

## That Deceptive Spray

**I**T must be remembered that very few German pilots have a fraction of the experience of our own of sea-operations. When they attack a convoy, or single ships, the mountains of spray which their bombs throw up obliterate their targets, because the great speed at which the bombers are travelling rapidly alters the perspective.

To those inexperienced in attack-

these great aerial raids must be terribly trying and nerve-racking.

Instead of having dug-outs and shelters, the crews have 100 fathoms of water beneath them if their ships are hit. But so long as our merchant seamen face these new and fearsome assaults, as they will, Hitler's hope of subduing us by this means must fail.

And for this reason, A mere multiplication of bombers will not succeed where 50 have failed; moreover, casualties, as in submarines, carry off the best crews earliest. And in both submarines and aircraft, crews count.

## Air Fighters Increase

**T**HE days are getting shorter; the weather will soon be deteriorating; our pilots and gunners are increasing in skill and daring, and the number of our fighters is also increasing. Neither has the ingenuity of the Navy in dealing with such attacks been exhausted.

These facts must be known to Hitler, and unless he honestly believes the fantastic claims of Goering's air force, as he may, he has every reason to plead for peace when his chief weapon against us—his air attack on our shipping—is failing; or, alternatively, he may try terrorisation by air attack on our cities, or face the awful hazard of invasion, both of which shots he would certainly prefer to keep in his locker.

Two days ago Hitler spoke with emotion of the millions that must die if we decline to submit. Presumably he was thinking of air-raid casualties; but there his calculations will prove as much at fault as has been his anticipation of ship casualties. Britons can't be intimidated.

FRIDAY, The Daily Mail, JULY 19, 1940.



HIS THIRD SHOT

—by Illingworth.

PSF: Murray  
File personal 3

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.

Mayfair 0495.

Aug 12 <sup>i</sup> [1940]

Gruse pop! pop!  
but this year it is Huns  
pop! pop!

Dear Mr Le Hand. (Missie)

Will you please hand

an enclosed to Mr President.

I do hope you are keeping well  
in these sad & strenuous times. —

We carry on here, our hope strong  
& faith unbroken in the knowledge  
of our final victory — in fact we  
know he is beat already — but it  
is such a long — drawn out  
business — one suffers so much

32

London, W.1.  
Hartford Street.  
Central House.

at heart-thinking of the rest of  
Europe - homeless - betrayed  
- what of their future?

Yours always sincerely

Fitch Murray

Edmund Lodge,  
Sunningdale  
Berks  
—

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.  
Mayfair 0495.

Aug. 4<sup>th</sup>  
—

Our very dear Mr. President, (Cousin Franklin)

I have wanted to write  
to you so much - so often for so  
long. Everytime I have heard you  
speak - or heard your utterances  
recorded or caught a glimpse of you  
on the <sup>news reel</sup> ~~screen~~ - I have just longed  
to sit down here & then - tell you how  
we bless you for all you are to &  
mean to us Great Britain. But then

I saw you flash across yesterday - I  
missed the buoyant smile - thought  
you looked strained & tired - Small wonder  
when one pauses to think what you  
have been through this last year &  
~~now~~ now & for goodness knows  
how long. But Uncle Adolph has  
his peak of trouble all right -  
we are all extraordinarily calm &  
detached over here about this  
hypothetical invasion - Nobody thinks  
very much about it - nobody is scared -  
we all look on it as rather a poor  
joke & we are ready. Do you

remember that Napoleon  
once said "I can think of a  
hundred ways of getting into England,  
but I cannot think of one way of getting out"  
well we don't think little poop Hitler  
can go one better than Napoleon" -

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.  
Mayfair, 0495.

When they do come wait we just chain  
them all up - I think Hitler & his  
little band will have to do the goose  
step all alone in single file along  
the streets of Berlin - if there is  
an H. or his band or any streets.  
You just can't think how much our troops  
are longing for their arrival - we are  
so full of armoured cars & guns  
& tanks & men. All the roads all  
over the country prepared with  
barriers & guns & barbed wire entanglements

all the fields dug up - obstacles

such as old trees + holes + scrub  
put down to prevent landings - so you  
see we are quite prepared at least -  
But you know all this - I will not  
bother you with more -

we were so sorry to read  
of your Aunt Mr. Forbes' death -  
Your mother & I feel this very much;  
I am having some leave.

I got quite done in by June  
+ Arthur insisted on a break so  
up we went to the cottage in  
Angyle - I found beauty + peace  
for never can I remember such a  
lovely Spring and early summer -  
How we look forward to having you

with us Cousin Franklin  
when this struggle is over

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.  
Mayfair 0495.

where you can sit in your  
chair & rest & do your stamps, & if  
you want to - just look out to where  
America is from time to time. We  
hope still to have our Cuba when the  
war is over - but that is about all  
we shall have! - we shall be  
among the lucky ones if we do.

I am writing this in a garden belonging  
to some people who have offered us  
hospitality from London in case of raids -  
just outside London (Sunningdale) - we  
can easily get to our work each day  
by train. The raids do not scare us  
in the least - but it is pleasant during  
the summer months to be out of London

This seems a dreamy + dull letter - but  
there is nothing thrilling or amusing to  
tell you. We often think of you +  
talk of you & you have many  
staunch supporters over here. We hate  
to think of you having to go through  
another 4 years of storm & stress & in  
our hearts with God's help - right with you  
we feel you <sup>will</sup> get through it well & that  
you should be at the Helm during  
these final months of the war & who  
knows in it at the end - is a great  
comfort. because you are the greatest  
man in the world today - & we see  
that Mr Peace is Right - Lasting -  
Goodbye dear President. don't forget me  
Faith M.

AN CALA,  
ISLE OF SEIL,  
BALVICAR ST. ARGYLL.

Aug. 10th, 1940

Dear Franklin,

Escaped to An Cala for a week-end! What a joy!

Some of enclosed "odds and ends" -- when you have a minute to spare, if ever you do -- may interest you; others may, I hope, amuse you! Thank heavens, we still retain -- what the Germans never had -- a sense of humour! In any case, neither Berlin nor Berchtesgaden have any reason to be mightily amused in these days. Nor has the "hyena" in Rome. And, whatever their activities, our sense of humour will not grow less!

And we continue in good heart, and in good spirit -- the whole British nation -- for our cause is the cause of Christianity and of freedom, and we know that -- stern and bitter though our task still will be -- we are on the high-road to victory. We shall continue to put forth our utmost effort, and we are determined that that effort shall not be weakened. Nor are we prepared to see it weakened or hampered by countenancing the import of foodstuffs into German occupied -- or controlled -- territories. Why should we play Hitler's game in that respect? Some personages -- themselves in great safety -- seem to forget that we are in the front line fighting for our very existence, with appalling consequences if we fail. We do not intend to give Hitler any points in this stupendous struggle against the hideous powers of evil. We take great heart, always, from all the moral and material help that you have given, and are giving us. Believe me, this is no small factor in the fortitude that all alike in these isles are showing.

August 12th. What a tragic disaster has been the hurricane -- of which we have just heard -- in South Carolina. Our sympathy is with all concerned.

Our love and every good wish,  
as evr yours,

*Arthur Murray*

In Great Britain: August, 1940.

The lighter side of the War!

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The big chuckle in a "Front Line Town" concerns the three Nazi airmen unloaded (alive) on the beach when a Heinkel crashed. A Parashot marched up to them, rifle at the ready, and said threateningly, "Good evening!"

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX

In "Naval Town" they are telling one against the Silent Service. A British submarine has a commander known for taciturnity. On a dangerous mission recently they lay doggo on the bottom for three days in semi-darkness. For three days the commander only opened his mouth to give necessary orders. As they surfaced they were attacked. A torpedo struck them a glancing blow. Depth charges began to explode around them. Inside, men were thrown about. The noise was shattering. Safe on the bottom again the commander spoke. "Pretty adjacent, what?" he said.

XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX



SATURDAY AUGUST 10 1940

Sir,—A contemporary has recently made a suggestion which, if adopted, would have far-reaching consequences. As the idea emanated from the writer, may I be allowed to elaborate it in your columns?

There is every prospect of a serious famine in Europe this winter and next spring. Germany is systematically robbing occupied territories of food and is creating a situation which makes widespread starvation inevitable, but at the same time gathering into Germany what stocks she can so that Germans will suffer least. The blame for this will be put on us. There is the great danger that soft hearts in Britain and America will be unable to resist pouring food into starving Europe, which in reality will be pouring food into Germany, for under Hitler's control all food, even under international control, will find its way into Germany. A despairing Europe, under the powerful lash of Goebbels's propaganda, may well turn against democracy and embrace Nazism. We must and can have our practical answer ready.

The proposal is to build up in the Americas, South Africa, and Australia huge supplies of food earmarked for starving Europe the moment Nazi-Fascist control ceases. Europe could be told that this food is available and ready to be shipped the moment revolt materializes. The merits of such a scheme are:—(a) We shall have to revictual Europe anyhow, and these huge stocks of food can be turned over for our use in the meanwhile. (b) It would relieve the growing surpluses of food and raw material now accumulating in the Americas. (c) It would be effective reply to German propaganda. (d) The growing power of our offensive would be made easier. (e) It would supply a visible and concrete outlet for humanitarian feeling in the U.S.A. and this country. (f) If the U.S.A. would act conjointly it would supply yet another link in the chain which connects the two great democracies. (g) Stricken Europe would be given hope and an incentive to rid its land of the rule of the Beast. (h) Europe must be convinced that Nazi-Fascist rule means starvation.

I am, &c.,

R. MEINERTZHAGEN.

17. Kensington Park Gardens, W.11.

I hope these  
will give you as  
good a laugh as  
they have given  
very many of  
us!

A. M.

10 Aug.,

1940

**M**A sent me to pay the grocer's bill last Saturday. The boss behind the counter made me a present of something wrapped in a piece of silver paper, which he told me was a piece of Limberger Cheese. When I got outside the shop I opened the paper; when I smelt what was inside I felt tired. I took it home and put it in the coal shed. In the morning it was still there: it hadn't walked away. I wondered what I could do with it. Father and Mother were getting ready to go to church. I put a piece in the back pocket of father's pants and another in the lining of ma's coat. I walked behind when we started for church. It was getting warm. When we got in church father looked anxious; mother looked as if something had happened. After the first hymn mother told father not to sing again, but to keep his mouth shut and breathe through his nose. After the prayer perspiration stood on father's face and the people in the next pew got up and went out. After the next hymn father whispered to mother that she had better go out and air herself. After the second lesson some of the churchwardens came round to see if there were any dead rats in the church. Father told mother they had better go home one at a time. Mother told father to go by the nearest way home and disinfect himself before she arrived. When they got home they both went into the front room but did not speak for some time. Mother spoke first and told father to put the cat out of the room—she thought it was going to be sick. It was—before father could get it out. Mother then turned round and noticed that the canary was dead. Mother told father not to sit too near the fire—it made it worse. Father told mother to go out and smother herself. Mother said she thought she was smothered already. Father went upstairs, changed his clothes and had a bath. Mother took father's clothes and offered them to a tramp, who said, "Thanks, lady, they're a bit too high for me." Mother threw them over the fence into the canal. Father was summoned afterwards for poisoning the fish. Mother went to bed. Father came to wish me good night at ten o'clock with a strap in his hand. I can't sit down comfortably yet.

I HAD twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents down the sink, or else . . . ? so I proceeded with the unpleasant task. I drew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I did likewise with the second bottle with the exception of two glasses which I drank, and also the third bottle except for three glasses which I drank. I then pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it, and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass. I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle. Then I corked the sink with the glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles, corks, glasses and sinks with the other, and there were twenty-nine. To be sure, I counted them again, and when they came by I had seventy-nine, and as the house came by I counted them again, and finally had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses and sinks counted, except one house and one bottle which I drank.

Some cartoons  
which show the  
spirit in which  
the British people  
is talking things!

A. H.

10 Aug., 1940



"IF YOU BALKAN BOYS KEEP QUIET NOTHING WILL CROSS YOUR PATHS, THE ROMAN ORACLE WILL CONFIRM THAT. NOW LEAVE ME TO MY CRYSTAL GAZING."



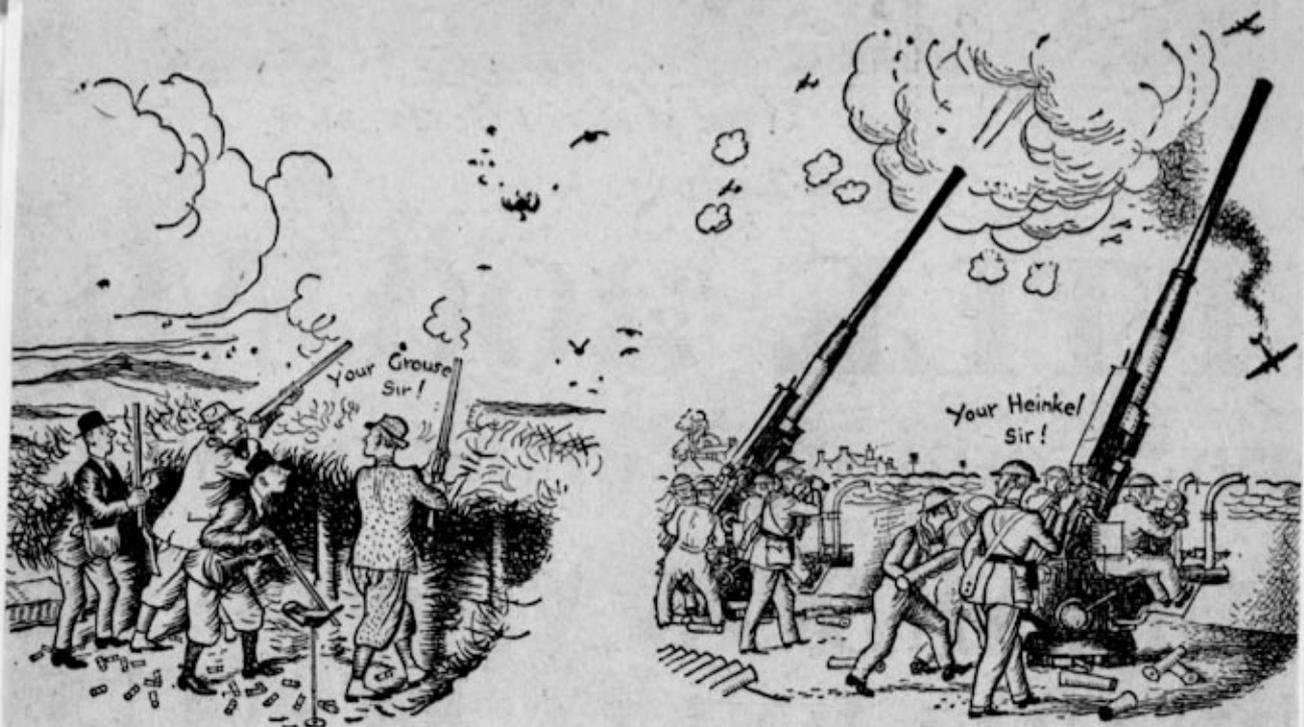
**THE SONG-PLUGGERS**

—by Illingworth.



**ANOTHER DOORSTEP QUIZ**  
*HOW IS YOUR MORALE THIS MORNING?—A BIT SHAKY, WE HOPE, SIR!*"

# "THE TWELFTH"



1939

1940

—by Illingworth

SATURDAY, The Daily Mail, AUGUST 10, 1940.



Lumme, Bill, look at them Spitfires; makes you proud to be British, don't it!

—by Illingworth.

THIS OVERSIZE ITEM HAS BEEN  
MICROFILMED IN SECTIONS.

THE OBAN TIMES, AUGUST 10, 1940

## GALLANT SONS OF BALLACHULISH



THIS IS THE STORY OF THREE GALLANT SONS OF BALLACHULISH WHO WERE CAPTURED by the Germans in France and made good their escape. Two of them are in this interesting group photographed at Ballachulish Railway Station on Saturday. They are Corp. Alistair MacDonald, 6 Leven Terrace, Ballachulish, son of ex-C.S.M. John MacDonald, D.C.M., M.C., M.B.E. (left), and L/Corpl. James Wilson, Post Office, North Ballachulish (right). In the centre of the picture is Mr John Cameron, well known to Highlanders as the Paisley Bard, who, serving with the 7th Cameron's, was for eight months during the last war a prisoner in Germany. Private William Kemp, Glenview, Glencoe, son of ex-Constable Kemp of Argyllshire Constabulary, the other member of the party which escaped, was away from home when our Oban representative took this photograph and obtained a special interview.

### TREK THROUGH FRANCE TO SPAIN

#### POSING AS RUSSIANS AND AMERICANS

#### SANG IN GAELIC ON THE PYRENEES

It may well be said that the fame of Glencoe is now wider spread than ever. These men, inspired no doubt by the bold, challenging background of their upbringing, have given to it a new phase, in a new setting, by their courage and daring. Their successful bid for freedom is a remarkable feat of bravery and endurance. Ballachulish is proud of them; there is good reason to boast of them as members of the 8th (The Argyllshire) Battalion Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders and of the 51st Division; and they command the admiration of all Highlanders.

Outstanding features of their initial escape and subsequent exploits were that they passed themselves off as Russians and as Americans, in their trek from the Belgian frontier through France to the Spanish frontier. They were on the move for more than a month. As it suited them, they became Russians to the Germans by speaking in the mother tongue which none could understand except themselves; and Americans to the French on whom they impressed a fear of complications arising.

They even indulged in Gaelic songs. In Spain, where they found heather and bracken growing in profusion on the heights of the Pyrenees it was little wonder then that they

#### A NOTED FIGURE



to the unwitting helplessness of the Germans we struck the main Amiens road on the 18th, and to assist in our impersonation of refugees we turned a really beautiful invalid chair into a bogey. There were a lot of pots and pans in an empty villa and they were more useful to us than to anybody else—for appearance sake if nothing else. There were lots of things, including cigarettes, to be picked up in the hastily evacuated villas."

By the 21st the invalid chair had served its useful purpose and it was discarded in favour of the more speedy form of transport provided by three bicycles which were found in a shelled repair shop. Neufchatel and Rosen were reached and the cyclists ferried over the River Seine, paying seven francs and a bottle of wine, which were by no means equal to the charge, but the ferryman seemed quite pleased. On the 23rd they stayed with a race-horse owner who treated them well, gave them food, a razor and 60 francs. He informed them of the evacuation of the B.E.F. from France.

#### Prisoners Again

On the 24th at the Cross Roads near Fromental a German sentry asked for their papers. Having none he made them prisoners, bundled them into a motor lorry and sent them to a camp at Ecouche, where there were about 3000 soldiers.

"After a miserable night, bemoaning our misfortune, we decided to try and bluff our way out as foreigners. The interpreters in the camp tried to get us to speak in many languages. They could not speak Gaelic. We did. They wanted to find out where we came from and we answered confusedly in Gaelic: 'We don't know!'. We had not heard Russian being spoken and when a map was produced we pointed to Russia as our country. It worked. They told us to 'Alles'. Before we got clear another German sentry stopped us but we referred him to his Commander and carried on.

#### Boarded Refugees' Bus

"We were given a lift into Anger by a French farmer and on the way to Niort we succeeded in getting on board the last of a long line of buses which had been carrying refugees. Carried still further by our 'hitch-hiking' methods we got as far as Saintes on the 29th."

On July 3 the lads arrived at Blaye on the way to Bordeaux. This was MacDonald's birthday, but there was no celebration. He,



Ex. C.S.M. John MacDonald, M.C., D.C.M., M.B.E., a grand old soldier who saw service in the Boer War and the last war. He is the father of Corp. Alistair MacDonald.

felt sufficiently "at home" to sing, among other songs, "Glasann Bailie Chaoil" and "Eirech 's cur umhad".

Incidentally both these songs are compositions of the Paisley Bard. Reference to the "big house of the windows" occurring in the latter song was, we learned on Saturday, inspired by the Paisley Mill.

#### Surrounded and Captured

Giving an account of their experiences the men relate that two companies of the 8th Argylls, along with a platoon of the Norfolks, were surrounded by the Germans near St. Blimont, on June 3. They held out for four days, but were taken prisoners on June 7.

A German officer was surprised to find them in such small numbers. "Where are the rest," he asked, and he failed to understand how they had managed to hold out after the first day.

The Argylls were put into a column of about 5000 prisoners, a great many of whom were Frenchmen, and they were marched towards Lille, heading for the Belgian frontier. The Ballachulish lads kept together and made up their minds to escape at the first available opportunity. They kept one eye on the guards and one on the chance to get away. A wheat field seemed to offer good cover, but the guards were suspicious and too near at hand. Their chance came on the 11th, seven days after their capture.

"In one of the villages where we were being supplied with water," they said, "we managed to place ourselves midway between the guards. A French woman stood in a gateway holding a bucket of water. We bent down to get a drink, and, out of sight of the guards, slipped through the gate and hid behind a tree. These were moments of suspense until the remainder of the column had passed."

They tell of the assistance given by a little French boy, who "rigged them out" with civilian clothes. His mother gave them food. They plodded on until dark having watched convoys of German troops on the main Arras road, and that night they slept under a haystack.

#### A Rude Awakening

"We had a truly rude awakening," they said, "on the morning of the 15th. Only a few yards away from us there was a German camp. We made off across country at six o'clock to change the distance from yards into miles. Getting across the Le Bassel canal we came face to face with two German soldiers. We passed them as though they were of no interest to us."

Their intention was to make contact with the French in the Maginet Line, and they headed east by shell-scarred Cambrai, but hearing of the French surrender they branched west. About ten kilometres outside Cambrai they slept in a farm shed. German soldiers had a look at them during the night and advised them to "daumber", which they took to mean sleep. It was the easiest thing in the world to acquiesce.

#### Lift on a German Lorry

"We found ourselves being taken for refugees, for we were given a lift into St. Quentin on a German army lorry. Thanks

On July 3 the lads arrived at Blye on the way to Bordeaux. This was MacDonald's birthday, but there was no celebration. He, poor fellow, wondered whether he would ever have another one, and his thoughts naturally turned to his home at Ballachulish.

"We walked into Bordeaux on the 4th, high in our hopes of getting assistance from the American Consul. That we were disappointed is putting it mildly. He advised us to take work in the fields until the war was over. We decided to reach Spain or die in the attempt.

#### Three American Volunteers

"Reaching Mabels-et-Man on the 9th, we were asked for our papers on seeking food, and next thing we knew we had run foul of the French gendarmes. Under arrest we were taken on a twenty-miles journey for interrogation. We had time, fortunately, to make up a good story. The questioning lasted two hours, but as Americans who had volunteered with the French army we demanded to see the American Consul."

That their tale was convincing was noticeable in a change of attitude the following morning for they were sent on their way and were asked to say nothing about "the great mistake which had been made".

#### Getting over Spanish Frontier

It may be as well to be a little obscure as to what route was taken and where they broke through the Spanish frontier. By the time they had reached the frontier they had collected a Frenchman who wanted to get out of France to Britain. He was helpful in asking and in understanding the directions which were required on getting into the hilly country.

They had the misfortune, however, on the 11th to place their trust in a Spanish soldier riding a mule. Pretending to direct them he led them right into the barracks of Spanish soldiers. By the time they had been marched back eight or nine kilometres to the frontier they reckoned they had walked about eighty kilometres that day.

Next day they were over the frontier at another point, but they were caught and searched in a small village and turned back. Some of the Spanish soldiers gave helpful information and they set out bright and early in the morning only to walk round a corner, slip hang into three Spanish guards, and an officer personally conducted them in a motor lorry, into France again.

#### They Reach Their Destination

The officer at the frontier was a really good sort. He heard their story—which one it was doesn't really matter—and, quite in sympathy, showed them out of Spain and told them of a way to get back. They would have found a way back in any case but the advice was worth following.

It was cold high up on the Pyrenees, but following the instructions received there was no thought of suffering. They had even to plunge through a river, but that was really nothing. They got to their destination in Spain on the 15th and found a British Consul. This important person arranged a means of getting them to this country. How, must not be divulged, either. They were landed at what must be an equally obscure Scottish town, on July 30.

What of the Frenchman? He is now "somewhere in this country" with General de Gaulle's army.

#### All Well-Known Shinty Players

Kemp, who has played for Ballachulish and Glasgow Mid Argyll, has mostly occupied the position of full centre. Wilson, who played for Nether Lochaber before turning senior with Ballachulish, obtained a Scottish Junior Championship Medal in 1905, appeared at half-back. MacDonald, playing as a forward when he turned out for Ballachulish, was the youngest member of the team.

They left Ballachulish on Tuesday to report in the South.

They were given a great send-off, and a party was held in their honour on the previous night.

John Eaples, 25 Lockharton Gardens, Edinburgh, left £7010.

## EPICS OF THE R.A.F.

# They Escaped From Enemy's Jaws!

This story of a hazardous flight over Nazi Europe is typical of the deeds of bravery being performed night and day by Britain's heroes of the air

By Stuart Martin

**S**ERGEANT-GUNNER JOCK was deep in thought as they helped him across the apron to his quarters. He looked as though he'd been pulled through a burning gorse bush, dropped in a duck pond, cleaned a chimney and gone without sleep for weeks.

"Bad trip?" someone asked.

"Bit exciting, but nothing whatever to complain about."

"Tired?"

"So-so!"

And when eventually the story was pieced together from what was said by Jock and his pilot there appeared an incredible epic of R.A.F. resourcefulness.

This Welshman, nicknamed Jock by the strangely perverse humour of the R.A.F., was one of three men in an aircraft that had penetrated deep into Germany with its squadron, had sailed over Prague and was returning over occupied territory when it ran into trouble.

The aircraft was suddenly enveloped in a cloud of fifteen Messerschmitts, angry hornets obviously out for a kill.

It was morning.

There was not a cloud in the sky, and below lay miles of still torn country now occupied by German troops.

"Keep formation" was the order from the British squadron's leader, but the attack was so fierce from all sides that formation could not be kept after the first blast of gunfire.

It became necessary for the British to select their foes and to deal with them individually.

Jock, from Wales, first felt the attack when bursts from two Messerschmitts started rattling on the tail of his machine, the bullets ripping through the fabric and splashing against the metal, hissing over and above.

Jock heard a shout and turned to see the observer crumpled in his seat. He had been shot through the head, and blood was dripping from his brow.

One of the Nazi's incendiary bullets ripped through Jock's tunic; seared his shoulder. He smelled burning cloth.

Yet he had a feeling of exultation because one of the Nazi machines had swung into the line of his sights. As Jock pressed the trigger of his gun flames from his tunic blazed into his face.

He slapped them out with his hand, and turned to see that his aim had been accurate. The Messerschmitt was going into a spin.

He gave it another burst; then a third.

The Nazi went round like a top, and dived out of sight to destruction.

But the second Messerschmitt was joined by another. And above them zoomed a third, which dived, firing almost continuously.

The British machine was getting it from all sides. Jock worked his gun as he had never worked before. He sent bursts into one, swung round and fired at the second, had a glimpse of the third and let go at it.

The British ship was staggering.

This hammering was more than any machine could stand. The pilot was wounded, but was still doing his best to control an uncontrollable craft. He was steadily losing height.

"You'd better jump for it, Jock!" yelled the pilot. "I'll try to save the crate or jump, too, if I can't."

As he spoke the pilot gave a turn to the craft to aid Jock to get out. He must have unconsciously pulled the rip-cord of the parachute. At first he found himself dragged by the aircraft and then the resistance ceased and he was in the air.

The parachute had opened all right.

**H**E felt himself dropping slowly, hung by the straps around him.

German soldiers who had left their transport lorries on the road to watch the aerial battle reached for their rifles and started shooting at him as he descended. He heard their bullets.

He also felt the strengthening wind.

Till then it had been blowing in gusts. Now the gusts increased, and he was borne some distance away. Yet the soldiers continued firing at him even when he was out of range.

He landed in a meadow that was torn and scarred by artillery fire. Heaps of earth had been thrown up, but beyond this meadow was a flat field of grass, and beyond that field a small wood.

He came down pretty hard and rolled into a hollow.

Disentangling himself from his parachute, he tried to rise to his feet, but he found that the incendiary bullet, clipping him on the shoulder, had done more than rip his tunic.

It had caused a flesh wound that had bled freely.

**T**HE earth into which he had fallen was soft and wet, and after several attempts to rise, he at last found his feet. Dragging himself up the slope of the hollow, he saw German soldiers running towards him. And as they ran some of them were firing.

Jock had no weapons, but he did not want to be taken prisoner.

He had information that he wanted to bring back to his squadron. He determined to run for it. He made for the wood, hoping to find a hiding-place there.

He reached it, pursued by the Germans.

He dived into it, searching for a nook where he might hide. And then, peering through the trees, he saw in a flat field beyond the wood the machine from which he had dropped.

He raced on and reached it.

The pilot was still in his cabin, trying to take off, when Jock reached the craft. He climbed in.

"Had to come down," said the pilot. "Got her going now, though. Let's go!"

He tickled the engines, which roared in unison again, and as the aircraft taxied Germans burst into view from behind the wood, shouting and firing.

Several of them ran towards the machine, spreading their arms wide, as though to stop it.

The pilot was bringing the ship round into the wind and the Germans did not stand a chance. It "stopped" several Germans before its wheels left the earth, and Jock "stopped" more with his gun.

The ship rose shakily, spitting and spluttering, but the pilot coaxied it upward. It skimmed above the wood, almost touching the trees, then circled back and spiralled to several thousand feet.

At that height it flew over the German camps, the target of every gun within range. It was hit once or twice, and limped to the coast, crossed the Channel, and landed, a lame dog, at its base.

The ground staff found there was hardly a teacupful of petrol in the tanks, but the craft had been saved, and the information gained during that night flight was passed to G.H.Q.

Sometimes, on reconnaissance, Jock flies too high for even the most optimistic of Nazi gunners.

When they were over a German city the navigator-observer picked up a radio message from the ground. He took it down on his pad and handed it to the pilot.

"You British up there," it read, "are you coming down to get your deserts? Hell Hitler!"

The British pilot read the message, then scribbled a reply.

"Not to-night, sweetheart," he said. "Hell to Hitler!"

There were no more Nazi messages.

And Jock had got the photographs he had set out to secure.

# HITLER'S MIRROR CAN REFLECT NO NAPOLEON

The Corsican, for instance, was a Gifted and Constructive Despot: To His Vassal States He Brought Order, Not a Gang Wielding Whips of Persecution

By E. C. Bentley

THE first of the lessons that history teaches us, it has been cynically said, is that the lessons of history are always disregarded. Not always, perhaps, but certainly often; and often, too, it may happen that the man who is said to ignore the lessons of history has made no serious study of history, and so does not know what its lessons are.

This is probably the case of Adolf Hitler. It is due, however, to his superhuman egoism to say that, even if he knew all that history has to teach, he would sweep it aside in the secure conviction that he could accomplish what the greatest of men before him had found impossible.

Hitler's present programme is the domination and exploitation of the European Continent by Germany as a "New Order." The countries already conquered will remain vassals; the rest will take their orders, under the threat of compulsion. There is also the necessity, regretted by Hitler as unavoidable, of "annihilating" Great Britain.

## Dominated Europe —But Vanquished

All of us realise that we are living in days when new and tremendous forces are at work; in particular, when new weapons and new tactical expedients have transformed the character of war. Yet in Hitler's plan for the future, thus briefly stated, there is something curiously familiar.

It is, in fact, Napoleon's plan; the enterprise to which his genius was devoted after he had made himself master of France and of the most formidable army then in existence. And in regard to that enterprise history has, I believe, lessons for us and for Germany that are not to be ignored, for all the changes that the world has seen.

Napoleon did succeed in dominating Europe for a few years by force of arms. What were the factors that destroyed his Empire and destroyed him?

One of them was the exhaustion of France's strength and will to war, even while her armies were still invincible. The second was the immortal spirit of national independence that led the conquered and exploited peoples to turn against the oppressor as soon as his hold was weakened, and unite to drag him down. The third was the undefeated power of Great Britain, which steadily sapped his strength and at last delivered the death-blow.

## Bonaparte's Dislike of Oratory

It is interesting, at least, to recall these broad facts in the conditions of to-day. It is Hitler's chosen task to pease that there is nothing in the lesson that they convey, it is easier to establish its value.

In the meantime can something of significance be found in a contrast between the Dictators of the French Empire and of the Third Reich; between the men and between their situations?

Napoleon was one of the most supremely gifted beings that ever lived. He was "as great as a man can be without virtue." His intellectual powers were amazing. His ideas were clear and sane in an ex-

ceptional degree; even when they were wrong they were rational; his expression of them was always clean-cut and trenchant. He disliked oratory; and when he coined, as he often did, a rhetorical phrase for public appeal, it was always classical in brevity and relevancy to the matter in hand.

What of Hitler by contrast? Napoleon had never fought a battle his name would live as that of a great constructive statesman. He created for France the administrative system by which the country was governed from his time until, but a few weeks ago, the "men of Vichy" solemnly decreed its abolition.

## Freedom-Loving Until Ambition Fired Him

Under the rule of its author, France was administered with absolute probity and rigid economy. In the earlier years of his power the country was prosperous and contented. When Royalists or Republicans conspired they found no backing; there was not a prison-camp in the country. There was no persecution. The ruler's power was established, not by force, but by the overwhelming vote of the whole people in an open plebiscite.

What of Hitler by contrast? Even when Napoleon created a vassal State, he gave it a Constitution which was always better than what it replaced, always one in which the people could, and often did, take a pride. He founded educational systems and universities beyond the borders of France. He gave to that country a Code of Laws, just, humane and reasonable, that has been the model of all similar institutions from that time to this. There was freedom of worship and equal rights for every religious community, including the Jews.

What of Hitler by contrast? The earlier conquests of Napoleon, before mere ambition came to dominate him, were made in the name of freedom and enlightenment. They were eagerly welcomed by the liberal elements in the conquered countries; to such men as Goethe and Heine he was a hero, and "the dance of the French drums" was the sweetest of music.

## He Had No Gang Craving Power

Napoleon surrounded himself with men of genius and men of the highest ability. He fostered the arts and sciences, greatly to the advantage as well as honour of his régime. He did his utmost to win over to his service the best men of the Monarchical and the Republican régimes that he had overthrown.

He tolerated no corruption and no brutality in the exercise of authority; his object was good government for the nation, not the irresponsible power of his own gang. He had no gang. His title to the passionate admiration, and loyalty of France lay in his achievement in saving the work of the

## A MESSAGE FOR TO-DAY

Combinations of wickedness would overwhelm the world by the advantage afforded licentiousness, especially if it did not those who have long practised perfidy grow faithless to each other.

DR. JOHNSON.

Revolution, the establishment of liberty and equality, from being stamped out of existence by alien tyranny.

Ruthless though he could be, mere cruelty was unknown to him. In the exercise of his first commission, the clearing of anti-Government rioters from the streets of Paris, he caused his guns to be loaded with blank after the first "whiff of grape-shot." He respected magnanimity and the humane impulse; even when they were disregarded in his own conduct, he never held them up to contempt.

What of Hitler?

This summary survey may serve to make clear why it was that even among Englishmen Napoleon had admirers whose feeling was never changed, although the invasion and subjugation of Britain was for years his darling project. At least it can be understood that, if that project had succeeded, the rule of the Emperor—while it lasted—would have been a different thing indeed from the rule of vindictive blackguardism and criminal lunacy with which we are threatened to-day.

## Frederick the Great's Disciple

Napoleon, however, has never held the chief place in Hitler's esteem; perhaps because Napoleon was not of the race that alone has the right to dominate the world. The Fuehrer's highest admiration, as we know, has been reserved for the German soldier-king, Frederick the Great.

Yet it will be clear to anyone who has devoted to the life of Frederick a fraction of the study that Hitler must have given to it, that Hitler is far indeed from having modelled himself upon one he has called a "brilliant hero." It is not too much to say that Frederick, could he have been granted a vision of his admirer's character and career, would have regarded both with disgust.

I have been much struck by one illuminating fact. Frederick was the first of the European rulers to abolish the use of torture in his administration. Hitler is the first, and is likely to be the last, of European rulers to reintroduce torture and to make it a cornerstone of his régime.

In all respects Frederick was by the standards of his time an enlightened and humane king. He was beloved by his people, in spite of the dreadful sufferings and privations endured by them as a consequence of his militarist ambition. He needed no army of bodyguards.

## A Despiser of German Culture

Frederick did not regard the Germans as the salt of the earth. On the contrary, he despised German culture, such as it was. He spoke German only when it was necessary; French was the language of his intimate circle, and he eagerly sought the company of French poets and philosophers.

What can be the qualities in this monarch which have compelled the passionate admiration of Adolf Hitler?

The only intelligible answer, it seems to me, is that Frederick was, in a sense, a State totally unscrupulous; that he stuck at nothing when it was a question of the enlargement of his power and of glory for himself; that he was the embodiment of aggressive militarism. For this memory is revered by his modern disciple and imitator.

# Hitler's Revolution in Germany's School System: NAZI EDUCATION'S SUPREME OBJECT—A RACE OF FUEHRERS

By J. B. Firth

of what the Nazis call "Weltanschauung," or World Outlook.

This grandiose conception is the product of penetrating minds. I find in it curious echoes and suggestions of other schemes for the discovery and the training of men designed to guard the person of absolute monarchs or to be the leaders of their own communities. One is reminded, for example, of the Janissaries, of Plato's scheme for the training of his guardians in the "Republic," and even of Rhodes's Scholarship scheme for the selection of natural leaders for the self-governing communities of the British Empire.

One could imagine magnificent results from such a foundation if its purpose were to educate the best youths drawn from every class—as these are to be drawn—in the noblest arts of government directed to the good of the governed and the advancement of mankind. But that is not Hitler's purpose at all.

## Despots of the Future

His scheme is designed in every detail for the creation of a Junker class of Nazi leaders, Herrenfolk, lords of mankind, jack-booted, intolerant of all criticism, imperious in command, exacting an instant obedience, responsible only to the Fuehrer of the day, leaders intoxicated with the corrupting poison of race consciousness, despots without a touch of benevolence to those under their rule, who have learnt their notions of truth at the feet of Goebbels and their conceptions of justice and mercy from the pitiless despoiler of Czechoslovakia and Poland. They will be professional as the military leaders of Germany are professional, efficient and domineering masters in the arts of exploitation and Machiavellian guile.

This scheme is the most subtle menace to freedom that Hitler has devised, and it is most cunningly adapted to buttress the Nazi edifice.

The general outline was already in his mind in 1934, when he talked of the future with Dr. Rausing. He then said that "only in this Party University of his would he allow the gospel of the free man to be preached—the man who is master of life and death, of human fear and superstition, who has learnt to control his body, his muscles and his nerves, but remains at the same time impervious to the temptations of the mind and of sciences alleged to be free."

That is plain enough in the beginning, though it grows cryptic towards the close. Why are only the future leaders of Nazism to be taught the gospel of the free man? If it is gospel, why restrict it to the few? Why?

Obviously because the truth would make the rest of the community free and Hitler would have been a slave. And what are "the temptations of the mind" to which the perfect Nazi alone can remain impervious? Are they promptings to vice? Nay, rather, I think, to virtue.

## Keeping Germany on Top

For Hitler's perfect Nazi with "Fuehrer possibilities" is the man who is ready to sacrifice everything to the one maniacal idea of putting Germany at the top of the world and keeping her there with an ever-expanding stretch of subject alien races to do her will—"the modern slave class." That is Hitler's own description. He sees the world his slaves. His lieutenants alone are to be free to know the right and then deliberately choose to do the wrong. This is the subtlety of the devil—Hitlerism at its peak. But before Hitler's first 4,000 well-tutored and athletic adepts are loosed upon the world I trust that the Fate who holds the "abhorred shears" will slit the thin purple thread of this insensate liberticide.

THE general purposes of State education are to impart knowledge, to train the faculties of the young, to form character, to produce good citizens.

Such a definition, however, would not satisfy the Nazi concept of State education, which is concerned primarily and all the time with producing Germans who accept without question the whole Nazi doctrine of life.

There must be no hedging, no qualification, no reserve. What Hitler says is the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. If, like the Scottish boy in the play, the youthful German complains that he does not understand the Nazi catechism, straight comes the answer, "Who asked you to understand it; learn it." Swallow the bolus, shout "Hell Hitler" and be prompt to obey at the word of command.

## Old Standards Smirched

There is no idea of teaching young Germany to think for itself on any subject which can, however remotely, be connected with politics and the Nazi way of life. The machine clutches the child at 10 years of age, and never releases its grip till the man has reached the sere and yellow leaf.

Presumably, certain narrow fields of thought may still be ranged at will. The German is still free to stray in the region of higher mathematics, and he may perambulate in the sciences on the chance of finding a new explosive. But as for history, politics, economics, ethics—if he looks wistfully over the gate to those broad and pleasant meadows he is marked down at once as an escapist and his future career is in jeopardy.

For only what the Nazi teacher says is true; and "all the rest is lies," and it does not profit a boy to be top of his class in the yearly examinations if he is suspect of any heretical leanings on the interpretation of history since the Treaty of Versailles.

The bonfires of "heretical" books which lit up for a few hours the university quadrangles of Germany heralded the deeper darkness of the night which still persists. The principles and practice of Nazi education have smirched the German intellectual standards from the highest to the lowest. From the world's universal judgment there is no appeal.

It is possible that in some democratic countries a popular fetish is made of universal education. Hitler holds it in supreme contempt. "Universal education," he has said, "is the most corroding and disintegrating poison that Liberalism has ever invented for its own destruction."

## Deterioration of Learning

What he wants, in fact, is not an educated, but a docile, receptive, uncritical and uncomplaining German people. The number of entrants to the higher training schools and to the universities was drastically reduced as soon as Hitler came to power. Candidates have to satisfy the examining boards as to character, instruction and ability in the order named. Good morals do indeed count for something, but blameless political character and pedigree for much more.

The expulsion of 1,300 persons of Professorial status from the German universities proved a staggering blow to the reputation and efficiency of seats of learning once honoured throughout the world. Racial politics have triumphed, but not without grave detriment to the cultural and intellectual life of Germany. Hitler, however, like Hippocleides, does not care. When one of his

officials drew his attention to the deterioration in the higher scientific work at the universities he scarcely deigned to listen. "Humanistic ideals" mean as little to him as to the servile Rector of Frankfort University who demanded their replacement by the "principles of racial politics."

One may say, therefore, that Hitler has chosen the Spartan rather than the Athenian rule, and that his interest in popular education has been principally directed towards making the German youth a willing yet mechanised instrument of war. But that is not the whole story. There is one department of education in the Reich in which Hitler takes the deepest educational interest and on which he is ready to lavish without stint the resources of the State. That is the department concerned with the specialist schools founded for the intensive training of the Nazi leaders of the future.

The idea is this. The new World Order to be imposed by Germany will primarily depend upon the omnipotent and omniscient Fuehrer, and, secondarily, upon a new class of leaders, who will fill all the key positions not only in the Reich—but in the satellite countries which are to remain dependent upon the Reich and also in the countries of the outer world, with which Germany will be in diplomatic relations.

## "Adolf Hitler" Schools

It is not a question of training a few dozen or a few hundred leaders. They must be trained in thousands. They must be caught young after infinite pains have been taken to discover boys possessing what is called "Fuehrer possibilities." They must be of unimpeachable Nazi parentage, physically perfect, good at games, hardy and courageous, boys with the instinct to take command. All the schools of the Reich must be carefully filtered to procure the best specimens, and since the career that opens at the end of the training promises glittering prospects the competition is enormously keen. The State will pay the whole cost of their education, and find them in uniforms and pocket money, and the Adolf Hitler schools are the finest of their kind.

There the boys will spend the years from 10 to 14, and thence pass on to four even more splendid institutions situated in four contrasted districts of Germany, where every boy will pass a year at each till he reaches 18, the age for his military service. A thousand youths will thus be together at each school, or 4,000 in all, hand picked at every stage. Then after they have completed their military and labour service there remain final courses to be taken at the Party University at Chiemsee in the Bavarian Alps, where they will be initiated into the mysteries

## A MESSAGE FOR TO-DAY

Time and its ally, Dark Disarmament,  
Have compassed me about,  
Have massed their armies, and  
on battle bent  
My forces put to rout;  
But though I fight alone, and  
fall, and die,  
Talk terms of Peace? Not I.  
They've shot my flag to  
ribbons, but in rents  
It floats above the height;  
Their ensign shall not crown  
my battlements;  
While I can stand and fight  
I fling defiance at them as I cry  
"Capitulate? Not I!"

PAULINE JOHNSON.

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OUR LOVE AND HEARTFELT CONGRATULATIONS YOUR TRIUMPHANT AND HISTORIC VICTORY  
VERY DEEPEST SENSE OF REJOICING AND GRATIFICATION FROM PERSONAL AND PUBLIC  
ANGLE OUR WARMEST THOUGHTS AND WISHES

ARTHUR AND FAITH MURRAY

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**Telephone: National 2600**

Form 112WN—TD 127

To secure prompt action on inquiries, this original RADIOGRAM should be presented at the office of R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, Inc. In telephone inquiries quote the number preceding the place of origin.

PSF  
Arthur Murray

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Hyde Park, N. Y.,  
June 2, 1941.

Dear Faith and Arthur:-

It is many months since I have written to you but I have been very grateful to hear from you and of you both from time to time, including word from several Britishers who have come here on missions. It is good, indeed, to know from your telegram of last week that you are both all right and that you are getting a little rest at An Cala.

There is a real need for such a thing, as I myself know. I imagine I worked a bit too hard this Spring and came down with some kind of an intestinal germ and had to stay in bed a whole week, which was unusual for me.

Naturally I can make few plans for the Summer, but I hope to get up here for a weekend once every three or four weeks.

It has been possible, as you know, for me to carry the country along slowly, but I think surely, and last week's speech met with far more approval -- I should guess at least seventy-five or eighty per cent -- than if I had given it even two weeks before.

I am in almost daily touch with the P. M. and we are, of course, thrilled by the sinking of the Bismarck. It is too bad

about the Hood, but we must remember that if losses on both sides run on a 50-50 basis, the German losses at sea will depreciate far quicker proportionately than the British. I think our extending patrol will be of definite help.

Do -- both of you -- take care of yourselves and send me word how you both are from time to time.

As ever yours,

Colonel The Honorable and Mrs. Arthur Murray,  
An Cala,  
Isle of Seil,  
Argyll,  
Scotland.

FAST



# RCA

DIRECT



## RADIOGRAM R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

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NLT THE PRESIDENT

1941 MAY 29 AM 7 45

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

*achid  
6/3*

YOUR NOBLE COURAGEOUS AND EPOCH MAKING PRONOUNCEMENT AND ACTIONS LIFT  
UP THE HEARTS OF ALL OF US IN THESE ISLANDS FAITHS AND MY LOVE AND  
THOUGHTS AND BEST WISHES WE ARE HAVING A RESPITE AT AN CALA AND ARE  
BOTH WELL AND IN HEARTY SPIRITS

ARTHUR MURRAY

Telephone: National 2600

Form 112WN—TD 127

To secure prompt action on inquiries, this original RADIOGRAM should be presented at the office of R.C.A. COMMUNICATIONS, Inc. In telephone inquiries quote the number preceding the place of origin.

Carrington House,  
Hertford Street,  
London, W. 1.

Mayfair 0495.

25/12/40

"  
My dear "Minnie"

Inclosed for  
the President, if you  
please.

May your every wish  
in 1941 be fulfilled,  
is the message we send  
to you at this time.

Yours very sincerely  
Arthur Murray

XMAS DAY, 1940

Carrington House  
Herford Street W. 1.  
Clay. 0495.

Dear Franklin,

Xmas Day, 1917, I was Military Attaché in Washington, and in contact with you who were directing the United States Naval effort in the grim battle against German autocracy. By Xmas Day, 1918, victory for the Allied and Associated Powers had been achieved.

To-day, Xmas, 1940, in "blacked-out" Britain we are humbly grateful to God that He has chosen you to command the great American nation in these fateful times, and is furthering your wise, far-seeing, experienced and forceful policies designed to succour Britain and her Allies in this titanic struggle against the powers of evil and darkness. By Xmas, 1941, who shall say that the fog will not have lifted and the mists cleared away, revealing to the forces that fight for freedom and justice the mountain peaks of victory. So may it be.

A pleasing little story anent "justice" was told to Faith and myself by Sir Percy Loraine -- lately British Ambassador in Ankara and Rome, and erstwhile British Minister in Teheran -- when we were visiting Lady Loraine and himself at their country home a short time ago. The story is of the last war. The General Officer commanding the British Forces in Mesopotamia had sent one of his Intelligence Officers to converse with the General commanding the Russian Army on the Caspian Front. On the way back the Officer passed for some distance along one of the tracks taken by Persian and Central Asian pilgrims on their way to the Holy places. At nightfall, finding himself close to a small group of pilgrims camping by the track side, the Officer asked them if he might join their party for the night, to which they assented. After an hour or so he wrapped himself in his blankets, and prepared to slumber, but, before "dropping off", he listened for a while to the pilgrims chattering

Carrington House  
 Hertford Street W. 1.  
 Clay. 0495.

amongst themselves, in oriental fashion, round their camp fire. And, as he listened, this, inter alia, is what he heard. Said one pilgrim: "What will be the end of this war; who will win; who will be beaten; what will happen?" To which replied a second pilgrim: "If the Turks are beaten, that will be the end of courage in the world". "And if the Germans are beaten," said another, "that will be the end of science in the world". "And if the British are beaten", said yet another of the group, "that will be the end of justice in the world". At which, an old pilgrim, with a long grey beard, stroking his beard, said: "If that be so, then God will never allow the British to be beaten".

To turn to a story of quite a different character:::::Many replies given by German prisoners to the interrogating Officers are "going the rounds". The following remark made by a prisoner seems to me to throw a floodlight on Nazi mentality and outlook, and on the fantastic stuff which is pumped into them. A short while ago, a Nazi pilot, who had "baled out", was being interrogated. Before the Officer had time to open his mouth the Nazi said: "My Führer is coming over here quite soon so you had better treat me well, or it will be the worse for you." "Well, your Führer had better hurry up and rescue you", replied the Officer, "because we're shipping you off to Canada tomorrow!" The point, of course, is that the mentality of this Nazi pilot is typical of that of practically the whole of the generation under 30 years of age in Germany to-day. What a background! What a foundation-less existence! What a sordid, blacked-out future! What a problem for those whose task it will be to set on its feet a Europe with a festering sore of that character in its midst!

I am not sure whether you have ever met Halifax, but I venture to think that you will find him a man after your own heart. We Liberals have always felt

3.

Carrington House  
Hertford Street W. 1.  
Clay. 0495.

that his place in politics was with us rather than with the Conservatives! However that may be, to-day we are one and all united in the only crusade that matters, namely, the crushing of the Nazi tyranny that hangs like a funeral pall over the continent of Europe.

Faith and I send our love and best wishes to you and yours for the year on which we are just entering. We are hoping to be able to enjoy a few days -- away from work -- at An Cala in the middle of January. Our Flat in this Block has not had a direct "hit," but there is no glass in the windows, and the doors etc. look rather queer! However, ~~there~~ are walls and a ceiling, and my writing-desk, at which I now sit, is practically undamaged, so we are very lucky! Very lucky indeed, when we think of the misery and injury inflicted by that foul brute Göring's day and night bombers. We are winning this war, and, when we have won, the people of this country know what they are going to do to the leaders of Germany, if any of the leaders fall into their hands. The common people of Britain know the Nazi leaders for what they are, mass murderers, torturers, liars, perjurers and slave-drivers, and they propose -- if the opportunity comes to them -- to mete out the punishment that is deserved. Perhaps the British people have never, up-to-date, in past wars, ~~really~~ really hated their enemies, but in this war they do -- with a real, fierce hatred; and how justified is their hate.

As ever yours,

*Arthur Murray*

The President  
The White House  
Washington, D.C.

Ednam Lodge,  
Sunningdale,  
Berkshire,  
ENGLAND.

December 3rd '40

Dear Mr President, (Cousin Franklin) (Franklin)

I do not like writing to you on the typer, but my writing is so bad, that for your sake I am doing it. I wish so much that our rare conversations did not have to be by machinery, but I do hope you feel through this medium all I would wish to convey. What a truly marvellous Victory you have won. It has been such a relief over here, and the only people ever heard to want something else were the ignorant Wall Street, hard boiled, selfish pigs, that go about the world only thinking about themselves and what they can make out of a row of pins. 'oh' how I do dislike them, and how I would like to throw them to the Nazi's. I went through a terrible three days before your election, I knew you would win it, but until you were through, I went through stages of apprehension not knowing what might happen at the last minute, ~~that~~ some awful trick ~~would~~ <sup>might</sup> be played to get the other man in. I went off my food. Arthur all the time saying quietly and calmly 'there': nothing to worry about 'there is no shadow of doubt about it' but still I kept feeling sort of sick in the distance, and each day I said 'ah' one day nearer'. and then the day came and oh the joy in our hearts, I jumped with relief, and then dear Mr President I went out and was frightfully sick. So please dear Cousin do not put us through those awful times again. The country is thrilled. And you coupled with the complete failure of the Battle of Britain has brought us to a more favourable outlook, not so forgetting of course the change that has come over the Mediterranean scene. But I will not talk politics, not that anything I say is worth much. But YOU are the factor of most importance to us ~~and the world~~.

I had such a nice letter from Daisy Suckley not long ago with some snaps of yourself and Fala. He looks a grand little fellow. It would be fun to play with him and have tea at the little house up in the woods. I wonder if those times will ever come again. You will certainly be there, but shall we ever get to you? Life is tough and go these days.

As I sit and write now the Alert is going which means Danger, and very soon we shall hear the thug thug of the engines in the Hun Bomber, and the Anti-aircraft guns will boom out, and maybe close at hand or maybe far away we shall hear the now familiar and dreadful sound of the bombs or land mines dropping their destructive wares and leaving sorrow, suffering and demolition behind. It gives one such a feeling of horror and disgust to know that we are doing exactly the same thing. It is all so beastly, I feel I have much to ask of our Mighty God, if I am considered worthy to meet him on the day of reckoning. I hope to see you, though and have

another view of those lovely red trees on the banks of the Hudson River,-- another picnic up in the hills, perhaps a shag to eat from the Potomac, another glimpse of Hyde Park, and all the kind people there, and on dnce more step on the sympathetic soil of the U.S.A.-before that day of reckoning does come.

Since we last wrote to you our flat has been bombed Luckily we had removed all the things of value, and glass, silver, china, and pictures. We put the furniture well covered and wrapped up in the middle of the rooms and by this act most of it is only slightly damaged. But it quite uninhabitable. I will not write you any more details as I do not think the Censor likes it.

Arthur is very busy at the moment on various Committees. He is baling out Italians ~~xxxx~~ interned at the beginning of the war, or rather when that "bad Smell" as Hitler calls him decided to join in with his German boy friend. Arthur says he is now getting back on all the waiters who have done him for years!

I am back with my W.V.S. which now has a Branch here, and I am going this afternoon to sort out and separate into various sizes and for special cases a lovely big bundles of warm clothes for the children and women who have been evacuated to this part of the world *which had come from your Red X.* We are so so grateful for them, for the stories of this distressed people really could be written in their own blood. This is the first few names on my list;

John Hodson (aged 10) one parent killed in air raid, other missing  
boots, undrvests, mackinto

Mary Hodson (aged 8) sister of above. injured, in hospital. all clothes  
lost.

George Elton (aged 12) mother killed. Father in Army abroad. Boots,  
mackintosh. stockings and under

Elsie Burney (both parents killed) age 7. destitute. Complete outfit.

HILda Warner (aged 13) blinded is in institution, but have applied for  
(parents missing) warm underclothes.

harry young (mother missing, Father killed at Dunkirk. Boots, mackintosh  
underclothes, socks.

and so the list goes on. If only your countrymen could see me this aft-  
ternoon

ternoon, and one or two others making up the bundles and giving them to these little creatures your hearts <sup>and</sup> gladden, and you would be so thankful for what you have done. And please tell them to go on doing it. They are such brave little souls, and their women too. They are marvelous. I could not have beleived that such a spirit and fortitude could have existed among these poor and so called uneducated people from the slums of London. They could <sup>teach</sup> some of a lot of things it would be good to know, and which are not to be found in a Greek Grammer, or in Latin Verse.

I do think Fala looks a grand Chap. I wonder whether you ever got that photo of Falahill which I took when we were staying there in the Autumn? I was rather proud of myself at that moment ~~at that time~~

at that moment as a photographer, and tis picture came out very well.

It is quite possible you did not get it because I believe they not pictures through the postthen, and I did not know it.

You know we were coming over to U.S.A. the October after War was declared, and then had to cancel all our resevations, well I had to cancel something else as well. It was a present I was bringing you

In other words a Fala. I chased all over the country to find the right sort, as they were all low on the ground ,and I knew that you wanted the old fashioned kind. I found a beauty, and had started arrangements for him to come out with us , and of course I had to cancel him. But I am so glad you have got one and it look s to be the sort you wanted. He will give you back all the love you give him. Looking round the world today makes one feel a little in sympathy with Maeterlinck's rather cynical lines'' Plus que je connait les hommes , plus j'aime les bêtes''.

Arthur is down from Scotland for Christmas, and yesterday we drove over to lunch with the Vansittarts. He is in tremendous fettle I wish he had more of the reins in his vital hands - but maybe. His brains and energy are being wasted.

TELEPHONE 21284.



December 7th, 1940

The President  
The White House  
Washington, D.C.  
U.S.A.

Dear Franklin,

I have a letter to-day from Willie Tyrrell from London, and I feel that, in view of your friendship of old days with him, and your remembrance of the outstandingly wise and able part he has played in British and international diplomacy, you would wish me to pass on to you the substance of what he says.

Tyrrell says that the Polish Government is sending a new Ambassador to Washington in the person of Ciakanowski, who is a great friend of his. In venturing to recommend Ciakanowski to your attention, Tyrrell says to me that he hopes that you know him well enough to acquit him of being guilty of attempting to "stick" you "with a dud"!

In addition to my other war work, I have been sitting for the last two months in Edinburgh as a Member of a Government Tribunal dealing with Italian Internees in Scotland. We have stopped work for a week or two, and I am just off to London for war business there. Faith is staying with friends of ours near Ascot (doing Womens' Volunteer Services work) -- about 20 miles out of London -- and while I am at my "day" work in London, I make that my headquarters.

I do hope your sea voyage gave you a good "sea-breeze" rest, which you must have badly needed. Britain -- and indeed the "free" world -- rejoices to its heart's fullest extent that you are to remain at the helm of your great country in these super-critical times.

As ever yours,

*Arthur Murray*

Dec. 30 '4

Edinburgh.

I have decided to continue this letter by hand  
as the typing is so poor! Such a lot of things  
have happened since I started this letter -  
on your side of the Atlantic & here -

Last night your friend's talk which Arthur  
will read me this afternoon - at the same  
time that you were reading it we thus  
were raining down incendiary bombs on  
London in thousands - I can't think they  
will do NOT do the same thing to Berlin.

I am writing this from Edinburgh - have  
taken a week's leave to go across to  
Anaba to do some planting - lovely  
flowering prunus & pyrus - & transplanting  
my maid - I are going to do it  
ourselves - no manum available -  
It will be happy work - the time  
for your visit ~~is~~ is nearly 2 months  
hence. Our love to you dear  
Mr. President. Faith.

Murray

Am. Lines  
3-41

July 15, 1941.

Dear Faith:-

The wee Scottie has a bad case of swelled head but we are trying to make him understand that he can only wear the collar on state occasions when he is very good, and that it must be especially saved for the day when you and Arthur get over here -- may it be soon. And if the DAMN THING would end and ever I can go to An Cal<sup>la</sup>, Falla will come to meet Jock.

I did love to get the photograph and yet somehow, while you look very smart, I have not yet got accustomed to ladies in uniform. The latest over here is that the Civilian Defense organization has set up five different branches with five different uniforms and the ladies are allowed to pick the branch of work which suits the uniform they prefer!

I do hope that both of you are getting a real month of rest -- make it longer if you can.

Tell Arthur that I see a real reason for the two of you to be sent over here as a part of the British Mission.

I think that this is a very pious idea but I cannot, with due propriety, demand it of Winston.

Affectionately,

Mrs. Arthur Murray,  
An Cala,  
Isle of Seil,  
Argyll,  
Scotland.

Pictures and letter mailed to someone by Pres.

PSF: Murray

Drawn 3-41



LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY,  
23 WATERLOO PLACE,  
EDINBURGH.

July 28, 1940

dele  
personal  
"dear hissie,"

Enclosed letter, if you  
please, for the President — to  
whom the gratitude of all of us  
in Britain is infinitely profound.

My wife and I are very  
well, and send you our greetings  
and best wishes. A magnificent  
breakfast by Harry Hopkins  
last night. Yours very sincerely  
Arthur Murray

Handwritten: 3-91

Handwritten: file personal

CHAIRMAN'S ROOM, SCOTTISH AREA,  
LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY,  
23 WATERLOO PLACE,  
EDINBURGH.



The President,  
The White House,  
Washington, D.C.,  
U. S. A.

28th July, 1941.

Dear Franklin,

Your friend and mine, Walter Runciman, has a son Leslie Runciman, who is also a friend of mine. Leslie is one of the best of our "40 year old" generation. He was a Director of the London & North Eastern Railway Company, and, inter alia, is a skilled Pilot, and commanded the Newcastle Auxiliary Air Squadron. When "British Airways" was formed in 1939, Leslie was asked by the British Government to assume the appointment of Managing Director of this great undertaking, which post he has since held with credit and distinction. A short while ago he said to me in conversation that he might possibly in the near future be making a tour of inspection Eastwards, returning via the United States. I told him that in the event of his visiting Washington it might perhaps be that you would consider allowing him to pay his respects to you, and that, in order to give you this opportunity, should you so think fit, he was to ask the Ambassador whether the latter would be good enough to let his (Leslie's) presence in Washington be known to you.

Faith and I were so delighted to get your letter of June 2nd. It was good of you to find time to write to us in the midst of the tremendous burdens that lie upon your shoulders and close in upon you every minute of the day. Tangible reward for all your stupendous labours and for your skilled handling of vast and complex problems will lie in the defeat - when it comes - of our hated and bestial foes. Intangible reward comes now and always to you in the gratitude that swells the hearts of all of us in these Islands for the vital assistance that you have given, and are increasingly giving, to us and our Allies in the tense struggle that is being waged to uphold the causes of freedom and democracy.

We are half-way through the Summer; Autumn will soon be upon us; and then the third "black-out" Winter! But we have grown accustomed to finding our way about in the dark; and, though bombs descend upon us, this Winter, at any rate, we shall have the enthralling satisfaction of knowing that our aerial attacks on Germany will be dealing really heavy destruction to the loathsome Huns.

What a grand show that was over Brest a few days ago with the first appearance of your "Flying Fortresses"! And now you have taken stern action against Japan. A World at War! Never in history have a hundred days been fraught with such tremendous consequences, or held within their grasp such momentous influences for good or for evil upon the future of mankind, as the hundred days that now lie ahead. May God be with all who are fighting in this terrific battle against the brutal aggressors.

With our love and every good wish,

As ever yours,

*Arthur Murray*

P.S. Here is a story, true and characteristic. A few months ago a British Destroyer captured the crew of a German submarine. The Commander of the Destroyer invited the German Officers into his wardroom and gave them some food. They did not speak and he thought this was due either to shyness or to lack of knowledge of the English language. Finally, however, one of the Germans broke the silence. This is what he said : "The soup is cold".

*L.H.*

P.S.2. Harry Hopkins delivered over the radio last night a most eloquent, inspiring and encouraging address which has cheered all our hearts.

*L.H.*

PSF; Murray

Handwritten  
Number 3-4!  
"M"



The President,  
The White House,  
Washington, D.C.,  
U. S. A.

*file personal*

CHAIRMAN'S ROOM, SCOTTISH AREA,  
LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY,  
23 WATERLOO PLACE,  
EDINBURGH.

9th October, 1941.

Dear Franklin,

I begin this letter with a message to you from a friend of yours of twenty years ago, to wit, Andrew Thorne; Assistant British Military Attaché in Washington, 1919-20; now a Lieut. General, with the highly responsible command of the Military Forces in Scotland! He was lunching with me in Edinburgh last week; and he recalled his happy days in Washington; and said he often thought of them and of the hockey matches which you and your family used sometimes to play against the Thorne family! He asked me if - when next I wrote you - I would convey his greetings and very kindest remembrances and best wishes to you and Mrs. Roosevelt. He is a particularly nice fellow, and a brilliant soldier, in whose ability to defend us, in Scotland, against a Hun invasion, if it comes, we have complete confidence. He was British Military Attaché in Berlin, 1934-37, and knows something of the Nazi mentality - a useful knowledge to possess. Pity it is that those who possessed it were unheeded in the several years before this War broke out! Theirs were voices crying in the wilderness; I joined in the chorus. War-mongers, we were called - and we had to submit; though we knew, as you knew, that nothing would have prevented Hitler from embarking, when he was ready, on his War for world-dominion except the knowledge that he was opposed by forces far superior to his own. What a different picture might have been painted had your great speech at Chicago in 1937, calling for the quarantining of aggressors, received the proper backing from here. The real and great tragedy of the era of the Third Reich was the passing in September, 1933, of my dear friend Edward Grey. In the last public speech, in April, 1933, that he made - which speech, owing to his failing eyesight, I helped him to compose - he referred to the advent of the Nazi party to power, and said that we must ask ourselves what the position in Europe would be if the Germany of Hitler were armed. Prophetic words indeed! - words which he would have repeated, with solemn warnings, as the horribilities of Hitlerism developed through the ensuing years. And to his voice, as I believe, the nation and the British Commonwealth would have listened, and, at least, we would have been better prepared to meet the murderous onslaught when it came.

Past history, however, is all this; and posterity can deal with it when and as it wills. To-day, the task ahead alone concerns us, and how mighty the task - surely the most stupendous in the story of mankind. Whatever the "will to win" of the British people it is now clear to all thinking persons that without the tremendous help of every kind that you have given and are giving to us, our struggle against Germany's huge

military machine might have ended in disaster to our cause. What a terrible thing to contemplate, but, with gratitude in our hearts to you, we need not now contemplate it, however long and weary the road yet to be traversed. And how amazing a thing it is that at the hour of Britain's greatest trial a man of Winston's ferocious courage to "see it through" should be at hand to lead her. He has the confidence of the nation in a manner and to an extent probably never equalled - certainly never surpassed - in British history. He is the embodiment of all that the ordinary British man and woman thinks and feels on the subject of destroying Nazi-ism and the power of Germany to plan and to launch further aggressions in future years. Because he so represents the national will to victory certain things are forgiven him. Some of his "yes-men" appointments, for instance, though not liked, are tolerated. Some of us, again, are willing to put up with Beaverbrook if Winston thinks he ought to have him for war purposes - instead of one of our great industrialists with a real knowledge of production methods - but we do not visualise Beaverbrook as a Statesman who should guide the country's destinies in any important political sphere. In one thing, it will be remembered, Winston made a false step, and had to be pulled up sharply for so doing. This was a few months ago when he showed himself resentful of criticism in the House of Commons. The House and the Press quite rightly reminded him at once that we are fighting for the maintenance of Parliamentary Government and free speech, and the reminder had a salutary effect! Criticism of the Government there has been, and will be - and the criticism is directed wholly - with minor exceptions - to the point of increasing the volume and the vigour of our war effort. There is nothing of partisanship in the criticisms and suggestions, and, even if some of them are futile, we may thank God that in this oppressed world of to-day there are still countries where futile suggestions can still be openly made, and where leaders of nations can still be openly criticised.

Of partisanship, as I have said, there is, in these times, practically none so far as the war effort is concerned. Here and there it crops out, and there are still a few "dark spots" in the field of war labour. The question of inequality of wages is always somewhat of a sore, and always will be, unless some day, when at war, the bold - but seemingly impossible - step is taken to equalise all wages and service pay! That indeed would be a just solution! Man-power is now the country's most vital problem, and as our war factories expand and our commitments increase, the problem becomes daily more acute. So far as men are concerned, the reservoir is emptying fast, and there is practically no idleness in this country to-day, and no work being performed which has not some bearing on the war effort. As to "idleness", take Scotland - the figure of unemployment given me in Edinburgh last week was 39,000. But this figure includes persons in permanent employment but who may be temporarily out of work for a short period through some war-time cause, such, for instance, as the sinking of a cargo of raw material which was to supply their particular Works. Also persons on the Register whilst in the process of transferring from one industry or one locality to another. And

persons registered for reasons of ill-health or infirmity. Thus, generally speaking, it may be said that available man-power is either in the Services or on essential labour, and criticisms of man-power policy are directed to ensuring that male labour is used to the best advantage as between the Services, War factories and essential industries. On the other hand, critics of the Government's woman-power policy say that the problem of female labour has been mishandled, and that the women of Britain are not filling enough vacant places in the Services and in essential industry. That this should be so is not the fault of the women who, throughout these times of stress and trial, have shown cheerfulness, courage, fortitude under enemy attack, willingness to do all and more than has been asked of them, and, in scores of thousands, have voluntarily taken their places side by side with the Armed Forces of the Crown and with the men in the workshops. The fault lies with the timid, hesitating woman-power policy of Ernest Bevin and his Ministry of Labour, who have handled the question as though they were afraid of it. The only way in which the whole human-power problem can be solved is by recruiting women from non-essential employment on a scale never known or dreamed of before, and in Parliament and in the Press a "drive" to this end is in process. The women of Britain are patriotic, conscientious, and eager in high degree to do their full share in bringing victory to our arms. The country will not have to beg for their services if their call-up is handled in a forthright, planned and convincing way, and we may now hope that the sound criticism of the representatives of a free people will bring that about.

Whilst it is the case that in these terrible - for indeed we may use that word - times, Party differences are set on one side, each Party is preserving its entity and not allowing its weapons of organisation to become rusty. None can say whether or for how long a Government of all Parties will continue after fighting has ceased. Whatever the desirability of this political combination or of that as seen through the spectacles of to-day, who can say in what direction public opinion will be swayed by the unrevealed circumstances and conditions of to-morrow. It is, therefore, futile and useless to make prognostications on the subject. These matters are solved in the process of time by the people as a whole, as the people - at the time, and not before - wills. All that I know - as well as I have ever known anything in my life - is that when the time comes there will be need in highest degree for Liberal ideals and principles in the direction and conduct of affairs. That Liberalism is, as some people are wont to suggest, a meaningless creed, you and I and all true Liberals resolutely deny. In its origin the Liberal cause was the cause of the people, and was a reality, and not a mere name, in the days of Hampden and of Somers, under the cunning autocracy of George III and in the great reaction which followed the French

Revolution. Through all the great struggles for individual freedom, and for civil and religious equality, it is the application of Liberal principles that has guided the nation aright. It was a great act of Liberalism, the granting - by my ancestor, General Hon. James Murray, after the conquest of Canada - of equal rights to all subjects of the King, whether new or old, which brought to the vanquished French in Canada a taste of that liberty which is the secret of the British Commonwealth of Nations. Contrariwise, a generation afterwards, the principles of Toryism prevailed against the just demands of the American Colonists. It was a great act of Liberalism, the granting, after the Boer War, of self-government to South Africa, in the teeth of Conservative opposition, that, in the event, brought South Africa to fight side by side with us in our hours of great need, both in the last war and in this. Liberalism, as distinct from other political creeds, places national interests over all other interests, whether of classes, of sects, of professions, or of individuals. It stands for no one class in the community, but seeks to remove injustice wherever it be found. Truly, indeed, will a torn world be in need in days to come of the application of the principles of Liberalism, and of all that is inherent in them.

Here, in Britain, we of the Liberal faith still suffer from the attempts made by Lloyd George, some twenty years ago, to kill the Liberal Party with the avowed object of building up a single Party composed of Conservatives and Liberals - merged in thought and word and deed - under his leadership. Ever since those days the Party has remained rent asunder, each section under separate leadership. What folly! Perhaps it may be - let us hope so - that the efforts of certain of us to bring the two sections together to a common end will meet with more success in the days that lie ahead than has been vouchsafed them in the past. Towards a strong, re-united Liberal Party some of us are directing our efforts - a task, as we believe, of superlative importance; a task which, if achieved, will help, in the post-war era, to guide human affairs aright.

For ourselves - i.e. Faith and myself - we are doing what we can to "pull our weight". Faith, as you know, has been working, in various capacities, in and near London, with the "Women's Voluntary Services for Civil Defence", a great organisation built up by that great organiser, Lady Reading - Rufus Reading's relict, to use a Scottish term! She (Faith) rather "overdid it" at her work, and in the Spring of this year was off work for about three months - but I am glad to say that she is quite recovered, and I try my best to keep her from falling again into evil "overdoing it" habits! I, for my part, have few idle moments! The kind message which you sent to both of us (in the letter you wrote Faith thanking her for "wee Fala's" collar) touched us much, and was much appreciated. I must confess that at one time it occurred to me that I might have been of some little use in Washington, and I should dearly have loved - as would Faith - to have seen you and talked to you "at large" and intimately. But matters have not worked out in that direction! And, if the

"powers-that-be" did not feel that I could be of any special assistance in any sphere connected with the United States they were no doubt right. At any rate, the curtain, so far as I am concerned, is "rung down". I have as much to do in my "war effort" businesses and enterprises as I can cope with. I am Chairman of the Scottish Section of the London & North Eastern Railway; the sole remaining Director of the Barrow Paper-making Company - surely an important "war" product!; and Chairman of a Photo-Electric Company engaged on important war work. These three activities in themselves keep me tied to work and to this country, and I rejoice that I am able to devote my energies to them and thus to help towards a victory over our brutal foe.

Faith and I are very lucky to have our lovely An Cala to which to retire from time to time for a week or so's respite from "other things" - our only active reminder there of the War being Catalina Aircraft going out over our heads to, and coming in from their daily Atlantic Patrols. We think much and often of you, and our hearts are sore for you in the passing of your very dear Mother whom we loved so. Thank you so much for writing us in answer to our message.

And now I will come to the end of this lengthy epistle!

With our every good wish,

As ever yours,

Arthur Murray

PSF: Murray,

~~Gen. Curtis~~  
3-41  
m

November 17, 1941.

Dear Arthur:

Many, many thanks for your nice radiogram on the result of the vote on the Neutrality Bill. I was delighted to have word from you and to know that you and Faith are going to get off for a week's holiday.

Things are touch and go here with labor at the present time, but I feel it will all work out all right.

I shall write you both a long letter later when things are not so hectic as they are at present.

My love to you both.

Affectionately,

The Honl Arthur Murray,  
An Cala,  
Isle of Seil,  
Argyll,  
Scotland.

dj

FAST



# RCA

DIRECT



## RADIOGRAM

### R. C. A. COMMUNICATIONS, INC.

A RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA SERVICE

TO ALL THE WORLD — BETWEEN IMPORTANT U. S. CITIES — TO SHIPS AT SEA

RECEIVED AT 1112 CONNECTICUT AVE.. WASHINGTON. D. C.. AT

RCA - 3

STANDARD TIME

W11JH LONDON 48 14 1215

NLT THE PRESIDENT

1941 NOV 15 AM 9 35

WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON

YOUR OUTSTANDING TRIUMPH YESTERDAY CONSTITUTES A MAJOR VICTORY FOR  
FREEDOM AND SETS THE NOOSE OF RETRIBUTION MORE FIRMLY ROUND THE  
NECK OF HITLER OUR LOVE AND VERY BEST WISHES WE ARE JUST OFF  
TO AN CALA FOR A WEEKS RESPITE

ARTHUR MURRAY.

Telephone: National 2600

Form 111WN—TD 127

To secure prompt action on inquiries, this original RADIOGRAM should be presented at the office of R. C. A. COMMUNICATIONS, Inc. In telephone inquiries quote the number preceding the place of origin.

PSF: Murray

Monday

file personal

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON



December 13, 1941.

MEMORANDUM FOR

MR. SUMMERLIN

Will you be good enough  
to have the enclosed cablegram  
sent?

F. D. R.

The attached message  
sent as requested by  
the President

PREPARING OFFICE  
WILL INDICATE WHETHER

Collect

Charge Department

OR

Charge to

\$

~~TELEGRAM~~ SENT

Department of State

Washington,

TO BE TRANSMITTED  
CONFIDENTIAL CODE  
NONCONFIDENTIAL CODE  
PARTAIR  
PLAIN

*Herbert Hoover 5/41 M*

THE WHITE HOUSE

WASHINGTON

December 13, 1941.

*20 usg*

~~CABLEGRAM TO~~

COLONEL THE HONORABLE ARTHUR MURRAY

LONDON

Many thanks. Love to you both.  
We will all see this through  
together.

ROOSEVELT

*Blaug  
6/7/41*

Enciphered

Sent by

D. C.

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

WB86 46 CABLE

LONDON DEC 12 1941

NLT THE PRESIDENT

THE WHITE HOUSE WASHDC

ONCE AGAIN THANKS TO YOUR VISION AND COURAGE WE FIGHT SIDE  
BY SIDE AND ALL IN AGAINST THE GERMAN AGGRESSORS FAITHS  
AND MY LOVE AND THOUGHTS AND WISHES ARE WITH YOU IN YOUR  
MOMENTOUS BURDENS AND ANXIETIES

ARTHUR MURRAY.

528P

*PSF: Murray Ambrose 3-41*  
*file personal*

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

December 13, 1941.

CABLEGRAM TO  
COLONEL THE HONORABLE ARTHUR MURRAY  
LONDON

Many thanks. Love to you both.  
We will all see this through  
together.

ROOSEVELT

THE WHITE HOUSE  
WASHINGTON

December 13, 1941.

MEMORANDUM FOR

MR. SUMMERLIN

Will you be good enough  
to have the enclosed cablegram  
sent?

F. D. R.

M. Case 3-41  
Plan

File  
person of  
G. H. Murray



**M**AY PEACE  
and  
**G**OOD WILL  
arise in the Land

**M**AY CALM  
**W**ISDOM  
banish strife and unrest  
and the anxious hearts  
of all **MANKIND** be  
no more troubled

• M. Aumônier •

M.H.R.

With All Good Wishes  
for  
Christmas and the New Year

*Faith*

—  
..



The President,  
The White House,  
Washington, D.C.,  
U. S. A.

CHAIRMAN'S ROOM, SCOTTISH AREA,  
LONDON & NORTH EASTERN RAILWAY,  
23 WATERLOO PLACE,  
EDINBURGH.

19th January, 1942.

Dear Franklin,

You once said to me in a letter "I hope you will keep me in touch", and in my letters to you I always endeavour to do so, for I feel that it may not be unhelpful to you, in your tremendous tasks, to have from time to time the random thoughts on things in general over here from one who continuously comes into contact with many different sets of situations in our national life and with all kinds of people, good, indifferent, queer and otherwise!

Writing to you on 9th October of last year, I said to you that Winston had the confidence of the British Nation in a manner, and to an extent, probably never equalled - certainly never surpassed - by any Prime Minister in British history. He was the embodiment, I continued, of all that the ordinary British man and woman thinks and feels on the subject of destroying Nazi-ism, and the power of Germany to plan and to launch further aggressions in future years. Because he so represented the national will to victory, certain things, I said, were forgiven him. Some of his "yes-men" appointments, for instance, I pointed out, though not liked, were tolerated. All these things are true today, with one exception, namely, that the toleration shown by the public of his "yes-men" appointments is "wearing very thin".

Let me illustrate one aspect of this problem by comparing what you have done on the "production" end with what has happened here. With great foresightedness you set up a War Production Board, charged with the duty of administering your gigantic war production programme. The task set the Board is one of the mightiest in the realm of industrial organisation that the world has ever seen, and it is plain just how much depends on the successful execution of the job. Now, who did you appoint as Chairman of your War Production Board? Not a man who has risen to eminence in a walk of life unconnected with production, but a man, namely, Donald Marr Nelson, who has achieved success in organising and producing on a vast scale, and who has found his way to the top of the tree by his marked ability in the kind of jobs which you have now allotted him to perform. This, surely, is organisation for total war of the right character, and it is this kind of organisation, and these kind of men at its head, which is sorely needed in this country.

*file personal PSF: Sh. Britain Arthur Murray folder*

*Mr. Jones "M" 3-42*

In the Autumn of last year, Winston, as you know, showed himself very resentful of any criticism in the House of Commons and in the Press directed towards Members of his Government or of the organisation of the war machine. As I said to you at the time, the House and the Press quite rightly reminded Winston at once that we are fighting for the maintenance of Parliamentary Government and free speech, and the reminder had a - temporarily at any rate - salutary effect. But the murmurs of opposition to some of the men with whom Winston has surrounded himself, and to the war production machine itself, are growing louder and louder, and will assuredly make themselves heard in ever increasing volume. This is as it should be. Let us remember that it is the British Nation that is fighting this war and not any one man, however great and eminent that man may be. And our past history has shown that the nation is not only fearless in its upholding of great and just causes, but is also always determined to change its leaders, if, in its opinion, those leaders are not, in war, leading them by the shortest road to victory. If this picture did not represent the mind of the British Nation, Neville Chamberlain would never have fallen and Winston would never have taken his place. In the last war, fearless criticism brought about great and necessary changes in the war machine. It was, as you will remember, the outspoken and fear-free criticisms and attacks by Northcliffe in "The Times" that laid bare the whole "shortage of shells" scandal and resulted in the setting up in 1915 of the Ministry of Munitions. I have good reason to remember that episode, because I took a part in it! I had the privilege of fighting in the front line in the Battle of Festubert in May, 1915, when the guns in the batteries behind us were limited to six rounds per gun per day! Our trenches were battered to pieces and we had to go over the top to the attack against devastating shell fire with only this meagre support from our own artillery. I retain the sad memory that during that Battle - although I came through the furnace alive - my Regiment lost 80% of its effectives.

Apart from being a soldier in the line, I was still a Member of the British House of Commons, and it is not surprising that I took some little share in urging upon friends of importance at home the necessity for a revolution in the production of all kinds of munitions of war, and, when on leave after that great Battle, advocated urgently necessary reforms from my place in the House of Commons.

I do not, of course, suggest that today we are faced with the same problem, but we are certainly confronted with a picture which needs repainting in many important respects. Throughout the country, both managements and workers are increasingly voicing the demand that second-rate Members of the War Cabinet should be replaced by better men, and that the whole question of production should be put into their hands, i.e. into the hands of men who are really capable of organising and planning the production of war requirements on a vast scale. This matter has never been efficiently handled by

any British Government since the first tentative speed-up of rearmament started in the year 1937. First, under Neville Chamberlain, came a Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence - a very eminent Lawyer, Sir Thomas Inskip, now Lord Chief Justice, but with no business training; then, again under Chamberlain, the creation of a Ministry of Supply under a Solicitor called Burgin, whose knowledge of business or large scale organisation was - so far as I am aware - nil; then came other changes at the Ministry of Supply; the setting up of the Ministry of Aircraft Production with Beaverbrook at its head, which Ministry proceeded to throw spanners into the Air Ministry side of production. Let it be remembered in this connection how eminently lucky we were to have had throughout a number of years the Supply Committee of the Air Ministry, which, working in close collaboration with the British aircraft constructors, looked far ahead to plan the succession of new types and the dovetailing of the old and new production as each design came into squadron service. Plans were often laid 18 months ahead so that jigs, tools, materials and labour could be provided in good time. When we are told of the wonders achieved by the Aircraft Ministry within the last year and a half, some of us remember that the broad outlines of the specifications of both the Hurricane and the Spitfire were first considered early in 1933. The specifications were finally decided in November, 1934, and the prototype Hurricane flew in November, 1935. The first production machine flew in October, 1937, and had the plans for heavily increased production, which had been made by the Supply Committee of the Air Ministry, been allowed to mature, much confusion might have been avoided. After a period as Minister of Aircraft Production, Beaverbrook was given the post of Minister of Supply. The reasons for this change were not divulged, but they will doubtless provide interesting reading in the future for those who made notes anent them at the time. But let it be noted that the man whom Beaverbrook displaced as Minister of Supply was Sir Andrew Duncan, one of our leading business men - a man who has the confidence of the business world - and he was relegated to the Board of Trade. Beaverbrook's place as Minister of Aircraft Production was taken by Moore-Brabazon, of whose claims to this post the country still remains unaware. Throughout all these changes, no real grip of the war production machine, as a whole, has been taken by, not a newspaper man or a dug-out, but by a really able, knowledgeable organiser, of whom - let it be emphatically stated - this country is by no means destitute.

You will not, I know, take away from what I have said the impression that all is confusion, and that the production boat is rocking dangerously in a tempestuous sea. Far from it. But the boat is rocking, because the seas are less smooth than they might be if the oil of better administration were poured upon them. The oil is to hand, and I think we shall see in the near future that very forceful demands will be made upon the Prime Minister to dispense it. This is as it should be. Those of us in business are doing all

we can to keep revolving at top speed the wheels of war production, and we, and the country generally, do not propose to allow our tremendous efforts to be less than they should, and might be, because any one man wishes to retain in authority around him persons who are obviously unfitted for their mighty tasks. The War Cabinet must become a real Cabinet, not a one-man band, and approaches to the problems of modern war, less efficient than are demanded by the exigencies of this titanic struggle, must give place to methods which will lead us in the shortest possible space of time to the victory that will assuredly be ours.

But having said all this, let me also say that experience shows that the power of Britain to make war is enhanced by criticism for the reason that, partisanship having been laid on one side, criticism - or well-nigh one hundred per cent of it at any rate - is of a constructive and (intended to be) helpful nature. In Parliament sit men, and women, associated with practically every business - both sides, employers and employees - and every walk of life throughout the land; and, although in some cases futile suggestions may be urged upon the Government, comments and proposals are, in the main, based upon well-tryed knowledge and experience. It is in the spirit of co-operation between Government and nation that the best results are achieved, and it is such a spirit that the British nation expects from the Government it has put into power.

Sir Stafford Cripps will shortly be back in this country from Moscow where he has done an outstandingly good job. He may take India on his way, but, in any event, his future arouses intense speculation. He is a man of unimpeachable honesty, of the highest character, a really great Lawyer, and a brilliant Parliamentarian who pursues his ideals without fear or favour, however unpopular some of them may be. I once had him leading for a Company of which I am Chairman of the Directors in a legal action, which occupied 76 days in the hearing, and was spread over 3 years! 43 days in the King's Bench Division in 1932; 27 days in the Court of Appeal in 1933; and 6 days before the Law Lords in 1934 - verdicts by all the Judges in all Courts in my Company's favour, but by the end of the action we had lost most of our business! Stafford Cripps conducted our case - a technical one - brilliantly and with much kindness to his clients, and understanding. He is beloved by all in the Royal Courts of Justice; always willing to give a helping hand to any of the staff or others in need or distress. Politically, his views sometimes startle his best friends! but of the likelihood that he will become a real power in the land there can be little doubt.

Yesterday, there arrived in Edinburgh a Russian Trade Union Delegation, and with them - taking them round munitions centres - was one of our British Trade Union leaders, Sir Walter Citrine. He came along to see me in the evening before dinner, and I gave him a glass of sherry, one of those pleasurable things in life which in a short space of time will be as rare as a golden sovereign (or the "Louis d'or" with which, in 1919, I won you a small fortune at Monte Carlo!); and we had a long chat. He recalled how kind

you had been to him when he was in the United States, and asked to be allowed to send you his warm regard and respect. He is a splendid type of man, and most likeable; and is regarded, generally, as one of the most responsible and steadying figures in Trade Unionist circles. As you know, he has recently been in Moscow, and he stressed to me the immensity of the task that, in his view, confronts Russia in her campaign against Germany, despite her present successes. He went on to say in so many words - and coming from one of his political persuasion this was not uninteresting - that, although it was absolutely essential to give Russia every possible assistance, the problem of the "future Europe" after victory had been won would be easier for the rest of us - in conjunction with Russia - to settle if events so turned out that Russia was incapable of advancing the argument that it was she - forgetting the material assistance given her - who had swept the mighty German armies off the face of the earth, and had been mainly instrumental in bringing victory to the allied arms. Well, that may or may not be so. It is an interesting viewpoint from a Labour leader, but meantime we are all agreed that the defeat of Germany by the united efforts of all of us engaged in the struggle against her is the one and only thing that counts in the world today.

Faith and I are carrying on as usual, and both are very well. We have not been able to be at An Cala since the Autumn, but, other things being equal, we hope to be able to have a short time there in the lovely month of May. Our love and thoughts and wishes are very much with you in the tremendous burdens that lie upon your shoulders. And remember, too, that Britain realises to the full, and is superlatively and abidingly grateful to you for your vision and courage, and for the momentous aid you have continuously given her in maintaining her struggle against the forces of evil. Looking back over the past two years - and particularly over the period dating from the capitulation of France - three impressions stand out clearly, first, the determination - not decision, for no contrary thought ever entered any one's mind - of the British people to fight on; second, the calm and heroic manner in which the women and girls and the civilian population generally met the murderous Luftwaffe attacks; and third, but by no means least, the encouragement and comfort that unceasingly came to us in these Islands with your spoken words of cheer for us and castigation for our enemies, and with your practical assistance - in varying forms and in ever-increasing volume - in our war effort. These brave words and deeds of yours that came to us from across the Atlantic in the hours of our greatest trials and anxieties are enshrined in the hearts of us all.

A world at war! The clash and din of arms  
Resounds throughout the habitable globe.  
In spots remote from where the battles rage  
Women and men in countless thousands toil  
At fashioning the instruments of strife.  
O'er hill and dale and snowy, wind-swept plain  
Armies press on to victory or defeat.

A world at war! The minds and souls of men  
Are sped along the narrow, winding path  
That leads through bitter grief and agony  
To triumph or disaster in the end.  
To triumph for the arms that now defend  
The rights of nations 'gainst the butcher foe  
Who tramples underfoot God's laws and man's  
And makes of earth a hell of misery.  
When victory comes then can it not be said  
That free men who have fallen by the way  
Have fought and died in vain;  
For theirs the glory, deathless through all time  
Of lives laid down to save mankind to come  
From wearing once again the tyrant's yoke.

These words have not been written by me for the occasion. I wrote them in the trenches during our last great struggle against the brutal German aggressor.

But let us turn, for a moment, to a real poet - our Scottish national versifier, "Caledonia's Bard", Robbie Burns; from whom our thoughts are seldom far away during this month of January - his anniversary. He was - as well as being a great poet - a famous proposer of toasts - a tendency which was marked from his earliest days:

"Fill me with the rosy wine,  
"Call a toast, a toast divine;  
. . . . .

To an old friend he writes: "You and I must have one bumper to my favourite toast, 'May the companions of our youth be the friends of our old age'" And call back to mind the gathering at Dumfries when someone proposed, "A toast to Pitt, the saviour of his country", to which Burns added, "The health of George Washington, a better man". And then again the voice of Burns toasting, as he might, and would do today,

". . . the grand fabric, our free constitution,  
"As built on the base of the great revolution;  
"And longer with politics, not to be cramm'd,  
"Be Anarchy curs'd, and be Tyranny damn'd;  
"And who would to Liberty e'er prove disloyal,  
"May his son be a hangman, and he his first trial!"

Burns passed out, and to his "Immortal Memory" was given a toast - than which none could be more fitting - by your great American poet, James Russell Lowell:

"One toast I'll give, and that not long,  
"Which thou woulds't pledge if present,  
"To him whose song, in nature strong,  
"Makes man of prince and peasant".

I said at the beginning of this letter that I would let you have my random thoughts on things in general, and I feel that, by the time you have reached this point, you will also have arrived at the conclusion that my thoughts, as set down in this epistle, have been of an eminently "random" nature!

As ever yours,

Arthur Murray



*file  
personal*

TO REMIND THE PRESIDENT THAT HE WANTS  
TO WRITE A PERSONAL LETTER TO  
ARTHUR MURRAY

*Murray → Gen. Coates M  
file*

TELEGRAM

The White House

2WN AB 52 3:04P.M. Washington

EDINBURGH DEC. 24 1942

NLT THE PRESIDENT:

THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART GOD BLESSED US WITH GREAT  
HAPPINESS AND YOU CONTRIBUTED IN VERY GREAT MEASURE TO IT | AM  
CARRYING ON MY WAR WORK AND SHALL BE WRITING YOU. MY LOVE AND  
THANKS PLEASE TO MARGARET.

ARTHUR MURRAY.

STANDARD FORM No. 14A  
APPROVED BY THE PRESIDENT  
MARCH 10, 1926

# TELEGRAM

OFFICIAL BUSINESS—GOVERNMENT RATES  
VIA STATE DEPARTMENT

NIGHT CABLE

ARTHUR MURRAY  
ELIBANK WALKERBURN  
PEEBLESHIRE  
SCOTLAND

I AM DEEPLY DISTRESSED AND MY HEART GOES OUT TO YOU. YOUR  
SAD NEWS IS MOST UNEXPECTED. MARGARET IS IN WASHINGTON AND  
JOINS ME IN SENDING OUR LOVE AND VERY GREAT SYMPATHY

ROOSEVELT

FROM

The White House  
Washington

DECEMBER 18, 1942

# TELEGRAM

## The White House Washington

1WN AB 102 10:00 A.M.

ASCOT DEC 17 1942

THE PRESIDENT:

WITH INFINITE GRIEF I BRING TO YOU THE VERY BAD NEWS THAT MY BELOVED FAITH PASSED AWAY PEACEFULLY ON WEDNESDAY FROM HEART FAILURE FOLLOWING TOEMIA. JUST PRIOR TO HER ILLNESS WHICH STARTED TWO WEEKS AGO SHE WAS GOING TO WRITE TO YOU. I KNOW HOW YOU WILL SHARE MY DEEP SORROW I SHALL BE LAYING HER TO REST ON SATURDAY NEAR THE OLD MURRAY HOME ELIBANK AT A BEAUTIFUL SPOT SHE LOVED ON THE BANK OF THE TWEED I WILL WRITE YOU IN A LITTLE STOP. AFFECTIONATELY,

ARTHUR MURRAY ELIBANK WALKERBURN PEEBLESHIRE

SCOTLAND.

CLASS OF SERVICE

This is a full-rate Telegram or Cablegram unless its deferred character is indicated by a suitable symbol above or preceding the address.

*Murray* *Gen Corcoran "M" 3-44* 11  
**WESTERN UNION**

1201

(27)

SYMBOLS

- DL = Day Letter
- NL = Night Letter
- LC = Deferred Cable
- NLT = Cable Night Letter
- Ship Radiogram

A. N. WILLIAMS  
 PRESIDENT

The filing time shown in the date line on telegrams and day letters is STANDARD TIME at point of origin. Time of receipt is STANDARD TIME at point of destination

NB54 INTL=CD EDINBURGH VIA RCA 31 NOV 8  
 NLT FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT THE PRESIDENT  
 HYDE PARK POUGHKEEPSIE (NY)=

1944 NOV 9 AM 10 44  
*fill personal*  
*ack'd 11-14-44 amc*

YOU WILL UNDERSTAND WHEN I SAY VERY WARMEST CONGRATULATIONS FROM US BOTH HOPE FAL<sup>A</sup>SH HEAD GRADUALLY RESUMING ITS NORMAL SIZE=

ARTHUR MURRAY.

*Faith*

*Dear Arthur*  
*Colonel, the Honorable*  
*Arthur Murray, D. S. O.*  
*Edinburgh, Scotland*

FALS HEAD.

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

PSF  
Murray  
G.B.

<b>CROSS-REFERENCE</b> (Name, number, or subject under which this form is filed)		
		PSF: Great Britain-Arthur Murray folder
<b>IDENTIFICATION OF RECORD</b>	<b>DATE</b>	July 20 and October 9, 1920
	<b>TO</b>	Murray to FDR and FDR to Murray
	<b>FROM</b>	
	<b>BRIEF SUMMARY OF CONTENTS</b>	Murray's telegram of congratulations on nomination for V-P and FDR's reply re the campaign of 1920 and the League of Nations issue and the Irish question.
<b>FILED</b> (Name, number, or subject under which the document itself is filed)	<b>See :</b> Record Group 15, Campaign of 1920, Box 18 <del>122</del>	
<p>Optional Form 21 Feb. 1962 GSA Circular 259</p> <p style="text-align: center;"><b>CROSS-REFERENCE</b></p> <p style="text-align: right;">RFD 10-16-69</p>		