

NATIONAL ARCHIVES AND RECORDS SERVICE  
WITHDRAWAL SHEET (PRESIDENTIAL LIBRARIES)

4/17/81

| FORM OF DOCUMENT | CORRESPONDENTS OR TITLE | DATE                      | RESTRICTION |
|------------------|-------------------------|---------------------------|-------------|
| letter           | Dearest Mother and Dad  | 5/4/43                    | C           |
| letter           | Dearest Marjorie        | Wed. afternoon<br>c. 5/43 | C           |
| letter           | Marjorie to Gene        | 5/4/43                    | C           |

FILE LOCATION

Pre-Presidential Confidential File  
Latimer, Gene

RESTRICTION CODES

- (A) Closed by Executive Order 11652 governing access to national security information.  
(B) Closed by statute or by the agency which originated the document.  
(C) Closed in accordance with restrictions contained in the donor's deed of gift.

## MERE GOSSIP

A. H. Ehlers, of Orange Grove, visited Mere Gossip Monday. . . . Mere Gossip has two desks . . . One downstairs and one upstairs—a kinda private affair you know. . . . Well, what ya think . . . Mr. Arthur Jury has two desks now too . . . kinda copy kat . . . don't you think . . . one in front of the elevators, other on mezzanine where its always been. . . . Claude Heard has best furnished and most livable business office in city. . . . Meredith Queen is flirting with Mere Gossip's service. . . . This business of closing up the cafeteria so many times doesn't speak so well for Main Street. . . . Lyndon Johnson, Congressman Kleberg's man Friday . . . pleasant young fellow, Mere Gossip just met him. . . . Gene Latimer nice young fellow, too . . . He helps Lyndon help the Congressman . . . This Congressman got another bunch in Washington helping out on that end. . . . Looks like Dick's got more business than Mere Gossip, he soon will have the distinction of having more folks working for him than voting for him. . . . Like Mere Gossip got more salesmen than customers. Little Theater opens Thursday Night you know this is a Home Talk Outfit like Mere Gossip, (mos Home) probably whip anybody else for saying this. . . . Ty opening bill ought to be good Mrs. Barnett told us it was on Palace Theater is the place.

... Roosevelt is to the Nation. . . . Gene Latimer. . . Assistant to Congressman Kleberg's assistant. . . . A swell guy with a powder-cap sense of humor. . . . Darn good company, boys and girls. . . . That blonde pair. . . . Local. . . .

*Personnel*  
**COPY CASE & PROJECT**

November 5, 1954

Dear Gene:

I have your letter of the 27th, asking that we change our records to indicate your new address and, also, that we see that your address is changed for the purposes of your pension check.

Accordingly, we are making the change in our addressograph plate so that when we resume the newsletter you will receive yours promptly and we will forward your VA checks to the new address as they arrive.

I hope all is going well with you. I was sorry I did not get to see you when you were here recently.

Sincerely,

Arthur C. Perry  
Administrative Assistant to  
Lyndon B. Johnson, USS

Mr. Gene Latimer, Jr.  
Box 2935, TSCW Station  
Federal Civil Defense Administration  
Denton, Texas  
acp/mcb

**FEDERAL CIVIL DEFENSE ADMINISTRATION**  
**DALLAS REGIONAL OFFICE**  
**5600 EAST MOCKINGBIRD LANE**  
**DALLAS 6, TEXAS**

Box 2935, TSCW Station  
Federal Civil Defense Admin.  
Denton, Texas  
October 27, 1954

Mr. Arthur C. Perry  
Assistant to Senator Lyndon B. Johnson  
Senate Office Building  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Arthur C.:

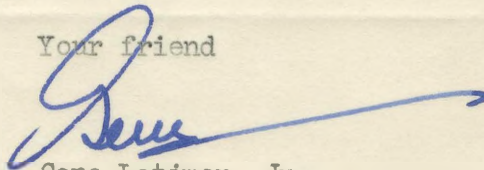
Will you do me a large favor and ask one of the fellows to change my address as above? This will make it unnecessary for my pension check to be forwarded to a couple of prior addresses before reaching me. Also, I'd like to have a new addressograph plate indicating the new address so I'll be able to receive promptly news releases, etc., forwarded by the Senior Senator to his constituents.

Talked to Sam Houston when I returned from Washington the last time, but haven't been in Austin to see the bunch all together. Instead spent the last two weeks in New Mexico where I find a hot race between the Governor and Senator Anderson.

Don't spend your time replying. I know your stenographic help is not at its maximum. But I will appreciate the address change.

Warm regards from,

Your friend

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Gene", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

Gene Latimer, Jr.

1917 Bolsoner  
Houston 5, Texas  
June 6, 1943

Dear Gene,

I'm going to write you a note  
now and show you how nice it is to  
have a quick reply to a letter. More than  
your polsiness. Present your <sup>almost</sup> never answering  
my letter <sup>almost</sup> (I must be truthful) <sup>never</sup> a reference to a remark,  
a question, or even such sad news as  
of Mack's death! I must quit my  
scolding. I'm getting downright shrewish.

I am glad you still write for I  
always want to know where and  
how you are. And even though I feel  
I am still devoted to you.

I saw another of my former favorites  
May 26. I came in from Huntsville half  
dead from sheer weariness and got a telephone  
call. "Are you the history teacher, etc." "Etc." "Etc."  
"This is Adrian McAndrew." My reply was -

"I wouldn't take \$50 for hearing from you!"  
He was president of the class of 1927 who  
was in my home room and in my class.  
He left town in December, 1929 saying he'd been  
a failure and a disappointment to his friends  
and that he'd let us hear from him when  
if ever - he made good. I had decided he was  
dead for I knew if alive he'd make good  
and I thought he'd keep his promise.

He weighs 210, wears glasses, is getting  
rather a thin suit of hair in front, is  
married, has a child, and lives in  
Fort Stockton. Still as nice as ever. That  
night I found your letter, too, so I  
felt that school teaching has its good points.

Winifred, my sister, got her freedom  
May 29. She feels quite relieved. I hope  
you can soon feel free and relieved. I  
didn't see the notice in the papers about  
your suit and haven't seen nor heard of  
Marjorie.

Were jogging along in much the same fashion as for the past three months.

I am trying hard not to care if the house is not really clean and straight and not to object to mirrored sheets, towels, etc.

so that I can find time to enjoy my friends and family and a little reading.

I have some help in the middle of each day except Sunday but I prepare & clean up after breakfast, serve and clean up after dinner. I'm a much better teacher than cook. If, however, Lyndon

can put you in his pocket when he comes down or if he can send you down. I'll get something good to eat on the table and invite you to sit down and help yourself.

I'm glad you got such a good report from your physical exams. I don't believe I

would  
want to hear what ~~will~~ be said to me. I

may go for a checkup, though, for our  
doctor may leave soon. My chief weakness is  
my still my head!

Love,

Ullana



Mr. Gene Ratimer, Jr.  
504 House Office Bldg.  
Washington, D.C.

1917 Bolsoneri  
Houston 5, Texas

2910  
O'Dwyer

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
OFFICER IN CHARGE OF CONSTRUCTION  
CONTRACTS NOY-4955 - 4957 AND 5264  
U. S. MARINE CORPS AIR STATION  
CHERRY POINT, N. C.

REFER TO:

April 22, 1943

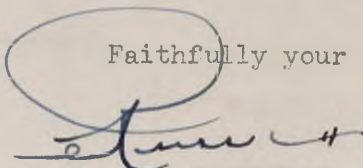
Gene Latimer, Jr., Y2c USNR  
1320 House Office Building  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Gene:

It was wonderful and I mean wonderful to have your post script on Mary's letter. Golly gee, I have asked everybody I ever saw about you and nobody had the slightest idea where you were and what you were doing. Now that you are in the Navy with us, I am ready and raring to go to war with you. Please write me a note and tell what you have been doing since I saw you last.

My family (since I saw you last I have become a husband and father) are leaving for a visit in Texas in about a week and I should be in Washington about the first week in May, so keep in touch with Lyndon's office as we will have to have a "breast bearing".

Faithfully your friend,

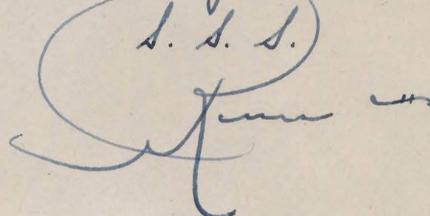


Russell Morton Brown

RMB:nmb

*Creo que Ud. este todavía cabron pero le doy  
felicidades y salud, mi compañero.*

*S. S. S.*



March 20, 1943

Mr. Nicholas Di Masi  
Personnel Office  
Navy Pier  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Nick:

I had your letter some days ago but was laid low with an attack of the flu at the time and have not had an opportunity to reply to it. I have been waiting too until I could acknowledge your check for \$52 in completion of the price we agreed on when you bought my car. Not having received it, and having reread your letter I am sort of in the dark about your attitude on it. I think you will agree that I did not solicit your proposal to buy the car, was on my way downtown to sell it for \$100 to the first offeror, and would have had no difficulty in obtaining it.

Certainly there was no misrepresentation on my part of anything connected with the deal. My tendering you title upon partial payment shows that. The fact of the whole thing is, Nick, that it was an agreement between friends and the transaction was handled in that way from beginning to end. You drive an 1937 auto as if it were a 1943 Army Jeep and expect it to sail over hills and dale without mishap.

If you want to back out on the deal, Nick, I think that will be all right with me. I can simply return what you have paid me so far, you can reassign title and I'll try to find someone there to peddle the car for the \$100 I think it will bring. So let me know about it, please.

But - enough of that! I suppose you will want to know how I've been disporting myself.

I'm assigned to the Under Secretary of the Navy and reassigned by him to a subcommittee of the House Naval Affairs Committee investigating naval personnel. We think there is plenty to investigate, too, and I believe that a lot of swivel chair potential Admiral material with pronounced antipathies for salt water are going to have a change of climate anyway. All of us work in civilian clothes and are pretty much our own bosses. Our office is at the Capitol and we are having a swell time snooping.

So far as my personal life is concerned, there just ain't anything personal about it. I am living with the Congressman, have my breakfast in bed about 7:30, leisurely bathe and shave, and ride down with him about 9 A. M. That part of it is lovely, charming, but we work late, usually until about eight, and by the time we are finished I'm ready to go home,

read the Congressional Record long enough to make me sleepy (that doesn't take long using the Record), and hit the hay.

I have had a chance to look up a few old friends who are still left about here but am going to put off my social work until I can get out from under the official business.

Nick, will you please send to me my personal file? Bill will know where it is, I think. If he doesn't it should be the last file in either the top or next to the top file drawer. Also, I would like to have the pages from a looseleaf notebook on top of the file cabinet. I had been reading some very heavy stuff, made some notes on it, and want to continue here.

Good news about Lt. Ball. If ever an officer deserved the best, it's he. I don't know a better all-around man on the Pier; at least there is no doubt he is the best-liked.

I'll try to write again soon. In the meantime give my best regards to everyone and tell them I'm thinking of them. Write me about the car because I need the do-re-mi and want to settle it one way or the other soon. That damn office there hasn't seen fit to send my pay account or even a check in lieu thereof and I have been hitting the Congressman up for money until I'm sure we're both getting sick of it.

Sincerely your friend

March 8, 1943.  
First week on the line for  
Company 16 and 10 days since  
you left us holding the bag.

Honorable Gene Latimer, Jr.,  
c/o Congressman L. B. Johnson,  
House Office Building,  
Washington, D.C.

Dear Yeoman; Sir:

No doubt by this time you have already donned the gold-braided uniform of a two and one-half striper, which is why I did not address you as yeoman, 2c. How in the hell are you, you flea-bitten friend of a certain Irishman?

After patiently waiting to hear from you I decided to write a few lines, despite the fact that I shouldn't care whether I hear from you or not. Undoubtedly the manpower situation in the nation's capital is such that the weaker sex is finding even you somewhat interesting. (Which reminds me that since you left, many, many Chicago girls have complaints to make - these girls were happy when YOU were in this City of the Big Breeze.) Thus you do not have time to write.

However, being a reputable business man and one whose credit is beyond reproach, I am taking the initiative in trying to pay you off, chiseler. The balance as I remember is \$25.00 (gosh, I switched the digits, \$52.00 is the figure). Which brings to the point I am anxious to bring out: I WUZ ROBBED!

The day - that memorable Saturday that also brought your release from this hell-hole - that our hurried deal was made, very shortly after I left you at the railroad station, at around 8 P.M., my newly purchased vehicle suffered a flat tire. It was a very bum tire and it now rests ingloriously in the trunk compartment of that percolator (how do you spell it?). Luckily and unexpectedly the spare tire was inflated and the change was made with consummate ease. BUT the next day, SUNDAY, after having driven the car a few miles since the flat tire incident, while driving on Chicago's beautiful outer drive, the left front wheel did not care to wait for the rest of the car and decided to run on ahead. It did! After retrieving the wheel, which was miraculously undamaged, I surveyed my dire straits. Stranded amid dense traffic and without a left front wheel, I had no alternative but to call for help (the damned bitch I had in that Joy(?) wagon was no help either). The resulting towing and repair charges were trivial - a mere \$23.00, thank you. The repairs included fixing the horn, the lights, the carburetor and replacing the wheel after first putting in new bolts, nuts, etc. The repair man discovered a new fault, one that evidently existed before the deal was promulgated. It also explained why I kept hearing a certain knock (which, strangely, was reminiscent of the wolf knocking at the door,)

page two of DiMasi's case against Latimer

in the vicinity of the left front wheel BEFORE the flat tire incident. The bushings there were shot, shot, SHOT! Being unfamiliar about automobiles I had written that off as some minor bug. Estimated cost of repair, \$8.00 to \$10.00. The mechanic said that wasn't all - the front system was in peril because the shock absorbers were in a dangerous state of disrepair. Cost of absorbers, 2 at \$9.00 each, \$18.00, labor NOT included. So, that's it PAL.

It seems, Mr. Latimer, that you unloaded a neat little headache at a bargain. I am happy to know that, but decidedly unhappy that I was the fish. It serves me right for being a sympathetic and helpful sort of a jerk (I'll be greatly displeased if you agree with me on that point) who likes to help his buddies-in-distress. Taking your word that I was buying an A-1 car which ~~sawdxxx~~ would require an outlay of a few dollars to be put into 1A shape, I find myself faced with the prospect of expending another \$50.00 to get a good 'mobile. Capital expenditures, I call it. Thus, in order to snatch a bargain for \$100, I will have had to pay \$75.00, approximately, for the privilege.

Including the above mentioned bugs, here is a list of what needs be done to transform a coffee grinder into a luxury liner:

1. Bushing, left front wheel.
2. Shock absorbers.
3. Muffler, including tail pipe.
4. Smashed fender.
5. Radio.
6. Replacement of a tube and tire for adequate spare tire protection (the rest of the rubber ain't none too good anyway.
7. Licenses ( I don't give a damn for this). trivial.

I write all this hoping that your conscience (do you have one?) might bother you. I hope, I hope, I hope, etc. But let's touch on something else, something pleasant, as you did have a good way about you.

All the boys continually ask about you, and ask that their regards be sent you when I write. And no one has mentioned anything about you leaving any debts behind so that leaves you clear on that account. We all wonder why you haven't written. How do you like Washington, D.C., and I suppose you have given FDR my vote of confidence.

We have two more yeomen out on the line, Yeomen Swenson and Cristol, 2c'ers. And of course Big Bill Loftus, genial son of the Auld Sod, continues in his haphazard ways. (Genial son, etc., what BULLSHIT!!) The babes have been detached at last. WE've changed the office around so that even you wouldn't recognize it. But the officers haven't changed. Oh, yes they have, Giles smiled the other morn and the office is still basking in the sunshine of that rarity.

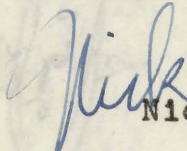
page 3 of the same indictment

Lt. Carrier is still fussing with tests, which we have cut down to a system, somewhat, with new systems envisioned. Lt. Ball is a full lieutenant, and has been since last October and didn't know it. Some hitch in the blanket order resulted in his name being left out from the list though the promotion had gone thru. He expects to leave shortly as he made a request for transfer which, he says, will be favorably looked upon. And I understand that Lt. Conrath is going to be relieved of his duties here. This latter may be just scuttlebutt. They all ask for you.

Last week 13 instructors were transferred and were they happy! The resulting confusion in replacements, watch assignments, etc. kept us busy, especially Blustering Bill, the Orangeman. Swenson, who is the head yeoman out here, is a worthy follower in your footsteps, and all this confusion, he says, does not become him. What was your word for it, Pal? (Incidentally we're a real combination of yeomen out here now, what with an Irishman, a Swede, a Hebe, and a Dago. I'm the dago, so what?)

Time to end it all.

Write damn soon so I won't lose track of you.



Nicholas.

P.S I almost forgot to give you the best regards of Chief Cairns.

It. Garrier is still tussling with tests, which we have cut down to a system, somewhat, with new systems envisioned. Lt. Ball is a full lieutenant, and has been since last October and didn't know it. Some hitch in the latest order resulted in his name being left out from the list though the promotion had gone thru. He expects to leave shortly as he made a request for transfer which, he says, will be favorably looked upon. And I understand that Lt. Conrath is going to be relieved of his duties here. This latter may be just a scintilla. They all ask for you.

Last week 13 instructors were transferred and were they happy! The resulting confusion in replacements, watch assignments, etc. kept us busy, especially Blastering Bill, the Organman. Swenson, who is the head yeoman out here, is a pretty fellow in your footsteps, and all this confusion, he says, does not become him. What was your word for it, Pal? (Incidentally we're a real com- pination of yeomen out here now, what with an Irishman, a Swede, a Hebe, and a Dago. I'm the dago, so what?)

Time to end it all.

Write damn soon so I won't lose track of you.

Nicholas.

P.S. I almost forgot to give you the best regards of Chief Garra.

March 20, 1943

Mr. Paul R. Stanley  
Navy Pier  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Paul:

I haven't deliberately ignored your letter by any means but was tied up with the flu for about ten days and have been trying to unscramble this work ever since.

My assignment here is to the Under Secretary of the Navy, but when I reported to him he assigned me to the subcommittee of the Naval Affairs Committee investigating naval personnel. Naturally, my old boss is chairman of the subcommittee so that makes everything rosy. We have an office at the Capitol, work in civilian clothes, and things are pretty much as they were in the old days.

About your deal, Paul. Since I'm not actually at the Navy Department it is a bit difficult for me to operate on it. I talked to a friend of mine, however, who is a Lt. in the Personnel Office at the Navy Department and he is going to check up on it for me. At least we'll know what the score is. I am going to meet him Monday night for a little reunion with some of my old friends and he asked me to bring the file number, etc. along. It will, of course, have to be strictly off the record and he didn't even want me to give him the dope over the 'phone. I think that is the wise way to handle it.

I'll write you again sometime next week and let you know whatever I'm able to find out.

Best regards to you and all the gang.

Your friend

# Devonshire Hotel

19 EAST OHIO STREET



SUPERIOR 4900

CHICAGO

Saturday 1620

Dear Gene:

Not much to write about this past week. Senesso is not in our storeroom now. He's aside and a brother of Lt. G.E. Lewis is in the house. Dan Ball is a full Lt. since Wednesday. He also found out he'd been one since October. He'll get back pay but the honor is over the dam I guess. Austey, Cliff, Odell, Alexander, Burr, and Jordan went to flight engineering school this week end.

I did not get a chance to talk things over with Lt. Giles as yet - because his wife has been very sick and he has had her in a hospital this week. I'll get at him next week. Here is the dope on my file:

Sunday

My dear Ellana,

About time for me to write and bring you up to date on my doings - much past time, for that matter. Things have been happening so fast and so often, though, that I haven't had an opportunity to do much more than eat, work, and sleep.

First, let me thank you for your last letter. It was about the only comforting thing I have had for a couple of months. There isn't anything which can be done about my domestic difficulties, but it is nice to know that in spite of them I still have a real friend of two. Marjorie is teaching I understand at the University of Houston and I hope that we will have our business wound up soon, so that I can try to find some way to get it out of my mind. Not that I anticipate much success, but it will be something to work on.

That's plenty on that subject though. I'm sure you are wondering what in Sam Hill I am doing in Washington. I wondered the same thing when a dispatch came into Chicago three weeks ago telling me that I had been detailed to the Under Secretary of the Navy here. Of course, I wasn't so dense as to believe that the Under Secretary had decided I was the only yeoman in the country, but I was completely in the dark as to Lyndon's plans for me.

I found after arrival here that I was to be reassigned by the Under Secretary to the House subcommittee investigating naval personnel, of which LBJ is the chairman, so that explained that.

A good deal of my time now is being spent on Lyndon's absenteeism bill, which you may have read about as the "work-or-fight" bill, and naval personnel is just having to wait, so far as I have been concerned.

I'm staying out at the Congressman's house and were it not for my frame of mind I think I would be very happy. I'm in civilian clothes, although still on the Navy payroll, naturally, and being here at the Capitol brings me back about ten years.

A few of my friends are still here, and I've been planning to see them if and when I can find time. I feel a little like the fifth spoke in the wheel though, because they are all married, have children in being or in process, and we haven't much in common any more.

This is only temporary duty here and I imagine when the job is done I can go almost anywhere I would want, but I realize that I'm not able to competently decide right now, or even to try to make any plans. When I do give the question some thought I can't figure out any particular reason for being any particular place, so I am simply letting it drift, and doing my best to spend all my waking hours working or reading.

I came down this morning to do a spot of work, so had best be about it. Now that I've become semi-settled here I'll be better about my correspondence. I hope you won't neglect to write as I have done, because I appreciate, and I think I need, your letters a great deal.

Love

Thursday P.m.

Mr. Darling -

The purse came this morning. it is so pretty and you are really a good picker, but you shouldn't have sent it Honey, you know I just hate Mother's Day for me. I just want to hear from you, but it was aw-

ful sweet and that felt. My it was good to hear your voice for a minute last night.

I was low as a whale's belly before I called you. Nice to say hello to Mr. Johnson too.

Well the chickens have all been put back in the pen after being

on the back porch.  
We didn't have a one to  
drawn tho' and so many  
people did, the water  
came up so fast.  
Today is cold, speck  
there has been a hail  
some place.

I didn't go to church  
Sunday Morn. it was  
the first Mother's Day  
without mama and  
I just didn't want to  
Dad and I saw "Random  
Harvest" then went to  
Baccalaureate Sermon  
that night.

Bill M. is having our  
back porch re screened  
today. hope it won't  
be long before you can  
sleep on it  
Jenny will be home

Friday P.m. 6:30

Hi! Sailor.

Was so glad to get your letter. Dad came home at noon and I was singing, he said what's the joy about.

I had yours and Jenny's letters yesterday and one from Joe this morning, so that fixed me up for the rest of the week.

Dad is transplanting moss out on the parking. I have gathered up the eggs, got 20. Honey. Dad I write you about the big WAAC recruiting trailer being here two days with three WAAC's and Sgt Hay? I was responsible for their activities. I got the Kiwanis Club to have them for dinner, made arrangements to have them speak at the show, then a show was put on in their behalf at the Hi. School Audi-

torium by students of O.W. and  
also the merit feed radio five.  
After the show I took them  
out to the square dance.

They really had a good time.

Joe Bailey Gibson is in San.

Francisco, rather Treasure

Island in that hospital  
(medical Corp.) So last week

and he went to Chico to

see Jenny. She is really hav-  
ing a good time along with

her work Cadet graduation  
dinner and dance. pledge

dance - Breakfast, golf &  
etc. I'm glad cause next

year no telling what it will  
be.

Sonny, Soon as you can I  
want you to buy some bonds  
they will surely come in  
good after this is over.

Dad went to the City Tues.

I went along. We came back  
by that Douglas Air plane

factory. I had no idea it was  
so big -  
You don't think you might  
get a furlough between  
jobs, do you? Wish you  
could.  
Stoney, Did I tell you Mack  
jr. was killed in an air  
plane crash? I can't rem-  
ember when I wrote you -  
Dad has come in tired. I  
better fix him a bite to  
eat.

Regards to Mr. Johnson  
Be a good boy, Write us  
soon and love us -

April twenty-second  
1943

Dear Dan,

I've waited patiently to hear from you but I suppose you've been so busy trying to fill a few inside straights that you haven't had time to do much Spencerian work.

Now, though, you'll just have to write because I've got a little dooty I need you to perform for me; to wit: The Library has been raising hell about two books which I ran off and left in my locker in the hurry of shoving off for Washington. The enclosed card gives the names of both books. I'm sure the Bounty Trilogy is in my locker. If the other one isn't there it is out in the hangar office.

So, my dear friend, will you please be good enough to pick these up and deliver them to the Library the next night you are on watch? Needless to say, I'll appreciate it muchly. Might even reserve a space in Davy Jones locker for you to show my gratitude.

Someone (I forget who it was) wrote me that you aren't in the hangar any more. Where are you working? And how do you like it?

I'm staying out with the Congressman - have been since I came here the first of last month. It's just a wee bit better than the Navy Pier routine. I come down to work with him in the morning about 9:30, but we don't usually leave until around 7, so that

page two - Specialist Lavezzo

makes up for it. I have an office on the fifth floor of the House Office Building all to my lonesome and am enjoying the work very much. It is just about finished and I am not certain where I'll go from here. Probably down to the Office of the Under Secretary for a week or so and then I hope to be assigned to the Commanding Officer of one of the colleges participating in the Navy Training Program. One of our good friends is coming into the Navy to be a Commanding Officer of a school and I think I'm going to be able to work it out.

My bunk is still in the gear locker at Co. Z, I hope. I wish you would take a peek in there to be sure someone hasn't made off with it. When I become definitely located I want to send for it.

We draw subsistence and a quarters allowance here, although I've never been able to get mine straight because that damned pay office there doesn't understand it. In desperation I had a dispatch sent to Chicago a couple of days ago ordering the transfer of my record and pay account to the Receiving Station here. Then I'll try to iron my money problems out. It won't be bad - \$96 base pay, \$37.50 for Marjorie, \$1.50 per day for subsistence, and \$1.25 per day for quarters.

Write me right away, Darny, and let me know about the books. Address the letter care of Congressman Lyndon B. Johnson, House Office Building, Washington, D. C.

Youramigo

It's very sweet of you to send me the checks -  
I will use them partly to pay McBride. I  
guess the divorce is in process but haven't  
heard from him for several weeks... Do you  
have enough to live on? Is J. paying you anything  
extra?

Dear Gene,

I'm so glad you're  
back in Washington, where  
you have so many friends +  
Mr. J. Sorry about the illness;  
hope you're better now.

Thanks for the  
kation book. Do you need  
#17 for shoes? If you  
don't, I would like to have  
it back for that coupon.

If you do, please don't put  
off buying shoes any longer -  
You needed them very badly.  
Thanks. M.

May thirteenth  
1943

Dear Charlie:

How in the name of all that's holy are you? I understand you are now well on your way to becoming the most valuable swivel-chair patriot in the Nation, with the possible exception of Jos. W. Maguire. I'm in the Navy myself -- have been since January of last year, only I work. I have the high rating of a yeoman, second class, and probably damn lucky to get that much.

Rightnow I'm working at the House Office Building on a subcommittee chairmanned by Lyndon. We are investigating naval personnel, so watch out. I tell that j.g. friend of ours that the first Mick we are going to send out will have the initials JWM.

Incidentally, Joe is in the Naval Hospital with some kind of an ear infection. I suppose you know about that though. Pass, Toots, and I drove out to see him last Sunday. Mary was there, too. I think we'll take up a collection and buy him an ear trumpet. He is deaf as a post -- couldn't hear Gabriel blowing his horn.

I need you to do a little chore for me, Charlie. Here 'tis. Marjorie and I came to the parting of the ways and I am now the most eligible young (?) bachelor in Washington. The divorce was effective April 22, 1943. I have been making an allotment to her of \$68 per month which I believe you have been sending to her at either 5493 Cornell, Chicago, Illinois, or 513 Northwood, Houston, Texas.

She received the May 1st check and sent me the pro-rata portion for the period from the date of the divorce up to the first.

What I want to do now is to stop the allotment. In other words I want the \$68 which would normally be sent toher on the first of June included in the amount of my own pay here. Of course, I always want all subsequent money to come to me.

My pay account is at the disbursing office of the Naval Receiving Station, Navy Yard, Washington, D.C. I am assigned to the Under Secretary of the Navy, but I don't imagine this has anything to do with it.

So, will you please stop my allotment, and notify the Receiving Station that I am due an additional \$34 each payday. I wish you would let me know, too, so that I can follow up on it or have someone in the Under Secretary's office do so. I don't know my pay account number, but my service number is 700, 09, 51. I am a yeoman, second-class, V-6.

Our investigation is almost over so if you can hurry this up I'll appreciate it, Charley.

I understand you are going great guns with the Navy. Little did I think when we rode home from the Seagrams' place of business in Baltimore that you would ever be worth a Continental. Or, are you?

Best regards.

Gene Latimer, Jr.

72043

Friday

Dearest Ellana,

Here's Peek's Bad Boy showing up again, with loads of profuse apologies -- none of which is any good. Might as well just confess that I haven't written 'cause:

- (a) there wasn't any news worth repeating (and still isn't),
- (b) I'm lazy,
- and
- (c) I waited so long I knew I would be in Dutch with you anyway.

My assignment here is still indefinite. I suppose you read of the Congressman's subcommittee report on naval personnel, and perhaps the one on draft deferment. There are a couple more not yet released. After that I don't know where I'll be.

I went out to the Naval Hospital at Bethesda last Friday and spent every waking hour being checked over for five days. I can truthfully say that there isn't a square inch of my anatomy now with which I don't have at least a nodding acquaintance. I've had blood taken out, put in, my head checked, my teeth examined, an eye consultation, heart, nose, lungs, ears given the once over, and can call at least half my white corpuscles by their given names.

Long as I had the chance, and since it's all over now, I am glad I had it done and found out that there isn't anything wrong with me, except perhaps

a bit too much bone between the ears instead of good healthy brain tissue.

Washington is beautiful right now. The country is so overloaded with blossoms I'd almost risk a trip to Mt. Vernon on an historical expedition, providing you'd go along to refresh my memory on certain points not covered when I studied American History many years ago.

Lyndon goes to Texas next week to make a speech at Georgetown and receive an honorary degree as Doctor of Laws through the courtesy of Southwestern University. I imagine he will be there in Texas about a month and I'll stay up here wishing I could have gone with him.

Did you know that I am a bachelor ~~now~~? Hizzoner listened gravely and disjoined the bands on April 22d, I think it was. Just proves I couldn't hope to keep throwing sevens and elevens all my life.

Mother and Dad are well, but a bit lonesome, I imagine. I'm so glad that Jerry will be with them around the tenth of June for the summer. If I can possibly arrange it I want to go home for a few days soon myself, and see if it's really true that in some parts of the country you can still find traces of steak, cream-gravy, and potatoes.

I see that I don't have your address again. I'll just put 1917 Bolsover. I know that's wrong, but it seems to narrow the postman's field of inquiry so you eventually receive these dabs from me. I can't very well ask you to write soon after my own neglect, but Write anyway, won't you?

Love

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.

# WESTERN UNION

A. N. WILLIAMS  
PRESIDENT

NEWCOMB CARLTON  
CHAIRMAN OF THE BOARD

J. C. WILLEVER  
FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

1201

SYMBOLS

DL = Day Letter

NL = Night Letter

LC = Deferred Cable

NLT = Cable Night Letter

Ship Radiogram

(23)



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

HSA 182 38=HOUSTON TEX 17 513P

GENE LATIMER YEOMAN 2/C= DNR -1370 HOB

US NAVY CARE CONGRESSMAN LYNDON JOHNSON WASHDC=

JOFFRE TELEGRAPHS HE HAS LEAVE AND WANTS MONEY I DOUET HIS  
LEAVE. THINK HE HAS BEEN IN WASHINGTON A WEEK. HE GETS HIS  
WIRES CARE WESTERNUNION PLEASE GENE TRY FIND HIM AND FIND  
OUT TROUBLE. WIRE COLLECT THANKS=

LETHA

THE COMPANY WILL APPRECIATE SUGGESTIONS FROM ITS PATRONS CONCERNING ITS SERVICE

$$\begin{array}{r} 18 \\ 84 \overline{) 1178} \end{array}$$

(3)

$$\begin{array}{r} 125 \\ 275 \overline{) 34375} \\ \underline{5400} \\ 8375 \end{array}$$

May twentieth  
1943

Dear Marjorie,

The ration book is back safely in the Johnson kitchen now. I either read or heard that another shoe stamp comes of age next month so let me know if you want mine.

Unless you've already sent my old shoes to the half-soling section just throw them away. It's thoughtful of you to want to have them fixed up but the uppers usually play out before the half-soles get broken in good. I would like to have the arch supports, though.

I sold our car -- got \$100 for it. Seems the yeoman who took title isn't too well satisfied with the bargain. About half the accessories fell off, according to him, within two days after he bought it. I told him he couldn't drive a 1937 Buick like a 1943 Jeep and expect anything less than an explosion.

Since you say you do have room for my law books I'll appreciate your hanging on to them for a while. Things are so unsettled these days it's difficult for me to plan, but maybe some day they will be useful.

Last week I spent four days at the Naval Hospital in Bethesda. The last time I went out that way was on the road to Rockville. Anyway, they checked me from stem to stern and couldn't find anything that wasn't perfect. It's one of the finest hospitals in the country and I really got super-service.

The Congressman thought that as long as it didn't cost anything I might as well find out about myself. I went through neuro-psychiatry, body chemistry, the dental clinic, eye clinic, orthopedics, and about twelve others I can't even remember.

Joe Maguire was there at the same time with an ear infection and we usually went to the show together at nights. I told him I didn't want to be an officer such as he since apparently you had to be a yeoman to rate a private room and daily visits from the commanding officer.

Did you see our committee investigation report in the paper? Made the front page in most of the country's papers last Sunday. Two or three more are still to be released.

Don't know what the program is going to be for me yet. Jenny will be home next month and I hope to go home on leave in between my own assignments. Committee work is slack right now and I'm dictating all mail written for LBJ. Between that and working up form letters I'm kept occupied. The days at least are fairly pleasant -- I have an office and 'phone all to myself, and don't have anyone to bother me except when I want to sling out some letters to one of the stenos.

The article on JJA is most interesting. I'm keeping it for reference material, but wouldn't think of depriving you of his picture. So it's returned -- big brown eyes and all.

Love

513 Northwood  
May 10  
Houston

Dear Gene,

Thanks a million for the ration book. I now have a pair of white shoes, which I needed very badly. Are you sure you don't need it yourself? I certainly hope not, because your shoes were in terrible shape.

Speaking of shoes, I have found an old pair of yours which I am going to have half-soled and send you. Even if you have new ones, I know you'll like to have a change. Also the arch supporters are in them.

What did you do with the car? Sell it?

Yesterday Mama and I spent the day carrying your law books to the attic. Do you think you'll ever want them? It is a shame to let them get so dusty, as they're sure to in the attic. But they'll be safe. Please tell me whether you think you'll ever want them sent to you.

I am sending you an article from SEP which was profoundly disillusioning, as you can imagine. I am afraid you'll get a big kick out of it.

Please try to get something out of life besides a desire to sleep. There are so many things you could interest yourself in--the things you were so enthusiastic about as a high school student. Build yourself up physically; that in itself you used to enjoy. Now you have the gym there, and probably your friend that Negro is still there to massage you or whatever he did. Why don't you undertake a strenuous physical buildup program? (I realize the most serious drawback--your long hours, I imagine; but you could snatch some time of your own.)

Try to make all of us proud of you, as you can if you will.

Mayorie

December 16, 1943.

Gene Latimer, Y 1/C,  
USS YMS-201,  
c/o Fleet Postmaster,  
New York, New York.

Dear Gene:

Your note of the 13th has caught me in the same sort of situation you were in the day you dictated letters to everyone that you were in a great big rush because you had to run to committee meeting. Well, I am in a great big rush because I have to run to catch a plane for Texas where I will be until about the end of the first week in January.

I am mighty proud of your promotion. It proves to me that you are doing the kind of work I have always known you were capable of, and I am glad that others have noticed your ability too. I liked your letter of the 13th and I appreciate your writing me. I do try to understand but sometimes it is awfully hard for me, and believe me, if I were you I would get M. out of my system once and for all. She is a fine girl. I admire her very much. But, evidently she is not for you any more, and you might as well start looking elsewhere. You know, men have died and worms have eaten them, but not for love, and also they tell me it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. All this sounds like L. E.'s advice, but I believe there is something to it. Anyway, I would try to apply it.

Now, I have some wonderful news which I want you to share with me. Lady Bird and I are going to have a baby in March. Nothing in the world has ever happened that has made me happier, and I am even going to be elated if it is a girl. We will be expecting you to come down to pay the young man or young lady, as the case may be, a visit sometime next spring when you are docked.

I wish you a very, very Merry Christmas.

Affectionately,

Lyndon B. Johnson.

B  
corr - latimer, gene

USS YMS-201  
c/o Fleet Postmaster  
New York, New York  
December 13, 1943

Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson, M. C.  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Chief:

I'm not a diagnostician -- far from it. But after peering anxiously at my tongue, taking my pulse and a laxative, all with no appreciable result, I can only conclude that what I need is a tonic. Not the sulfur and molasses sort, but a much more palatable one in the form of a letter from you.

Right now I should be out on that gangway on watch, keeping a weather eye cocked for saboteurs, nazi agents and itinerant peddlers, but there seems to be a very poor market for them tonight. So I'm parked in front of this Underwood with a .45 automatic strapped around my midsection, and nothing more dangerous to draw a bead on than this machine if it gets too frisky.

Ever since returning from Washington I've wanted to write you, but it has been and still is difficult. I won't attempt to explain or excuse myself beyond saying that shortly after I arrived there I learned that M. was in D.C., talked to her by 'phone with less than negligible results. Perhaps it's just as well that "finis" has been written, and I am no longer on tenterhooks about possibilities and probabilities.

The latter part of October our Beneficent Government granted me a 10-day leave of absence to go home and renew acquaintance with a Mother, father, and sister not seen in a year and a half, and a brother who has been in the Bahamas for the past three. It was the first time in five or six years we had all been able to plant our collective feet under the same table and turn to on some of Mother's biscuit and gravy. The folks have had the house all remodeled and refurbished and we mixed platters of food with heaps of fun for the few days I could be there.

Please take official notice that my rating has been amended from yeoman second-class to first-class. I've already sewed that third stripe underneath the crow on my arm, and very good it looks, too, although the stitching leaves something to be desired. Better still will be the \$21 per month raise. I hope to make Chief Yeoman by the first of September, when the minimum time will have passed. From all I can gather the exam is a leadpipe cinch for anyone who can read and write, and I have personally seen some Chief Yeoman who left a serious doubt in my mind even on this point.

Our complement on this ship calls only for a second-class yeoman instead of a first, so I may have another assignment soon. I'm wishing my next ship will be the widest and longest, going the farthest the fastest.

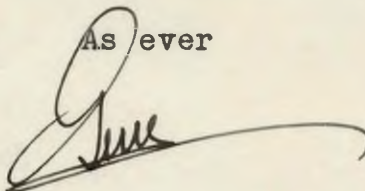
page two -- Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson

The first part of the year I plan to take a couple of extension courses from one of the Universities cooperating with Uncle Sam in furnishing them at half price to servicemen. The catalogs I have list some on feature and radio writing that sound interesting.

We came in day before yesterday for repairs. Ran into a 70-mile nor'easter that caused us to lose an anchor, our tempers, 15 fathoms of anchor chain, and any food that happened to be still in the process of digestion. These minesweepers don't seem to tame down by gentle handling. But I never really wanted to spend this war parading up and down Pennsylvania Avenue in a sailing costume.

I hope this Christmas will bring you and yours all the many things you want and deserve. And I'm sending Santa a copy of this letter with a note requesting he stop by and see if he can't pick up a present from you: a letter to me.

As ever

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "Lyndon B. Johnson", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

USS YMS-201  
c/o Fleet Postmaster  
New York, N.Y.

Dear Bob,

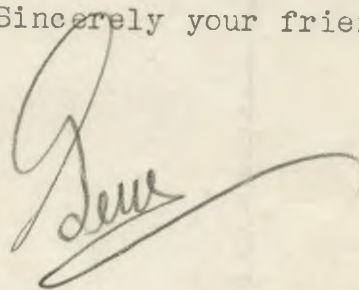
Immediately after I returned we shoved off for parts unknown and only just redocked here a few minutes ago. So this is the first opportunity I have had to send you the attached. I hope that it is what the Congressman wants.

In any event, will you please put it on his desk and then let me know what if anything happens. I am more anxious than ever to take a fling at that school but know good and well I don't stand a Chinaman's chance without a push.

The skipper just came in to tell me that he wants the monthly and quarterly reports out today or tomorrow so I had better put off a longer letter until that is done. The eagle will fly tomorrow afternoon and I'll send you promptly that other little item.

Surely was good to see all of you and catch up on happenings at 504.

Sincerely your friend

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Gene", with a long, sweeping horizontal flourish extending to the right.

From: Gene Latimer, Jr.  
To: MC.

Subject: Deep Sea Diving School, Washington, D.C.

1. I would like to attend the above school in order to qualify as a diver, retaining my rating as a yeoman, second-class.

2. The term of the next class is five months, beginning October 7, 1943.

3. My service number is 700 09 51. I have been in the U.S. Naval Reserve since January 13, 1942.

September 28, 1943.

FROM: Gene

TO: Chief

SUBJECT: Favor No. 1,001

1. I have my heart set on going to the Navy Deep Sea Diving School, Navy Yard, Washington, D. C.
2. The next class begins October 7, 1943; lasts 5 months.
3. There is no prohibition against Yeomen attending the school.
4. Mechanical aptitude is very desirable. My father has been in the plumbing and sheet metal business for some thirty years and I have always helped him when at home. In addition, I had some experience with Russ Mitchell, Inc., Houston, running a Caterpillar, a finishing machine, and doing general road work.
5. I know I would make the Navy a damn good diver.

Gene Latimer, Y 2/C

That's all I know about the deal, Chief, except I am sure they need divers and I am anxious to do some learning. My service No. is 700 09 51; my ship, USS YMS-201.

*Answered  
reply already  
filed*

USS YMS-201  
c/o Fleet Postmaster  
New York, N. Y.  
August 28, 1943

My dear Chief:

It's about time to send you the latest trivia from the YMS-201, so here they are, all neatly bundled up and yours for the reading.

First though, congratulations on the night-time operation coup. It didn't require much crystal gazing to conclude your plans would hatch with their customary success, but it's grand to know that this came about within the normal period of incubation -- and that the delivery was accomplished without the use of forceps. I hope now you can cancel delivery on all orders for red ink, start up a new ledger, and begin transferring liabilities into the asset column.

And while I'm about it, I want to join the balance of the tenth district in protesting your failure to put into full operation a program of weekend relaxation at Buchanan Dam. This I do without the slightest hope it will have any effect, since the immediate result would only help you, and not some impecunious member of your flock.

We've been out for a couple of days, going through routine maneuvers. Night before last we had a rendezvous with five other sweepers. I didn't know you could have one of those except (A) with a loose woman, or (B) one who wanted to be. Anyway, we did some night firing, liberally interspersed with fire drills, collision drills, man overboard drills, abandon ship drills, and various others designed to reduce sleep to a minimum.

Today as we were on our way back in I thought I might soon have more than a nodding acquaintance with St. Peter or the fiery old bird at the other end of the line. I had the wheel watch and was busily giving her "5 degrees right rudder, 10 degrees left, steady as you go, " etc., when a fire broke out in the paint locker. It was only a small one, caused by spontaneous combustion among some oily rags, but what caused me to hastily review my past was that the paint locker is only a whoop and a holler from the ammunition hold.

I could picture myself being wafted skyward with both hands hanging on that wheel. That the mental picture never had a showing due to a prompt application of salt water is something for which I haven't the tiniest regret.

*Con  
Tatum  
Lane*

Last Sunday some of us went to a training school to learn which is the business end of a 20 MM anti-aircraft gun. About 300 other students were there with the same idea and I've never heard such a din as all those guns made firing at the same time at a sleeve towed at a very respectful distance by a plane.

For my part, I think I came nearer to pulverizing the pilot than the sleeve. He doesn't know how close he came to being "expended" instead of expendable. But one thing I did discover -- my molars must be embedded in concrete reinforced with high tensile steel. Otherwise they must have surely shaken loose after a bout with that gun.

Life here is quiet and healthy. When I feel like doing something particularly devil-may-care I wash up, shave, and go to the library or picture show at the Base. And that's that! Mornings I tumble out a bit early, go up on deck, and perform a little 1, 2, 3, 4 routine with an exercising apparatus composed of springs and handles. So far the results are negligible -- no special bulging of the biceps -- but I'll give it a few more whirls before turning in the manufacturer to the Better Business Bureau.

Perhaps I'll have weekend liberty shortly after the House reconvenes and you'll find me on your front doorstep one morning. A little morale injection such as you can so well administer would be a big help.

Give my very best to Lady Bird, Mary, and J. W., and there is an unrationed allotment of the same on tap for you.

Fondly

*Gene*

P.S. Do you need a renovation on the Condolences, or is there anything else I can help out on?

Austin, Texas,  
August 31, 1943.

Gene Latimer,  
YMS #201,  
c/o Fleet Postmaster,  
New York, New York.

Dear Gene:

Only yesterday I was thinking it had been so long since you wrote that you must have "put out to sea" when along comes the Postman with evidence that you are still just a landlubber. What are you all doing, waiting for Hitler to enter New York harbor?

The hand that signs this letter has just touched Robert Taylor, Jack Dempsey, Nancy Gates, Governor Stevenson, Senator Tom Connally, Lt. Col. Hewitt Wheelless, Major Joe Kilgore, and numerous other heroes of the day from every fighting front and every branch of the service. We have put on a bond rally that puts all other bond rallies in the shade, and in all modesty I believe that even Billy Rose could not have done better. I don't think there has ever been anything like it in Austin and the folks really turned out, gasoline rationing or no. All the Texas networks carried the entire program and NBC gave us a 30 minute nationwide hook-up, which time was used by me for 5 minutes to introduce Connally and the balance of the time by the Senator.

Friday after the rally I managed to get up to the Dam about 10:00 PM and with a few friends took things easy until Sunday afternoon when I had to go to a Czech settlement near Smithville for a speech. This coming weekend I am winding up my schedule for the summer and want to go back to the Dam for about 5 or 6 days straight running vacation.

The world is looking mighty bright these past two weeks, and if I can just get my cook back when I return to Washington I will be ready to tackle almost anything. We are closing the office here about the 10th and Mary will catch the train on the 12th. J. W. will start back in Bill Deason's car about Thursday week with his wife and Lady Bird's canned goods which were put up in East Texas, and Bob, who by the way was again rejected by the draft board, is driving back next Monday with Mrs. Kellam who is on her way to Philadelphia to join Jesse. I have a new boy going up too. I don't know whether he will be able to sling the King's English around as well as you, but I am told he can write letters and he has a good background so I am very hopeful. Lady Bird and I will leave in time to reach Washington by the 14th of September.

We went on Columbia last Sunday, which at last gets another hard job behind me, and now the listeners of KTBC can hear the Nation's No. 1 attraction, Frank Sinatra and his famous band. I have become so radio conscious that Lady Bird is threatening to move me out of the house and has already refused to ride in the automobile when I have the radio going. She says she is thankful I did not buy a slaughter house.

Now, I believe you are up to date as far as I am concerned so I will be expecting another one of your long, entertaining letters right soon giving me the lowdown on Uncle Sam's Navy and Yeoman Latimer's activities, or else a visit any time you can come down to Washington.

Keep polishing the big, brass knobs.

Sincerely,

Lyndon B. Johnson.

W  
corr - latimer

Austin, Texas,  
August 11, 1943.

Mr. Gene Latimer, Jr.,  
YMS #201,  
c/o Fleet Postmaster,  
New York, New York.

Dear Gene:

By now I feel you have left New York, but trust this will catch up with you someday somewhere. I will try to send all my subsequent letters by airmail. Thanks a lot for all the information you gave me, and particularly the enclosure.

I am following the schedule outlined in my last letter except that I haven't been able to get to Buchanan Dam on the weekends. However, the Under Secretary of the Interior and the Director of the Power Division will be here Friday morning and without fail I intend to take them to Buchanan for the weekend where we will have a meeting with the Directors of the LCRA and the Coops, as well as a lot of sunshine, swimming, boating and fishing.

Haven't been to Houston since I got to Texas, and at this writing do not know that I will, but in that event you may be sure I'll give Margery a ring and report to you. I wish though that you would stop "carrying the torch" and get her off your mind.

Bill is still negotiating for the CBS contract and will meet Ream in Washington next Monday. He thinks he'll be able to work out something with a small remuneration, and God knows I hope so. This is life and death to us.

John and Zepher phoned from Washington last Friday that they were quitting until we returned because they do not like to work for the Andersons to whom the house is rented. We trust they won't get better jobs before we can get home the middle of Sept.

Write whenever you can. We will be thinking of you often.

Affectionately,

Lyndon B. Johnson.

m  
corr - latimer, gene

YMS #201  
c/o Fleet Postmaster  
New York, New York  
July 31, 1943

My dear Chief,

We are stationed at the Marine Base in Brooklyn waiting to be outfitted after having been commissioned day before yesterday at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. The ship swarms all day with men who seem intent on taking apart everything it took the ship-building company so many months to put together. But I am assured that there is method in all this and that we shall be ship-shape in ten days or two weeks. Next we pick up ammunition and depth bombs, take a short shake-down cruise, and then go to work. Where that will be no one seems to know. However, I'm enclosing a copy of a code I plan to use to let my folks know where I am if I go across. If you'll keep this I'll refer in the last paragraph of my letters to one of the persons named, and you can deduce the rest. Of course, as long as we are on this side of the drink I'll be able to mail my letters while ashore and there won't be any necessity for the Hawkshaw procedure.

Our crew numbers 26, not including three officers. Most of them, and I don't imagine this excepts the skipper, are younger than I. We have one Chief, a Chief Boatswain's Mate and a very "salty" individual. He's covered from tip to toe with tattooing. When I ventured to suggest that some figures violated the Navy regulations against unclothed females from the waist up he hastened to assure me that each of them wore a flesh-pink sweater. At least he said he had paid the tattooer extra for these items.

The chow is excellent -- now I know the whys of rationing. We have some kind of meat three times a day, all the eggs, butter, and fruit we want. Next pay-day we are going to chip in and buy a washing machine. That money I can spend without a qualm. My back feels as though it had been sawed in two and the rough edges left hanging -- this as a result of an hour and a half session on the deck with soap, water, and a ki-yi brush.

My office is A-1. Has an excellent radio set, including two short-wave bands. I'm trying to listen to it with head-phones while writing this, so blame any unintelligibility on the Mexican music drifting through. We don't have a radio man so I'll probably do some of the talking on the ship-to-shore, ship-to-ship 'phone which is also in my office. The Radar is here, too, along with two file cabinets, a typewriter, a file basket, and two port-holes. As you might surmise there isn't room for many visitors.

I went to Kingston, New York, the twenty-seventh and came down with the ship. While there I called and talked to M in Houston. I may as well confess that the conversation was most unsatisfactory, apparently from her standpoint, and certainly from my own. If you should ever see her in Houston, though, I hope you will let me know how she is getting along, how she looks, and other things in which you know I would be interested.

Day before yesterday came a letter from Mrs. Ball. She always speaks so highly of you I hope you will give her a ring some time when you are visiting Jesse Jonestown.

While I am close to a shore post office I had better tell you a bit about my ship. She is 136 feet long, has two diesel engines, and does about 14 knots per hour. We have one three inch gun, two anti-aircraft guns, and carry a full assortment of depth bombs. I had no idea these things were planned in such detail, and am hourly amazed about it. Incidentally, her hull is all wood.

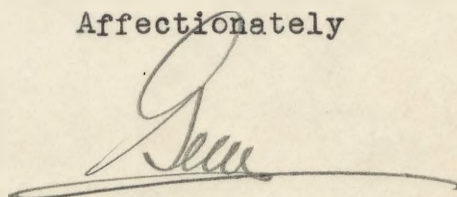
One thing seems to be lacking, though - a yeoman, and some forms for him to use. I find now that I should have attended the yeoman school at Miami before taking on an assignment such as this. I'm the only yeoman aboard, and in addition to being very crudely equipped for such work, the Bureau has thoughtfully neglected to provide me with forms and instructions. As a result I spend a good deal of time visiting yeomen aboard other ships here, but in most instances find they are as bad off as I.

I don't imagine this chit-chat is very interesting to you, unless it can be considered required reading for a member of the House Committee on Naval Affairs, so I'll prepare to hang up until next time.

I do hope that you'll write me occasionally and let me know how things are going down there, whether your door-to-door canvass of your district is producing what you expect and deserve, and also if there is anything at all that I can do to help out while I am such a long distance away.

Have Mary and the others write me, too -- over their own respective signatures. Please give Lady Bird my best, and I am, as usual

Affectionately

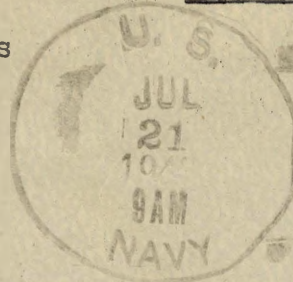
A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Jesse", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

|                          |    |                  |             |
|--------------------------|----|------------------|-------------|
| Name                     |    | Rate             | Service No. |
| Rec'd from               |    | Date Rec'd       |             |
| DETAIL AND TRANSFER CARD |    |                  |             |
| Status                   |    | Authority        |             |
| Transferred to           |    | Date Transferred |             |
| SR                       | HR | TPA              | CSC         |

Anna - Africa  
Ed - England  
Irwin - Italy  
Mary - Mediterranean  
Sue - South Pacific  
George - Greenland  
Al - Alaska  
Sam - South America  
August - Australia  
Charles - China

Gene Latimer, Jr., Y2c  
c/o Personnel Office  
U. S. Navy Receiving Barracks  
Flushing Avenue  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

FREE

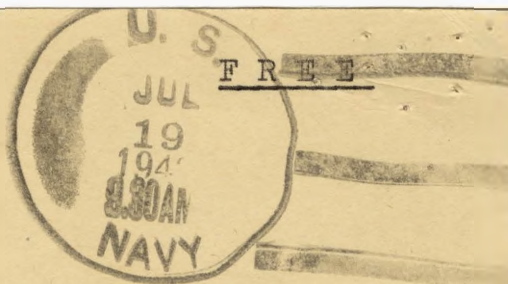


Mr. J. W. Farrell  
504 House Office Bldg.  
Washington, D. C.

NOT PERSONAL

FROM Gene Latimer, Y2c  
U.S. Naval Receiving Sta.  
Flushing Ave.  
Brooklyn, New York  
MESSAGE CONTINUED HERE

I've been making out  
page 9 of the Service  
Record until I know it  
from margin to margin.  
Highly interesting, too.  
Almost every name is  
different. Time to hit  
the hay now. Will write  
in a day or so *Gene*



TO—

Hon. Lyndoh. B. Johnson  
504 House Office Bldg.  
Washington, D. C.

Sunday night



Dear Chief and A&L:

Sweated it out on the train yesterday and stayed last night at Pier 92. This morning I rode in style on the back of a truck to the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and will stay here until my ship is commissioned.

Yesterday I had two shots (in the arm) before leaving Washington, and I've been a little woozy since. Must be something about me that looks efficient -- seems as if every station I turn my papers in to hires me. I handed my orders to the Personnel Office this morning and was behind a typewriter five minutes later.

*To Personnel Office*  
U. S. NAVY RECEIVING BARRACKS  
FLUSHING AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

July 20, 1943

Dear J. W. and Family,

*Look case of this*  
That G. D. Receiving Station didn't have my gear there when I checked out in Washington so I had to go ahead without it. I know damn good and well it will never get here until someone raises hell with someone else -- so will one of you please do the job because I understand it is very chilly sleeping on a damp deck without benefit of mattress or blankets.

I would suggest you start out by calling Mrs. Martin in Captain Gingrich's office at the Navy Department. She told MC she would send Chicago a dispatch asking that it be sent to D. C. While in Washington at the Receiving Station there I asked them to forward my gear when received to me at the New York City Receiving Station. This is incorrect, since the N.Y. Rec. Sta. immediately transferred me to the Brooklyn Rec. Sta. You can see that I am never going to get my junk together unless some corrections are made. I hate to put you to all this trouble, but don't know how else to go about it.

I'm sure the Congressman must by now be beating the bushes in Texas and don't envy him the job a whit. Neither should you envy me -- because I don't know how long I am going to have to wait for my ship to come in. The barracks, chow, etc., are good though and I don't have much to squawk about. I have liberty every other night, but when aboard have to stand a watch until ten p. m.

Bob, how are you coming along with my other clothes? Have you finished cussing me fore and aft yet? And when are you going to come to N. Y. to show me the city? I haven't called that young lady yet -- figured I would wait until I have a bit more strength. I still think you ought to send her a gilt-edged recommendation of me, so that she won't call the cops for the first hour at least.

Write soon and give me all the dope. I miss each of you a lot.

Affectionately  
*Bill*

July 29, 1942

Mr. Gene Latimer, Y 2c  
Educational Department  
Navy Pier  
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Gener

Many thanks for sending us the "spread" Lyndon got in  
the Sun.

I hope the statement did jar some of your more compla-  
cent friends. It has created quite a furor here in  
Washington but it needed to be said and I'm proud of  
Lyndon's courage in saying it.

He left Monday morning for Texas to spend a little time  
in Texas. You know he hasn't been there since Pearl  
Harbor and he felt he ought to get down there for a  
short time anyway. Best of luck to you. I know Lyndon  
would love to see you.

Sincerely,

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson

lbj:ojw  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~

ROY MILLER  
CORPUS CHRISTI, TEXAS

Mayflower Hotel  
Washington, D. C.  
July 25, 1942

Hon. Lyndon B. Johnson  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Lyndon:

The attached is from the Corpus Christi  
Times.

It takes a mighty good man to make the  
front page of such a great metropolitan daily.

Sincerely your friend,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'RM' or 'Roy Miller', written over the 'Sincerely your friend,' line.

RM:MM  
Encl.

## Johnson Says Talk About Fighting Men Being Softies Is 'So Much Rot'

WASHINGTON, July 21. (U.P.)—Rep. Lyndon B. Johnson (D-Texas) said today that American fighting men are tops—intellectually and physically.

"Talk about our boys being softies is so much rot," he said. "They can take it and they can dish it out."

Johnson, a lieutenant commander in the Naval Reserve, has just returned from the Pacific Southwest from what he termed an "extremely secret assignment" as a member of Gen Douglas MacArthur's staff. He was called back from Australia a few weeks ago when all members of Congress serving with the armed forces as reserve officers were placed on inactive status by order of President Roosevelt.

"Our boys are meeting the best Jap pilots they have," he said, "and there's no use kidding ourselves—they're good ones."

"Any American with average judgment who has faced the Zero (Japanese Naval fighter plane) develops a healthy respect for it if he didn't already have it."

Message left for  
Capt. Shoup  
requested Latimer's  
assignment  
2-26-43.

Navy  
Latimer

January 19, 1943

Mr. Gene Latimer  
Educational Department  
Navy Pier  
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Gene:

I very much want to apologize for being so lax in replying to your letter of December 17th. At the time of its arrival I was in Texas very sick and on the verge of pneumonia. However, a short time ago I returned for the new Congress and have been very busy since with the Naval Affairs Committee.

I talked to some of my friends in the Navy Department and find that the Navy has a half dozen or more small stations scattered around in Mexico. Besides Mexico City and Vera Cruz, there is an office at La Paz Progresso, and another at Mazatlan. All of these offices are composed of a couple of officers and two or three yeoman.

Since you are familiar with the Spanish language and since you are mighty good on the typewriter and in taking dictation, I was given to understand that your chances of transferring might be pretty good. It all depends upon the particular needs of the Navy at that time. For instance, if a yeoman is sent out of Mexico to go to sea about the time your application for transfer arrives in Washington, you would be considered to fill his place in Mexico.

As far as I can see there is no harm in trying. If you can secure the approval of your superior officers and if they feel that they can release you from your present duties, your application for transfer will be sent to Washington.

When this is done, I will get in touch with the right people here and do my dead level best

- 2 -

to get you the assignment you want.

Last Friday, much to my surprise, L. E. telephoned me from Fort Myer where he had been sent from Randolph Field. He is a private in the Army on limited duty. Because his eyes are so bad, it does not appear that he will be sent overseas and he has recently been brought to Washington to take the place of someone more physically qualified for the army.

We are delighted to have him here and are looking forward to meeting his wife who will be along as soon as he can find a place to live. I had a long visit with him on Friday night and we talked about you a great deal. In all of my experiences, I have yet to find two fellows who can put out as much work as L. E. and Gene.

With love from Lady Bird and Me.

Affectionately,

Lyndon B. Johnson

lbj;mgs

~~RECEIVED~~

Navy Personnel  
Latimer, Gene

Cond. McPhee  
714 3

Educational Department  
Navy Pier  
Chicago, Illinois  
December 17, 1942

Personal

Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Chief:

I have tried my darndest not to come knocking at your door for favors but it just seems the clock will go around only so many times before I have to. I always have to pick out the toughest chores, too. Maybe this time I am way off the beam, but ready or not, here I come.

Marjorie will be through with school in a few days -- she'll have her teacher's certificate and her Master's. It would be possible for her to go right to work doing substitute teaching, but we both want to know if we can go to Mexico City. With her education she should be able to find something to do there, and even if not we could do very well on my Navy income on account of the rate of exchange.

You know how interested in Spanish I am. And ever since I can remember I've wanted to live for a while at least among Spanish speaking people. I'd like to go to school at the University of Mexico more than anything else I can think of.

Now you know that "transfer" is on my mind. Here's the bad news though. I don't seem to have much more chance to get it than the snowball with a front seat in the warm place. I've talked it over with the Lieutenant here and he strongly counsels me against asking you for help; first, because the procedure isn't strictly Navy kosher, and secondly, because he doesn't think it would do any good. I don't know though. You have always had a knack for pulling my chestnuts out of the fire, and here is a batch that really need pulling. I've not even sure that there are any sailors in Mexico City (haven't been able to find out here), but I do know they have a station in Vera Cruz, and I don't see why I wouldn't be more useful as a yeoman working somewhere I could use the Spanish I know.

Well, there it is! What do you think? At least I already feel better for coming to you with the problem.

And now for yourself. Cesar Ortiz was through a couple of days ago and told me he got to see you. Said, too, that you were busy. Now don't you know that was news to me? I wish that I could see you occasionally and you had time to bring me up to date on the accomplishments of the moment. Perhaps when this fracas is over.

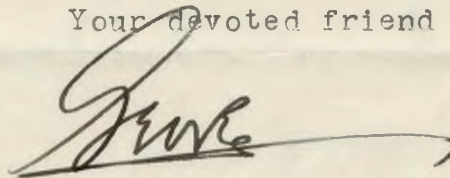
We've been working every night this week and I am a bit fagged out. Finished about a half hour ago but I want to write you before hitting my bunk. Marjorie's cousin is in town for a few days so there isn't much point in my going home - particularly when they have the couch reserved for me.

I don't know whether I told you that I'm working in our new airplane hangar now. There are two girls, four officers, and me. Can't say I like the work much for reasons that you can guess, and I don't mean just the long hours.

Your last letter to me has gone long unanswered but I appreciated it nonetheless. I don't think you should have to spend much time that you need badly elsewhere writing your former 10th District office force. You reply so fast to my notes though that it makes me profit not at all from the comparison.

I see right now I'm getting a little groggy from hammering this typewriter so long today so, so long from

Your devoted friend

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Gene", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.

September 23, 1942

Mr. Gene Latimer  
Navy Department  
Ninth Naval District  
Naval Training School, Navy Pier  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Gene:

You don't know how thrilled I was to get your letter of the 21st this morning.

I have been back just a few days. I have been swamped with letters and long-distance calls from Amarillo to Brownsville and from Texarkana to El Paso as well as my home District. That, coupled with the fact that I am breaking in an entirely new office force from stem to stern, as a Navy man would say, so you can imagine what I have been going through.

Then when your letter came in, I thought of the days when all I had to do was turn them over to you and they would be knocked out in first class order at the rate of seventy or eighty a day.

Gene, I think your idea about the advertising business is an excellent one if that is what you want to do. It is an excellent field and one in which there is as much opportunity as a person has initiative; so I am sure you will go far.

There is not much that I know that is happening here that would interest you. I am just trying to get my feet back on the ground to see where I stand.

Please, please continue to write me every time you get a chance. Give my love to Marjorie, and here is a big hug for you.

Affectionately,

lbj jo g  
Johnson Personal - L

Lyndon B. Johnson

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
NINTH NAVAL DISTRICT  
NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL  
NAVY PIER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

September 21, 1942.

Honorable Lyndon B. Johnson  
House of Representatives  
Washington, D. C.

My dear Chief:

It is high time I wrote you a letter. Putting it off until I have something I think may be of interest to you doesn't work at all - that I know from experience. There is little point in telling you about Navy life, for you most certainly know all about that. And your constituency is so far from Chicago it's impossible for me to give you the results of taking the tenth district pulse.

So I'll just prattle along for a little while to let you know that I'm thinking of you and wondering daily what new ideas are being hatched in 1320 H.O.B.

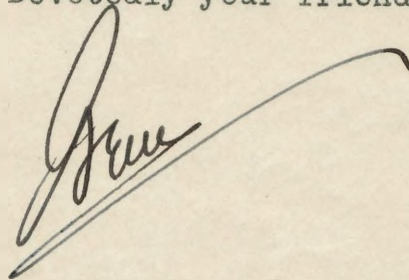
Marjorie has started back to school and as usual is brimful of enthusiasm. Here I had planned for her to be supporting me by now and she is still waging total war on the American School System. We have been planning seriously about postwar endeavor. If she can become connected with the Chicago schools I want to go back to school and study - this time with a view to fitting myself for a line of work I think I would really enjoy. I may be wholly unsuited for it, but after all these years I have decided I want to be in advertising, and I want to start out writing copy. What do you think about it? Should I give it a whirl?

About a month ago Uncle Samuel granted me ten days leave and I went home to see my folks. Money was a little scarce (of course) so I hitch-hiked there and back. Conclusion: The bluejacket uniform is a wonderful implement for inciting the sympathy of the driving public. By dint of concentrated thumbing and a continually downcast countenance I almost beat bus time. Marjorie had planned to be gone at the same time but it didn't work out that way and she left for Texas to be with her mother a while shortly after I came back. Conclusion No. 2: I don't want any part of being a batchelor.

Navy Pier is much the same, except for growing pains of the worst order. AMMs, AMs, and Diesel men come rolling out like rabbits from a hat. We are hopeful I can stay here a while longer but the possibility of having to leave at a moment's notice keeps us a-twitter.

I seem to have lost touch with all the old gang. Most especially though I want to be sure to remain

Devotedly your friend

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "Gene", with a long, sweeping horizontal flourish extending to the right.

# Ouster of Incompetent Military Leaders Demanded by Officer Back from Front

**Jap Planes Superior, Congressman Insists**

**By Edward Jamieson.**

Washington Bureau of The Chicago Sun.

Washington, July 26.—A demand that "indecisive, stupid, selfish and incompetent generals, admirals and others in high military positions" be removed at once was made today by Representative Lyndon Johnson (Dem., Tex.)

Johnson, who has just returned to Washington from a four-month tour of active service with the Navy in the Southwest Pacific, called for the house cleaning in a radio report to his home state. Johnson holds a reserve commission as a lieutenant commander.

The Texan declared that better equipment with which to fight must be supplied the nation's military forces on the battle fronts if they are to achieve victory.

**'Our Men Will Deliver.'**

"We have nothing to fear from our men," he declared. "If we get them the goods, they will deliver."

Interviewed by Speaker Sam Rayburn (Dem.) and Representative Wright Patman (Dem.), both fellow Texans, Johnson was asked:

"We all realize there are many problems and many weaknesses in our setup, but the question is, what are we going to do about it?"

"We must get rid of the indecisive, stupid, selfish and incompetent generals, admirals and others in high military positions," he replied. "We must make it clear that it is no longer a crime to cut red tape. We are going to have to give our men leadership and equipment superior to that of any in the world.

**End Squabbles, Johnson Urges.**

"We are going to have to move quickly to co-ordinate dive bombers and domestic politics, tanks and military strategy, ships and the will of the people. Management and manpower are going to have to be



REP. LYNDON JOHNSON.  
HARRIS-EWING PHOTO.

closely woven into a smoothly functioning machine devoid of departmental squabbles and petty jealousies."

Johnson bluntly declared that the naval fighting planes in use in the Pacific are absolutely no match for the Jap Zero pursuit ships, and that even the Army fighters are up against a superior plane.

"I'd just as soon try to weather a storm riding on the tail of a box kite as I would to face the fighting Jap Zero with one of those Navy PBY crates some of the boys are now flying," he declared. "It's just like matching a race between a Model T and a Lincoln Zephyr."

**'We Have a Long Way to Go.'**

Discussing the relative merits of the Zero and the Army pursuit planes, Johnson added:

"We needn't fool ourselves about

**Tells of Need for Better Equipment**

the invincibility of our pursuit ships. Those Japs have a real fighter plane, and we have a long way to go before we can rare back and rest on our laurels."

Johnson reported that many of the boys fighting in the Southwest Pacific are expressing some wonder at what is going on here.

"They realize," he said, "that their country has the superhuman assignment of supplying all the Allied nations in this war. They know the folks back home have the spirit and the will to win, but they are somewhat confused and cannot understand why—when so much is needed in so many places—plants are being shut down—war workers laid off because of material shortages, and blocs are fighting each other."

**Tells How U. S. Planes Hit.**

Johnson told for the first time of his own experience in a bombing raid over Lae and Salamaua, Jap-occupied possessions in New Guinea.

"On June 9 at Port Moresby shortly after daylight we joined an Army bombing group assigned to conduct operations in hostile territory. Two hours later Jap Zeros intercepted us. Most of our squadron of bombers were hit with fire from the Jap Zero cannon.

"The plane in which Anderson (an Army colonel who went to Australia with Johnson) was riding was repeatedly hit. My pilot, a flight leader, quickly dived his crippled plane out of formation toward the sea because of mechanical trouble. The plane in which Col. Stevens (another Army officer from Washington) was riding and all the crew were shot down. Gen. MacArthur awarded Stevens the Distinguished Service Cross posthumously."

The Chicago Sun  
7 27 42

(OVER)

northeast of Rostov, but gave no clue to the relation of the hostilities there and the assault on Rostov.

The Russian Air Force and anti-aircraft gunners destroyed 299 German planes in the week beginning July 19, the high command said, while Soviet losses in the same period were given as 137.

Other reports said overwhelming German mechanized forces, supported by artillery and dive bombers, were striving mightily to break across the Don on a wide front in the Tsimlyanskaya zone.

"The situation on the southern front is more alarming than hitherto as a result of the recent battles," an army officer asserted.

He said the Germans had reached the Don along practically its entire lower course, and the Russian plight was especially acute at Rostov and Tsimlyanskaya.

#### Admit Don Crossings.

While German crossings of the river well above Rostov were conceded, the Russians said that for every successful attempt the enemy was being frustrated in a dozen others.

The Don was said to have become the watery graveyard of countless German tanks and trucks while the surface was littered with the wreckage of rubber boats, rafts and pontoons, together with the bodies of the men they bore.

The Russian Army command ordered every street of Rostov defended as German armored forces and a pulverizing air and artillery bombardment laid open its fortifications and forced the Soviet garrison to yield ground.

#### Nazi Losses Called Enormous.

"The enemy is hurling great tank columns into the battle and attempting by every means to break the resistance of the defenders of the city," the high command asserted. "Our men are selflessly battling the Germans and inflicting enormous losses on them."

[The German high command said crossings of the Don south and east of Rostov had been forced after bitter fighting. Soviet attempts to establish a defensive front on the south bank were frustrated, it added. German bombers sweeping over the Volga were said to have set fire to two tankers and sunk three big supply barges.]

for independence "is coupled with an offer of free India's willingness to let the Allies retain their troops in India," he continued.

"Make no mistake about the fact that you will be sadly disillusioned if you believe you will receive a willing welcome from India."

#### "Gravely Misinformed."

Gandhi told the Japanese that they had "been gravely misinformed that we have chosen this particular moment to embarrass the Allies when your attack is imminent. If we wanted to turn Britain's difficulty into our opportunity, we should have done it as soon as the war broke out."

After denouncing Japan's ambition to become a great power, he said that the Indians "need no aid from foreign powers" in their unarmed revolt against British rule.

"Our movement demanding withdrawal of British power from India should not be misunderstood," he continued. "If we are to believe

See WE WILL RESIST, Page 2.

## Spy Hunt Hits A Sour Note

Because Thomas Shampay Sr., 55, of 1326 East 53d street, dislikes kibitzers with his music he became Chicago's No. 1 spy suspect for a time last night.

The first act in the mystery came when Roy Walker, 21, of 10635 South Racine avenue, telephoned Hyde Park police.

"There is a spy on the shore of the lake in Jackson Park at the foot of 55th street," he said. "He looks like one of those guys the F. B. I. wants. He has a portable radio and ear phones."

Detectives John King and Dan Mahoney found Shampay seated on the ground, listening intently through the phones.

"I knew the police would grab me eventually," he said. "I like to listen to my music in the park. Until I got the ear phones the kibitzers drove me frantic. Since I've gotten them I'm often taken for a spy."

The detectives suggested that he listen at home.

that the enemy had established at least two bridgeheads at Tsimlyanskaya. [Page 1.]

\*\*\*

United States Army fighter pilots joined the Royal Air Force for the first time in a sweep over northern France, after R. A. F. night bombers had devastated the industrial city of Duisburg, Germany, in the third heavy raid in six nights. [Page 1.]

\*\*\*

There was a continued lull in the Egyptian fighting, with patrol activity and some artillery action featuring the day's news. United Nations bombers attacked Crete and Tobruk. [Page 3.]

\*\*\*

Japanese invasion forces have driven 20 miles inland from their latest New Guinea beachhead, from Buna to Awala, where they were engaged by United Nations patrols, Gen. MacArthur's headquarters announced. In another clash with Allied troops near Salamaua, 60 Japanese were killed. [Page 2.]

\*\*\*

Chinese forces have raided Kweiki and Yingtan, two towns on the Hangchow-Nanchang railway, setting fires and sabotaging enemy establishments. Other Chinese troops were reported attacking Linchwan, Japanese-held highway center. [Page 3.]

\*\*\*

Representative Lyndon Johnson of Texas, who recently returned from a four-month tour of active duty with the Navy in the Pacific, demanded a house-cleaning among "indecisive, stupid, selfish and incompetent" generals and admirals in the United States fighting forces. [Page 2.]

## Russian Bombers Raid East Prussia

Moscow, Monday, July 27.—(UP)—Large squadrons of Russian planes bombed military and industrial objectives at Koenigsberg, East Prussia, Saturday night, it was announced today.

Fires started among military targets spread rapidly, it was said, and a war factory in the eastern part of the city exploded.

# Naval Officer Rips 'Stupidity' of War Chiefs

BY JOHN FISHER.

[Chicago Tribune Press Service.]

Washington, D. C., July 26.—Demands for the removal of "incompetents" in high military positions and for the improvement of weapons for American armed forces were voiced today by Rep. Lyndon B. Johnson [D., Tex.], who has just returned from four months' duty with the Pacific fleet as a lieutenant commander.



Rep. Lyndon B. Johnson.

Johnson fired a barrage of criticism against weaknesses in American military organization in a broadcast to his native state of Texas in which Speaker Sam Rayburn and Rep. Wright Patman [D., Tex.] interviewed the congressman on his experiences with the navy.

## White House Favorite.

Johnson has returned to his seat in the house in accordance with the recent request of the President that members of congress in the armed forces resume their duties as legislators. He is regarded as a White House favorite and was the President's choice for senator from Texas in the primary on June 28, 1941, being defeated by a narrow margin by W. Lee O'Daniel now running for reelection.

Johnson not only called for removal of high ranking generals, admirals, "and others in high military positions," but he also declared that American fighting forces must be supplied with much better equipment if they are to be successful on the various fighting fronts. Navy fighting planes now in use in the southern Pacific, where Johnson saw combat service

against Japanese held Lae and Salamaua in New Guinea, are no match for the Japanese Zero fighters, he declared.

## Urges Housecleaning.

"We have nothing to fear from our men," said Johnson. "If we get them the goods, they will deliver. We must get rid of the indecisive, stupid, selfish, and incompetents among our generals, admirals, and others in high military positions.

"We must make it clear that it is no longer a crime to cut red tape. We are going to have to give our men leadership and equipment superior to that of any in the world. We are going to have to move quickly to coordinate dive bombers and domestic politics, tanks and military strategy, ships and the will of the people. Management and man power are going to have to be closely woven into a smoothly functioning machine devoid of departmental squabbles and petty jealousies."

## Assails "Flying Crates"

As to comparisons between our army and navy fighting planes and those of the Japs, Johnson declared:

"We needn't fool ourselves about the invincibility of our pursuit ships. Those Japs have a real fighter plane, and we have a long way to go before we can rear back and rest on our laurels.

"I'd just as soon try to weather a storm riding on the tail of a box kite as I would to face the fighting Jap Zero with one of those navy PBY crates some of the boys are now flying. It's just like matching a race between a Model T and a Lincoln-Zephyr."

## Tells of Raid on Lae.

As to his own experiences in a bombing raid over Lae and Salamaua, Johnson related:

"On June 9 at Port Moresby shortly after daylight we joined an army bombing group assigned to conduct operations in hostile territory. Two hours later Jap Zeros intercepted us. Most of our squadron of bombers were hit with fire from the Jap Zero cannon.

"The plane in which Anderson [an army colonel who went to Australia with Johnson] was riding was repeatedly hit. My pilot, a flight leader, quickly dived his crippled plane out of the formation toward the sea because of mechanical trouble. The plane in which Col. Stevens [another army officer from Washington] was riding and all the crew were shot down. Gen. MacArthur awarded Stevens the distinguished service cross posthumously."

August 29, 1942.

Mr. Gene Lattimer,  
Naval Pier,  
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Gene:

Thanks again for the clippings. I very much appreciate these items, especially because I would not have received them had you not thought of me.

Wish you would write me and tell me how you are getting along. Hope I see you soon.

Sincerely,

Lyndon B. Johnson.

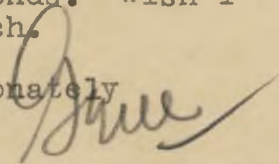
lbj a,jm

*J. - Pers.  
L.*

Dear Chief:

Mighty glad to have you back on the home front. I won't burden you with a long letter right now when I know you are trying to paw your way through 1001 accumulated items. Have shown the write-up to a few of my more complacent friends. Wish I could have heard the speech.

Affectionately

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be "Grove", written over the word "Affectionately".

NAVY DEPARTMENT  
NINTH NAVAL DISTRICT  
NAVAL TRAINING SCHOOL  
NAVY PIER

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

April 27, 1942

Lt. Cmdr. Lyndon Johnson  
Washington, D. C.

Dear Commander:

I don't have the faintest idea where you are in the process of going to or from, so am dropping this note to you in care of Lady Bird. Just wanted to let you know that I am out of the hospital and at my request have been transferred to the Navy Pier.

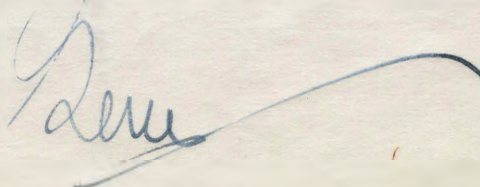
You should know, too, that I presumed upon my less than nodding acquaintance with Commander Frank and he has had me assigned to him in the Educational Department. There are numerous yeomen perched about but I am going to do my best to run at the head of the pack.

Marjorie and I enjoyed seeing you more than anything we can remember. We hope you won't come through Chicago again without spending some time with us. After all I do make pretty good cream gravy, and unless my memory is completely out of whack you can do real tricks with a gravy bowl, a spoon, and a loaf of bread.

I see from the Merry Go Round that an effort will be made to send all members who have enlisted back to legislating. Hope if they do you will make a stab at doing your part of it at the other end of the Capitol. If something like that did happen I don't know how I could resist the temptation to go AWOL long enough to join in the tussle.

Today I'm running off a flock of stencils so had better look up the erasing fluid and hop to it. Please write and tell me when I may be able to see you again.

Affectionately

A handwritten signature in blue ink, appearing to read "Lyndon", with a long, sweeping horizontal line extending to the right.

May 5, 1942

Mr. Gene Lattimer  
Navy Department  
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Gene:

Lyndon left Friday night by plane for the West Coast, or maybe you are several laps behind, so I will go back. He arrived in Washington two weeks ago to report. After a whirlwind and typical Lyndon Johnson fortnight, he departed again for the West Coast in company with John. From San Francisco he may depart for point "X", so I don't know what luck I will have in getting your letter to him, but will try.

This office work is extremely interesting, but I often remember your letter about sending the constituent the U. S. Treasury including storm steps, and quite understand how you felt when you wrote it.

Congratulations on getting transferred to the Education Department at the Navy Pier. Just don't drop into limbo, Gene, and let us hear how you are getting along every now and then.

By the way, did you know L. E. Jones is to be married next month to Helen Grant of Corpus Christi, and Russ Brown married a widow named Lucille Leverick last week.

Give my love to Marjorie.

Fond regards,

lbj lbn  
johnson  
pers

L

Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson

Dear Lady Bug,

Will you please send the attached note to the Congressman? How do you like representing the 10th District? I understand from unimpeachable authority that you are doing a bang-up job.

Gene

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to be 'Gene', with a stylized, flowing script. The signature is written over the printed name 'Gene'.

March 14, 1942

Dear Gene:

When I got back into San Francisco, up came your letter. It meant a great deal to me. I have never completely understood our failure to keep in closer touch with each other, but that is history now. In times like these, I think we all think more of the people to whom we are devoted and I need consume but little space in pointing out the affection I have always felt for you.

The spirit of your letter was typical of the Gene I have always known and loved. You have your chin up, and your accident seems to be just another little experience. I am delighted to know that Marjorie has at last about finished that school work.

I don't know where I will be from day to day--am leaving tonight for Seattle. I will write when I have an opportunity, but in the meantime you can always reach me by addressing me at the Empire Hotel, San Francisco, and the letter will be forwarded to me. Who knows but what some day it will be necessary for a yeoman, 2nd class to move in with me.

I heartily approve of the action you have taken, and I am glad you are in the Navy. It is a great place to be. We are doing much, but much remains to be done, and I know you will have your share.

Love,

Lyndon B. Johnson

Mr. Gene Lattimer  
Ward B, U. S. Naval Hospital  
Great Lakes, Illinois

*J-per*

Ward B, U. S. Naval Hospital  
Great Lakes, Illinois  
March 9, 1942

Lt. Cdr. Lyndon B. Johnson  
The Empire Hotel  
San Francisco, California

Dear Commander:

Thanks heaps for your card. The thought for me which prompted it makes me feel some good purpose was served by these form-fit, plaster-of-paris leggings after all.

I had intended to write and tell you of my resignation from ABC to enlist in the Navy, but before I had my typewriter dusted off and oiled up some hairpin knocked the daylights out of me. After that I decided I would defer writing until out of the hospital so you wouldn't think I had loaded up for lieutenant commanders and gone sympathy hunting.

The company attorney came over from Chicago and told me he would be glad to advance court costs and try to recover damages for me, but after investigation it turned out the car wasn't insured and the driver is a minor. The Illinois Supreme Court seems to feel a father isn't responsible for his minor son's negligence unless an agency can be proved, and proving this is extremely unlikely since the young man was returning from a party in a Tuxedo at 6:30 A.M., hitting me just as I was about to step on a street car on my way to work.

My casts are supposed to come off in about two and a half weeks, if they have satisfactorily done their job. Then I suppose I'll have to learn to toddle all over again before I can get out of here.

So much for my ills! Marjorie comes over every weekend and keeps me company from two until four. She is practice teaching in Chicago and swears it is the highest form of entertainment. In February of next year she will be all through and go on the eligible register to teach in Chicago. Although it will be many a month before she can hope to get a regular place I'm glad she will be at last finished and can sit back and let the boat steer itself for a while.

As soon as I can get my feet under me I am going to dig in and try to find a more or less permanent spot here at Great Lakes. I enlisted as a Yeoman, second class, detailed here at the District Personnel Office. That isn't anything to brag about, but still to my mind beats \$21 a month as a buck private in the army. Furthermore, Marjorie likes Navy uniforms. If I had waited a month longer than I did, I don't believe I could have rated second class. As it is, I draw \$121 a month, which is enough to pay for my insurance and cigarettes and keep Marjorie fairly well-fed and happy.

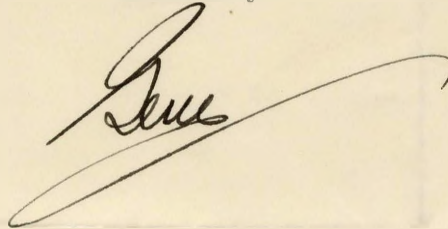
Naturally, I look forward to becoming first-class at the first opportunity, and want to be a chief yeoman before this fracas is over. That may sound like too ambitious a program, but they can't keep me from dreaming. At least they couldn't up until this morning, but I haven't seen what Leon Henderson has thought up for today.

The fellows from the office have driven over to see me often and I haven't had time to do much mooning. Have been reading a lot, practicing some on my very rusty shorthand, and scratching away for dear life under my casts, so my days don't drag too interminably.

I know that you must be hustling as usual, but if Father Time ever does make a mistake and give you back a little change out of his daily twenty-four allotment I hope you'll use it to write me.

Give my very best to Lady Bird, and believe me as always

Devotedly

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Paul", with a long, sweeping horizontal flourish extending to the right.