



# A Soldier's Tale

WORLD WAR I

Drafted May 26, 1918 - Returned home June 9, 1919



## America enters World War I - April 1917

On June 5, 1917, 24-year-old Frank B. Morrell is among the first to register for the draft.

Tall, slender with blues eyes and brown hair, Frank B. Morrell is working for real estate firm, Charles F. Noyes & Company at 92 William Street in lower Manhattan.

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1	Name in full	Frank Bernard Morrell 24
	(Given name)	(Family name)
2	Home address	528 Herkimer St Brooklyn
	(No.)	(Street) (City) (State)
3	Date of birth	Aug 24 1892
	(Month)	(Day) (Year)
4	Are you (1) a natural-born citizen, (2) a naturalized citizen, (3) an alien, (4) or have you declared your intention (specify which)?	Natural Born
5	Where were you born?	Brooklyn N.Y.
	(Town)	(State) (Nation)
6	If not a citizen, of what country are you a citizen or subject?	28
7	What is your present trade, occupation, or office?	Real Estate Agent
8	By whom employed?	Chas F Noyes
	Where employed?	92 William St N.Y.C.
9	Have you a father, mother, wife, child under 12, or a sister or brother under 12, solely dependent on you for support (specify which)?	No
10	Married or single (which)?	Single
	Race (specify which)?	White
11	What military service have you had? Rank	No
	years	branch
	Nation or State	
12	Do you claim exemption from draft (specify grounds)?	
I affirm that I have verified above answers and that they are true.		
B. Morrell 10		



Morrell, Frank B

2,887, 941

1

\* White \* ~~Colored~~.

(Surname)

(Christian name)

(Army serial number)

Residence:

1419 Park Ave

New York

NEW YORK

(Street and house number)

(Town or city)

(County)

(State)

\* Enlisted

Place of birth:

Brooklyn N Y

Age or date of birth:

May 26, 1918

14/1892

Organizations served in, with dates of assignments and transfers:

152 Dep Brig to --

Sn Det 315 Inf to disch

May 26, 1918,

FBM is drafted by the U. S. Army

Engagements:

FBM doesn't know it, but he is part of General John J. Pershing's plan to end the brutal conflict that is raging in Europe.

Wounds or other

Note: The Army record has FBM's address and birthdate wrong.

Served overseas from

July 9/18 to

May 30/19

from

to

Honorably discharged on demobilization

June 9/19

, 19

In view of occupation he was, on date of discharge, reported

0

per cent disabled.

Remarks:





The next day FBM is on a train heading to boot camp  
at Camp Upton in Suffolk County, 60 miles east of Brooklyn.

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In Brooklyn, FBM leaves behind his mother, father, and older brother at 1419 Park Place.

His “sweetheart,” Alice Graham Price, lives two minutes away, at 1366 Park Place.

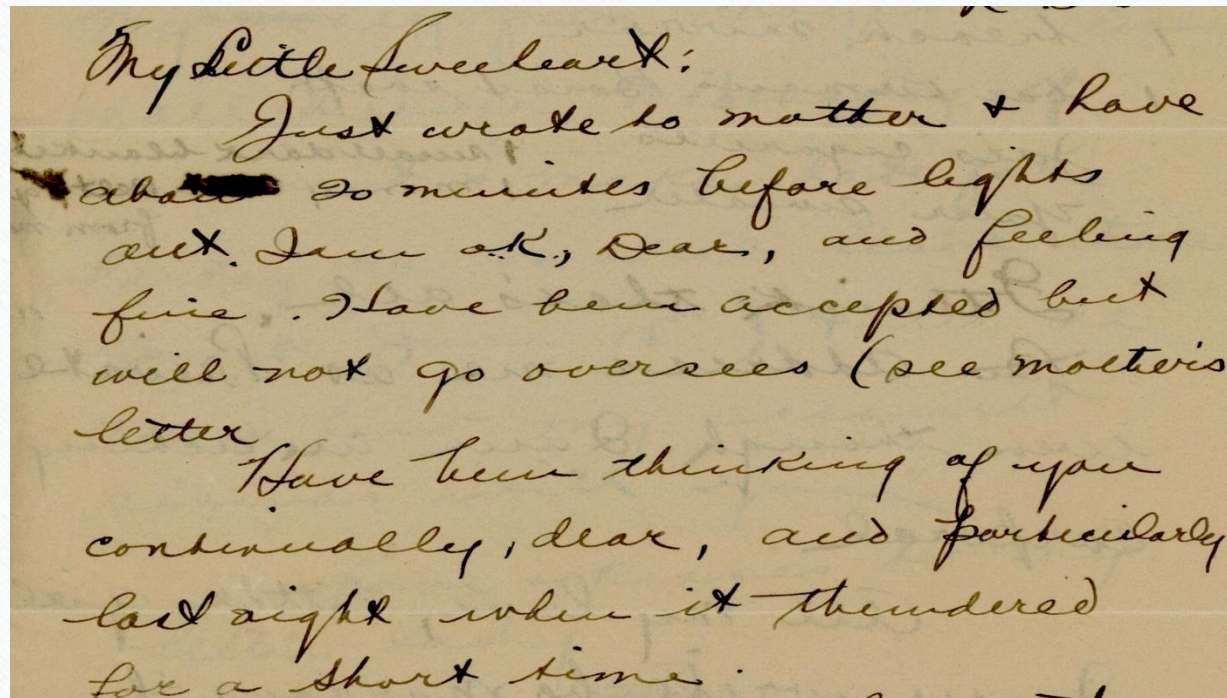
While FBM is away, AGP is his faithful correspondent and fulfills his every request by return mail.





His first night at Camp Upton, FBM writes...

My Little Sweetheart, Just wrote to mother & have about 20 minutes before lights out. I am ok, Dear, and feeling fine. ...Have been thinking of you continually, dear, and particularly last night when it thundered for a short time.

A photograph of a handwritten letter on aged, yellowed paper. The handwriting is in cursive, written in dark ink. The letter is addressed to 'My Little Sweetheart' and describes the writer's first night at Camp Upton. It mentions writing to his mother, feeling fine, and thinking of his sweetheart, especially during a thunderstorm. The paper has some dark spots and a small tear on the left side.

My Little Sweetheart:  
Just wrote to mother & have  
about 20 minutes before lights  
out. I am ok, Dear, and feeling  
fine. Have been accepted but  
will not go overseas (see mother's  
letter)  
Have been thinking of you  
continually, dear, and particularly  
last night when it thundered  
for a short time.

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## Camp Upton, Yaphank, Long Island, New York

Built to hold 18,000 Army recruits, today it is the site of the Department of Energy's cutting-edge research facility, Brookhaven National Laboratory.

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Army life at Camp Upton inspired Irving Berlin's morale-boosting musical revue, YIP YIP YAPHANK.

Today Berlin's show is remembered for its hit song,  
"OH, HOW I HATE TO GET UP IN THE MORNING!"

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SUCCESSFULLY INTRODUCED  
by *EDDIE CANTOR*  
IN ZEIGFELD FOLLIES











HEP! HEP! HEP! CAMP UPTON, YAPHANK LONG ISLAND, N. Y.

222787

FBM does not expect to  
be sent overseas.  
He writes to AGP...

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“What I meant was, that, while I was not told officially I have pretty positive information that they will never use a man with as poor eyesight as mine on the firing line. Therefore I imagine it would follow that eventually they will select me for some domestic service. I hope so anyway. I am not the least bit afraid to go over but I have a few good reasons why I would sooner stay on this side.”





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## Please send...

Letter to AGP, May 27, 1918

- Needle and 3 kinds of thread - black, white & khaki
- 1 stick of shaving soap. Williams or Mennaus
- 1 dish towel - get from mother
- 1 French mirror
- 1 bar Kirman's Borax soap
- Joe's cigarettes
- Your sweater
- 1 small dark blanket
- 1 money belt - get from mother



POST HEADQUARTERS, CAMP UPTON, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK



## Day 1 at Camp Upton

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“... we lined up in our birthday suits and were examined by about 10 different doctors and there we were vaccinated and inoculated. While we were standing outside they would carry someone who had fainted out and lay him on the ground and we started to wonder if they would carry us out.”



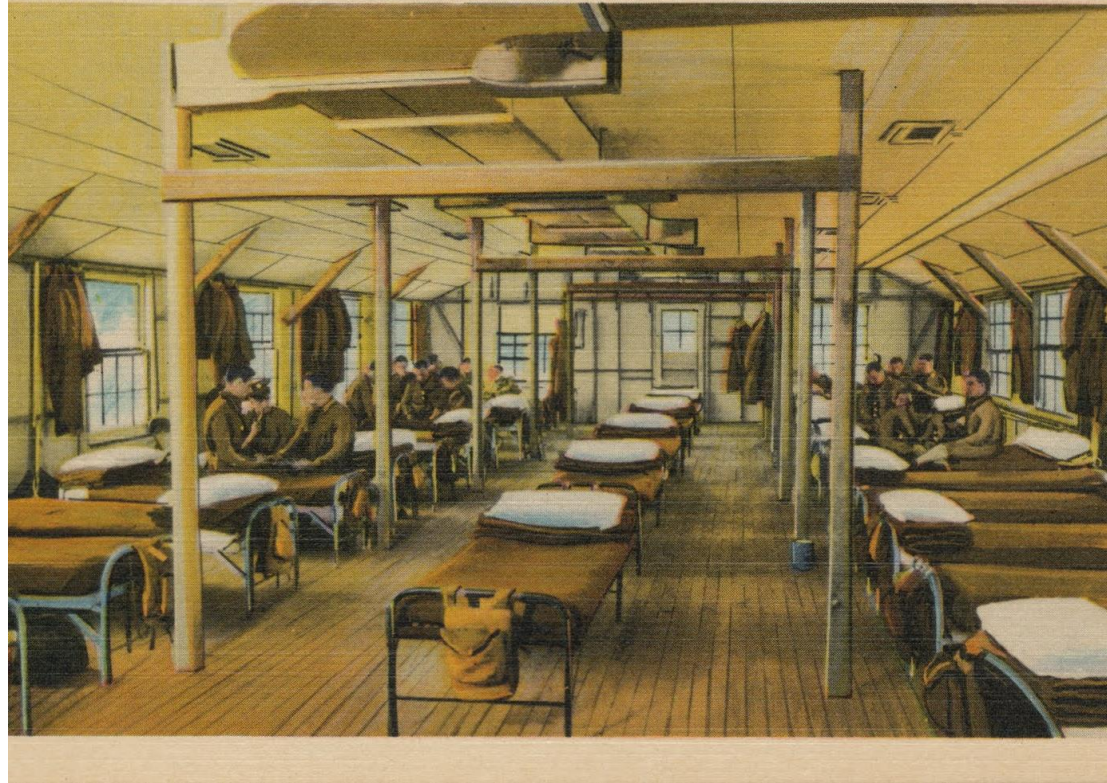


## Shots and Inoculations

“The lieutenant also told us not to look at the man in front getting it for that made them faint too. So when I was second in line I was looking out of the window. Then they called me and one doctor vaccinated me on one arm and another inoculated me on the other arm. I did not know they had finished and I stood there waiting to be hurt. I thought it would hurt a little but not a bit and finally one of the doctors asked me where I would like some more. I said, “no thanks...”



A TYPICAL SQUAD ROOM, " RECEPTION CENTER, CAMP UPTON, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK



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## Day in the Life of a New Recruit

Tuesday 28th May 1918

“Measured for uniforms. I was room orderly sweeping up along aisles, cleaning out paper receptacles, stairs, etc. The rest of my squad did kitchen police. I haven’t had that yet. In the afternoon we received our uniforms. Two pairs of trousers, 1 coat, 1 grey shirt, 1 olive drab shirt, 2 sets of underwear, 3 pairs of socks, shoelaces, 1 belt, 1 hat and 1 hat card. Then supper, a shower bath, shave & to bed.”



## Letter to AGP May 31, 1918

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“Received your letter Friday [May 31st] also cigarettes and sweater and letter you wrote for mother. Saturday I received the soap and towels and cigarette papers.

Where the dickins did you get them all? I also received on Sat. the blanket, a few more dish towels, soap and more underwear and socks. Please tell the folks to send no more underwear or socks. I’m well supplied, thank you.”

Photo: Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, NY

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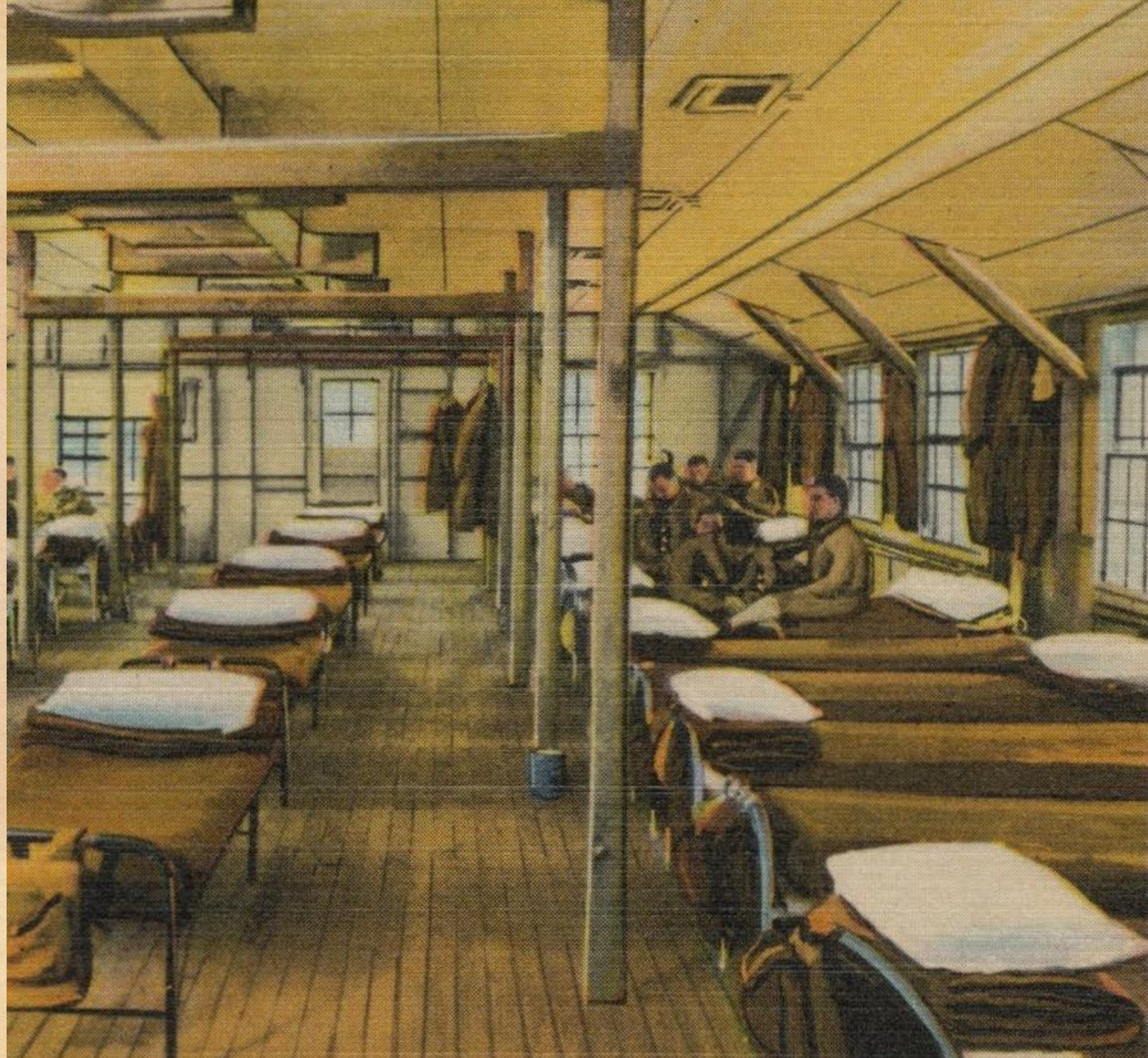




## Life at Camp Upton

“Well about camp life, when we got here Sunday we had dinner then we took our mattress bags up to a barn and filled them with straw. You would be surprised what a comfortable bed it makes when it is packed right. I have about 15 lbs. of straw in my bag.”

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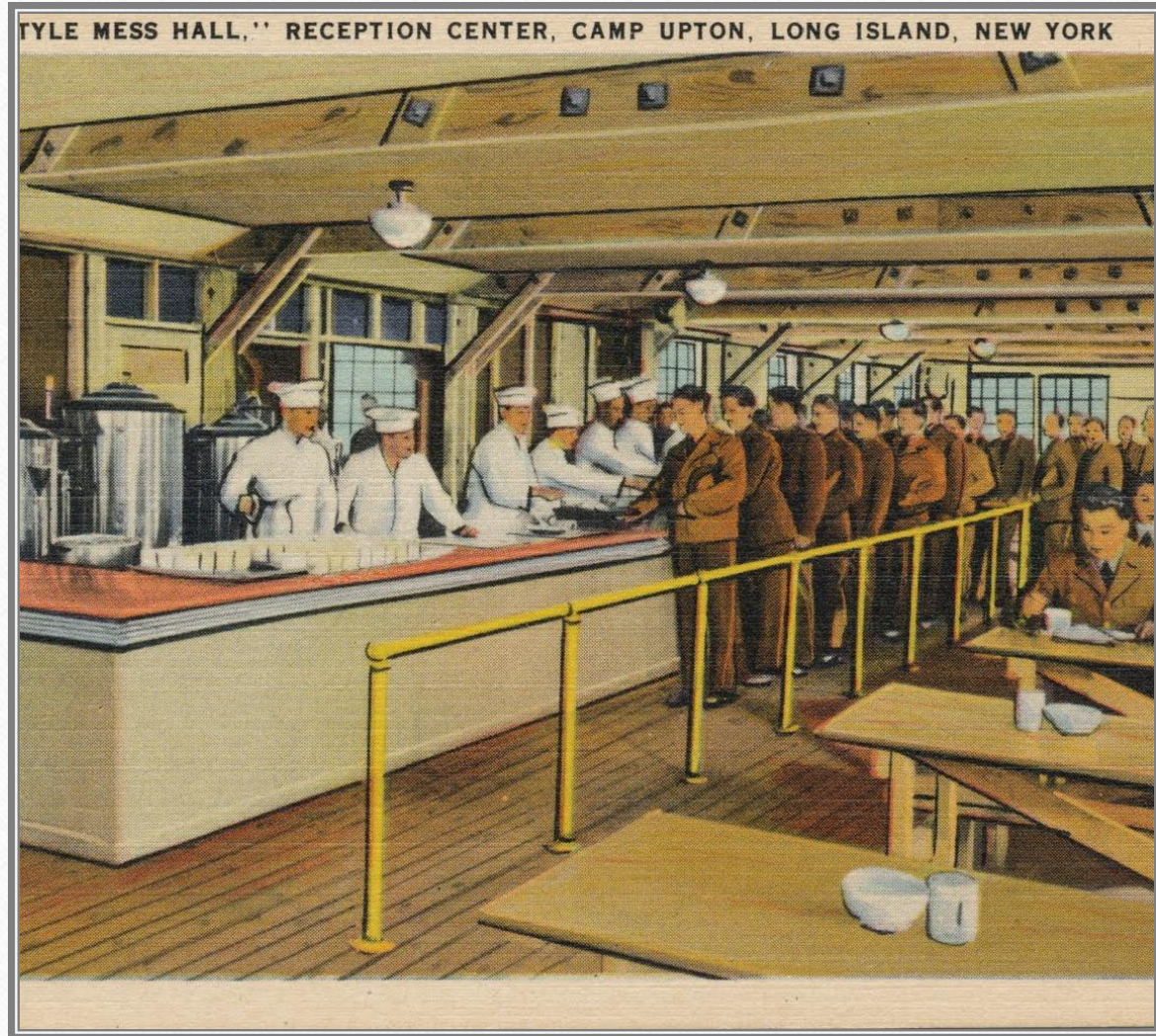


## Letter to AGP Sunday, June 2, 1918

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“In my letter to you and the rest of the family I gave a pretty good account of the eats so I won’t say much about them except today for dinner. We had roast veal (very tender and as good as I have ever tasted), mashed potatoes, string beans (extra good), coffee (I’m beginning to drink it) and ice cream all of which I ate including a second helping of meat and beans.”

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## En route to Fort Meade

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Sunday, 8:20 pm

Somewhere near Chester, PA

Dearest,

Am writing this on the train. Will drop it out the window for someone to mail as the boys have been doing all the way along.

Am lonely, Girlie, but it's a merry bunch I am with. They have spent the entire day since we started at 10:45 this morning waving at the people we passed by.

Continues...



It is hard to go so far  
away from you...

...but I have heard that we have to pass  
a fairly stiff examination to get into  
Camp Meade where we are going. This  
is not authenticated but I hope it's  
true. If it is true maybe I'll be back  
before you expect me.

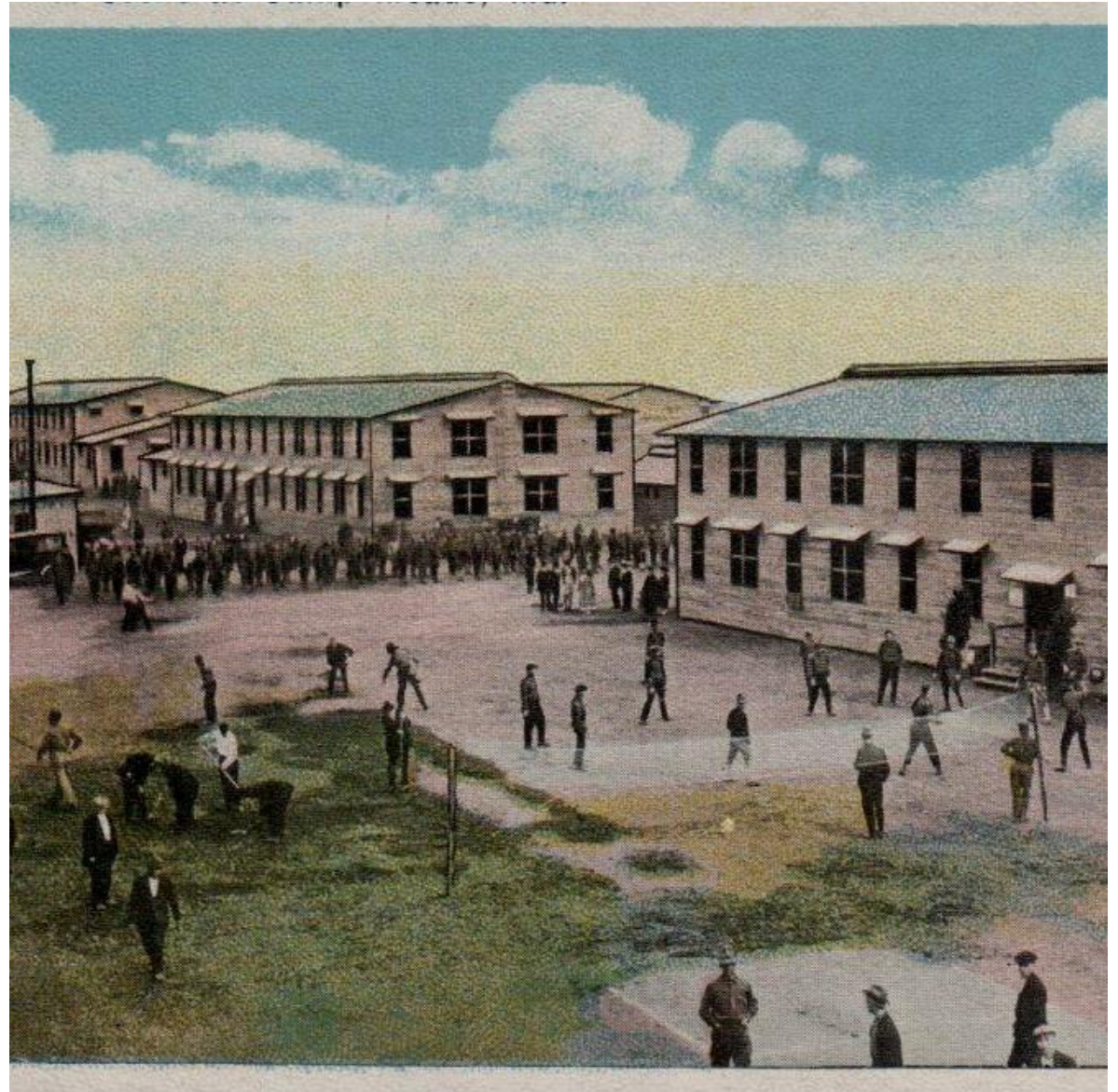
If it isn't, and I stay here, perhaps you  
can come down .... I understand the  
Camp is only a few miles from  
Baltimore, MD. ...

Please tell Mother not to worry. Will  
write to you both tomorrow the first  
chance I get.

Red Cross women met us at New York  
and Philadelphia and served us with  
coffee, chocolate candy and cigarettes.

All my love sweetheart,

In haste, Frank





## Camp Meade

In August, 1917, the 79<sup>th</sup> Division was created and headquartered at Camp Meade, MD.

Over the next year, the Army trained 400,000 new recruits at Camp Meade.

Today, Fort George G. Meade is home to military intelligence organizations and the United States Army Field Band.





CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L
If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.	

WESTERN UNION

WESTERN UNION

TELEGRAM

CLASS OF SERVICE
Day Message
Day Letter
Night Message
Night Letter
If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

“Have pass... Come Saturday if possible.”  
Telegram, 2 a.m., Saturday, June 29, 1918

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT      GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

RECEIVED AT

4  
A 5B 46 NT  
1918 JUN 29 AM 2

“HAVE PASS 10 AM TO MIDNIGHT SUNDAY 30<sup>TH</sup> COME SATURDAY BALTIMORE IF POSSIBLE  
ENGAGE ROOM OVER SATURDAY NIGHT SOUTHERN IS BEST HOTEL AND NEAR STATION WILL  
WAIT AT UNION STATION PENN FROM 11 AM SUNDAY WILL YOU COME WIRE IF YOU CAN’T.”

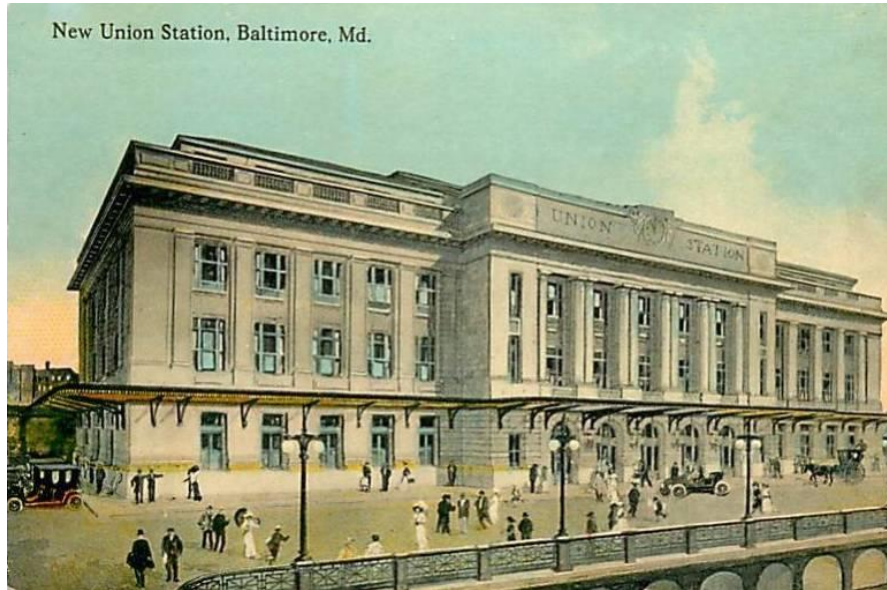
A G PRICE

F. MORRELL

1366 PARK PLACE BROOKLYN NY

HAVE PASS 10 AM TO MIDNIGHT SUNDAY 30 THE COME SATURDAY  
BALTIMORE IF POSSIBLE ENGAGE ROOM OVER SATURDAY NIGHT





**Form 901**

20330

**COMPANY**  
**ORE R. R. CO.**  
COLORED HALF DELIVERED  
IT TO RECEIVE FROM THE  
ONS BETWEEN WHICH FARE

Pass. Traffic Manager.

Chester	★	New York Penna. Sta.	
Wilmington	★	New York Ferries only	★
Newark, Del.	★	Jersey City	★
Elkton	★	Newark, N. J.	★
Perryville	★	Elizabeth	★
Havre de Grace	★	Rahway	★
Baltimore (Union Sta.)			

FBM later wrote a “good angel” prompted him to ask for the pass.

AGP moved fast and was on a train to Baltimore. She saved her train ticket.



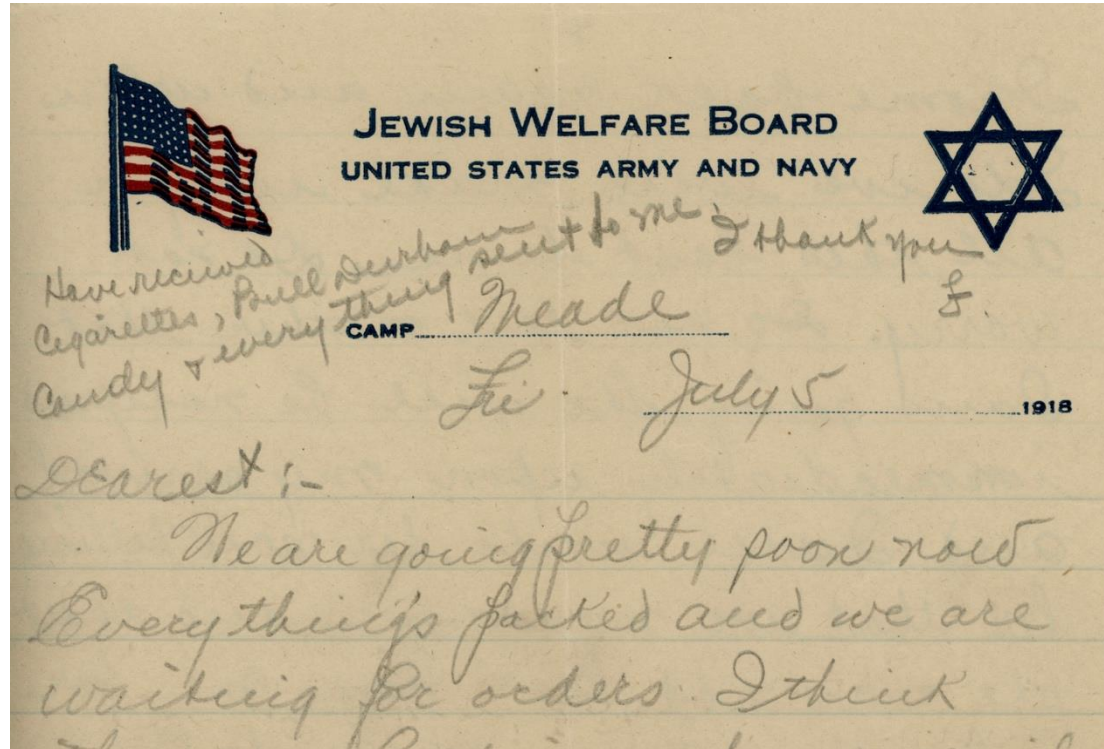
## “Southern and Sunshine”

During the months he was lonely while serving on the front line in France, “Southern and Sunshine” was a buzzword - a comforting talisman - for FBM. He often used the phrase in his letters.

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"We are going pretty soon now."

Camp Meade

Fri. July 5, 1918

Dearest:-

We are going pretty soon now.  
Everything's packed and we are  
waiting for orders. ...







Sunday 7:30 P.M.  
Dearest:-  
Am on my way. Don't  
expect to stop anyplace.  
Understand the next stop  
is the boat in Hoboken.

Letter to AGP - July 7, 1918  
Written aboard train; postmarked  
Wilmington, DE

Dearest:-

Am on my way. Don't expect to stop anyplace.  
Understand the next step is the boat in Hoboken. But if  
we do stop or if by any chance I don't go you will have  
heard from me before you receive this. Am now on the  
train somewhere between Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Will give this to someone in Phila to mail.

Keep this mum for a while as per my other letters.

Goodbye Little Wife. I'll be back soon. Stay happy.

All my love,

Your own, Frank

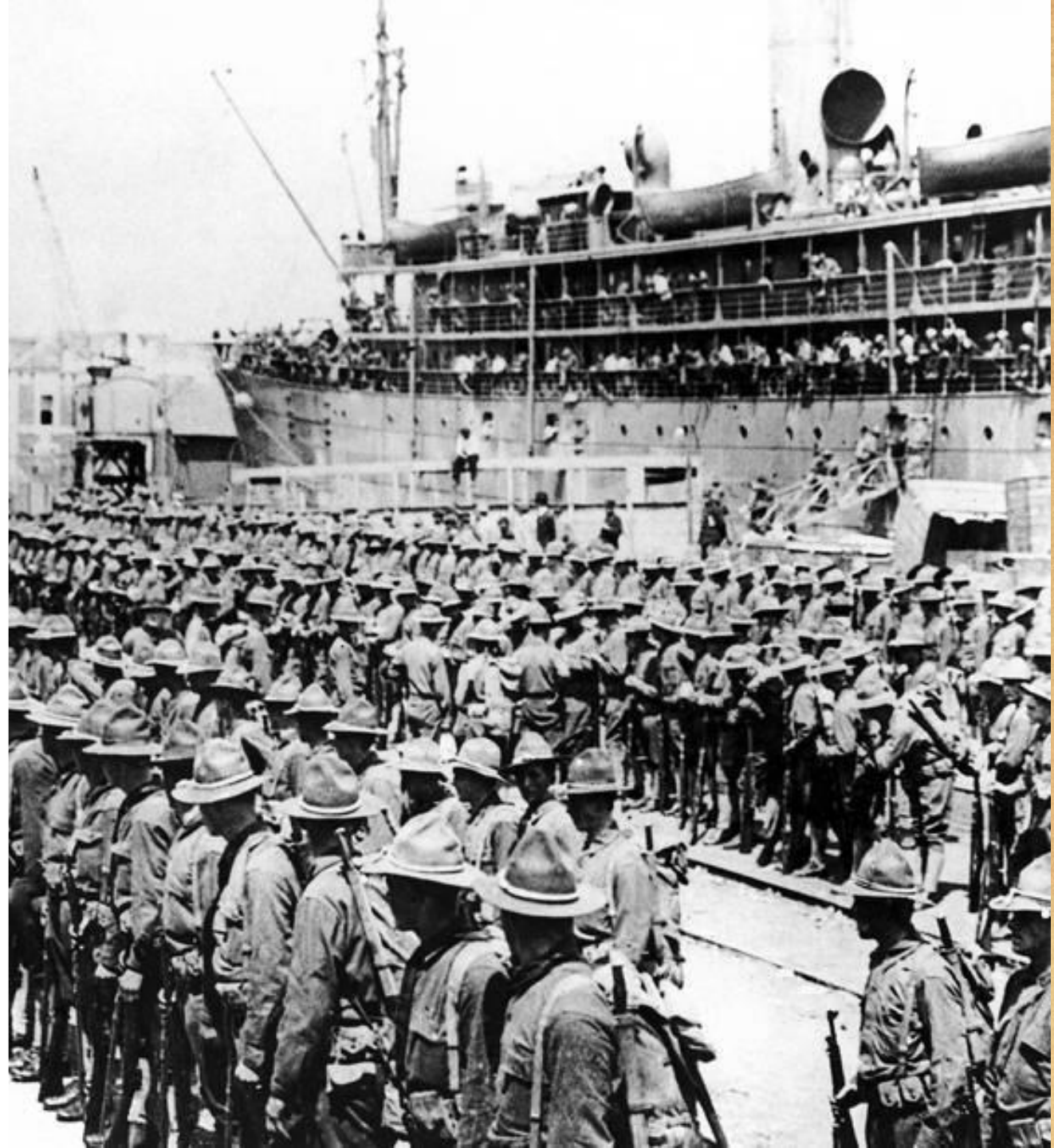


# OVER THERE



PHOTO © 1918  
LIFE PUB. CO.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY  
GEORGE M. COHAN











Uncle Sam Goes to War.

*W. D. Howells*





Aboard U.S.S. America

“When lonely I wander back to Southern and Sunshine.”

Convoy of World War I troop transport ships.

U.S.S. George Washington in the lead; followed by FBM's ship, U.S.S. America.

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ARMY AND NAVY  
YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION  
"WITH THE COLORS"




On one of big ships  
somewhere on the Atlantic  
Tuesday July 16, 1918

Dear:-

I suppose it seems like years since you have  
heard from me. I know I feel that way.



A large steamship, likely a transatlantic liner, is shown at sea. The ship has two prominent funnels, multiple masts, and a complex superstructure. It is moving through the water, leaving a wake. The image is in black and white and has a slightly grainy, historical quality.

On one of big ships  
Somewhere in the Atlantic  
Tuesday, July 16, 1918

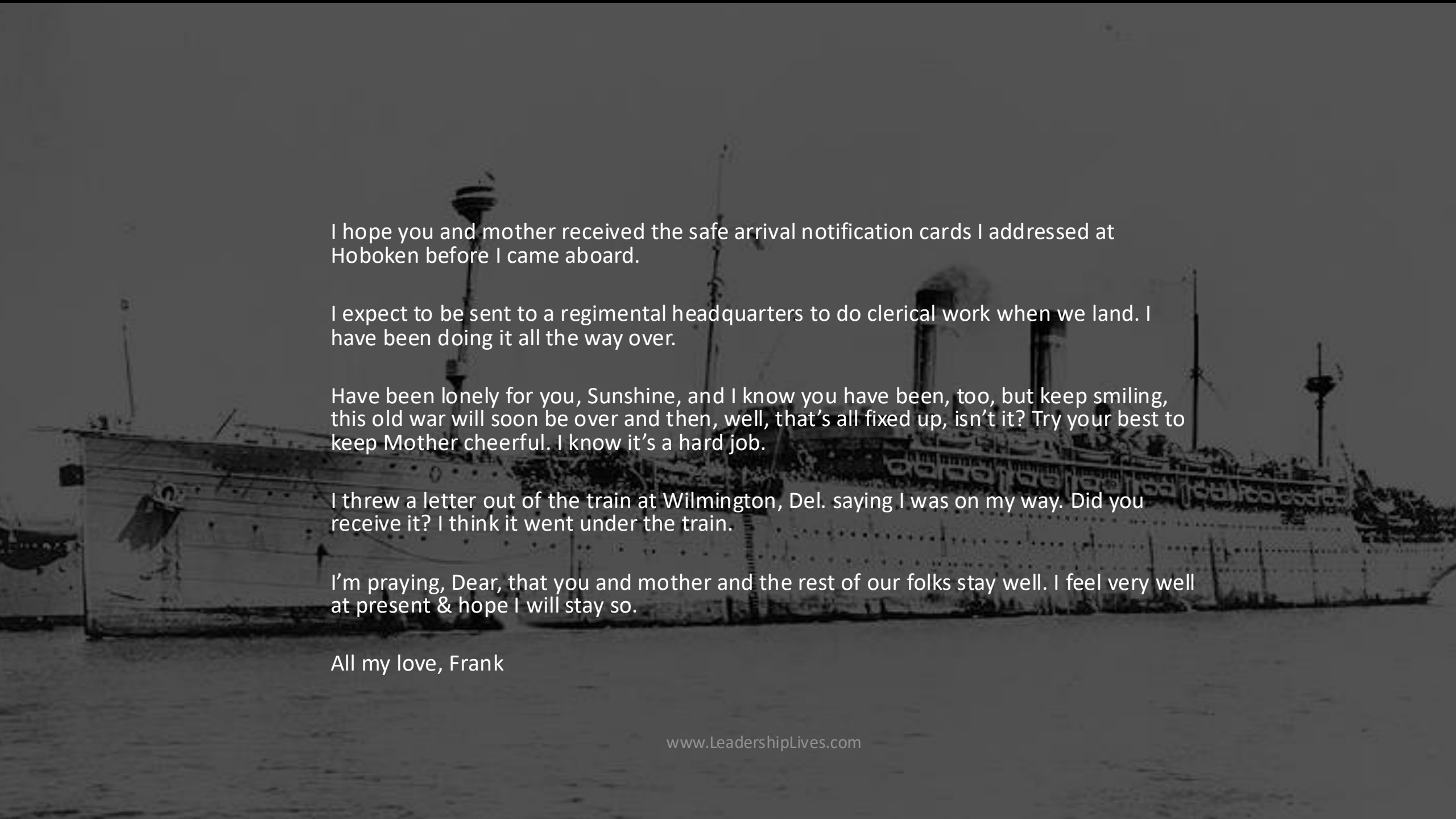
Dear:

... I will only write a few lines now to let you know that everything is fine so far and that I expect things to continue that way. We are within a day or two of our destination now and I will mail this at my first opportunity. As soon as I get on land I will write as often as I can.

It has been a pleasant voyage, fair weather continually and I have not been seasick for a minute.

Continues...



A large steamship, likely a troop transport, is shown at sea. The ship has multiple decks, lifeboats, and two prominent funnels. The background is a hazy, overcast sky.

I hope you and mother received the safe arrival notification cards I addressed at Hoboken before I came aboard.

I expect to be sent to a regimental headquarters to do clerical work when we land. I have been doing it all the way over.

Have been lonely for you, Sunshine, and I know you have been, too, but keep smiling, this old war will soon be over and then, well, that's all fixed up, isn't it? Try your best to keep Mother cheerful. I know it's a hard job.

I threw a letter out of the train at Wilmington, Del. saying I was on my way. Did you receive it? I think it went under the train.

I'm praying, Dear, that you and mother and the rest of our folks stay well. I feel very well at present & hope I will stay so.

All my love, Frank



## Letter to AGP

Sat. 9:45 P.M. 7/20/18

Dear:-

Everything fine and dandy. Am in a rest camp about 3 miles from where we landed [at Brest]. Am comfortable and get good meals.

... Can't say much. You understand the circumstances.

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© Kadel and Herbert

FIG. 31. — American troops disembarking at a port in France.



## FBM Letter to His Father

Saturday, July 27, 1918

Dear F.

Have been traveling since I wrote last. ...

We are billeted in a town. Seven of us, this branch of the medical department occupies a small house. The natives have been put together in one side of the town, we take the other. Our makeshift infirmary is downstairs and our sleeping quarters upstairs. We eat at the corner in an army mess hall. Have the dickin's own time trying to talk to the natives. Wanted to get my washing done today. It was funny. All I know of the language is a few of the remarks I've heard you use. Those, of course, had nothing to do with wash, but I finally bargained with a woman to do it for 20 cents.\* ...

Stay well & happy. We expect to eat our Christmas dinners home.

All my love, Frank

\* About \$5.00 in 2019



August 7, 1918

Dear,

Just received your letter written Sunday evening July 7, 1918 the evening I was traveling by train from Meade to Hoboken, toward you but away from you. Your intuition about my going somewhere was correct, as usual. Your letter made me both happy and lonely and strange to say Mother was writing at the same time. I received both letters today. ...

Well I suppose I'll wear that letter out by reading it before I get another one because I did not know that my address would be the same plus the A.E.F.\* If I had I would have put it in that letter I wrote Sunday just before we left. I gave it to some old lady who was in camp that day to see her son off. Did you get it?

I often wonder, dear, what good angel it was that made me ask for that pass the Sunday prior to my leaving. You remember, I think, that it was by mere accident that I asked for it; and when I think of what it brought about and the dark clouds that were cleared away by the result of it, I feel positive that although you are lonely beyond words, there is a large ray of happiness shining thru...

"Southern and Sunshine" in thought have helped pass many a lonely hour. Things are about the same here as in my last letter. It's 8:30 P.M. Am going to bed now. You know the old story.

All my love, Frank

\*American Expeditionary Forces



August 24, 1918  
FBM's 26<sup>th</sup> Birthday

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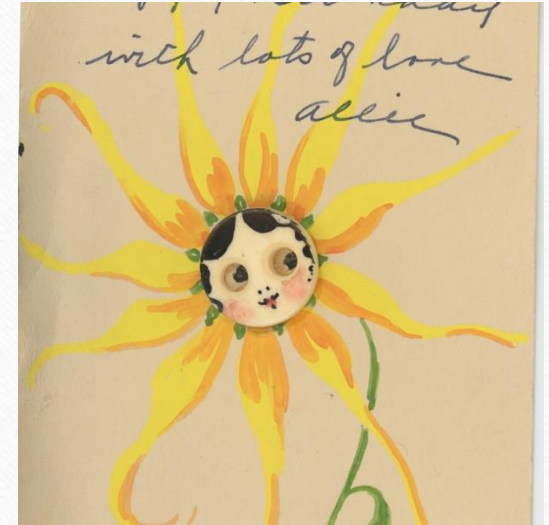
*Happy Birthday*

*With lots of love,*

*Allie*

*The Sun is Always behind the Clouds*

[www.LeadershipLives.com](http://www.LeadershipLives.com)





## Letter to AGP September 2, 1918

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“Glad to hear you are learning how to run the bus but as for that ambulance driving stuff, you heard right when you said you could almost hear me saying, “No.” You are doing your bit running a Red Cross Auxiliary & that’s all that’s necessary.”

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Two field Hospitals  
IN CORSICA:  
(Serbian Refugee Camp)  
Two Hospitals

*Hon. Treasurers:*

THE LADY COWDRAY.  
THE HON. MRS. SPRINGER GRAVES.  
MRS. LAURIE.

*Hon. Delegate to the United States & Canada:*

MISS KATHLEEN BURKE, C. B. E.



*American Address:*  
20 NASSAU STREET  
NEW YORK  
TELEPHONE: JOHN 131

(With International Forces)  
One Base Hospital;  
Field Hospital and Ambulance  
Calcutta Orthopaedic Department.

*Bankers:*

Messrs. J. P. MORGAN & Co.,  
23 Wall Street, New York.

SIR EDMUND WALKER,  
Canadian Bank of Commerce,  
Toronto, Canada.

June 28th 1918.

Dear Miss Price

I am leaving in a few days for San Francisco but before I start on my journey I would like to tell you how glad I was to speak for your Auxiliary. I think it is one of the best and most efficient Branches of the Red Cross that I have visited.

With all good wishes for your continued success.

Yours very sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script, which reads "Kathleen Burke", is written at the bottom of the letter.





© Committee on Public Information

FIG. 37.— French children greeting American soldiers on their way to the front in France.

## Letter to AGP September 20, 1918

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“... from a quiet sector of the front,” FBM, thoughtful as always, wrote to say there is no need to send anything - “I can get anything I want thru the YMCA and the Division Supply (Medical) Officer.”

He later explained that her packages were not arriving intact.





The U.S.S. America landed at Brest. (Left arrow)

During the Argonne – Meuse Offensive, FBM was in the area of St. Mihiel and Verdun. (Right arrow)





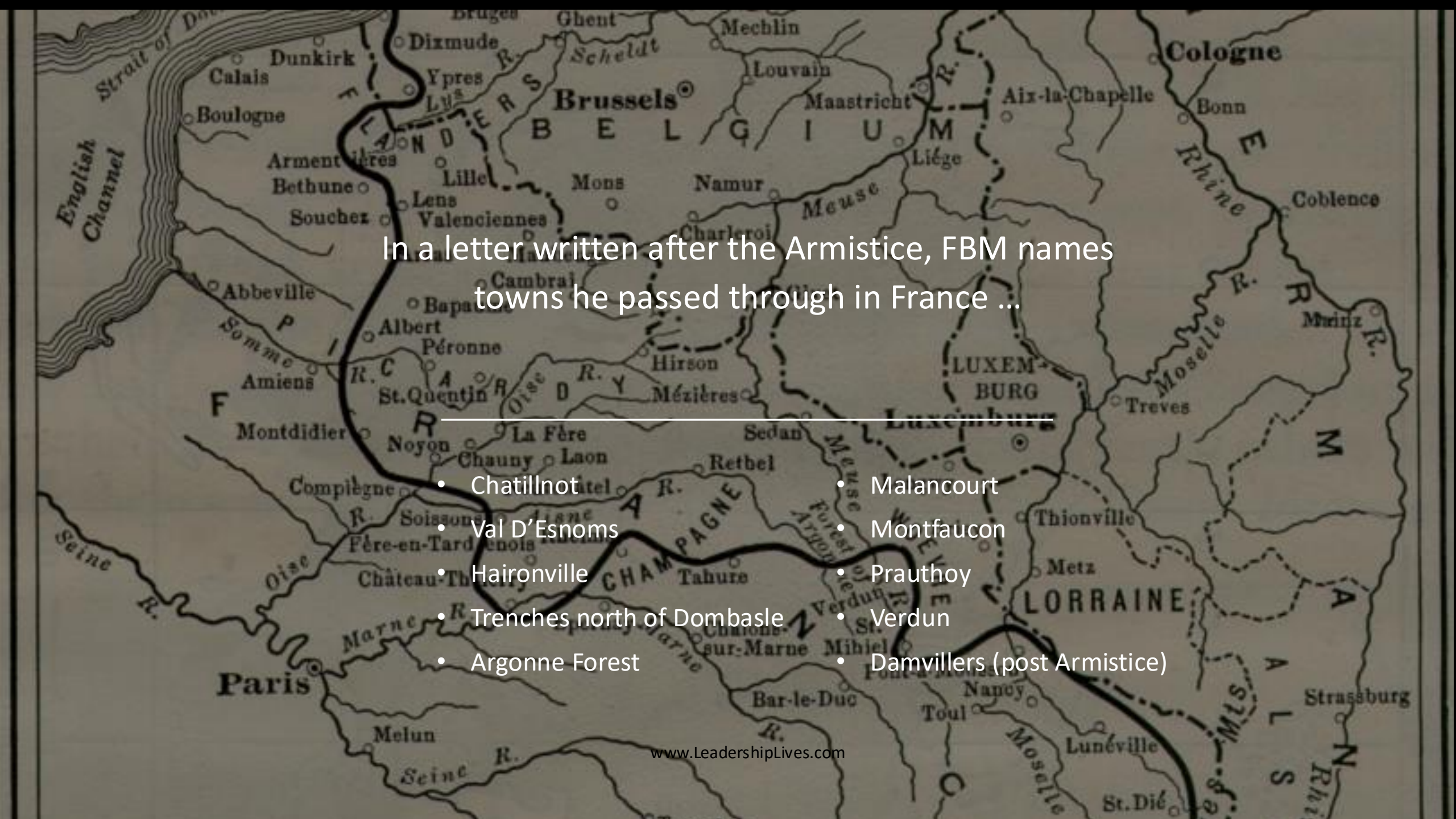
## ARGONNE — MEUSE OFFENSIVE

SEPTEMBER 26, 1918 — NOVEMBER 11, 1918

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Made up of raw recruits, mostly from the Philadelphia area, the 315th Regiment was part of the 79th Division which was comprised of National Guard troops. Regular Army divisions are denoted by single digits.



A detailed historical map of France and surrounding regions during World War I. The map shows major cities, rivers, and military fronts. A thick black line traces a path from the English Channel, through Belgium, and into France, ending near Paris. Overlaid on the map is a list of towns and locations visited by FBM after the Armistice.

In a letter written after the Armistice, FBM names towns he passed through in France ...

- Chatillnot
- Val D'Esnoms
- Haironville
- Trenches north of Dombasle
- Argonne Forest
- Malancourt
- Montfaucon
- Prauthoy
- Verdun
- Damvillers (post Armistice)





## The Offensive Starts FBM letter to AGP, December 14, 1918

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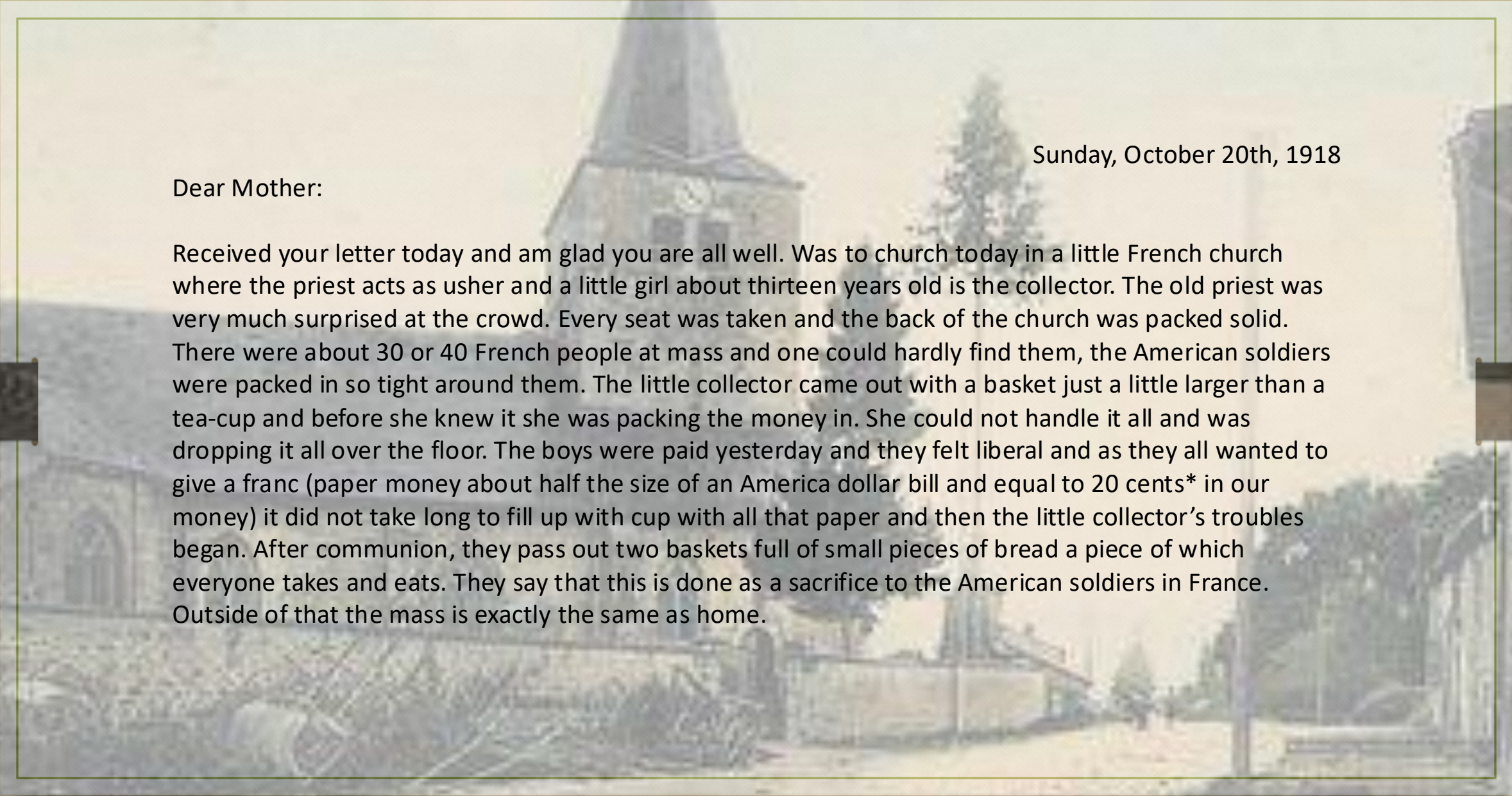
...on the night of Sept 25th at 11 P.M., a barrage started on a fifty-mile front. We were just west of Esnes [near Malancourt]. French 75s, our light and heavy artillery, French, American and Italian big naval guns, run up on railways and every other kind of gun started firing at that moment and kept on going throughout the whole night. They were almost hub to hub. (I was at the Post Command with the Regimental Infirmary in the third line about 1 mile behind the 1st line) and it was almost as bright as day from the constant flash of cannon fire. Therefore, from my position, they were firing from every side.





The military used trains to bring  
naval guns from battleships to the front lines.





Sunday, October 20th, 1918

Dear Mother:

Received your letter today and am glad you are all well. Was to church today in a little French church where the priest acts as usher and a little girl about thirteen years old is the collector. The old priest was very much surprised at the crowd. Every seat was taken and the back of the church was packed solid. There were about 30 or 40 French people at mass and one could hardly find them, the American soldiers were packed in so tight around them. The little collector came out with a basket just a little larger than a tea-cup and before she knew it she was packing the money in. She could not handle it all and was dropping it all over the floor. The boys were paid yesterday and they felt liberal and as they all wanted to give a franc (paper money about half the size of an America dollar bill and equal to 20 cents\* in our money) it did not take long to fill up with cup with all that paper and then the little collector's troubles began. After communion, they pass out two baskets full of small pieces of bread a piece of which everyone takes and eats. They say that this is done as a sacrifice to the American soldiers in France. Outside of that the mass is exactly the same as home.





Medical unit in FBM's 315<sup>th</sup> Regiment.

Despite having seven teeth extracted, suffering hearing loss from gunfire that plagued him for the rest of his life and being in the midst of ferocious fighting, ever-cheerful FBM wrote to reassure his very worried mother...

"Hope you all feel as well as I do. Without exaggeration, I have never felt better than I have since being in France."



## THIS LETTER GIVES A RARE GLIMPSE OF FBM'S LIFE ON THE FRONT LINES IN WWI

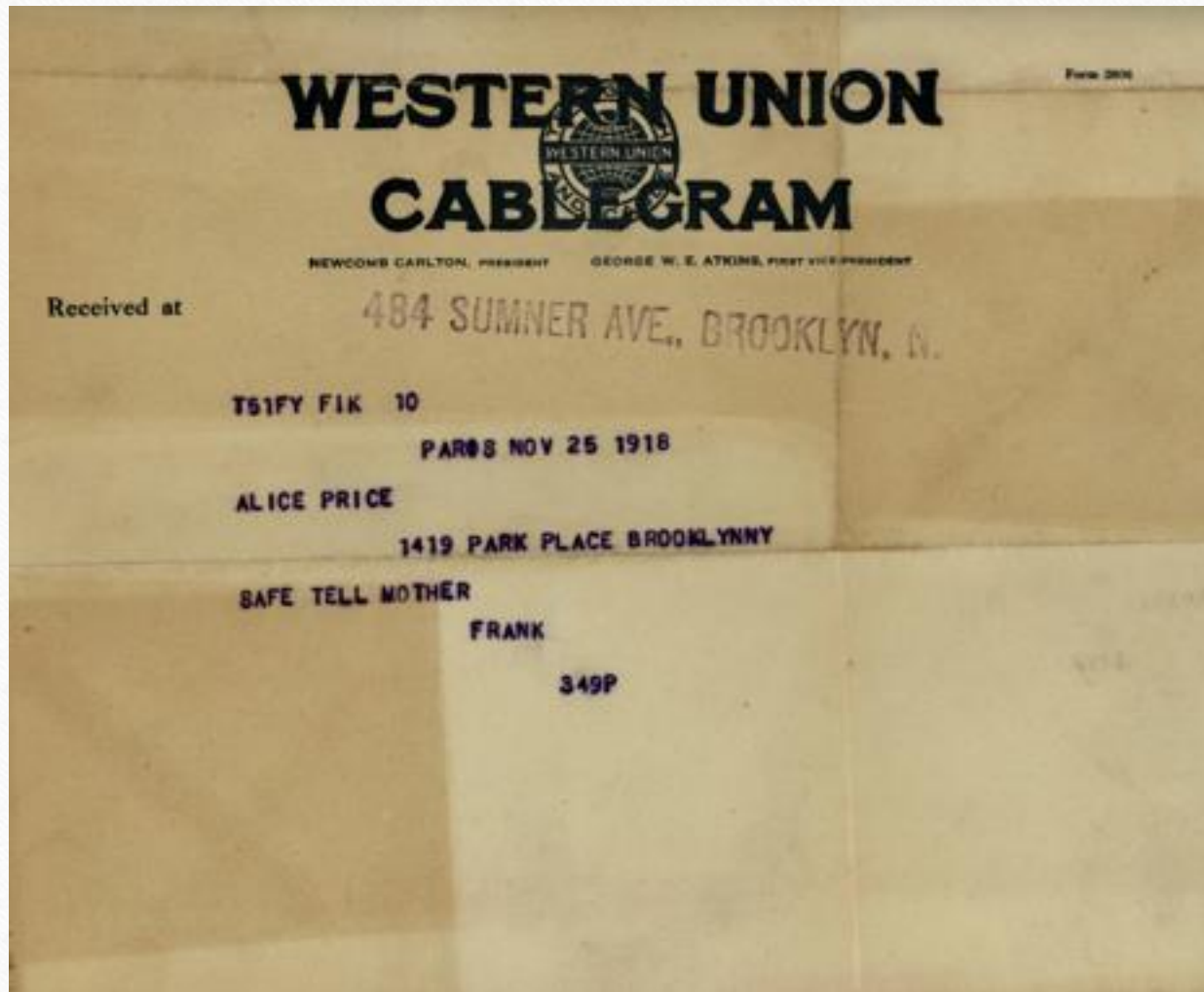
FBM to AGP - October 20, 1918

Had to stop this so many times today to do other things that it is now after supper, and I am writing this by candle-light; and as I do not work this old machine by the touch system (as you know) you will have to excuse mistakes. And, by the way, this machine has a history attached to it. In the first place, it's a Remington and a borrowed one at that, we forgot to return it.

We have taken it on trucks, side-door pullman and on foot sometimes in a box and sometimes not. When we came back from the advance, we got it in a dugout where we had left it. (It was by accident that I did not stay with it and the field desk, a small affair about the size of a large suitcase which folds up and can be carried by someone who is extra strong which contains records, etc., but that is my job if there is a next time) and three of us carried it five miles in an undershirt.

On the last quarter of a mile one of the boys thought he could carry it easier on his shoulder. He did, for about one hundred yards, and then dropped it. And now it is in pretty good condition except that 5 letters stick, the spacer does not work properly, it has two feet instead of four and the ribbon winder is broken off. A good typist could not work it.





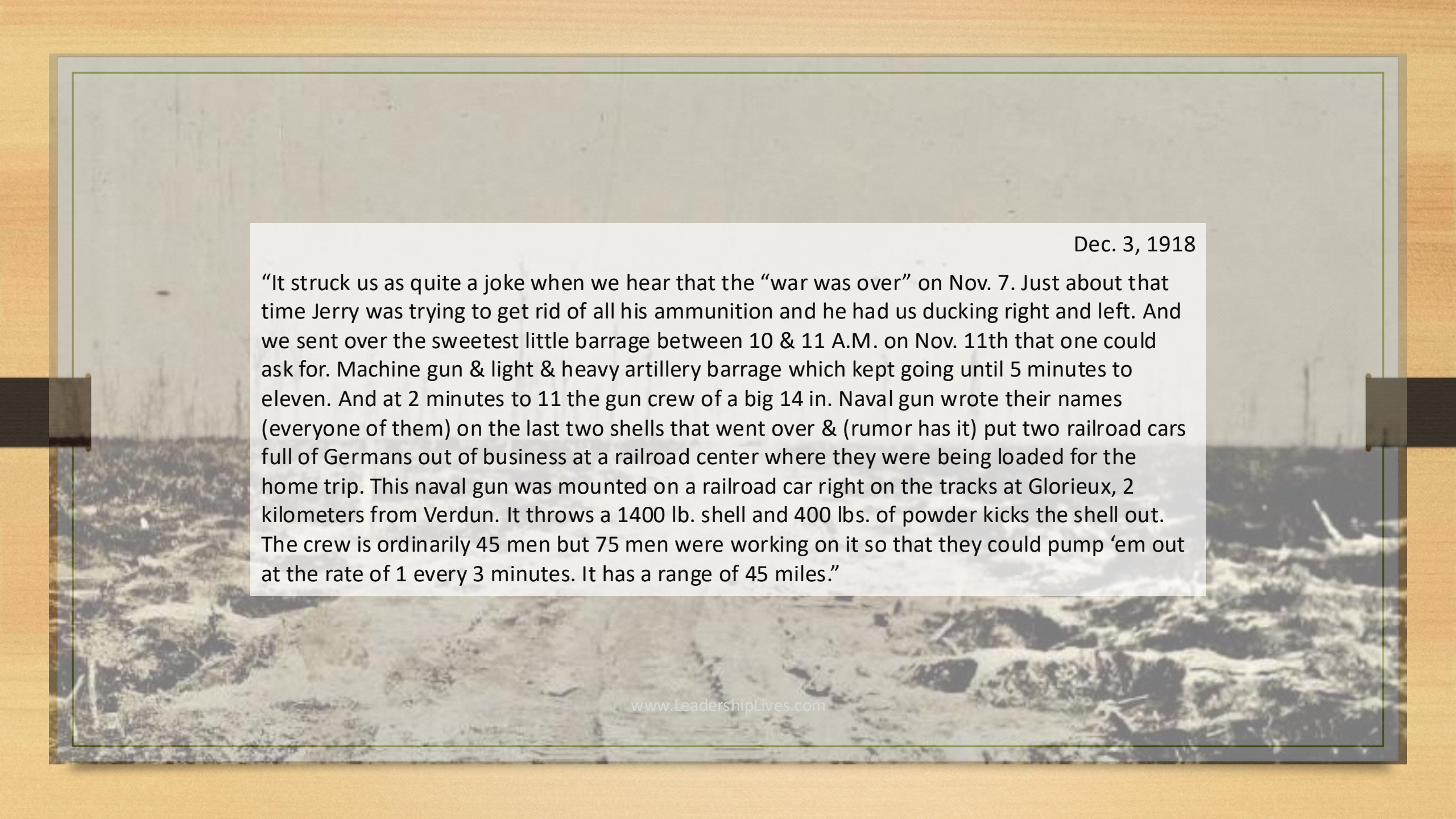
Cablegram sent by FBM on November 11, 1918.  
Received in Brooklyn on November 25, 1918

## “Safe Tell Mother”

Letter to AGP, December 14, 1918

“...I thought I had put the wrong address on the cablegram. It was dated Paris because the Chaplain took them all and sent them from there.”





Dec. 3, 1918

“It struck us as quite a joke when we hear that the “war was over” on Nov. 7. Just about that time Jerry was trying to get rid of all his ammunition and he had us ducking right and left. And we sent over the sweetest little barrage between 10 & 11 A.M. on Nov. 11th that one could ask for. Machine gun & light & heavy artillery barrage which kept going until 5 minutes to eleven. And at 2 minutes to 11 the gun crew of a big 14 in. Naval gun wrote their names (everyone of them) on the last two shells that went over & (rumor has it) put two railroad cars full of Germans out of business at a railroad center where they were being loaded for the home trip. This naval gun was mounted on a railroad car right on the tracks at Glorieux, 2 kilometers from Verdun. It throws a 1400 lb. shell and 400 lbs. of powder kicks the shell out. The crew is ordinarily 45 men but 75 men were working on it so that they could pump ‘em out at the rate of 1 every 3 minutes. It has a range of 45 miles.”







# The Armistice

November 11, 1918  
11:30 A.M.

Dearest,

Have just come in from outside where I heard the bells of Verdun (where I am) ring out announcing that peace has been declared or rather that the armistice has been signed. Get ready Little Heart o' mine it won't be long now and then a meeting that I have been looking forward to since leaving Southern & Sunshine. It is too early to make any appointments but I'll keep you posted.





## Letter to AGP from Verdun

November 13, 1918

"I am at present in one of the most historical cities of this war. It is the 3rd in rank of the strongly fortified cities. ...

In it there is what is called the underground Citadel\* which can accommodate 30,000 men comfortably. The room I am in is about 50' x 25' and 16' or 18 ft high and on top of our stone ceiling there is approx 50' of earth & stone.

There are about 10 of these rooms opening on the main corridor. Downstairs, just 90 steps down a winding stairway, makes the upper part look small."

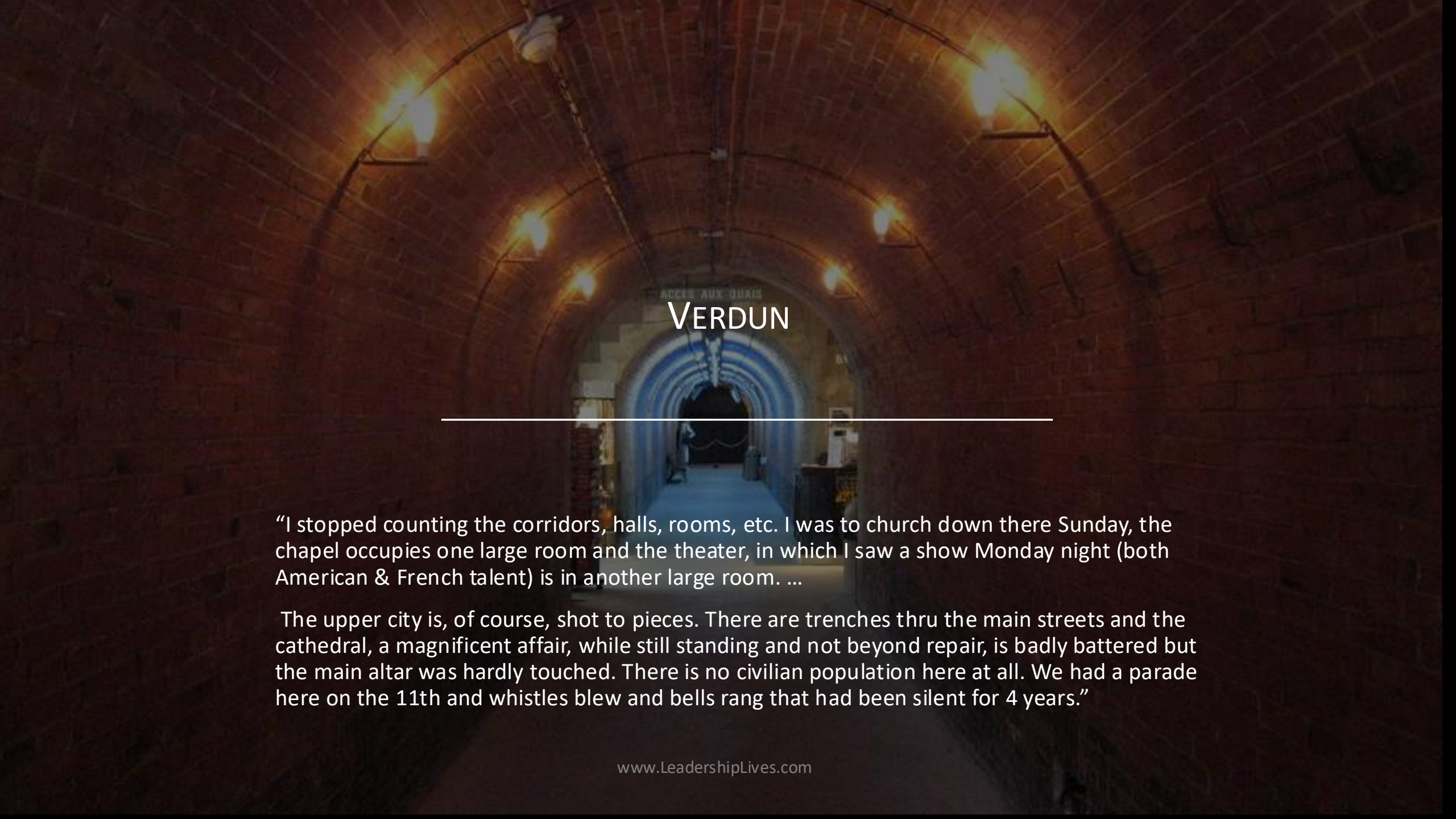
Continues...

\*Built in the 17<sup>th</sup> century

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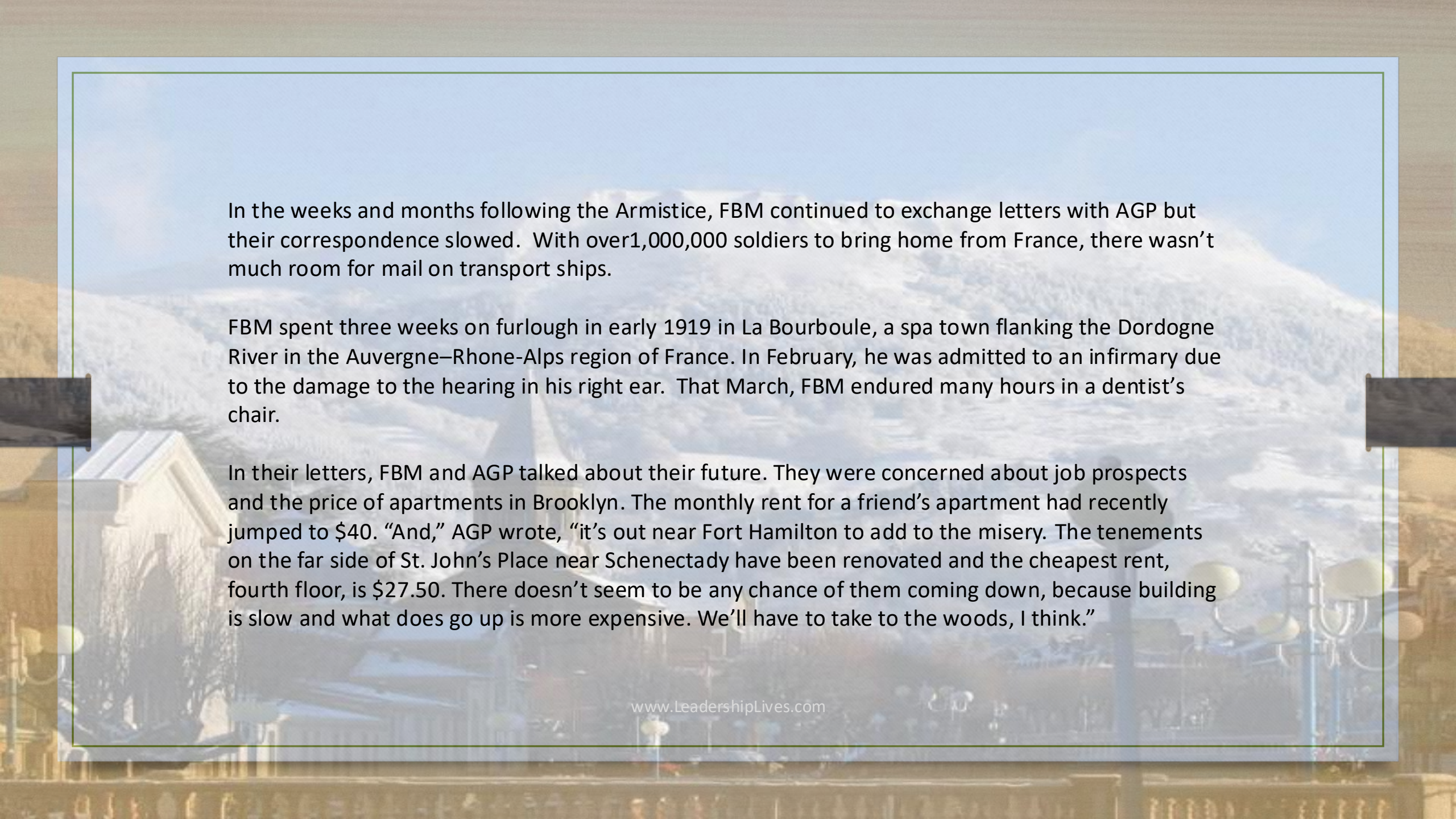
## VERDUN

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“I stopped counting the corridors, halls, rooms, etc. I was to church down there Sunday, the chapel occupies one large room and the theater, in which I saw a show Monday night (both American & French talent) is in another large room. ...

The upper city is, of course, shot to pieces. There are trenches thru the main streets and the cathedral, a magnificent affair, while still standing and not beyond repair, is badly battered but the main altar was hardly touched. There is no civilian population here at all. We had a parade here on the 11th and whistles blew and bells rang that had been silent for 4 years.”



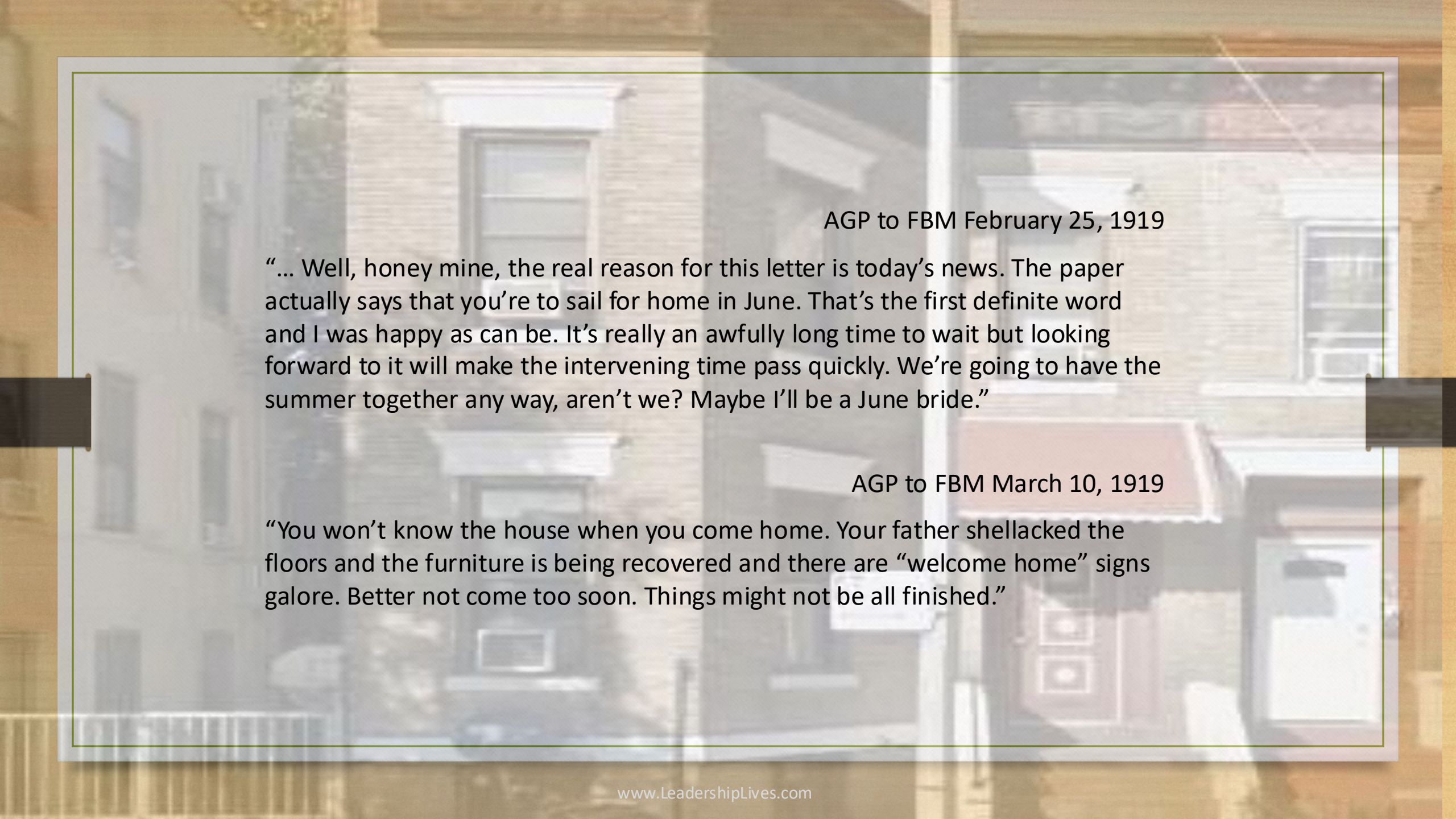


In the weeks and months following the Armistice, FBM continued to exchange letters with AGP but their correspondence slowed. With over 1,000,000 soldiers to bring home from France, there wasn't much room for mail on transport ships.

FBM spent three weeks on furlough in early 1919 in La Bourboule, a spa town flanking the Dordogne River in the Auvergne–Rhône-Alps region of France. In February, he was admitted to an infirmary due to the damage to the hearing in his right ear. That March, FBM endured many hours in a dentist's chair.

In their letters, FBM and AGP talked about their future. They were concerned about job prospects and the price of apartments in Brooklyn. The monthly rent for a friend's apartment had recently jumped to \$40. "And," AGP wrote, "it's out near Fort Hamilton to add to the misery. The tenements on the far side of St. John's Place near Schenectady have been renovated and the cheapest rent, fourth floor, is \$27.50. There doesn't seem to be any chance of them coming down, because building is slow and what does go up is more expensive. We'll have to take to the woods, I think."





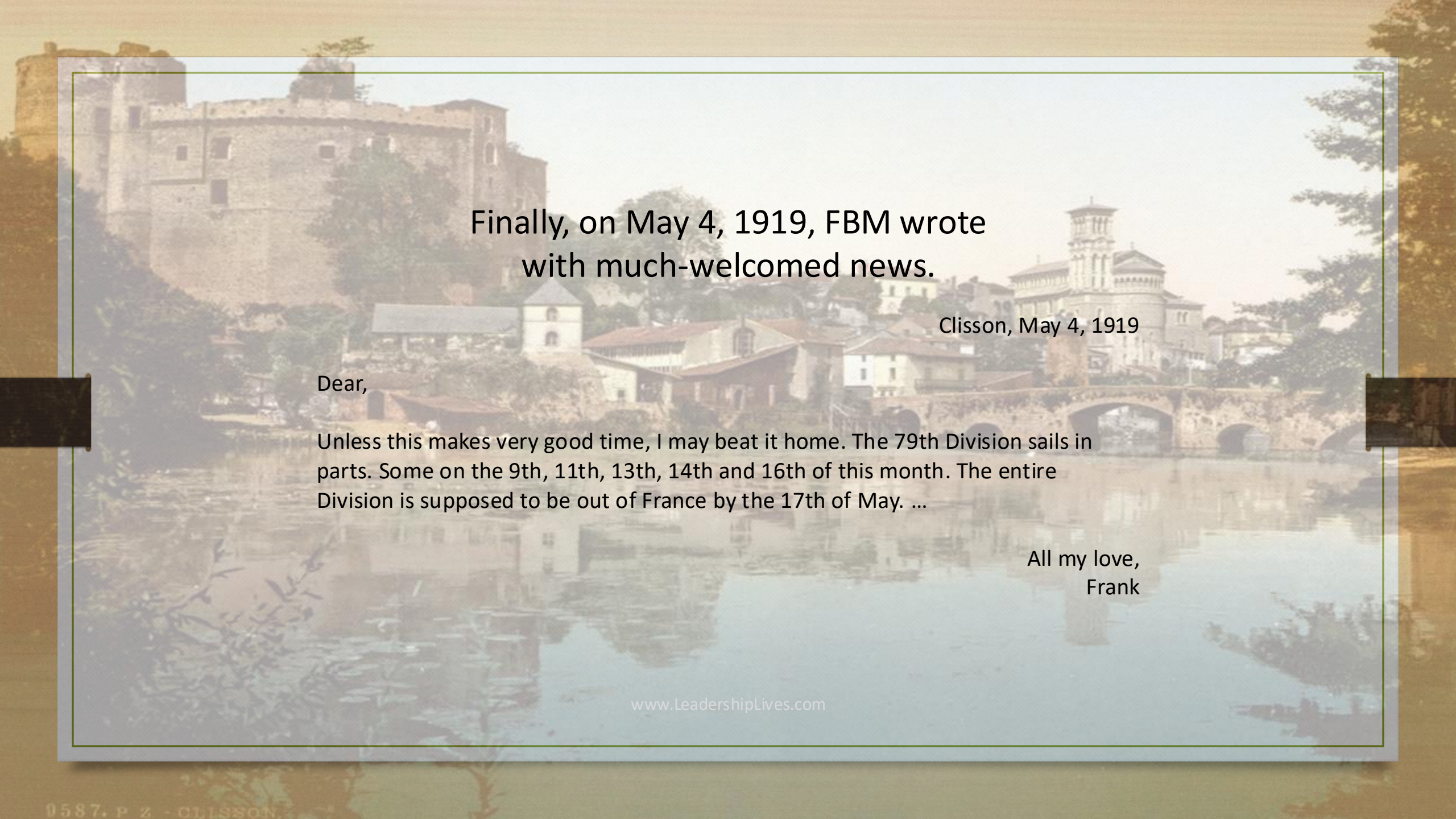
AGP to FBM February 25, 1919

“... Well, honey mine, the real reason for this letter is today’s news. The paper actually says that you’re to sail for home in June. That’s the first definite word and I was happy as can be. It’s really an awfully long time to wait but looking forward to it will make the intervening time pass quickly. We’re going to have the summer together any way, aren’t we? Maybe I’ll be a June bride.”

AGP to FBM March 10, 1919

“You won’t know the house when you come home. Your father shellacked the floors and the furniture is being recovered and there are “welcome home” signs galore. Better not come too soon. Things might not be all finished.”





Finally, on May 4, 1919, FBM wrote  
with much-welcomed news.

Clisson, May 4, 1919

Dear,

Unless this makes very good time, I may beat it home. The 79th Division sails in parts. Some on the 9th, 11th, 13th, 14th and 16th of this month. The entire Division is supposed to be out of France by the 17th of May. ...

All my love,  
Frank

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CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

# WESTERN UNION TELEGRAM

NEWCOMB CARLTON, PRESIDENT

GEORGE W. E. ATKINS, FIRST VICE-PRESIDENT

CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Day Message	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise its character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

RECEIVED AT

E99P 8 NITE

C PHILADEA

PHIA PA 30

A PRICE

1366 PARK PLACE BROOKLYN NY

FRANK MORRELL ARRIVED PHILADELPHIA TODAY WRITING GONE

CAMPDIX

THE SALVATION ARMY.

1919 MAY 30 PM 3 53

The Army brought the troops home in the order of their arrival in France. First in France, first home.


In May 1919, 320,000 troops returned to America. Frank Morrell, aboard the U.S.S. Santa Rosa, docked in Philadelphia on May 30, 1919.

After a ten-day stay at Camp Dix, FBM finally got home to New York on June 9, 1919.



CLASS OF SERVICE	SYMBOL
Telegram	
Day Letter	Blue
Night Message	Nite
Night Letter	N L
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RECEIVED AT

63 FY LC 8

304 HALSEY STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

STA UNTON VA 840AMM JUNE 19

A G PRICE

1366 PARK PLACE BROOKLYN NY

PM

ARRIVE PENNSYLVANIA STATION 10 TODAY

MORRELL

945A





Pennsylvania Station, New York, NY





Frank Bernard Morrell married  
Alice Graham Price on Wednesday,  
June 30, 1920.

The second anniversary of their  
magical day at the Southern Hotel  
in Baltimore.

Photo: June 30, 1920

[www.LeadershipLives.com](http://www.LeadershipLives.com)



After the war, FBM returned to working in industrial and commercial real estate.

He became an expert on the wharf buildings that once ringed the Manhattan and Brooklyn water-fronts.

In the boom years of the 1920s, his career took off like a rocket.







On August 24, 1972, FBM celebrated his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday with his sweetheart, wife and partner, Alice Graham Price Morrell.





IN LOVING MEMORY OF

Frank Bernard Morrell  
August 24, 1892 – May 22, 1977

AND

Alice Graham Price Morrell  
January 9, 1893 – December 1, 1980

Margot Morrell