

02/25/09
 Perry - Put this with the Brane Morrison story.
 Thanks!

John Hackney III

To: Perry

Subject: RE: Letter about my Dad

Perry -

Great letter! There were some Curley's from Richmond who used to be in the excess and surplus lines insurance business.

Wonder if they are related?

jh

From: Perry [mailto:pmorrison@nccomplaw.com]

Sent: Wednesday, February 25, 2009 9:03 AM

To: JOE FRANK JONES

Cc: John Hackney III; BOBBY BOYKIN

Subject: Letter about my Dad

I was going through some old letters recently and found this gem. I don't know whether I ever showed it to you before.

Charles Curley lived in Richmond, and he was a friend of my dad's in the war. They lost touch afterwards. When one of the Dr. Bob Stone's sons got married, Burt Gillette went to the rehearsal dinner, and he happened to sit beside Mr. Curley, who I recall was a good friend of Frances Stone's family. Mr. Curley asked Burt, with whom I dove-hunted, whether he knew Daddy. Daddy has just died, and Mr. Curley wrote me a note for Burt to deliver with his address. I wrote to him, and he sent me a book he had written about his experiences in WWII. I wrote him a note of thanks, and this was his reply letter. If he's alive today, he's bound to be in his '90's.

I thought you might enjoy it. Johnny, please pass it along to your dad.

B. Perry Morrison, Jr.
 Morrison Law Firm, P.L.L.C.
 P.O. Box 2046
 4612 Nash Street North
 Wilson, NC 27894-2046
 (252) 243-1003
 (252) 243-1004 (fax)
www.nccomplaw.com

2/25/2009

3 July 1994

Dear Perry,

No, I didn't forget, but since I returned after a week in Normandy, I have been on an all time high. I didn't want your mother to say, "I told you so". I am going to try and remember some of the things that come back to my mind about your father.

As you already know, he was the 2nd Battalion S-4 (Supply officer) of the 38th Infantry, 2nd Division. A supply officer was to see that the companies received all their needs, ammo, clothing, shoes, food, and the like. When it came to food, the front line troops were suppose to send back carrying parties to a food distribution point and pick up the rations for their units. Many times, your father would have none of that. After a hard days moving forward, the troops were beat and that when he would personally drive forward with a Jeep and trailer with hot soup, coffee, and water and distribute it to the troops.

I mentioned soup, we were on K-Rations for a long time in Normandy and somehow or another, he would find the ingredients for the kitchens to make hot soup. Then he would get it to the forward units.

I remember one night when we had more right far forward, we heard a noise coming down the road and I be damn, if it wasn't Major Morrison in his Jeep and trailer. He unloaded the cans of soup, water, and coffee over the hedge along the road and left. It seemed just a few minute later that we thought that we heard him coming back. The noise was louder than a Jeep as it got closer and all of a sudden the men got to firing, then there was a big explosion and fire. It ended up being a German truck pulling anti-tank gun. I don't know how your father missed running into the Germans, but he did.

Later, on the 13th August, we had moved forward without too much resistance. After dark, we got to the cross-road that we were suppose to be securing. I heard noises from behind a hedge across the road from my men and getting closer to see who it was, heard them talking German. It was too dangerous to start a fire fight, so I left them alone. Later, I think that they just melted away.

Your father, as usual come up with the goodies and we placed them in the road in beside a house. He left and I and one of the sergeants went around tell the men soup and coffee were available. When we walked back towards where we had left the food, I realized that someone was following behind us. As we walked through a gateway, the sergeant pulled out a pistol and started firing besides my head through the gateway behind us, He had heard German voices where the soup and coffee were sitting. Of course, the Germans ran off. Again, I wondered how

Morrison had missed running into them. Just Luck.....

Later, supplied us with hot food where we could slip back and managed to get a bit. I remember this happening outside of Brest also. In Brest, a young lady moved back into an apartment after I told her that she couldn't, due to some artillery fire. That evening, I did get her some hot food and bread. I had a few bottles of wine and brought it up to have supper with her. Before we hardly started to eat, I heard many footsteps on the stairs and my company commander and some of the officers from the battalion headquarters came in and made themselves at home and proceeded to drink up my wine. I believe that your father, who was with them, could speak a little French. My company commander did better in French than English, being from near New Orleans. Well that crowd drank up my wine and kidded the girl a lot. I couldn't understand a word of it and finally got upset. They finally laughed and left.

I didn't see much of your father while we were in Paris. After we got up into the Eifel Mountains, things were different and I didn't see as much of him as I did in Normandy.

I just spent a week in Normandy with the Germans and the French. We went out and located the areas where we had fought against one or another. I mainly went over to unveil a plaque in the town of Couvains. They had a big reunion and I had been invited to attend. After unveiling the plaque I then had to unveil another small one covered also with a American Flag and about fell on my face. I have enclosed a copy of a photo of a plaque erected in my honor so you can see what I mean.

Take it from me, your father did his job his job over and above the call of duty. He saw to it that we had anything that was in his power to get for us. I think that he was supreme scrounger and found things that others never did. He always stood high in my thoughts. I am sorry that I never did get with him after the war. I really believe that he was a modest man and did not want to talk about his exploits.

I must say that the French have not forgotten the Second Infantry Division and think that the Indianhead patch is something to have. This is the younger generation, I am talking about.

Sincerely
Charles Curley.

PLACE DU
LIEUTENANT CHARLES
D.CURLEY
38^{ÈME} REGIMENT-2^{ÈME} DI