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JESSE FREIDIN
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CABLES - POLMOND

July 16, 1948

Captain Edward Walker, USN
Ordnance Department
Post Graduate School,
Naval Academy,
Annapolis, Maryland.

Dear Ed:

I have been trying to locate you and some of the other MAYRANT shipmates to send them copies of a letter I received some time ago from the Commander of the Destroyer Division which delivered a coup de grace to our great ship. Booze Watson is responsible for letting me know where you are now stationed, but I do not know what your present rank is and if I have under-ranked you by mistake, I know you will forgive me.

I know that the enclosures will be of interest to you as the letter is one of the best pieces of writing I have come across in a long time. I am anxious to send copies to as many people as possible and I would appreciate your sending me the addresses of such people as Admiral Hartman, Fred Steisberg, Captain Eddie Taylor and any of the others you may know.

Ethel and I are going cruising down east for three weeks starting this week end on a 46 foot cutter which will not only be lots of fun, but a good rest from my law practice.

If you and Muriel ever get up here, I hope that you will let us know and come out to our little farm on Long Island for as much time as you can spare.

I hope the family is well and that you are enjoying your tour of shore duty.

With my warm regards as always,

Sincerely yours,

Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.
Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.

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COMMANDER DESTROYER DIVISION 12
c/o Fleet Post Office
San Francisco, California

Enroute from Kwajalein
to Guam,
6 March 1948

Dear Frank:

It seems that for more than a year our careers in the Navy very closely paralleled each other's. You were ordered to the DE MOORE about the time I was ordered to the DD TAUSSIG. We were at Key West at the same time, at Norfolk at the same time, and at Brooklyn Navy Yard at the same time. Together we fought the good fight in the Pacific, and finally, together, in the same plane we flew back to the good old United States just before the war ended. Although I had invited you to stop by to see me in my red brick home at the Naval Academy where I was taking my bride, you never did. (You were about the only acquaintance who didn't I might add).

However, recently there has been an incident to bring us together again, at least in a spiritual sense. The incident is the sinking of your old ship, the U.S.S. MAYRANT. I need not tell you the history of that "happy warrior" during the recent war, but since that time she was sacrificed to the poisonous effects of the atomic bomb at Bikini. Thereafter, she was towed to Kwajalein where she, with other suffering ships, remained to await their end. Being unsalvageable, she was condemned to be sunk by DesDiv 12 for the benefit of tests and training which could result from the exercise. This division, composed of the BAUSELL, RICHARD B. ANDERSON, STICKELL, AGERHOLM, has been commanded by me for the past two months.

The MAYRANT was towed out to the site of her execution and I led my division close by in order that the crews might have a final look. Opening the range, we then commenced firing at her, one ship at a time. At first she seemed to defy her opponents but as they closed the range she began to sustain hit after hit. Under great punishment, however, she still remained proudly erect. Each ship had made a try at her, and we began the approach for the next phase when two ships at a time would test their accuracy. At this point she suddenly heeled well over to port, and we cancelled further gunfire as we raced to close the range for firing torpedoes. The first torpedo missed the bow by a few yards, another fired by the last ship in column likewise narrowly missed, but the third torpedo struck her fair amidships with a tremendous explosion which threw up a high geyser of water. That finished the MAYRANT. She was now completely submerged, emitting large bubbles of air as she sank deeper and deeper. Soon there was nothing but an oil slick and a few small pieces of floating wreckage to mark the location of the MAYRANT'S last stand, Latitude 08 - 49 N, Longitude 167 - 23 East. Time 051133 local, or to you 041833.

6 March 1948 to FDR Jr.

Chief Yeoman L.J. Welty on the flagship was so touched by the experience that he wrote the enclosed poem. It may not have the quality of one by Archibald MacLeish or Browning, but at least it can be understood, not only by both God and the poet, but by others as well. In fact I think he has covered the subject quite clearly and comprehensively.

Anyhow, Frank, since you are at heart, I trust, still a Navy man, I thought you would be interested in hearing of the fate of an old ship which doubtless holds for you many dear and exciting memories.

I'm on my way to China. If you'll look after the things back home, I'll try to do my part out there.

With every good wish for your success in whatever you choose to do, I am,

Sincerely,

(signed) Joe Robbins

JOE ROBBINS

Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr.
New York, N.Y.

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OPERATION MAYRANT

The Bausell, Anderson, Stickell, Agerholm
Put their prows to the waves and threw up the foam

In column they ran with their wakes boiling free
As they cut their way through the transparent sea.

The Mayrant so battered from atom bomb test
Longed for the end and her well earned rest

In Davey Jones Locker in ocean's deep blue
Where many hulks lie but the brave are so few

The guns were all loaded the signal hoist blew
The Bausell led and the rest followed through.

The guns barked and boomed across ocean wide
And some found their mark in the old Mayrant's Side

She gratefully received these missiles of peace
And knew at long last her toils were to cease

The guns were all silent their work was well done
They bellowed no more. They had had their fun.

The Mayrant rolled slow o'er on her side
And to the dark bottom began her long glide.

Three torpedoes sped toward her to hasten her way.
One found its mark with a fountain of spray

The day's work was over the good deed performed.
DesDiv 12 filled with oil and Guam-ward stormed.

L.J. Welty, CY USN
"Chaplain"