



DALE E COX DOUGLAS MUNRO
| CLE ELUM, WA
 1939 or 40

135 HORIZON VIEW DR
SEQUIM, WA 98382
(360) 683-3846

AFTER FIVE DAYS RETURN TO

U. S.

DEC

11
NAVY



VIA AIR MAIL

Mr. Dale E Coy
3rd Signal Co.
Ft Lewis
Wash.

PASSED BY

mt

from D. A. McInuro
U.S.S. Leonard Wood
Co. Postmaster New York
N.Y.

CROSS OUT WORDS NOT NEEDED. IF ANYTHING ELSE (except dates, where indicated) IS ADDED, LETTER WILL BE DESTROYED.

U.S.S. LEONARD WOOD,
c/o Postmaster,
New York, N. Y.,

Nov 8, _____, 1941

Dear {
Mother: Dad,
Friend,
~~Polis,~~
Wife,
Brother: Sister,
Wife
Dearest {
Sweetheart,
Beloved,

Due to strict censorship, I am unable to write a lengthy, detailed letter.

This is to wish you ~~(all)~~ the season's greetings, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and to let you know that I miss ~~(you)~~ ^(you all) very much.

I ~~{have}~~ {received a letter from you.
~~{haven't}~~ {~~received your letter of~~ _____.

I hope I will be able to see you {soon.
~~{upon arrival in port.~~
the first chance I get.

I {am} enjoying myself; and the weather has been {pleasant.}
~~{am not}~~

I spent a lovely Thanksgiving. We had a {good-
~~bad~~ } {chicken}
{pretty good} {turkey}

dinner.

I have been in {good} health. ~~Please do not worry,~~ as I am safe and sound.

I will write at {any} available opportunity.
~~{every}~~
~~{next}~~

Yours with {regards,
~~love,~~
{deepest love,

Douglas A. Mew
Name; no rank or rating

Pouy
Signature.

Guadalcanal, BSI,
2 October 1942.

To Mr. and Mrs. James Munro,
South Cle Elum, Washington.

Dear Mr. and Mrs. Munro;

Believe me when I say sincerely that this is a very sad letter for me to write advising you of the death of your son Douglas, but as Commanding Officer of the unit to which he was attached at the time of his death, I have pride in telling you that he covered himself with honor and I hope Glory, and fulfilled the mission so satisfactorily that almost all of the men he had under his charge returned to their unit and without exception all had praise for your sons execution of his duties.

It was a year ago last June that Douglas and Raymond Evans came to me and asked if they could be transferred to Captain Ashe's staff on board the Hunter Liggett. I succeeded in getting them and since that day have felt that Douglas was one of my boys, for with the exception of one month when he was on the staff on board the McCawley, both Douglas and Ray Evans have been with me and his loss has left a very decided space which I feel will never be filled so far as I am concerned.

On Sunday the 27th of September an expedition was sent into an area where trouble was to be expected. Douglas was in charge of the ten boats which took the men down. In the latter part of the afternoon the situation had not developed as had been anticipated and in order to save the expedition it became necessary to send the boats back to evacuate the expedition. Volunteers were called for and true to the highest traditions of the Coast Guard and also to the traditions with which you had imbued your son he was among the first to volunteer and was put in charge of the detail. The evacuation was as successful as could be hoped for under fire. But as always happens, the last men to leave the beach are the hardest pressed because they have been acting as the covering agents for the withdrawal of the other men, and your son knowing this so placed himself and his boats so that he could act as the covering agent for the last men, and by his action and successful maneuvers brought back a far greater number of men than had been even hoped for. He received his wound just as the last men were getting in the boats and clearing the beach. Upon regaining consciousness his only question was "Did they get off?", and so died with a smile on his face and the full knowledge that he had successfully accomplished a dangerous mission.

I am sending this to you direct for I feel that you should have the privilege of knowing the facts, but request that you keep it confidential until such time as the official notification is received. I regret having to make this request but feel that it is for the good of all concerned. I consider this is a personal letter and not an official report.

In the year and a half that I have known Douglas I have grown to admire him and through him, you. He was the true type of American Manhood that is going to win this war and I hereby promise that I will make all efforts to personally call on you whenever it is my privilege to be near Cle Elum and to



ORIG #1

HEADQUARTERS U. S. MARINE CORPS

WASHINGTON

15 March 1943

Mr. James Munro
South Cle Elum, Washington

Dear Mr. Munro:

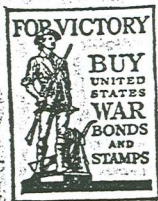
I was indeed one of those fortunate enough to count myself a friend of Doug's.

Doug was one of the finest men I have met in the service--kind, courteous, thoughtful, and, above all, courageous. His death, even in a place where death was commonplace, shocked me and filled me with a real sense of personal loss.

Doug gave his life in an effort to save the lives of others. With other Coast Guardsmen he was taking landing boats in under fire to rescue a group of marines who had been cut off from their main body on the beach above Kukum. It was a bold effort and a successful one. Even though Doug was killed, the boats got in and many men who would otherwise have been lost were saved. Believe me, Doug is one of the real heroes of this war.

Ray Evans, Coast Guard signalman 1st class, of Seattle, Washington, was another close friend of Doug's. He and Doug went into the Coast Guard at the same time and had been together during most of their time in the service. He was with Doug on September 27th and came through unscathed. He will be able to tell you a great deal of the fine work Doug did on Guadalcanal.

The story I wrote about Doug was cut by the time it got into the papers. The newspaper article can't give you much of a picture of what a close shave that was. Ray Evans was clipped in the leg by a ricochet bullet that went between Doug's head and mine--we were both sitting on the deck



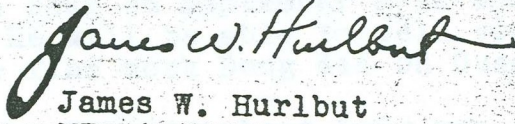
of the Higgins boat firing Springfield rifles for all we were worth at the enemy on the beach. We all agreed after it was over that we were all on borrowed time.

Doug and Ray lived in a tiny house they had made from packing boxes and scrap material. It was about ten feet long, eight feet wide, and six feet high. Quite a swank establishment for Guadalcanal. I used to take advantage of their hospitality when I came in from the front. It was one of the few places that had real screened windows.

Just before I left the island I visited the cemetery for a last look at Doug's grave. It is marked by a wooden cross made by Ray and some of the other boys. There were fresh flowers on the grave when I saw it. I hope the prayer I said there will do for us all. I know that Doug's part in this war is not over, for those of us who were his friends will do our job a whole lot harder from now on. Doug will be with us, wherever we meet the enemy.

You and Mrs. Munro are the kind of Americans that make this war worth fighting. Your spirit is the kind that will carry our country through. I hope I shall be fortunate enough to meet you in person some day.

Most sincerely yours,



James W. Hurlbut
MTSgt. USMC