

# AUDIE MURPHY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

A NON-PROFIT PUBLIC BENEFIT CORPORATION

*President*

*Terry M. Murphy*

*Vice President*

*Chris J. Glazier*

*Executive Director*

*Larryann C. Willis, Esq.*



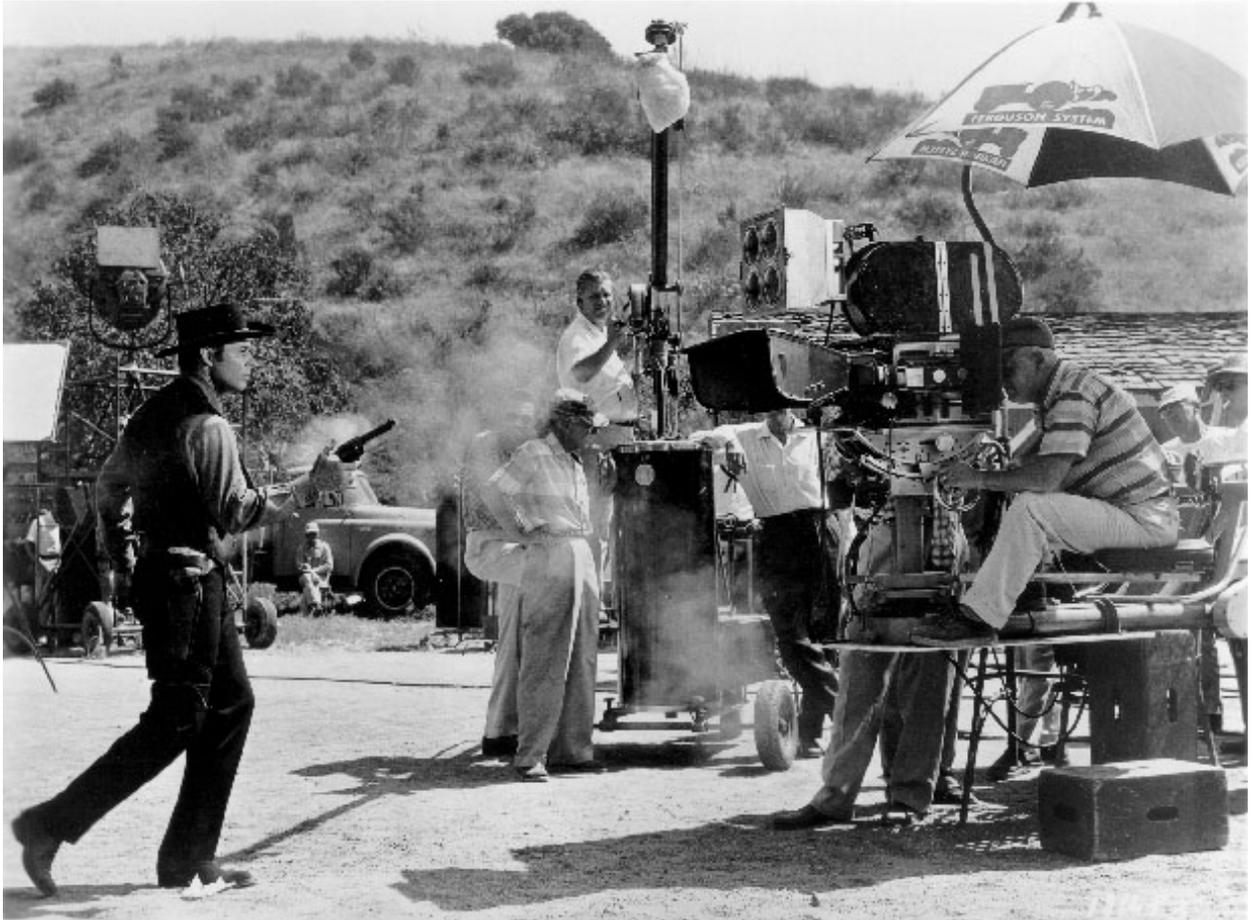
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*Courtesy of Universal Studios*

*Filming a scene from NO NAME ON THE BULLET in which Audie is using the gunbelt pictured below.*



## FOUNDATION ACQUIRES AUDIE MURPHY'S CUSTOM GUNBELT

*The Foundation wishes to thank Andrew Johnson and Marion Long for their combined efforts in donating the custom-made gunbelt which Dad used in NO NAME ON THE BULLET.*

*The belt was designed and crafted by Dad's close friend Arvo Ojala, Hollywood's legendary "quick-draw" expert.*

*Terry Murphy*

*May 1, 1997*

*Andrew Johnson*

*This belt and holster with natural lining has loops for a .45 caliber Colt. Mounted on the belt above holster is a sterling silver hand engraved insignia plate. On the inside buckle end of the belt is the name "Audie Murphy", stamped in by the propmaster and the letters UI (Universal International). Under the billet are the letters, "38CH" (belt size), Serial No. 1592, and 45 (caliber size loops).*

*I made this holster and belt for my good friend, Audie Murphy, in the late 1950's for his use in the motion picture, NO NAME ON THE BULLET, filmed at Universal Studio. The gun rig shows wear because Audie did many of his own stunts.*

*Your friend,*

*/----Original Signed----/*

*Arvo Ojala*

Arvo Ojala in TV's most famous gun duel  
from opening of **Gunsmoke** series--  
photos from original film clips

**ARVO OJALA**

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*In August 1996, Audie's sisters Nadene Murphy and Bea Tindol, accompanied by Feller Goff, attended the Western Film Festival in Memphis, Tennessee. There they had dinner with Sue Gossett, author of The Films and Career of Audie Murphy and Jack and Jennie Elam.*

*Feller:* I'm recording this for the Audie Murphy Research Foundation.

*Jack:* Well, you better be able to edit it because my language isn't always exactly what you'd want to hear.

*Feller:* They want to know some things that you know about Audie: the good, the bad and the ugly. Don't pull any punches.

*Jack:* I know no bad about Audie. See, you can't talk about Audie; you had to know him. Audie is nothing you can describe. He was a thing all of his own.



*Courtesy of Sue Gossett & Universal Studios*

*Audie and Jack Elam doing their own stuntwork with Jack doubling for William Pullen in this scene from RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO — 1954*

## INTERVIEW WITH JACK ELAM

Well, right off the top, the basis of my relationship with Audie Murphy was gambling. The very first place I met him was in a bookie's office. This guy worked out of a gas station in Hollywood. So we had the same bookie. This was before Audie ever did anything in Hollywood, when Jimmy Cagney had him under contract. He was out playing the horses and so was I. And that's when we began our relationship. So when we worked in pictures, our relationship was

very well established. I saw him many times at the [General Service] studio where he was taking dancing lessons and fencing lessons and all kinds of shit and he had never done a picture and neither had I. I was an auditor. I was Hopalong Cassidy's controller. I was making big money then for an auditor, about \$300 per week. I think Audie was making about \$150.

Anyway, I'd run down and make my bets and there'd be Audie. So we got to trading handicaps. He handicapped horses and he liked to gamble. And he knew that I bought my first Cadillac out of the gas station office one day. I made the biggest bet I'd ever made in my life. I bet \$50 on a horse and parlayed it on the seventh race and parlayed it to the eighth race. I walked away with \$1600.

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And I bought a new Cadillac.

I think, if I can tell you a single incident that nailed down our relationship, it would be the time we were shooting that Don Siegel picture [THE GUN RUNNERS]. We had a break. We were working down at Laguna Beach somewhere. And Audie said, "Come on Jack. Let's go over to my boat. I want to show you my boat." He had a 60 foot motor sailer. So we went over to it and it was a beauty. It was docked somewhere around Newport. And we're sitting on the deck and we're having a drink. Audie wasn't drinking, but he fixed me a drink.

And Audie said, "Look at that Luders that's coming in." That's a little racing boat, a sailboat. I said, "Where?" He said, "Right out there beyond the breakwater." And I said, "What the hell are you talking about. There's no boat out there." He said, "Yes there is. You just watch. You'll see it come in." Pretty soon it got closer and closer and pretty soon I could see the boat. I said, "By God that *is* a Luders, Audie." He said, "I told you it was, for chrissake. I saw it half an hour ago." And I said, "Well, that's why you're a hero. Shit,

that's it. Because you can see better than anybody else." And he laughed for half an hour. He really did. He thought that was the funniest thing he'd ever heard. I could never do anything wrong after that. I just said, "The only thing you could do is see better than anybody." He did. He had eyesight like a hawk. I mean really.

And he was a very fast draw. I'd done the thing where I was supposed to be the fastest draw in the world. In the movies that is, you know, in the series [THE DAKOTAS]. And we drew and we were always drawing all the time. And I was — really in the line of actors — I don't think there was an actor in town who could outdraw me, except Audie Murphy. The big difference between

him and me was that if I drew I couldn't hit anything. I just got the gun out. That was my glory. But he could get the gun out and get it aimed before he pulled the trigger. But we never did it with real bullets. We don't play that game. We did do it with blanks sometimes, just to see, you know. And I'd get it out and he'd say, "Jack what are you doing? You're shooting at the goddamn ground." But it was a game we played, not too often. I gave up in a hurry. I knew when I was beat.

He had a shorter fuse than anybody I've known. And he didn't like bullies.



Courtesy of Vivian Brandon

Audie's boat the *Petrel* was usually moored in Santa Monica.

I saw him jerk a guy off a horse one time, you know. When the guy got smart with a lady — he didn't like that at all. Maybe the lady was Susan Cabot. He liked Susan Cabot. I knew Susan. I did pictures with her before I worked with Audie. She was pretty cute and she was tiny and so she worked great with him. She was only about five feet tall, and they had a great look together. Audie liked girls. I mean Audie *really* liked the girls.

He wasn't afraid of anybody. One time we were up in Idyllwild on some show. It'd have to be RIDE CLEAR OF DIABLO, I guess. Audie was the star of the picture so he had his own car, and he said, "Jack, ride in with me tonight." `Cause I had to ride in a station

wagon with three other guys. So he said, "Come on with me, Jack." Anyway, we came down off the hill from Idyllwild and we hit Hemet, a little town at the foot of the hills. Because it was a western, I had a week's growth of beard and the long hair, which today would be short. Anyway, we stopped at a bar for a drink. Audie didn't drink. But I said "Gimme a straight shot of Cutty Sark." And Audie ordered a straight shot of Cutty Sark and a Coke chaser. We were sitting at the bar and that way he could just slip me his drink. It would look like he was drinking so he didn't have to explain to the bartender, "I only want a Coke." Anyway, some guy came down from a table at the end and walked behind me. And I had this hair, you know. And the guy got ahold of the back of my hair and squeezed it and said, "You need a haircut, buddy." And he touched the back of my head. And Audie spun around and hit him and never said a friggin' word. Just hit him. And he went flat. And the guy was with two other guys at a table down at the other

end of the room. And the guys got up and they looked at Audie — and you know Audie was short — and these guys were big guys. He just looked at `em. Not a word. They picked their friend up — he was kind of coming together — and they left the bar. We figured we might be meeting them after we finished my drinks, on the way to the car. But there was no sign of `em. They were gone. I mean, they knew they don't mess with Audie at that point. They could tell. He had that attitude about him of "Don't tread on me."

And we'd play liar's poker all the time. Everybody in Hollywood plays it with dollar bills. We'd play it between times on the sets and while we were waiting around. Everybody always says well, let's go for five-dollar bills or let's



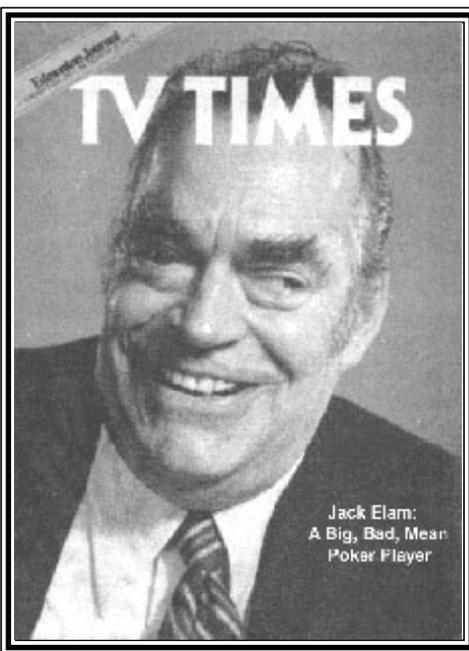
Courtesy of Universal Studios

Audie far left foreground, Dan Duryea center foreground, Jack Elam right foreground — NIGHT PASSAGE — 1957

go for ten-dollar bills. I wouldn't do it. I don't like to play with them because they'll cheat you. They'll bring in planted bills. But Audie and I, every time we met, we'd play for hundred-dollar bills. Only with Audie would I play with hundreds. Because Audie was a gambler who wouldn't cheat. I *knew*. And he knew I wouldn't, either. We had the same feeling about each other. So we always played at least one game with hundred-dollar bills. I remember one time in the commissary at Universal, we went to the cashier and got, I don't know, I guess he got \$500 and I had \$200 on me. But we sat in the commissary and everybody in the commissary came around. They never heard of anybody playing with hundred-dollar bills, you know. But it didn't matter and he knew it and I knew it. There was no way he was going to beat me, and there was no way I was going to beat him. We could play all day and end up even, so what the hell's the difference. He was very good at it and so am I. My reputation

was the champion of Hollywood, but I didn't beat him.

But it was that thing with the boat that cemented our relationship for life. I think I used the words, "You're no f— hero, you just see better than anybody."



Well, you see, that didn't offend him at all, because the truth is that he really was a hero. So he didn't have to defend anything. He saw the joke. Some guys who really weren't heroes, they would have to defend that. But not Audie.

You had to know Audie. The guy I knew early on at the gas station is the same guy that I knew at the very end of our relationship after we'd done pictures together. There was no change in him. Not even the slightest, from before he'd ever done pictures, before he became a star. Not even the tiniest change in his personality. Because he was what he was. He was Audie Murphy. It had nothing to do with whether he was a movie star or a horse player. There was only one Audie Murphy and there will never be another. I'm certain about that.

Jack Elam  
1996



*Audie Murphy Research Foundation*

*Audie Murphy at the American Cemetery of war dead at Suresnes (Seine), near Paris, France — July, 1948*

## HOW AUDIE MURPHY WON HIS MEDALS

### PART IV

Audie, leaving Tipton beneath a cork tree, was soon leading the first patrol into Ramatuelle. The village was clear of Germans. Asking for three men, Murphy volunteered to take out a scouting patrol and reconnoiter the countryside. Some two miles southeast of Ramatuelle a sudden glint of sunlight on glass caused the four men to drop to the ground. The flash had come from the binoculars of a German officer who was studying the terrain in a seaward direction.

He was standing up to his waist in thick brush on which the leaves were wilting. That meant camouflage. But camouflage for what? Murphy eased forward for a better look. He saw the snout of a huge cannon. Then he knew: The patrol had stumbled upon the position of the real gun for which the dummy

on the bluff might have served as a diverting decoy.

Audie thought the matter over. The Germans were unaware of the patrol, so he could slip back and report the position of the enemy gun. Or he could take a chance on attack. He decided to attack. Twenty years later he said: “Today that decision seems damned foolish to me. The Germans could have killed my entire patrol with a single muzzle blast from that cannon. I also knew that there had to be from seven to ten men to operate and guard that gun. Nevertheless, I gave the order to attack.”

Deploying his three men around the emplacement, he instructed them to shoot fast. Damn the accuracy. He wanted to create a commotion that would give the Germans the notion that they were being attacked by a superior force.

As a signal for the start of the action, Audie was to shoot the officer. But the man had inconveniently disappeared in the brush. However, Murphy spotted a sentry who would have to serve. Taking a long, careful aim at the German head, he fired with a carbine.

“I did not get that bastard,” he grimaced. “But I will never admit that I missed him. I told myself that the bullet had ricocheted off his helmet. Admitting that I had missed a standing target at such close range might have played hell with my morale, which was sorely needed at the moment.”

After a brief firefight — in which nobody was wounded — the Germans waved a white flag. The American patrol moved in to take the prisoners. Upon seeing that he would have to surrender to a mere staff sergeant with three men,



-International News Photo

**MURPHY OFF TO FRANCE** - Former Infantry Lieutenant Audie Murphy, most decorated American foot soldier of World War II, boarded an Air France plane at LaGuardia Field, July 4 to visit France as the guest of the French government. Bidding him goodbye are Susan Oliver, 8, and Robert Guenther, 10 of Stratford Ave., School, Garden City, L. I., N. Y., who collected coins from their fellow students for U. N. appeal for overseas children, and Mary Jane Oliver, 2, who is held by Murphy. Hostess is Francine Guien, Murphy, from Farmersville, Tex., plans to visit Colmar in Alsace, where he won the Congressional Medal of Honor.

the enemy officer stiffened with insult. When Murphy demanded his sidearm, he contemptuously threw his pistol on the ground.

"The man was a snob," said Murphy. "And I could never stand a snob, especially if he was a prisoner of war with my gun covering him. This officer spoke good English. So I told him to pick up the pistol and hand it to me like a goddamned gentleman. Otherwise I would kill him in ten seconds. Just because you're losing the war is no reason for battlefield discourtesy."

"How far were you bluffing?" I asked.

"Plenty," he said. "I could already see seven men, and had no idea of how many more were armed and in concealment. Then there was the question of morale. A few hours before, those Germans on the bluff had fought like wildcats. I did not know whether the events

of the day had lowered the general morale. Anyhow, it was no time to have my bluff called."

"Fortunately, the German officer didn't want to die," I guessed.

"Fortunately," said Audie. "I made him walk to me, figuring that the ground was mined and that he would take the security route. Then I sent in my men to take the other prisoners and fumigate the spot with a few hand grenades."

In his citation for the Distinguished Service Cross, no mention is made of this capture of the big gun; nor is there a word about Tipton. "Lattie did as much as I," says Murphy. "And all he got was a wooden cross at his head."

Five years later Audie dedicated his book *To Hell and Back* to Tipton and Joe Sieja. "If there be any glory in war, let it rest on men like these," he wrote.

In July, 1948, Murphy was invited to France to receive the Legion of Honor Chevalier. He took me along as a "publicity specialist." I was a specialist only in getting drunk. But at that time I was helping Audie with his book and he wanted me to look over some of the old battlefields.

We were met on "Yellow Beach" by a welcoming committee headed by the mayor of Ramatuelle and several former members of the French Underground who had worked that area. At that time the beach was a desolate stretch of sand and brush with, here and there, sections of rusted barbed wire, scatterings of empty shell casings, and half-buried sections of metal landing mats. All of the heavier wreckage had been removed. There was no formal marking to commemorate the invasion of almost three years before. Audie said that the natural conditions virtually duplicated those of



Audie Murphy Research Foundation

Audie with members of the French welcoming committee — July 1948.



*Audie Murphy Research Foundation*

*July, 1948 — Audie took Spec to the exact place where Lattie Tipton had been killed four years earlier.*

D-Day morning. At eleven in the morning, the sun was beating down and visibility was excellent except for a slight haze on the hills.

Audie tried, but failed, to locate the snout of the dummy cannon from the beach. However, he did point out the rocky bluff where the gun had been. I volunteered to carry an old-fashioned strobe light mechanism for a photographer. It weighed about twenty-five pounds. In addition to the heat, I was suffering from a severe hangover. Murphy, noting my struggle, maintained the soul of dignity. But he said: "This will teach you never to volunteer for anything on a goddamned beach."

We were proceeding to Ramatuelle by auto when his eyes began to dart around the forest. I could see no scars of war there, but Audie asked the driver to stop. He got out of the car and asked me to follow him. We cut through the section of pine trees and tall dry grass. There was no trail. Murphy soon started a dog-trot and never paused until we passed through the vineyard. He stopped at an old foxhole that served as a grave.

A cross, on which hung a rusty German helmet, was at the head. This was the exact spot where Lattie Tipton had been killed. Finding it so fast and easily had been due to Murphy's photographic memory. To avoid traffic he has often taken me on unfamiliar backroads in California. He seldom looks at guide signs. "I simply have the 'feel' of directions," he explained.



*Courtesy of Sue Gossett*

*Thanks to the efforts of Audie's friend Congressman Ralph Hall, the U.S. Army Center of Military History sent Audie's M-1 Carbine, Serial Number: 1108783, under military escort to the American Cotton Museum, Greenville, TX, for display during the 1998 Audie Murphy Day Celebration. This is the rifle Audie was holding when he was wounded by mortar fire. The concussion broke the stock but Audie wired it together and continued to use it, calling it his "lucky rifle." The U.S. Army replaced the broken stock after Audie turned in the weapon at the end of the war.*

On the battlefield, he rapidly began pointing out the strategy that he had used on that brutal day almost three years before. He was puzzled because he could not find a brush cabana built by the Germans. We finally found the ruins considerably to the right of the cane brake. This was the sector that Company A had attacked. But Murphy, in his wild charge, must have gotten there first. Otherwise there was no reason for his remembering the cabana.

With the beachhead established, the 3rd Division had driven swiftly up the Rhone Valley, crushing with relative ease all enemy opposition until it approached the town of Montelimar. In this area was the major part of the 338th German Infantry Division and portions of four other divisions. With fast pincer movements, the Americans began an encirclement of the town. The Germans, fearing the trap, resorted to violent counterattacks. Their only escape route lay at the north of Montelimar.

The 1st Battalion of the 15th Infantry Regiment, to which Murphy belonged, was ordered to bypass the town and attempt to close the escape gap. The battalion had been moving and fighting for twelve continuous days. The Germans, guessing its maneuver, hit the battle-weary men with a full regiment. But with three more days of incessant

fighting, the battalion completed its mission. For its “courage, gallantry, and skill,” the entire unit received a Presidential Citation.

In less than a month the 3rd Division was to drive four hundred miles. In contrast to the bitter stalemates in Italy, the men were learning a slashing, fast-moving type of warfare. Murphy, always a ready pupil, volunteered to take out a reconnaissance patrol one foggy night. The battalion commander gave him strict orders to do no shooting unless absolutely necessary. His mission was to pick up information. But in the fog he heard the clump of military boots approaching on a road, and he knew a German patrol was coming toward him.

Putting his men to one side of the road, he fixed his bayonet on his rifle. He merely intended to kill the leader of the enemy patrol with a single lunge through the fog. The bayonet apparently hit a bone. The German let out a yell, and the men on both sides started a shooting war. In reporting the incident to a lieutenant colonel, Audie said: “Sir, a German started screaming out there and we had to shoot.” The officer wearily looked at the young staff sergeant. “Yes, goddamnit, I know, Murphy,” he said. “You could not stay out of a scrap at a Peace Convention.”

The more old Army friends of Murphy that I meet, the more do I hear fabulous stories of his exploits. In the drive up the Rhone Valley, his platoon was pinned down by air bursts from enemy 88 millimeter cannons, which were methodically destroying them. They could not retreat because the Germans had them zeroed in. Raising his head off the ground to study the situation, Audie spotted the enemy guns. More important: the Germans had stacks of shells just back of the cannons. Swiftly improvising, he scuttled back and borrowed a bazooka. With it he fired several rockets directly into the ammunition, causing it to explode and routing the Germans. For this action, a lieutenant who went after a tank got the Silver Star. Murphy, who had neutralized the enemy

emplacement, was not mentioned.

So far his luck had been incredible. In over a year of frontline fighting, he had not received a wound. But on September 15, 1944, he was fighting in a wooded section near Vy-les-Lure. He had run an errand to the rear and was returning to his company when a mortar barrage stopped him. He halted to wait for the fire to lift. Some five yards away was a sergeant with several new replacements. They were also waiting for the mortars to cease.

Murphy scarcely had time to hear the shell before it exploded at his feet. He was knocked unconscious. The rifle

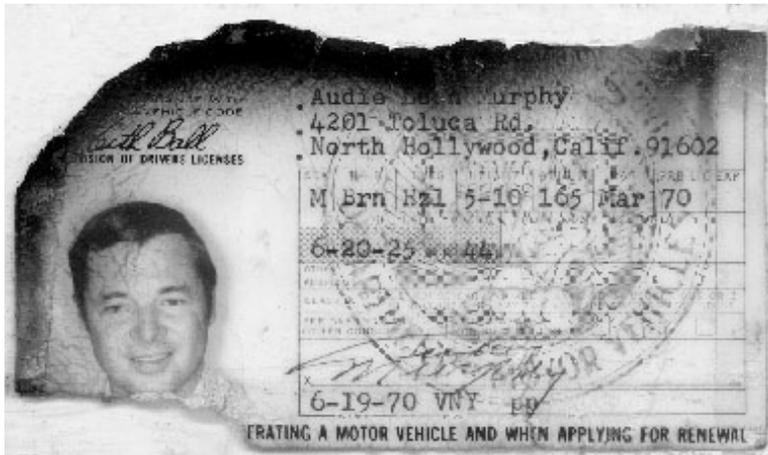
which he had been holding at a “ready” position had its stock broken in half. One of Audie’s shoes had been partially torn off and his foot was wounded. Otherwise he had been unharmed. Two of the men standing five yards away were dead. The mortar had exploded in the typical cone-fashion, and Murphy was at the tip. He got the full force of the concussion, but only a fragment of the metal. He went to the rear to get a new pair of shoes and have his foot taken care of. In less than a week after earning his first Purple Heart, he was back in the thick of fighting.

*David “Spec” McClure  
1971*



*Audie Murphy was presented with the French Legion of Honor and the Croix de Guerre with Palm in Paris, France by General de Lattre de Tassigny — July 19, 1948*

# DRIVER'S LICENSE RECOVERED WITH WALLET



## AUDIE MURPHY'S DATE OF BIRTH

The leather wallet Audie was carrying when he was killed was so badly burned that little was left of it. However, his driver's license was found in the middle of the charred remains.

The driver's license issued June 19, 1970, less than a year before the accident, answers some questions people have had regarding Audie's height, weight and appearance at that time. But most interesting is the date of birth Audie was using — June 20, 1925 — not June 20, 1924 as the official records show.

As far back as the mid-50s Audie began explaining the discrepancy in his birth dates. When working with Audie on a treatment for a sequel to TO HELL AND BACK, tentatively titled HELMETS IN THE DUST, Spec McClure wrote: "Audie Murphy joined the army on his seventeenth birthday, having falsified his age to be eligible for enlistment."

Thomas B. Morgan, who interviewed Audie in 1967, later wrote: "Murphy acknowledged that he had been nineteen years old at the end of his combat career, not twenty as the Army records showed. At age seventeen, in 1942, he had lied about his age, enlisting one year before he should have been eligible for service."

STATE OF TEXAS		TEXAS DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH BUREAU OF VITAL STATISTICS	
COUNTY OF <u>Hunt</u>		308825	
CITY OF <u>Kingston</u>		MAR 25 1942 TEXAS	
I. FULL NAME OF CHILD: <u>Audie Leon Murphy</u>			
SEX: <u>Male</u>	DATE OF BIRTH: <u>June 20, 1924</u>	PLACE IN THIS COLUMN THE DATE OF BIRTH AS APPEARED ON THE BIRTH CERTIFICATE	
FATHER'S NAME: <u>Emmett Murphy</u>		MOTHER'S NAME: <u>Jane Tullian</u>	
FATHER'S ADDRESS: <u>Kingston, Tex</u>		MOTHER'S ADDRESS: <u>Kingston, Tex</u>	
FATHER'S OCCUPATION: <u>Farmer</u>		MOTHER'S OCCUPATION: <u>Housewife</u>	
CHILD'S RACE: <u>White</u>		CHILD'S SEX: <u>Male</u>	
CHILD'S WEIGHT: <u>25</u>		CHILD'S HEIGHT: <u>53</u>	
CHILD'S HAIR: <u>Brown</u>		CHILD'S EYES: <u>Blue</u>	
CHILD'S BUILD: <u>4</u>		CHILD'S COMPLEXION: <u>4</u>	
SIGNATURE OF FATHER: <u>D. S. Pearson M.D.</u>		SIGNATURE OF MOTHER: <u>Greenwell, Tex</u>	
MEDICAL ATTENDANT'S AFFIDAVIT			
STATE OF TEXAS			
COUNTY OF <u>Hunt</u>			
I, <u>D. S. Pearson M.D.</u> , a duly licensed physician in and for the State of Texas, do hereby certify that the facts stated in the certificate attached hereto are true and correct to the best of my knowledge and belief.			
Sworn to and subscribed before me, this <u>12</u> day of <u>Mar</u> , 1942			
Notary Public: <u>Holland, C. C. C. C.</u> in and for <u>Hunt</u> County, Texas			
STATE OF TEXAS			
COUNTY OF <u>Hunt</u>			
THE HOFFA CERTIFICATE OF <u>Audie Leon Murphy</u>			
attached hereto, was submitted to this Court, as provided for in H.B. No. 814, 45th Leg., 1st Sess., 1939.			
It is the order of this Court that this record be not accepted by the State Registrar for filing in the State Bureau of Vital Statistics.			
Signature: <u>D. S. Pearson, Judge</u>			
Date: <u>March 12,</u> 1942 of <u>Hunt</u> County			

Texas Department of Health — Bureau of Vital Statistics

Needing a birth certificate in order to enlist, Audie's oldest sister Corinne assisted him in filing this birth certificate March 25, 1942.

## **EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR'S REPORT**

### **WALLET RECOVERED**

*We are pleased to announce that Audie Murphy's wallet, which was taken from the crash site, has been returned to the Murphy family. No arrests were made because the holder voluntarily returned it — via UPS — to the Audie Murphy Research Foundation. We wish to thank all of those who offered their assistance, especially Joseph Zacko, NTSB Investigator (retired); Tom Cottone, FBI; Pat Marshall, FBI; Mark Llewelyn, FBI; Cory Dudley, US Postal Service Investigator.*

### **TIMING OF THE NEWSLETTER DEPENDS ON CONTRIBUTIONS**

*The Foundation often receives inquiries regarding the timing of the newsletters. Our goal is to send out four issues per year. However, the cost of printing and mailing each issue runs about \$3,500. A new issue is sent out as soon as contributions are adequate to cover the costs. We appreciate your patience. Many people have suggested that the Foundation begin charging for the newsletter. However, we feel that to do so would reduce the number of people we can reach, especially school children.*

*We have the next issue ready to go. We are hoping to receive enough contributions to enable us to mail it by the end of the year, which would meet our goal of sending out four issues in 1998.*

### **CATALOG**

*We have had many requests for the catalog the Audie Murphy Research Foundation is preparing. Because we will be including books and videos from many sources, we have had to enter into separate agreements with each supplier. In addition, we need to obtain clearances for certain movie memorabilia in order to offer reproductions of studio artwork. All of this is taking a bit longer than we had anticipated. If you wish to receive a catalog please be sure to check the appropriate box on the enclosed envelope and return it to us.*

### **AMERICAN COTTON MUSEUM DIAMOND JUBILEE**

*The 1999 Audie Murphy Days Celebration in Greenville, Texas, will be held April 9th, 10th and 11th. Events will include: a Friday evening hospitality room at the American Cotton Museum; a Saturday parade, luncheon at a local country club, afternoon reception at the Fletcher Warren Civic Center and concert at the municipal auditorium followed by a barbecue at the American Legion Hall. On Sunday, the American Cotton Museum will be conducting bus tours to places in Hunt and Collin Counties associated with Audie Murphy. For further information contact The American Cotton Museum, PO BOX 347, Greenville, TX 75403-0347. Phone: 903-450-4502. Email: amcotton@cyberramp.net*



### ***Special Thanks To:***

**WAL-MART STORES** for donating photographic services and especially to the staff in the photo department of the Valencia Wal-Mart for their help in preserving rare historical photographs.

- and -

**DASHLINK, INC.** of Killeen, TX for sponsoring the internet address dedicated exclusively to the Audie L. Murphy Memorial Website  
[www.audiemurphy.com](http://www.audiemurphy.com)

# AUDIE MURPHY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

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We need people who would be willing to print and mail copies of the new newsletter to at least one person who does not have Internet access. If you can help please indicate on the sign-up sheet.

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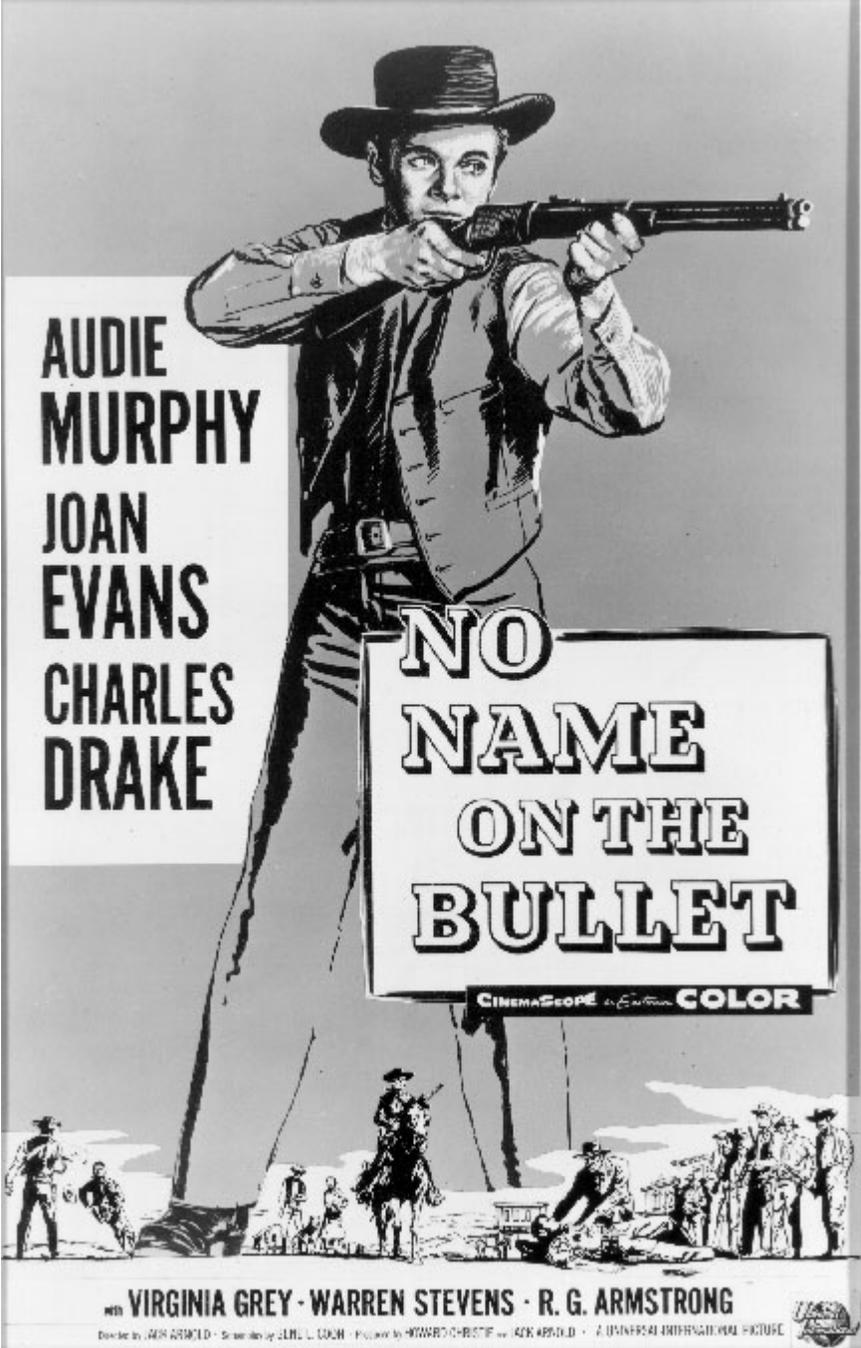
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