

# AUDIE MURPHY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

A NON-PROFIT PUBLIC BENEFIT CORPORATION

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*I believe in all the men who stood up against the enemy, taking their beatings without whimper and their triumphs without boasting. The men who went and would go again to hell and back to preserve what our country thinks right and decent.*

*My country, America!*

*Audie Murphy  
1949*

## CeCe Whitney

*CeCe Whitney was born in Shawnee, OK, where, at the age of three, she played an angel in a Christmas play. From that time on she knew she wanted to be an actress. She landed her first professional role at the age of eight in an Oklahoma City production of The Red Mill – unbeknownst to her parents, but they finally consented to let her do it. Shortly after, her family moved to the California Bay Area, where she grew up. CeCe married bandleader Jimmy Vito. Traveling around the country with her husband, she did theatre work in Chicago and New York before returning to California where she enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse. Besides doing many feature films, including Bullet for a Badman starring Audie Murphy, she did almost 200 TV shows including Bonanza, Ben Casey, Kraft Suspense Theatre, Alfred Hitchcock, and many more. CeCe is now retired and lives in Escondido, CA where she spends much of her time doing volunteer work to combat illiteracy.*



*CeCe Whitney with her miniature schnauzer, Amanda.*  
Summer 2001

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## Interview with CeCe Whitney – August 20, 2001

*by Sharon Lovell*

*I understand that you played Goldie in Audie's 1964 movie Bullet for a Badman. Can you tell me what you thought of Audie and a little about the making of that movie?*

Audie was a natural actor – and that was a surprise, because many times when celebrities begin to make films they are there because of their celebrity and not because of any talent.

*That's right. Audie was famous before he went to Hollywood and in some ways I think that was against him. I am glad to hear you say that about his acting because there were*

*many people who just didn't want to give him credit for his acting ability. They just kept thinking of him as a baby faced hero rather than an actor.*

Audie was very natural. Maybe because we accepted him as an actor. I remembered, of course, who he was and we were reminded of it sometimes, but to me when I met him he was an actor. I remember thinking, "My word, he is really talented! How does he do it?"

*He didn't broadcast it, but the tag "America's most decorated hero of*

*WW II" followed him every where he went and what ever he did. He couldn't get away from it, but he didn't like it. Audie was a very humble man.*

He really was. I didn't know Audie very well. We just worked together and I met him on the set. My gut reaction to him was "What a very nice man, what a gentleman." Not that that is surprising in films. Many, many really great actors are. The better they act usually the more gentlemanly they are. Of course, that is speaking generally. Jack Lemon for example was just an absolute darling. And Ernest Borgnine,

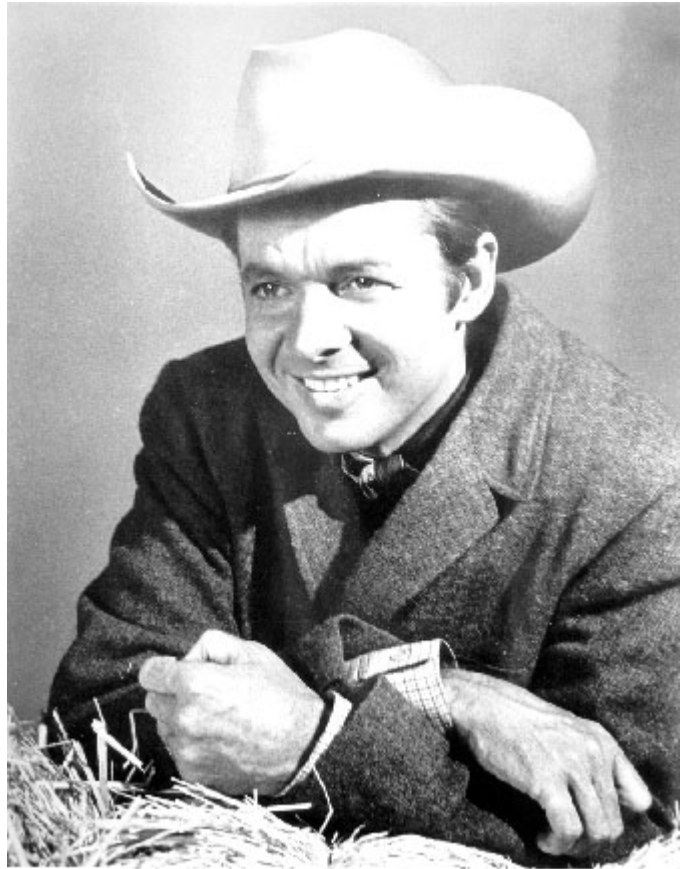
people like that, couldn't be kinder. Very few of the really good actors are not gentlemen. My impression of Audie was that he was very quiet, yet very much his own man.

*What do you think about the rumor that Audie had a liking for the ladies?*

He certainly wasn't sleeping with anyone or making any kind of passes at anyone — not that there were many girls on that set. I'm sure he did like the ladies but I say there is a difference between liking them and hitting on them just because they are there. As I said, I didn't know him very well except for working with him, but he had a wonderful sense of humor, he really did. And we had a lot of fun on that picture.

*I'm glad you did, because it was rather a somber picture.*

I know, but when the director said cut, then it was a very pleasant job. I found it to be a very pleasant experience. I have to tell you a little story. You might remember there was this scene where Skip Homier, whose name was Pink in the movie, was Goldie's protector and Audie comes in to Goldie's saloon and immediately Homier and others begin



*Audie Murphy publicity shot from Bullet for a Badman  
1964*



*Courtesy of CeCe Whitney  
CeCe Whitney - 1964*

to whistle. And when Audie orders a sarsaparilla there is a bit of a thing about it. As I came down the stairs, Skip was challenging Audie about the drink someone bought him. So, I said, "Pull in your horns Pink, he's drinking with me." Well, we must have done that scene 50 times, because the first time we did it, when I said my line—"Pull in your horns Pink, he's drinking with me," there was a big silence and Skip said, "Pull in my what?" Well, Audie Murphy sprayed sarsaparilla everywhere. He just came unglued. And the whole set of course just came off and they all laughed so hard, and I almost fell down the stairs laughing. We all thought it was so funny. Audie was just taking a sip of this sarsaparilla and it just sprayed all over the place. Anyway, that went on all afternoon, I kept climbing up and down the stairs and every time I said that line the whole set would break up and it would start all over again. It was a fun day. Nowadays that is one of the things they would show on bloopers. Audie just kept laughing, he could not hold a straight face. The whole set was just broken up, but Audie was the one who really triggered it with his spraying.

You probably know that movies are not shot in sequence.



*Behind the scenes shot from Bullet for a Badman - 1964*

Unlike stage, movies are rather chopped up. I did an awful lot of theater work; the stage was my first love. But there is a different technique used with films and especially with television. They really are different, because there is a great deal more time on a movie set. For example, that particular scene where I was coming down the stairs was a completely separate scene from the scene where Audie and I are sitting at the table and talking. The latter scene was done on a different day. The reason for this is that the scenes are done to accommodate the sets. Everything that is to be done on that particular set is done in one day, if possible. I don't mean to say that some-

times they don't have to come back and re-do some things later, but generally they try to complete everything for that set at one time. There are a lot of people involved that you never see and a lot of expenses involved, so time has to be utilized well. Then too, they shoot it from different angles. In the scene where Audie and I are talking at the table they were doing a close up on me, the camera was behind Audie. And when they come in for a close up, they usually shoot it several times—just the close up. And when they did a close up on Audie, the camera was behind me. So, you can see these scenes are shot stop and go. When they did what is called a long-shot or a medium-shot, we might get

through an entire line. Or when they were doing a close up on me where Audie isn't in the scene, we might get through the entire scene. But it could take an hour or two to totally change the cameras and props and sometimes the sets have to be moved. It took all day to do that one shot of me coming down the stairs.

When my uncle was here, he wanted to see a Bonanza that I had done. I was thinking at the time we were watching it that the scenes going into the house were done on a totally different set than the scenes done in the house. And since they are not done in sequence the script supervisor has



to keep track of what clothes the actor is wearing – if the hat is on or off or whatever. There is a lot of that kind of thing that the person watching the show has no idea about.

*Back then the average person watching the movie probably didn't notice the mistakes, because they just saw it once. But now with video recording, one can watch the same show over and over again. I have noticed a few mistakes in some of Audie's movies. One in particular comes to mind. In one scene in The Red Badge of Courage Audie has a bandana around his head. The next scene you see him without it and then you see him with it again.*

That can happen. It depends on the editor and the director. Sometimes they don't get together or agree on what should be cut and what not to cut.

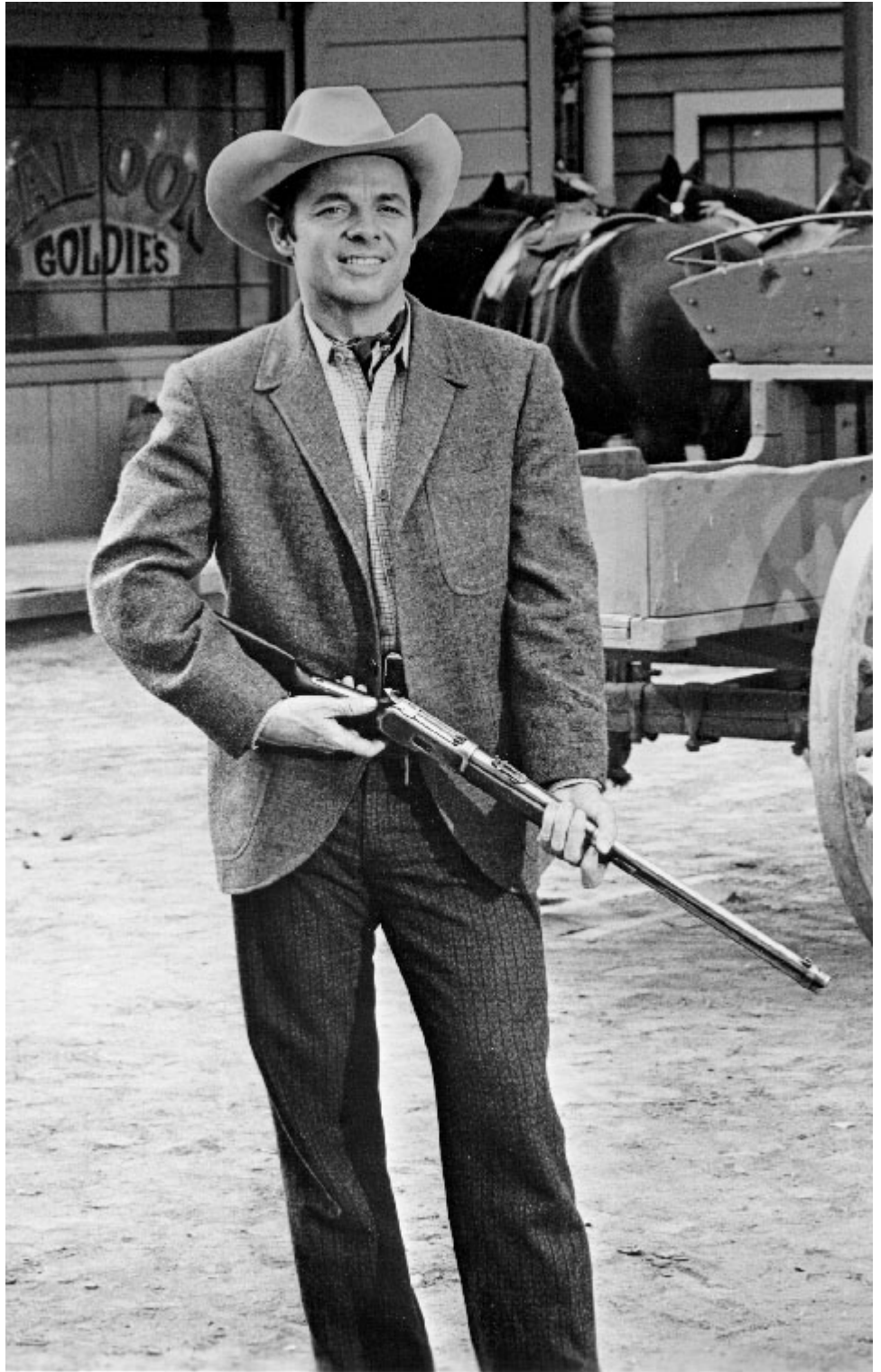
*Did you know that Audie provided a prop for the movie Bullet for a Badman? Sue Gossett, in her book, "The Films and Career of Audie Murphy" relates that when the studio prop department couldn't come up with a buffalo gun that was needed for actor George Tobias, who played a grizzled old ex-buffalo hunter, Audie reached into his personal gun collection and filled the bill.*

That doesn't surprise me. That is exactly the kind of thing I would expect him to do.

*I appreciate you taking time to talk to me and for a delightful interview. You have given us an interesting behind the scenes look at what goes on in the movie business.*

You are so welcome. It has been pleasant for me too. I'm sorry I didn't know Audie better. One thing that surprised me, even after I met him, I always thought of him as a big man because he was such a nice guy. He wasn't big in

the physical sense, but he was a big man in every other way. I really, thoroughly enjoyed working with Audie. Oddly enough, that movie has never left me, because I still get residuals from it. I have very fond memories of that movie.



*Audie Murphy in Bullet for a Badman - 1964*

# THE MYSTERY OF THE MYTHICAL 1954 *THIS IS YOUR LIFE* SHOW

by Larryann Willis



March 7, 1949 photo taken during the recording of the *This is Your Life* radio broadcast. Front row – left to right: Ralph Edwards, Wanda Hendrix Murphy, Audie Murphy, Mrs. Biff Connelly (Audie's first grade teacher). Second row – Left to right: Claudean Tipton, Monroe Hackney, Walter P. Weispfennig, Martin Kelly, James Fife.

On March 7, 1949 NBC dramatized Audie Murphy's exploits on a *This is Your Life* radio show hosted by Ralph Edwards which was broadcast nationwide. While this show was portrayed as a "surprise", in actuality it was part of a publicity tour set up by the publisher of Audie Murphy's new book *To Hell and Back*.

Audie was well aware that the broadcast was going to take place and that his old buddies Monroe Hackney, Martin Kelly, James Fife and Walter Weispfennig were all going to be there. In fact, Monroe and Audie practiced being sur-

prised while eating peanuts in the hotel room prior to the broadcast. This was going to be fun.

What Audie did not know was that Lattie Tipton's daughter Claudean was also going to be there. He was stunned when she was introduced and walked onto the set. Audie was so overcome with emotion that he broke down in tears and could not speak for several moments. Ralph Edwards tried to make light of it – after all WWII heroes weren't supposed to cry. Audie managed to recover enough to finish the show, but as soon as the microphone was turned

off he walked out, not to be seen again that day by his wartime buddies, or Spec McClure or Claudean, or even his wife of 2 months, Wanda Hendrix..

Wanda was embarrassed that Audie had so rudely left everyone sitting around by themselves without so much as a “fare-thee-well” – especially since she had worked so hard to help bring Claudean to the show for the big surprise. And – Wanda was angry that Audie had blown the chance for extra publicity for the book. How could her husband ever succeed in this business if he continued to refuse to play the Hollywood game? When she caught up with him, Wanda gave Audie an earful.

It was the beginning of the end for their marriage. Nineteen year old Wanda could not begin to imagine the horrors of war and the emotional toll it had taken on her husband. Her life was centered around her own Hollywood career and making contacts. She simply was not emotionally equipped to live with a battle scarred veteran who suffered from PTSD...and Audie was certainly not in any state of mind to cater to the needs of an emotional starlet who was “always on stage.”



*Audie Murphy and Wanda Hendrix – 1947*

Audie and Wanda separated within months and Wanda filed for divorce on April 14, 1950.

Needless to say, Audie Murphy did not have fond memories of the 1949 *This is Your Life* show. It seemed highly unlikely that he would have consented to do another show – especially a televised version – in 1954. Yet Don Graham in his book *No Name on the Bullet*, states that Audie Murphy had appeared in a televised version of *This is Your Life* in 1954.

A few years ago, I called Ralph Edwards Productions and specifically asked about this 1954 television show. They told me that there had been only one show with Audie Murphy and that was the 1949 radio show. They were emphatic that no television show exists. I was sure that they knew what they were talking about and I was also aware

that there are many errors in Mr. Graham’s book. Even so, it seemed odd that Mr. Graham would make such a significant mistake with something that could be checked out so easily. I continued to wonder where Mr. Graham had gotten the idea that Audie Murphy had done such a television show.

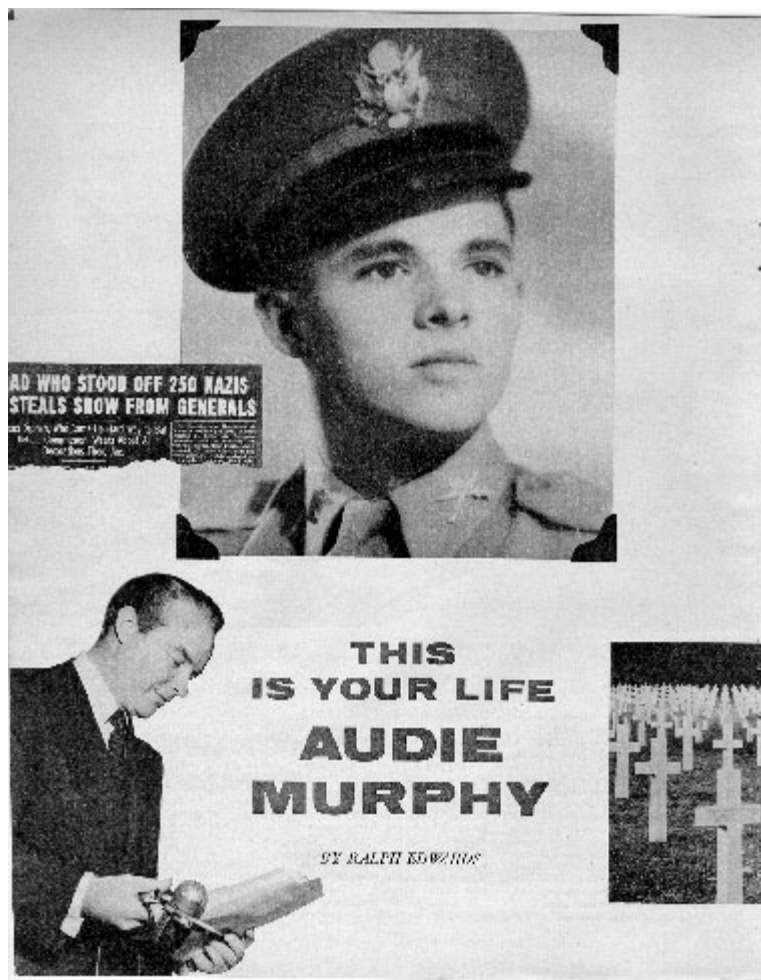
Recently, while filing magazine articles in the Audie Murphy Research Foundation archives, I ran across a 1954 *Photoplay* magazine article titled “*This is Your Life AUDIE MURPHY*” by Ralph Edwards. The article seemed to be a transcript of the mysterious 1954 television show. I immediately called the Ralph Edwards archivist, Patrick Gleason, who was most intrigued and asked for a copy of the article so that he could track down the source.

Mr. Gleason did a thorough search of the Ralph Edwards Production archives and also visited with Mr. Edwards’ retired publicist who would have handled the publicity if such a show had been aired. He determined that there is absolutely no possibility whatsoever, that such a show was ever shot. However, Mr. Gleason did discover that this article came out

at the very same time Universal Studios was doing publicity for the release of Audie’s movie *To Hell and Back*.

According to Mr. Gleason, Ralph Edwards had been quite impressed with Audie Murphy and took a personal interest in learning more about him. Mr. Gleason believes that Mr. Edwards might have taken it upon himself to do some additional unrecorded interviews with people who knew Audie Murphy in order to try to convince the production company to do a television show. However, it was against their policy to do more than one show about any particular individual.

Mr. Gleason hypothesized that Mr. Edwards used his research material to write the *Photoplay* magazine article which was released in coordination with Universal Studio’s publicity campaign to help promote the movie *To Hell and Back*.



*Photoplay Magazine – June 1954*

*The following is the text of the above article that appeared in the June 1954 issue of Photoplay magazine.*

You need no introduction here. Not only have the eyes of Texas, but the eyes of the whole world have been upon you since you were seventeen. Soldier and star.

Yours is a life that stretches from cotton fields to carbines and now, before the cameras in Hollywood. We haven't enough time to present this evening all those who've shared your eventful twenty-nine years. Among them, those so well remembered who've walked with you through misery and victory. From the deep heart of your own homeland, through the desert of North Africa, across the

beachhead at Anzio and through green vineyards in France.

Through the years, you've had many names. They've called you "Short-breeches" and "Irish" and ducked when they called you "Baby-face." Many have called you hero, though you yourself called heroes those "who didn't come home." Courage in any form is still a tender word to you. A word nobody uses who calls you friend.

Once you defined bravery. "I'll tell you what bravery is," you said, "It's anger and hunger, and wet and cold—and wanting to be back in a country like this. That's what bravery is."

You call yourself a gambler. But whatever the stakes, you've always had to come from behind to win.

You've cursed many times the youthful face that's always seemed a stranger to your seasoned years. "I've never been young," you said. "Never felt young." Hard work and responsibility have been yours since you were twelve years old. You were born grown and you'd lived a lifetime—and more—before you turned twenty-one.

You were born fighting, too. Fighting for food and clothing and shelter enough for your mother and her large family. Fighting for knowledge and recognition. For your place in the sun—whatever that sun should be. And you've made your own place—one higher than any you'd ever envisioned.

All of it begins with a determined Irish dream that kept you company, while you chopped weeds in a Texas





*Home, a Methodist Orphanage south of Greenville.] And in June 1942, you enlist. Your last word is “I’ll try to do my share of the fighting,” which turns out to be the understatement of all time.*

You excitedly board a bus for the induction center. It’s the first time you’ve been a hundred miles from home. Here begins the second chapter of the inspiring story of the boy who dreamed of being a soldier and what became of that dream.

At Camp Wolters you pass out in your first close-order drill. You get the nickname of “baby” and the combined efforts of kindly commanding officers to try to keep you out of combat. You almost fight a war stateside to be sent overseas. But finally in February 1943, you sail for North Africa as a replacement and you join Company B of the 15<sup>th</sup> Infantry Regiment, 3<sup>rd</sup> Division, near Casablanca. An outfit in which you meet the greatest guys in the whole world and you learn that war is not the adventure you envisioned. It is a desperate business of inching and crawling and stumbling with blistered feet every mile of the way that puts you nearer home.

In thirty months of combat you advance in rank from PFC in Africa to a second lieutenant, and you win twenty-four decorations [*Note: There were actually thirty-three.*], including the Congressional Medal of Honor, thus becoming the most honored soldier in the history of the U.S. Army. Yours is a two-word war and sometimes a one-man war. According to buddies of yours, the two words you know are “hold” and “attack.”

On January 25, 1944, you go ashore in the bitter fighting at Anzio Beach and learn your machine gunner has been severely injured. He’s Sergeant James Fife, a Cherokee Indian from Oklahoma with nerves of iron and

a fine eye for a target, with no knowledge of fear,. Although he’s quick to say, “There wasn’t much wrong with Murph’s courage either, Ralph—.” For action at Anzio, you get the Bronze Star, but your description is “I was wishing my shirt didn’t have any buttons—so I could get closer to the ground.”

August 15 is a nightmarish day filled with action. A day that brings you the Distinguished Service Cross and grief over the death of one of your best buddies—Lattie Tipton. A happy courageous guy who talked often of his home in Irving, Tennessee, and of his little daughter, Claudine, a girl in pigtails who symbolizes to you the innocents for whom you’re fighting this war. You’ve shared foxholes with Lattie since Sicily, and when he’s shot by enemy machine gunners who’ve raised a white flag, you capture the whole hill to avenge the treachery.

The weary months drag by. The war moves to the Vosges foothills and on October 2 you get the Silver Star. According to your buddy, Martin L. Kelly, now of Bar Harbor, Maine, “Murphy wasn’t even supposed to be on that patrol. He just tagged along with them because it was a dull day and he didn’t have anything else to do.”

On January 26, in the Battle of the Colmar Pocket, you order your company to fall back, and you remain alone to direct the artillery fire. A forward field artillery observer, Lt. W.W. Weispfenning of Jamestown, North Dakota, tells how—atop a blazing tank destroyer—you almost single-handedly stop a counter-attack of German infantry supported by six tanks. You’re directing the fire with a liaison officer on the phone and when he asks, “How close are they now?” you say casually, “Hold the phone, I’ll let you talk to one.”

For this, you get the Congressional Medal of Honor.

You’re wounded three times during action, but you shrug it off. To an anxious sister back in Farmersville, Texas, you write, saying, “The fruit cake was good, the one piece I got,” but you, yourself, can’t understand why your luck holds.

In an Army hospital in Southern France you meet a paraplegic, Perry Pitt, today your neighbor in Van Nuys, California. Perry will verify your beef that the whole operation was “just laying around” in the hospital waiting for your gangrenous hip to heal.

“Yes, Murphy was always trying to advance when they wanted him to keep under cover. He kept hobbling up the aisle on his good leg and the nurses were always making him retreat. Some of the guys there from his outfit told me he saw more action than even the Army knew—but then they ran out of medals anyway. We used to talk about what we wanted to do when we got back. Murphy thought he might have a store. Back home in Iowa I’d always wanted to have a stock farm.”

It’s June 1945, now, Audie Murphy, and hiding among a plane load of generals, you hope to come home “through the back door.” The fifth time, your luck doesn’t last. You’re in for the full treatment—parades, speeches, bunting and bands. You’re escorted into Farmersville by fire engines to the roped off square. You’re invited to speak before the legislature. You’re guest of honor at Texas A&M, and your portrait’s hung in the state capitol.

Home seems more real to you in your sister’s small cottage, surrounded by relatives popping questions at you. Your sister, Nadine, just a leggy ten-year-old when you went away, is a slim attractive brunette—an like any brother you want to know, “when did you start using lipstick?” You pay the down payment on a big, two-story white house

large enough for the whole family. Then, restlessly, you wonder where you will go from here. Your hip wound rules out West Point, and you consider becoming a Texas Ranger. One thing sure, the battle of “short breeches” has lost its sting. All the things that once you wanted seem unimportant now. For you know that the great ones of the earth are guys like Lattie and Kelly and Fife.

As days go by, Audie Murphy, you realize you’ve still got another battle ahead of you. Perhaps the biggest of them all. Leaning to live again. And believe again.

But back home you soon meet men who help you rebuild faith. Men like James O. Cherry, of Inter-Theatres, who advises you like a father on every score; the late C. O. David, Dallas oil man, who offers you help financially; Ray Woods, Dallas automobile dealer, who insists on loaning you a car to drive. You have three fathers—more than you’ve ever had.

Driving home from Dallas one rainy night, you pick up a hitchhiker who soon slaps you across the mouth and attempts a holdup. You’re struck by the irony of it all. To go all through the war and then get it from a maniac like this. Despite his 190 pounds, you fight it out in the mud beside the road and win. At a gas station you call the highway patrol. Some people accuse you of staging the whole thing as a publicity stunt. But State Highway patrolman Everett Brandon believes differently and he runs down a long prison record on the man. Brandon becomes your close buddy of today.

It’s July 16, 1945—your picture appears on the cover of Life Magazine and three new people enter your own life. James Cagney offers you a motion picture contract. On a mined battlefield in France, Spec McClure, Hollywood columnist before he joined the Army Signal Corps, spies a beat-up copy of Life blowing across the field. The youthful Irish face, too young for its medals, sticks with him. It’s Spec



*Audie Murphy and Terry Hunt – 1953*

McClure who later assists you to put down on paper your book, “To Hell and Back,” and at a Dallas airfield, a pretty, dark-eyed air hostess, Pamela Archer, is entranced with you. Through the months, she becomes an ardent Murphy fan, saving every clipping—and six years later she becomes your wife.

But in Hollywood, the months roll along confusingly. This is a battle you’re not geared to fight, for you’re unfamiliar with the tactics of the opposing team.

Then, after all the restless waiting, when you finally get your first part—it’s two lines in “Beyond Glory,” starring Alan Ladd. But you get to West Point on location. Then Cagney drops your option. You refuse to commercialize on your war record. As a man of action and few words, you don’t understand those who seem to be all words and no action, nor why they make glowing promises they never keep. So in Hol-

lywood you start again as a private and work your way—but then this had been the story of your life.

With your option now dropped, you’re living in a two-by-four apartment over a noisy bus stop trying to make ends meet on your \$86 pension—and still send money home. Terry Hunt, whom you met when you were mustering out of the service, insists you bunk in a resting room at this health club. You work out there regularly in the gym. You sleep on a massage table because it’s more comfortable for your war injuries. Now and

then you still talk about going back to Texas. But Terry Hunt has a thought that can discourage it.

“I always kidded him, Ralph, telling him he’d sure have to pick a lot of cotton back there to make up for what he gets in one week here. Audie’s had enough bent-over kind of cotton picking for life. I knew he had what it takes in Hollywood—if he would just wait it out. I’d remind him that the stakes are high here—and worth waiting for.

Sometimes he'd help out around the club, putting the girls through their exercise routines. Not long ago one of them remarked that she'd seen a picture in a magazine of Audie Murphy—"you know," she said, "he looks a little like the boy who used to work me out in the gym." That was modest Murph. They didn't even know who he was."

It's July 1948—and your friend Spec McClure keeps urging you to start "To Hell and Back." You want to get it all down on paper too. "So, I won't have to think about it any more," you say.

But you have reason to think plenty—when you go back to France as the honored guest of the French government. Back to that land so well remembered with every road and every ravine still an open wound.

This time no booming artillery welcomes you, but the frayed clothing, the thin faces, the ghostly ruins haunt you. Near the place where you won the Congressional Medal of Honor, a whole village turns out to honor you. The old Mayor dressed in his shabby black coat, children in costumes line the street and sing Alsatian folk songs for you. Watching their faces, the tears come. You remember you directed artillery fire on that town.

You hunt out another remembered terrain, too. Behind a farmhouse through rich green vineyards that stretch uphill to a cork tree there are two German helmets. But for your own alert eye, there would be American helmets there today—Lattie's and your own.

Back in New York, reporters swarm about you, America's most decorated soldier, who returned to the battleground for the first time. They're full of questions—all the same. They want to know when you are going to marry Wanda Hendrix.

It's January 8, 1949—and your

wedding captures the romantic imagination of all who know the story of how you first met her on the Valentine cover of a magazine. But this marriage is doomed almost immediately.

Your career, however, is getting off to a solid start. It's February 1949—another triumphant time in your life—the world premiere of your first starring picture, "Bad Boy," in 34 Texas cities. The marquees blaze with "Texas' Own Lovable Audie Murphy" and "America Hails a New Star." In Farmersville the theatre line stretches around the corner of the local drugstore. At last count, your nephew Weldon and niece Charlene have seen it six times.

Once more, sharecropper's son Audie Murphy has come from behind and won. You didn't hit pictures when your medals could have been exploited and helped you. But later, when success depended on your own merit as an actor and personality, there was no doubt about your future. At Universal-International it has been growing steadily.

It's July 1950, and an ardent movie fan, Pam Archer comes to California on vacation and finally meets her favorite picture star. Her reactions?

"By this time, Mr. Edwards, I'd done so much research on Audie, I felt I'd known him always. I cut out every clipping about him. I watched him on the screen. And once at a rodeo—we almost met."

You take the starry-eyed air hostess to lunch at Universal-International and on a personally conducted tour around the lot. You find it's a pleasure. During the next six months you fly back and forth to Dallas, drawn by the pretty, part-Cherokee girl with the black hair and dark shiny eyes, the soft drawl and that quiet honesty. Yours is a typically teasing proposal. When getting off a plane you say, "It would be a whole lot

cheaper for us to get married."

It is April 23, 1951—you are married in a simple ceremony in the Cox Chapel in Dallas with James O. Cherry as best man. The soft strains of "Ave Maria" fill the chapel and symbolize the beginning of a new life for you.

March 14, 1952, is a great day for the Murphy's, including your sister Corinne, out from Texas for the birth of your first born. You name him Terry after Terry Hunt. With his black hair and blue eyes he's soon a swoon boy.

On March 23, 1954, you have another son, James Shannon Murphy, named after your good friend, James O. Cherry. If you have enough sons they will be living memorial to those who stood by when a fatherless boy needed them.

It's May 1954—ten years now since Company B made history for valor in the 3<sup>rd</sup> Division—and you're starring in your own account of their war—"To Hell and Back," at Universal-International. You wanted to put it on paper so you could forget it, you'd said. Now you still don't know how you'll feel when those cameras start to turn.

Yours is a full life now, Audie Murphy. You have two handsome, healthy sons, a charming early American home and a man-sized career. Today your own son, Terry, plays soldier in your back yard. He shoots a trusty water pistol. He sings "The Star Spangled Banner," and salutes everything—including the washing machine.

This is your life today, Audie Murphy. The life you've made. It's yours because of a boy's dreams to be a soldier—and what you did with that dream. Because of you, life today for Terry Murphy—and all the Terrys—is a happier reality.

THE END

# AUDIE MURPHY DAY FARMERSVILLE, TEXAS JUNE 20, 2001



Kathleen Noble of The Farmersville Times wrote in the paper, "Some men were just born for honor. Audie Leon Murphy was one of them." And honor, the city of Farmersville did on Audie Murphy's birthday June 20, 2001. While this celebration was not quite like the celebration on June 15, 1945 where 5000 citizens gathered to welcome him home from the war, many people gathered in Freedom Plaza, including about 50 local veterans that also were honored. The Plaza is a lovely area with two marble monuments dedicated to the memory of Veterans from WWI, WWII, Korea and the Vietnam wars. One monument has Audie's poem "Freedom Flies in Your Heart like an Eagle" inscribed on one side and on the other side a special dedication in memory of him. The other monument is inscribed with the names of those veterans who died in the above wars and one of Audie's most famous quotes "The real heroes of the war are those who never came home." The one thing that had not changed was the weather. It was hot and I could just picture Audie sitting up on that platform in his dress uniform looking like he was about to pass out on that June day in 1945.

Nadene Lokey, Audie's sister and Eugene Murphy, his brother attended. Nadene said, "The ceremony they hold in honor of Audie here in Farmersville is very nice. We are so honored by the tributes paid to my brother. I would like to make this suggestion to the public. Audie would have thought this all very nice, but he was a humble and reserved man, he might have thought it wiser to support something happening presently. Please consider making a donation to the charity of your choice in Audie's name."

The sidewalks of downtown Farmersville Square were once again lined with people who admired Audie and many that knew him personally. The streets and storefronts were decorated with red, white and blue banners and flags. Many of the stores had posters with Audie's picture on them, announcing the coming event.

There were speeches by local dignitaries, a fly over, and a display of army trucks and equipment from Fort Hood on the street. The Charles J. Rike Memorial library in Farmersville has a nice collection of Audie memorabilia, so if you decide to come next year, be sure and stop by there. Pansy Hundley, the librarian will be glad to show you around. To close the ceremony, two men standing on opposite sides of the street played "Taps" on their trumpets. It was very moving.

The Audie Murphy Day committee plans to enlarge the event every year, but it will always be held on Audie's birthday. So, come and see what they have planned. I know you will be pleasantly surprised. See you there!

*Sharon Lovell*



# AUDIE MURPHY DAYS

## June 22 & 23, 2001

*by Annamarie Riley*



*Courtesy of Sharon Lovell*

The festivities opened Friday morning at the Texas National Guard Armory at 9 AM with the posting of the colors by the 3rd Division, 15th Infantry from Fort Benning, GA. Cloral Lovell, Chaplain of the American Legion Post # 17 in Greenville offered the invocation, which was followed by recording artist, Kevin James singing our National Anthem. A warm welcome was given to all by Judge Joe Bobbitt, Mayor Byron Chitwood and John Reynolds, President of the American Cotton Museum. They talked about Audie as well as all those who served in WWII, none were forgotten.

Actor Paul Picerni, who acted with Audie in *To Hell and Back*, was the keynote speaker. He spoke of what a pleasure it was to work with Audie – probably the best time of his career. Paul received a surprise when a man he had served with in WWII, whom he had not seen for 50 years or more, was in the audience – a wonderful reunion.

After the program, we all gathered in the display room where pictures, posters and items from the Cotton Museum were

available – some to purchase and some to admire. Larry Winters and Wayne Cutshaw displayed their vast collections as well. Paul Picerni and his lovely wife, Marie, were there to answer questions, sign autographs and to sell copies of the script of *To Hell and Back* along with signed photos. Sue Gossett was there with copies of her book *The Films and Career of Audie Murphy* which she autographed with personal messages.



Courtesy of Sharon Lovell

Left to right: Ken Lokey, Nadene Murphy Lokey, Eugene Murphy

Meeting Audie's sister Nadene Lokey and brother Eugene Murphy was great. They are very pleasant people and willingly answered any questions they were asked. Roy McGee was a perfect host. He spent two days driving some folks around and offered to dance with each one of the ladies who would attend the dance that evening.

The American Legion Post put on a Texas barbecue lunch, after which we again gathered at the Armory to hear Lt. Col. Dennis Smith talk about what it means to be a part of the great 3rd Division and especially the 15th Infantry and the training they go through. The program ended with the retiring of the colors, by the great looking young men from Fort Benning. The day ended with a dance put on by the American Legion Post #17.

On Saturday everyone gathered at the Cotton Museum where there are displays, machines and information about cotton and how it was handled years ago when Audie Murphy and his family worked the fields. There is a permanent display of Audie Murphy memorabilia on the ground floor as well as upstairs. We saw several things donated by a friend of Audie's, a hat, photos, etc.; and a miniature copy of the statue that is to be larger than life and will stand at the Cotton Museum when it is completed. The American Cotton Museum, the Ladies Auxiliaries of the Veterans of Foreign War, Lance, Inc., and the American Legion supplied refreshments during the day.

The festivities opened with a few speeches. Feller Goff, a longtime friend of Audie's spoke. US Congressman Ralph Hall of Texas, paid tribute to all veterans and to his personal friend Audie of whom he said, "Never forgot his roots, and he will never be forgotten." Sue Gossett read a lovely poem written by Elizabeth Folan, a dedicated fan from England who was unable to attend. Music was provided by recording artist, Kevin James.

The highlight of the day's affair was the unveiling of "The Murphy Seven"; paintings of Audie by artist Richard Krause, who was there and gave us the story behind each painting. He said, "I sincerely hope these paintings, in some small way, will perpetuate a towering soul." By the sound of the "oh's" and "ah's" and applause from the audi-

ence, I am sure they will. “By the Dawn’s Early Light” where Audie is kneeling, mourning the loss of his friend Lattie Tipton, was probably the favorite, but all were beautiful and inspiring. Mr. Krause graciously donated the paintings to the Audie Murphy Research Foundation that put them on permanent display at the museum where they can be enjoyed by the public.

Two movie posters donated by Wayne Cutshaw to benefit the Cotton Museum were won by Teri Edge and DeAnna Glause. Congratulations to both.



*Courtesy of Sharon Lovell*

*Audie Murphy Memorial Park, Celeste, TX – June 23, 2001*

In the evening, Sue, John and I joined the convoy to the Audie Murphy Memorial Park in Celeste. On the way we saw the spot where Audie was born. All that remains is a tree and a roadside marker. What was once a field of cotton during Audie’s youth, is now a field of grass. At the park the Mayor of Celeste, Pat Jones, and Judge Joe Bobbitt said a few words. Candles were lit and held by all of us; a prayer was said for Audie and all the veterans, after which Adrien Witkofsky, Director of the Cotton Museum, sang “Amazing Grace.” The American Legion Department of Texas Color Guard retired the colors with a 21 gun salute and this closed the Audie Murphy Days of 2001.

*Annamarie Riley*

### *Special Thanks To:*

**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)**





*Courtesy of Sharon Lovell*  
 Artist's rendition of the Greenville Audie L. Murphy Memorial currently under construction

*"Jack Finney gave us an update on the statue of Audie that at present is in the foundry stages, and is expected to be completed soon."*

*Annamarie Riley*



*Courtesy of Sharon Lovell*



*Courtesy of Sharon Lovell*

*Paul Picerni with his wife Marie*

*"Greenville, Texas is a wonderful community. The few days I spent there were a delightful experience. My wife, Marie, and I had a marvelous time. The people were very friendly. They had one thing in common, they all loved Audie Murphy. I have always had a deep admiration for Audie Murphy ever since I worked with him in the 1955 movie "To Hell and Back."*

*"Audie Murphy was a true American hero. He is deserving of all the adulation the people attending Audie Murphy Days showed him. The people we met in Greenville, Judge Joe Bobbitt, Adrien Witkofsky, Roy McGee, Feller Goff, Sue Gossett, Audie's sister Nadene and brother Eugene, Congressman Ralph Hall and all the people of Greenville, Farmersville, Celeste and the surrounding countryside, were as hospitable as any we've met in the world.*

*"It was a memorable four days. We hope we can do it again next year."*

*Paul Picerni  
 as told to Sue Gossett*

## **In Memory of Audie L. Murphy 1924 - 1971**

**Thirty years have passed  
but still our memories last  
of our dear Audie.**

**Flags and banners fly around.  
Folk from all over the U.S.A.  
come to give their respect today  
for our dear friend Audie Murphy**

**He's been gone now thirty years.  
Still we mourn and shed our tears  
to him we hold this great respect  
for a man who had few fears.**

**He was kind, brave and generous  
mysterious in some of his ways,  
kept to himself most of the time,  
he too had his bad days.**

**Lets call him "The Cowboy from Texas".  
His westerns approved of him that.  
Sitting high on his horse and saddle  
looking proud in his ten gallon hat.**

**So celebrate all you Texans  
these Audie Murphy Days.  
Show your respect  
for our absent guest  
who we have loved in many ways.**

*Elizabeth Folan  
England  
May, 23, 2001*

*"I sincerely hope these  
paintings, in some small  
way, will perpetuate a  
towering soul"*

*Richard Krause  
Artist  
June 23, 2001*



*Courtesy of Sharon Lovell  
Artist Richard Krause with some of the paintings he donated to the Audie Murphy  
Research Foundation which are on permanent display at the American Cotton Mu-  
seum.*

***Special thanks to Richard Krause for sharing with us his inspirational  
creation "Liberty Lives" which appears on page 19.***

***We invite you to download, print out and display "Liberty Lives."  
God Bless America!***





***"Liberty Lives"***  
*(please distribute and display freely if not for profit)*

# AUDIE MURPHY RESEARCH FOUNDATION

A NON-PROFIT PUBLIC BENEFIT CORPORATION

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We hope that you have enjoyed this newsletter. Please feel free to print out copies to share with your friends.

We are always looking for volunteers who can help by printing and mailing copies of the new newsletter to at least one person who does not have Internet access. If you can help please email us at [Audiemurphy@juno.com](mailto:Audiemurphy@juno.com).

Even though delivering the newsletter via the Internet has helped to reduce our mailing expenses, we still need your continued financial support to help cover the costs of interviewing people and collecting and preserving photos, newspaper and magazine articles and artifacts — as well as maintaining the website and making educational materials available to schools.

We hope you can continue to help. We appreciate your gift of:

( ) \$20 ( ) \$50 ( ) \$100 ( ) other \_\_\_\_\_

Please make checks payable to the Audie Murphy Research Foundation. We can also accept VISA and MasterCard contributions:

Card no. \_ \_ \_ \_ - \_ \_ \_ \_ - \_ \_ \_ \_ - \_ \_ \_ \_ Expiration \_ \_ / \_ \_

I would like to be a monthly sponsor. Please bill the above amount to my credit card the fifth day of each month until I notify the Foundation otherwise.

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Thank  
You!