

Cato - Carp

THIRKIELD & DE CARO
SHORTHAND REPORTERS
18 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE HANOVER 2-7118

April 3, 1945.

Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt,
The New York World Telegram,
125 Barclay Street,
New York, N. Y.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

In your column dated Monday, appearing in the World Telegram today, you say:

"Every minute of the day yesterday was beautiful, and I do not think I have ever enjoyed the spring flowering of bushes and trees as I have this year."

I congratulate you, Mrs. Roosevelt. Most of us were not so fortunate.

Perhaps there are some things you should know or of which you should be reminded. This Easter and the "spring flowering of bushes and trees" have in their very beauty but accentuated the heartbreak which prevails in thousands of American homes, homes whose walls will never again resound to the same happy echoes of joy because one who was an essential part of that joy has been forever torn from it. Mothers who loved the first flowers of Spring and carefully among them chose the best to tuck into a beloved son's lapel on Easter morning could not look at them this year. Those whose sons were still celebrating Easter burrowed deep in the ground (but still not too deep) in fox holes, held perhaps the bright hope of a future Spring. Others, thousands of them, like my own, looked through eyes which do not see so well any more because of the tears which have veiled their sight. And thought whether perhaps by now a few sparse blades of grass might be growing over the rubble which covers his grave. And whether the wooden cross with his dog tag is still intact. Or whether he has a grave at all.

These sons, the majority of them, Mrs. Roosevelt, were nurtured as well as yours, and with much love; most of them (I write it in all humility) with more sacrificial love than you have been called upon to give. Not that real mothers would ever admit to the sacrifice - nor do they.

But, dear Lady, please watch your words. Perhaps your gardeners have the care of your spring flowering; perhaps that is why you could still see more beauty in it this year than ever before. My brother would have admitted to its beauty; he and I gardened together. In his memory I will still give my best to

THIRKIELD & DE CARO

SHORTHAND REPORTERS
15 WILLIAM STREET
NEW YORK

TELEPHONE HANOVER 2-

April 3, 1945.

-2-

the soil and its gifts, but even he, who always recognized and respected the other fellow's viewpoint, would resent your expression of such great unbounded personal joy in this Spring of 1945.

Remember? Men are still dying who should have lived to make a better spring flowering and a better world.

Very truly yours,

Frances de Caro

Frances de Caro