

Ba-Bae
1945-52

[Baccus]

OAK RIDGE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

ANDERSON AND ROANE COUNTIES

OAK RIDGE, TENNESSEE

Fairview School

Jan - 19, 1947

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park,
New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Tonight I found the enclosed copy of a poem I wrote when the President died. My school children liked it, and this is the very sheet they placed on our Bulletin board. The idea came to me that you might like to see it.

I was in Alabama at the time. Now we are in Oak Ridge. We were, as defense workers, caught in a current that still flows, and the war is not yet over for us.

Your column is interesting, and I like you because you have a mind of your own. So many great men's minds seem to be spineless creatures.

Hope you like the poem. Sincerely,

Ms. Campie Dodd Baccus

FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT

Then the first and thirtieth chieftain
Rose to rule a mighty hour,
Knew the poetry of his people,
Shared their frailties, shaped their power,
Felt the pulses of the nations.

Rose when grey Inferno's bowels
Belched with one and twenty canals,
And hell's heir, First Prince of Devils,
Born of Pride, by Hate begotten,
Nursed on Greed and feasting Revenge,
Entered our dear earth to conquer.

Rose just such a foe to vanquish.
Proved the color of his greatness
To be blue and not a purple.

Rose to die — ah, yes, but dreaming,
Dreaming with his eyes wide open,
Eyes aglow with the reflection
Of a peace just in the dawning.

Camille Dodd Baccus

February 23, 1947

JOAQUINA BADRENA

35 SOUTH WEST STREET, MT. VERNON, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

That "lived in" look!

Yesterday, the snowiest day of the year, a friend and I visited your home in Hyde Park. The weather kept folks at home and we were the only visitors at the time. It was quiet, shut-in and peaceful.

I had been emotionally upset for some days and was looking for some mental uplift. For an unknown reason I knew it could be found at Hyde Park.

I found the undying spirit of a happy, laughing family. I could see the loving care that had been taken with each piece of furniture, pillow and lamp shade. Everything had been used, lived with and enjoyed.

It is the "woman of the house" that makes an atmosphere such as that possible. It is only a woman who has managed to keep a wonderful family together and stood steadfast at the shoulder of the man who kept the nation together.

Now that you have moved from there, you can drive by, and looking at it, be proud to say "Well Done".

Joquina Badrena
BADRENA