CUC CURAE - CURRY

Yonk Library

2716 So Harvard Blvd
Los Angeles Calif 7
September 14 1947

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

I am enclosing a complete copy of my poem FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT for you to keep. I think I shall take the carbon copy and have it set up in linotype and possibly have a few copies printed privately----if I cannot find a publisher. You know the big houses want only best sellers--they shy away from poetry in any form---unless it is, well a little off color. I have a vast amount of poetry--SALOME, LINCOLN, SONNETS AND LYRICS etc etc. Also 3 Lincoln novels, one (satirical) on Hitler. Came close to selling [illegible]. Many years ago I sold verses to Harpers, Forum, etc. Louis Untermeyer gave me much publicity-(1918) the old WORLD gave me a feature write up and so forth, but at that time I was---if you will pardon the expression---immature in my work. Now I am fifty-five and have better work than I ever have had---including much war verse of the European theatre and the Pacific...although I have never been in armed service---I work for the So Cal Gas Co in a capacity that permits me much time for writing, although the pay is not overwhelming. My past record is good---I have never been in any trouble. I am moving to a tile-roof (better home) this Friday next 1300 So Carmona Ave, north of Pico, about five-sixths of a mile south of [illegible] Wilshire. I am an independent in politics--belong to the CIO, although I confess I am not a very energetic member, since slight rheumatic trouble---just slight-- keeps me from full physical participation such as parades etc.

Yours sincerely,

George E Curran

G M Curran
[redacted]716 So Harvard
Los Angeles Calif 7

FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT

He wrote his name across the earth
Under the battle flags unfurled.
Now he is gone.
He is not here
Who stood on the hilltops of the world.

Loud blow the bugles
And loud the drums are beating
For this man of the armies
And the navies meeting.
He has gone to another conference
To the land of white crosses
To his soldiers under the dark
Who wave a greeting.

The lost of Bataan gather
And the dead of Salerno rise
The men of Pearl Harbor and Iwo
With recognition in their eyes
As he joins them under the colors
Where nothing ever really dies.

His spirit is now with the fallen
Under the ocean and under the loam.
His soul is again in the streets of Paris,
His figure is passing through Rome.
He has gone to the world for which he strived.
He is no longer home.

He doesn't belong to us apart---
He belongs to France and England,
The Philippines, the Netherlands;
He belongs to the world now,
He of the great heart where he stands
Carrying the morning sun in his hands!

Now his soul still sails over the waters
Beside a funnel or spar.
Where ships go down the sea
This man is sailing afar.
He loved the sound of the surf,
He loved the roar of the bar.
Where ships go down the sea
His spirit is away and free
Over the tides of eternity
Hunting the morning star.

Where liners and tugs and battleships fare
He is out in the salt mist there
The cold wind blowing in his hair
To join the men of the fleet.
He loved the sight of the Capitol dome
The Monument, the Hyde Park loam,

The glory that went with his White House home---
But his soul was never on a street.
It was out in the wind and the harbor rain
In the Hudson currents and bays of Maine,
A sailboat coursing Lake Champlain
Or a gay regatta meet.
He was out where the carriers train
Watching the flight of a navy plane
Happy to be near an anchor chain
For his first love always was the fleet.

His wheel chair is empty
And Fate lost a master---
Who shook the atom bomb
Like a shower of stars
On the islands of disaster.
He tore Laval out by the roots,
Ended Rundstedt's bloody mirth.
From Chungking to Washington
His passing shook the earth.

His words cut Berlin down,
And razed Tokio town.
When he was born, time stood still.
When he died, death could not kill.
He lives with the people,
Breathing still.

Telephones rang around the globe.
The radio hummed with the tidings.
Sailors talked of him on ships
Railroaders on the sidings.
Soldiers whispered in foxholes.
Voices filled Congress and the street;
Bulletins blazed from coast to coast,
A captain of the fleet
Had joined his fathers in the dark.
The Hudson river seemed to shake,
The heart of New York seemed to break,
And the birds were still in Central Park.

No more press conferences,
No more ocean trips, or land,
No more struggling to walk,
To take an assisting hand;
No more cigarettes to smoke,
No more listening to a Georgia band;
No more playing with the children in the pool,
No more beside a Chesapeake strand,
No more addressing Congress
Holding the desk with a captain's hand.

With flag-draped casket and muffled drums
White horses, black caisson, back home he comes
Soon in the East Room lying---
Where Lincoln lay in another day
Franklin Roosevelt, broken and gray
Lies like Lincoln, too, undying.

He flooded the world with power.
He compelled the factories to spin.
He shook the earth with production,
He made America win.

Boys are now at rest in Flanders Fields.
They sleep on in an endless spell.
They know that he has kept the faith
Even above the guns of hell.

Far in that hallowed, sacred sod,
They cannot die where the poppy blows
And he joins them under the rose
For right, for country and for God.

G E Curran
Los Angeles Calif

To the little nations around the globe
Lying in ashes, victims of Mars,
To the prisoners in internment camps
Caged behind thick walls and bars---
He wanted to lift them from the dust
To bind their cuts and heal their scars.
Over the world of hate and lust
He wanted to throw a flag of stars!

Even under the night he is not alone.
He is with Foch and Clemenceau and Joan.
He is with Nelson and Lincoln still.
He is with Washington under the hill.

His valor is the sound of the sea,
His music is the crash of the waves on the main.
His song is the storm in the hills.
His God is the cry of the wind and the rain.

The clear sun was shining in the South
At Warm Springs. In the cottage room
He sat and worked, cigarette in mouth
Conscious that April was in bloom.
Then he fell asleep...and the world was poor---
To see the peace he died for---and was so sure---
Linger and falter and shatter. Could it endure?
Out of this troubled world, to where?
Why did he come? Where does he fare?
The candle is out...but the light fills
all the air.
He has not forgotten us. Shall we forget
him there?

G E Curran
Los Angeles

He, too , was a soldier of his race.
He scarred Belgne, and changed the face
Of half the world. Again and again
He shook the Rhine with each bomber train,
Turned Essen ashes, made Schweinfurt still.
Bid Munich weep in the rain.
He died too soon to see Berlin fall.
Perhaps it was God's will after all.

He hated all wrong
And loved all right---
Under the sea, and on top of the sea
He talked with guns.
He preached with ships
And spoke with liberal lips;
And to foes he hated with every breath,
He sent them fire and fury,
He sent them war and death.

He put Mussolini in the ground
Drove Adolf Hitler from the hall.
He burned Nagasaki
And broke the Manila wall.
He couldn't walk across Washington town,
But he shook the East,
And he shook the West
And he tore the dictators down!

G E Curran
#716 So Harvard Blvd
Los Angeles 7

His hand has been on every rifle,
His heart in every motor soaring;
Not a spot of earth but has heard
And felt, his anger roaring.
He steered America, saw it increase,
The father of the last great peace.

Now he goes away with the evening star
And follows the disappearing sun.
Wherever there's a highway
A pathway or a byway
A ship's way or a skyway
He will wander till earth is done.
What could keep this man at home,
From the world he couldn't do without?
From the world he changed with war,
From the world he dreamed so much about?

His spirit touches the domes of Home,
And the Channel where Napoleon stood,
Where Hodges, Patch and Simpson went,
Where Rundstedt plunged through the Hurtgen wood
Where Patton stepped into history
Where boys made victory with their blood---
He journeys there
Where his men fought well,
San Lo, Bastogne, Cherbourg
Where every field has a tale to tell,
Where every road was a road to hell!

He has touched El Alamein,
And coursed the African sands,
To Tunisia by the sea
Where Rommel jumped out of his hands!

He has journeyed to the Brenner Pass
To the Alps and the green Po dells;
To Milan and Florence, Salerno;
He has followed the path of Clark's mad shells;
He has seen the dust of Anzio,
He has heard the Venice bells.....
He drives along
A cigarette in his mouth
Down Unter den Linden
And the Wilhelmstrasse south;
Where the Reichstag burned
And Berlin shook
Where Benito died
And Hitler closed the book---
The American ghost of Europe
The phantom gathering souvenirs
Traveling the paths his soldiers knew
In that war of blood and tears,
Looking over campaigns he planned
Whose scars will last a thousand years!

(9) G A Curran
Los Angeles

He helped turn on the Glasgow lights,
He rescued Paris out of the cold;
He brought new life to all the globe,
But none to himself to keep and hold.
As the world went up , he went down
As the sun went up, his sun turned gold;
He brought the earth a second spring
But none to himself as time grew old.

Just as our armies were smashing
Through Asia and Europe winning
Just at the peak of the crashing
And the world's new beginning
Just at the top of the long long hill
With labor behind he was glad to give,
At journey's end, he had to go----
Just as the world was beginning to live!

He was chained to his cane, his braces and chair,
The man with the voice, and the silvery hair.
He knew of pain and Fate's mad stings;
But his love for mankind
Was one of earth's most beautiful things---

He was our man---
He ... was more than kings,
And his heart had wings.

G E Curran
2716 S9 Harvard
Los Angeles Calif 7

Octobers and summers will pass over the Monument.
He will not read the 'Christmas Carol' again.
He is traveling the dark sea listening
For time to still the guns of men.
He who loved the sunshine and laughter
The bright Potomac water
And the sails of white
Is waiting for all his friends in the sun
To join him when their labor is done
And they meet in another room again
By candlelight.....
To a chief.....farewell....
To a man, good night.

(11) G E Curran
Los Angeles

A tall rugged mountain, shouldering up against
the sky,
Head brushing the clouds, figure hardy, solid,
weathered, firm,
Facing the storms that beat against it,
Standing unshaken as the black night of war put out
the sun and thunder shook the world below,
A mountain throwing back the blasts, ignoring
gales of death
Smashing against the whirlwind.

A towering summit stubbornly fighting the lightning,
Resisting staunchly the onslaughts of tempests,
Blocking the battle, and keeping erect against the
martial hurricane,
Pushing away the night fiercely, with giant
shoulders wrestling the thunder,
Uncoiling death from America, tearing asunder
the lightning bolts of conflict,
Lifting from the black pits, the sun, throwing
it blazing with restored vigor
Into the morning again---so fought the leader of
our time with the darkness.

(12) G E Curran
Los Angeles Calif

Suddenly through the mountain's breast came a
rumble, ominous, deadly;
Through the giant passageways of spirit, a shock of
thunder, reverberation on reverberation growing.
All earth stood still for a moment.
Then the avalanche began splitting, rending, tearing.
The mountain started shaking, trembling, wavering,
finally leaning, falling,
Rocking the globe as it crashed.
Death struck him down, the earthquake pushed him over,
The mountain of Roosevelt, the tall hill of the living
man
Dead in the Deep South.

The years have not repeated him;
America has not matched his birth
Created strangely only once
Out of the Dutchess County earth.

There was no second, will not be;
We should not ask for that, or call;
The nation must go patiently
With wonder that he came at all.
He will not draw again so near,
Arising at our wish or bid;
We should be pleased that he was here,
With thanks we had him, while we did.

G E Curran
#716 So Harvard 7
Los Angeles

It's not for us to weigh his fame,
His value, faults or unique fate;
Regardless of his deeds or name,
We're grateful he was not too late.
He might have been delayed or missed,
Or born too soon, lost quickly, too.
We're glad he got here quite in time
And when he came, knew what to do.

If he had not appeared that day
With courage and determined stand
What might have happened, none can say;
We might have lost a lot---our land.
He never was a man to shirk
Or blindly toil to no avail.
We'll always feel he knew his work,
Arrived in time, and did not fail.

The more we study him, or try
The less we seem to know of him;
And all of him we shall not find
For there is something strange and dim
That darts away out of his mind
Toward the far horizon's rim:
His spirit moving on the wind---
To leave the lawyer brown and tall
Sleeping by the Hudson's wall,
The ashes that once touched the sky,
The dust that felt the rain come down.....
The only part that seemed to die.

G E Curran
XOS Angeles 7

Recaptured, his heart still escapes
The searcher's mind, and moves away
Before we touch the many shapes,
The multiples of soul and clay,
The many Roosevelts in one;
Yet as we touch him, year with year
Some new side seems to meet us here
And deeper Roosevelts appear.

A thousand personalities in one,
An undiscovered mine of self,
A varied nature, yet the same,
In every volume on the shelf;
In every painting, monument,
Each story, legend, as we look
Another Roosevelt awakes,
Comes up to haunt all in the book.

He circled many men he met
With mind that ringed them close,
And wrought
A loop to hold them firm and set;
Entwined within his single thought
Just where he wanted them to be
Surrounded, as he strived to knit
The nation as he pictured it,
His labor matchless, infinite.

G E Curran
Los Angeles 7

He will not pass this way again

Who grows near, growing far, in time

And closer to the race, in death

Than he was ever, in his prime.

Misjudged and sharply criticized,
He had to perish, in release
To find himself immortalized

Enduring for the centuries,
Who held four years of bloody war
To find the thousand years of peace.

He saw red battlefields aflame
And heard loud thunder in the dawn,
But when he passed, things were the same,
America still---when he walked on.
Death came too quick for his good-byes
Before the ending shut the door---
To lock the soul within his eyes
And throw the key upon the floor.
He had not time to pause or ask,
To shake fond hands--and come no more.

Those who derided him will die

While he grows greater on his hill.

His passing was the deepest loss

This nation ever had, or will.

No future can come to this land

Without him in it as a part;

No treaty signed without his hand

No policy without his heart;

No nation growing ever great

Without his presence in its plan:

America cannot go on alone

Without this man.

Library
Thank

2716 South Harvard Blvd
Los Angeles Calif 7
August 25 1947

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

Immediately after the death of the President two years ago I was moved to write a fairly long poem of some 15 or twenty pages. I have done nothing with it, letting it 'age' to see if it retained any value. I am sending you a copy of the first page, and the last stanza of page 12 (which was the final page in the first version---although several other pages have now been added).

I have no prospect of having it published, but thought you would like a few lines. These 'samples' will tell you of the quality of the poem which does not vary from beginning to end. Perhaps you would be interested in seeing it published.

Yours sincerely,

George E Curran

George E Curran

FRANKLIN D ROOSEVELT

He wrote his name across the earth
Under the battle flags unfurled.
Now he is gone,
He is not here
Who stood on the hilltops of the world.

Loud blow the bugles
And loud the drums are beating
For this man of the armies
And the navies meeting.
He has gone to another conference
To the land of the white crosses
To his soldiers under the dark
Who wave a greeting.

The lost of Bataan gather
And the dead of Salerno rise
The men of Pearl Harbor and Iwo
With recognition in their eyes
As he joins them under the colors
Where nothing ever really dies.

His spirit is now with the fallen
Under the ocean and under the loam.
His soul is again in the streets of Paris,
His figure is passing through Rome.
He has gone to the world for which he strived.
He is no longer home.

****

****

Octobers and summers will pass over the Monument.
He will not read the Christmas Carol again.
He is traveling the dark sea listening
For time to still the guns of men.
He who loved the sunshine and laughter
The bright Potomac laughter
And the sails of white
Is waiting for all his friends in the sun
To join him when their labor is done
And they meet in another room again
By candlelight.....
To a chief.....farewell....
To a man, good night.