

Litt - Liz

MORNING, JUNE 27, 1947.

The Good Neighbor

(Editorial Correspondence)

Warm Springs, Georgia, June 25.

—The predominating thought of Franklin Roosevelt in the hearts and minds of the people of the vicinage who thronged the dedication of the Little White House here was of the Good Neighbors whose smile and comradeship was missed by the sufferers from polio here for the water and treatment, the doctors, nurses, officials, and employes of the Foundation, and the people from all parts of Georgia. Of course the visitors from a distance recalled Roosevelt's warm-hearted leadership for New Deal policies and for peace, the coming of which he envisioned in the last words he penned and which was his heart's desire. But the sense of the loss of a friend and Good Neighbor by the people of the village of Warm Springs and the surrounding country who rejoiced at his comings and the spirit of cheer he brought was predominant. The place has the Rooseveltian flavor without his cheering presence, and the people felt the void as seriously and with sad pride they joined in the celebration, all singing the chorus of the songs he loved when he came here as one of the people of this community. They remembered that he had called Georgia his "other State" and felt a sense of comradeship with its people.

Perhaps the most permanent expression of this neighborliness has been embodied in the delightful book by Ruth Stevens, "Hi-Yi, Neighbor," which is redolent with the Rooseveltian charm of true neighborliness. The first thought today was not of the gift of the beautiful Little White House, the hospitals and other buildings erected by the offerings of millions who shared his desire to put healing in the reach of many, nor of his gift of his 1,800-acre farm. These were visible and permanent tokens but they were thinking rather of their loss that they would not hear his cheery voice again as with others he swam in the warm waters and partook of every interest of the community.

The "Little White House" which was dedicated today as a shrine is a simple six-room house which was built by Mr. Roosevelt in 1921, in the depths of the depression and before his election to the Presidency at a cost of \$2,700.

LITTLE White House

Visitors were impressed by the homelike atmosphere of the building, with the walls adorned by the models of ships, but attention was riveted on future plans for honoring the late President which were outlined by Ivan Allen, chairman of the Memorial Committee.

There will be a tower here—a Roosevelt Tower on the knob where Roosevelt was wont to picnic with neighbors and visitors. It will rise 555 feet toward the sky—higher than the Washington Monument—and will have the name, "The Roosevelt Peace Tower," and will beckon leaders to promote the peace he promised and be a warning to those who are disobedient to procuring that peace for which millions fought and thousands gave the last full measure of devotion.

All over the 21 American countries and to the uttermost parts of the world Roosevelt will ever be the symbol of the Good Neighbor and share with Woodrow Wilson (Georgia was also his other home and the birthplace of the wife of his youth) the honor of having been one of the modern world's two foremost apostles of peace. But here, now and ever, there will be a void because the Good Neighbor in person will come no more with his cheery voice and his comradeship. As the years pass the memory of all he was and all he did will be peculiarly sacred to the people here as it will be embalmed in the memory of all mankind.

The Little White House was dedicated with appropriate ceremony as the people rededicate themselves to Roosevelt's vision of Justice, Health and Peace.

It has a peculiar fitness that men and women whose heart's desire to see the peace faith of Franklin Roosevelt become reality should gather here to pledge ourselves to be true to his vision. It was at Warm Springs that he came to find health in his physical infirmity and to open doors to other afflicted people.

It was in this great place that he felt he was gaining his power of locomotion when he was drafted to become Governor of New York, making physical sacrifice to serve his country at the call of his people. In grave crises he journeyed here to seek direction in days of adversity. And it was here that Franklin Roosevelt came as his leadership had brought victory near; that he meditated on how to fashion the peace which beckoned him and which had been his heart's desire in the grim days of war and nerved his arm as Commander in Chief. Upheld by the faith that peace could be achieved it was here that he wrote the last message that pointed the way to the goal that failed after World War I, and which he was resolved should not elude the people after the greater war into which he had carried the people only when his country was attacked in

the Day of Infamy at Pearl Harbor. In his last message Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Today we are faced with the pre-eminent fact that, if civilization is to survive we must cultivate the science of human relationships—the ability of all people, of all kinds, to live together and work together in the same world, at peace."

This pilgrimage to those who shared his faith in this place hallowed by Roosevelt's spirit affords the privilege to consecrate ourselves, and to call on all peace lovers to join with us, in highly resolving to bind ourselves to reach the goal to which Franklin Roosevelt devoted his life and where he wrote his last message to the world ready to follow where he led.

Rarely have so many distinguished men gathered in a small county. They were headed by Chief Justice Vinson and Justice Black; a score of diplomats from every continent; scores of Senators and Representatives in Congress and other officials; William D. Hassett, who represented President Truman and read an inspiring message from the President; Governor M. E. Thompson and all State officials from Georgia, and representatives from other States.

Mrs. Roosevelt was unable to be present. The family was represented by Miss Laura Franklin Delano, who was at Warm Springs when President Roosevelt died, and who brought here some of the flowers which the late President loved.

The main address of the day was by Basil O'Connor, president of the Warm Springs Foundation and of the American Red Cross. He was law partner and intimate friend of Roosevelt from his graduation until his death. His tribute was worthy of the man and the occasion. It was more: It was a graphic history of Warm Springs from the days the Indians, who attributed curative powers to the warm water until Roosevelt went there 20 years ago hoping to be healed and the great hospital and other buildings that make it a notable place. It is good that this historical address is to be printed in book form so all may read it and it may be preserved.

For the first time in history the members of the Electoral College placed a plaque in honor of a President. It was presented in an excellent speech about the place of the Electoral College in American life by Michael Francis Doyle of Philadelphia, chairman of the Electoral College.

J. D.

Littlejohn

Many thanks for
your letter of aug 18
The fact report I
read makes the
Senator Blawie's plan
seem unsound. I
wish the gov't would
build the dam. In
the long run it
would pay better

WAR ASSETS ADMINISTRATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

OFFICE OF THE ADMINISTRATOR

18 August 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Campobello Island
New Brunswick, Canada

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I find your note of August 8th concerning the Quoddy Village upon my return to Washington,

We have given this problem considerable thought and study. However, there are a substantial number of legal and other technicalities involved.

At the request of Senator Brewster, I have furnished the latest up-to-date information on the subject and, for your information, I enclose a copy of this letter.

As of the moment, under the law, I see no basis upon which this project can be turned over to Eastport, Maine without some reimbursement to the Federal Government. However, I shall keep the matter open. It is my definite desire to see that every one of these properties is put to the maximum use in the interest of the common good.

Sincerely yours,

Robert M. Littlejohn
ROBERT M. LITTLEJOHN

Major General, U. S. Army, Retired
Administrator

Encl.
Cy ltr to Senator Brewster
18 August 1947

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

Littlejohn
Senator Brewster
to be turned over to Eastport

The last report I read makes the situation sound - I will try to hold the line!

18 August 1947

Honorable Owen Brewster
United States Senate

My dear Senator Brewster:

In regard to your further inquiry concerning the status of the application of the City of Eastport to acquire Quoddy Village, I advise you of the current status.

In my letter to you of 28 July 1947 I stated that certain advisory agencies had been requested to analyze this matter and report to me at the earliest possible date. Upon receipt of such reports the project goes through my Office of Real Property, before the Real Property Board of Review, and in cases such as this, before the General Counsel of the War Assets Administration.

All of these reports have not been received. Hence, it has not been practicable to process this project as indicated above.

From the limited information available to me at this time, it appears definite that the City of Eastport is not eligible to acquire this project with a public benefit allowance.

I have set as a definite policy that there be no cannibalisation of a real property project until every effort has been made to dispose of the property where is, as is.

My suggestion is that the City of Eastport re-study this matter and approach it on the basis of buying this Village at a reasonably fair value, with a long term payment. If this can be done, I am of the opinion that the provisions of the law will be met and that the property will then best serve the public as a whole.

Sincerely yours,

cc: Zone Administrator
New York

ROBERT M. LITTLEJOHN
Major General, U. S. Army, Retired
Acting Deputy Administrator, ZI, Administrator
New York

8/28/47

GAP

This was handed to us for Mrs. Eleanor R. by Mr. Robert F. Livingston (45 Jackson Street, Little Falls, N.Y.), a descendent of the Chancellor. It is the original copy of a poem by one Molly Noonan - who in 1945 was serving overseas in the WAC. Livingston and Miss Noonan's mother, a Mrs. Morris, Dutchess Inn, Red Hook, would like copies before you give the original to Mrs. R.

RLG

Dead? The President? It is hard to
believe.
America-as one family- suddenly
bereaved.
He who guided Columbia through her
tears and travail
And with his strength, made her
strong,
Against all who assail.

It is a pity. A pity
When so near to land,
The helm must be wrested
From that strong, stiffened hand.

But when they consigned him
For all time to the earth,
Twas not just a burial;
In a way- more a birth.

For in American soil,
As in our hearts and our minds,
Is the seed of his strength
and his faith in mankind.

- April 12. 1945 -

Dear Mommy-

I wrote this poem for you to have-

Just my daughter Molly Noonan
who served our Country with
honour.

Livingston

