June 14, 1947

Dear Mr. Pauley:

Your letter of June 9, interests me because while the Jackson Day dinner might not be an appropriate occasion to ask questions about the President's doctrine, the proposed statement had not been adopted by the state committee, but was simply sent out for consideration. I think you must realize that the questions asked in that document are asked of every one who lectures on the United Nations as, for instance, I have done.

The mistake that was made, from my point of view, was not in asking the questions, but in not having them answered by the administration speaker who was supposed to have been there. People are hungry for knowledge, they are confused, and uncertain and if we refuse to answer questions, they are bound to think that there are no answers. I am frank to say that I have asked the State Department many questions and ended by telling them that I was not satisfied with the answers.

I happen to know that the President's advisers are as responsible as he is and I also know that his intentions are the best in the world. I know he was loyal to my husband. However, when questions are uppermost in people's minds and we are supposed to be building a peace in the world, it is wise to have those questions answered.

The quotation in the clipping which you sent me is one I feel sure you would agree with, but it is not the statement which I made with which you disagreed, and yet I think that statement is just as true as the one with which you agree. We must find ways of getting on with Russia for we can not have another war.

I was not bothered by any suggestion of dis-
respect. Things like that have never bothered me, but I was troubled by what I thought was stupid politically. 1948 is no walk-over for the Democratic Party or for President Truman, and he needs some really astute and liberal politicians around him. California has been a State where Democratic liberals predominated. Of course, no one can tell what the Democrats or the Republicans will be in the next few years but it might be well for some really astute Democratic National Committee people to travel around this country in the course of the next few months.

I appreciate your taking the trouble to write me and I hope you realize that I have no personal feelings involved in any of the things which occurred in Los Angeles.

Very sincerely yours,
Dear Mr. Paulay:

Your letter of June 19th, while the Jackson Day dinner, arrived too late to be printed in The Advocate newspaper, still contained the President's doctrine that the document had not been adopted by the committee, but was simply sent out as a statement. I think you must realize that the questions asked in that document are asked of every one who lectures on the United Nations as, for instance, I have done.

The mistake that was made, from my point of view, was not in asking the questions, but in not having them answered by the administration speaker who was supposed to have been there. People are hungry for knowledge, they are confused, and uncertain and if we refuse to answer questions, they are bound to think that there are no answers. I am frank to say that I have asked the State Department many questions and ended by telling them that I was not satisfied with the answers.

I happen to know that the President's advisers are as responsible as he is and I also know that his intentions are the best in the world. I know he was loyal to my husband. However, when questions are uppermost in people's minds and we are supposed to be building a peace in the world, it is wise to have those questions answered.

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respect. Things like that have never bothered me, but I was troubled by what I thought was stupid politically. 1948 is no walk-over for the Democratic Party or for President Truman, and he needs some really astute and liberal politicians around him. California has been a State where Democratic voting predominated and seems likely to stay that way for many years. But it might be well for the General to have some astute Democratic National Committee men and women travel around this country in the next few months.

I appreciate your taking the trouble to write me and I hope you realize that I have no personal feelings involved in any of the things which occurred in Los Angeles.

Very sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
342 Madison Avenue
New York 17, New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Let me add my thanks to those that you have already received for your magnificent speech in Los Angeles. I sincerely mean it.

On the telephone, the morning of June 5th, you mentioned that you had the feeling that I disagreed with you on what you had to say with regard to Russia. I am attaching a newspaper clipping from the Los Angeles Examiner, quoting your remarks on Russia. I am in thorough accord and agreement with these views. I am truly pleased that we agree on this matter and so told members of the press who inquired.

I think it was unfortunate that on the occasion of the Jackson Day Dinner in Los Angeles such a controversial matter as criticism of the Truman Doctrine had to be brought up. I do not object to criticism of the Truman Doctrine or of any other doctrine. However, as you know, I was responsible for the Jackson Day Dinners throughout the United States for two years when your husband was President. At these dinners we never allowed official criticism of the Administration's policies or of the President.

President Truman, who at that time was Senator Truman, was the most popular speaker we had throughout the nation for these dinners. He spoke more frequently at these dinners than any other individual. To my personal knowledge he never failed to praise President Roosevelt and was never critical of his policies.

I thought I should make my position with you clear, as there was certainly no inclination on my part to show any disrespect for a great lady for whom I have always had nothing but admiration and affection. You have always had my highest esteem.

Respectfully yours,

Edwin W. Pauley

Enc.
Mrs. Roosevelt Here, Says
Russian Tactics Irritating

America's contribution to global affairs. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, who is chairman of the United Nations' Human Rights Commission, declared yesterday that Russian diplomacy is most irritating.

"I don't think Russia means to stand in the way of peace— for peace means as much to her as it does to us—but she will delay and haggle for what she considers her own interest," she said.

"We must convince them that it is one world and has to be one world. But it takes infinite patience to deal with them."

GREETED BY SON

Mrs. Roosevelt is here to address the Jackson Day Dinner tonight at the Biltmore Hotel.
Tribute to President Roosevelt

Sermon delivered by Father Thomas F. Burke, C.S.P.,
Pastor of Old St. Mary's, at the last two Masses on Sunday, April 15

Today the body of Franklin Delano Roosevelt is consigned to the earth. His soul has entered into the life beyond the grave. We pray that he may receive the pardon of God for any sins of which he has been guilty: we pray that he may be received into the company of heaven: we pray with the Church of God, "May perpetual light shine upon him and may he rest in peace."

Rarely have so many and such gracious tributes of praise been paid to any man as those which have come from all quarters of the globe in honor of our deceased President.

And why all this? What is the reason for these demonstrations of honor and praise? America herself gives the answer in the motto which she has adopted for her own.

In the early days of the Republic, and at the suggestion of George Washington, the motto "E pluribus unum" became a part of the great seal of the United States. Speaking most literally that motto, "Out of many, one," was most appropriate because out of the thirteen States one country had been formed.

That same motto has its special significance and its just application in connection with the tribute of honor that we pay our deceased President.

On the day of his first inauguration he faced a people disturbed, differing, distracted. They knew not what to do. They sought, and vainly sought, a cure for dire economic and industrial ills. Many, indeed, offered and suggested remedies, but these were as varied as the colors of the rainbow. There was no agreement among them as to the best way out of the maze of their difficulties. They were like sheep without a shepherd, or an army without its leader.

Fully alive to the situation and to the extreme need of the times, he appealed immediately to the diversified groups of the people, inhabiting an area of four million square miles. He appealed to all the different sections of the land, that, of necessity, had their local predominant interests. He appealed to the members of all political parties. A response was forthcoming. Out of the many he made one. He changed disorder and disorganization into unity. He infused his own courage into the whole nation. He transformed the face of the land.

A people downcast, almost hopeless, even chaotic in thought, once more stood erect, once more smiled in the light of the sun, once more walked shoulder to shoulder, united as never before, instinct with restored confidence, determined with unfailing courage.

It was a real triumph of the spirit, of the spirit of man that appealed to the spirit in man. It was a triumph of the sense of responsibility in one that called to the sense of responsibility in all. America was at her best, and truest to herself, when she rallied all her forces to the support of this man whom she had chosen as her leader and who had not failed her.

"Out of many" he has made us "one." It has been that passion for unity that has been manifested in the many phases and through the years of the life of Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

It has shown itself in his love of little children. No pictures reveal the happy spirit of the man as those taken in the company of children.

It has shown itself in his love of the afflicted in body seeking always to bring them alleviation and cure.

It has shown itself in his love of the laboring man that he might always find justice in life.

It has shown itself in his spirit of neighborliness that sought the good will of other nations and peoples.
It has shown itself in that vision of unity that he sought to make a reality between all the nations of the earth.

He sought that unity which is the fulfilment of the divine command, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."

Out of many he would make us one. He could do so because he was true to another motto adopted by America, one that has graced the coinage of our realm for the past eighty years: "In God we trust."

It was in obedience to the great necessity implied in this sentiment that before taking the oath of office Franklin Roosevelt went to his place of worship, to pray to the living God for guidance and strength.

There are some men indeed, and many of these call themselves philosophers, who would separate everything from everything else. They would separate economics, science, politics from all morality and from all religion. They would see no relationship between all these departments of thought and action. But in reality, all these things are essentially related in the life of the individual man, and they are equally essentially related in the life of the nation.

Man cannot live in a spiritual void. He cannot live on bread alone. He must have, besides, not only intellectual principles, but also moral standards. These standards must govern his political and economic relations no less than his private behavior. Such a moral order supposes the Maker of that order. The laws of that order suppose the Lawgiver. In a word, man's life, in its every phase, is dependent upon God. This is the great truth that we solemnly recognize and profess when we say: "In God we trust." What is a child without trust in its mother? What is a disciple without trust in his master? What is man without trust in God?

All that went on in the heart of Franklin Roosevelt as he prayed we do not know; but we do know that any man who submits his plan before the judgment-seat of God will be impelled to act honestly, wisely and bravely.

"In God we trust." With that confidence a reality in our civic lives our country cannot fail. With such reliance upon Divine Providence are we fully justified in holding aloft the standards of the Republic. For those standards stood Franklin Delano Roosevelt. In favor of those standards and in defense of them he speaks to us:

"Keep them on high, where the open air of honesty shall nourish them; keep them on high where the sun of truth shall warm them; keep them on high where Heaven may smile upon them; and beneath these standards will dwell a people dedicated to liberty, devoted to justice, and consecrated to honor; a people that reverence God, the guiding providence over all nations, and that respect the rights of their fellowmen: a people that do not blind themselves to the evils that exist, but seek their alleviation and their cure; a people that call forth the admiration of all, not because they lead the world in commercial prosperity, not because they are possessed of a great amount of wealth, not because they muster a great army and navy, but because they are a nation of men, high-minded men; men who their duty know, and know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain."

Such a man was our chosen leader. We are fully warranted in paying him a poet's tribute to another: He was

"One who never turned his back
But marched breast-forward; never doubted
Clouds would break; never dreamed
Though right were worsted, wrong would triumph:
Held we fall to rise, are baffled
To fight better, sleep to wake."
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I wrote this poem about your husband, on April 12, and on May 12, I was writing the enclosed prose poem about my own.

The workers of this community say they've had two shocks since the war... the loss of Roosevelt and Henry Paull. Those were the two greatest shocks I ever had to. If I only guessed how you felt, now I know.

My deep love to you and your family.

Frances Paull
Our Captain—Lives!

-Dedicated to Franklin D. Roosevelt

They try to tell us that our captain sleeps,
They say he lies forever as he must
Empty and motionless, consumed in dust,
Our pilot's hands no longer at the wheel
Are folded, still and frozen on his breast
They say his restless spirit is at rest,
No longer do they speak his magic name.
The dead are dead... our captain sleeps, they say.
Now they are masters... and they curl their lip.
He is not dead! Our captain does not sleep!
He walks forgotten on his floundering ship.
He is not dead. Our captain does not sleep
Where once he stood erect and steered our course,
Challenged the ocean, tossed at the wind,
His dark cape flowing and his face on fire,
The lurching ship, unsteady on its keel
Has changed its course, and toward the setting sun
Crude reckless hands now fumble at the wheel
That twists and turns with neither sense nor form.
The thunder rolls, the breakers pound and toss
And he... he walks forgotten in the storm.

Captain! beloved captain! can you see
The ship you loved is headed for its doom?
Your course is changed! Your tender work undone!
While those whose voice was once so stern and proud
You sit forgotten in the gathering gloom.
Oh captain, tell your longing people why!
Speak, captain, from the hearts of countless men
Where you live on, where you must never die!

Speak for your captain, you who hold him dear!
Or you shall meet the grisly face of fear.
And no one but the rocks shall hear your cries!
Speak, or your children atomized to dust!
Speak or the future shambles of your towns
Shall mock at you with empty, gaping eyes!

Where are you, breadline soldiers
Hunger marching men?
From Hoovervilles of 1929?
Have you forgotten jabs of bayonets
You veterans of the blood soaked picket line?
Have you so soon forgotten him who said
You have the right to eat, the right to live?
These men who tell you that your captain's dead
Prepare to feed you lies instead of bread!
Then speak! Speak up for him! Reject their lies!
Speak and your captain lives
Be silent and he dies!

Speak, and demand his blueprints be restored
The blueprints of that bright and shining world
Toward which he proudly piloted our ship.
Speak, and demand they sheath the naked sword
Where flags of every nation were unfurled!
Turn back the ship upon our captain's course!
Give us the future that we thought we won!
Give back our hope and turn us toward the sun!

Speak for your captain! Raise your voices high!
He is not dead! Our captain shall not die!
Farewell, Warrior—

To My Husband, Henry Paul, Labor Attorney

The gulls are flying back home from the south. The ducks and the bell divers are running themselves on the great un-salted sea beside our house. Across the quiet water the long boats pass loaded with ore, and spring is creeping, green and tender on the hills. But you are dead.

No more to share this boundless beauty. I sit with empty hands and contemplate my emptiness.

I sit today in emptiness and mourning you in the presence of your friends: the people, the people of the mines, of the factories, of the lumber camps, of little stores and humble shops, of scruff farms and faded offices everywhere throughout this wide good region of the Arrowhead.

If I could tell you how they mourned you, I would not believe me. Or you would weep with joy at the sweet and terrible magic of a thing called "wail". I would tell you how they came to pay their last respects to you . . . how they came in hundreds . . . men and women and children of all creeds, all colors, all nationalities from all walks of life.

I would tell you of the farm woman who apologized for her poor soiled clothes because she came directly from the barn and fields where she heard the terrible news. I would tell you of the Indian who stood with his face frozen in sorrow. I would tell you of the Catholics who counted their rosaries. I would tell you of the woman on Calvary Road holding a crippled child on crutches by the hand and weeping bitterly as your procession passed on to the grave.

I would tell you the thing that touched me most . . . a shabby railroad worker, who stood bareheaded, with his hat upon his heart, as the long line of cars went by, as one would stand at the hearing of the national anthem. I would tell you this and you would say, "What good, what goodness, what sweetness, what gratitude is in the human race?"

Why do I call you "warrior" . . . you who were so tender you could not even hate your enemies. Never has any man so hated injustice, ignorance, viciousness and greed, and yet often as I layed you for your gentleness and tried to whisper into your anger, you did not have it in you to hate the unjust, the ignorant, the vicious and the greedy. You hated vice and fought it with valiant courage, but you could not hate the vile, made so by the circumstances of their lives.

As I wept over the cold corpse, I understood why the dished mutes your love was the only sound in the world.

Oh, how humble were your beginnings! A bedridden newboy, neglected child of struggling immigrants, a member of that vast army so little publicized, "Jews without money." Hopeful and pitiful people who came to the promised land to escape the persecution of the Czar. And the pity for them that was born in you as you trudged the dusty city streets to earn a few pennies for your mother, grew into a great pity for all the "little people," no matter what their race, their color or their beginnings.

Beloved warrior! I remember the time you were called to Sinneton, South Dakota, by farmers whose farms were being foreclosed in the depths of the depression. Farms which had been tilled by their people for generations cut through by the pioneers. You were sick that day when you boarded the train. Your face was the color of ash. But you answered the summons of men and women about to be dispossessed. And when you returned, I have never seen you, either before or since, so glowing with happiness.

Irene, you said, "we saved their farms. We moved them back into their homes. You should see these people . . . you should have seen them in that courtroom fighting for their land. It was they who really won that case, not I. Irene, I have never experienced such satisfaction and happiness in my entire life."

So, I turned to you today, farmers of Sinneton, and say, "thank you, my friends, thank you for being of such splendid stuff that you gave him the happiest moment of his life."

I remember you in Manning, Michigan, when the lumber barons of Cleveland Cliffs, Henry Ford and General Motors, incited the people against the lumberjacks so that they beat four humble men to pulp and left them to crawl into the town of Manning. You, Sam Davis and I, visited the wounded lying like injured dogs on the floor of strike headquarters. And as you asked me, "Why did you do this to us, sister?" We only asked to live like men and not like pigs. We only protested against a wage of $14 to $30 a month, against drinking infected ditch water and sleeping on hay with bedbugs and lice crawling over our bodies. Why did we protest against a mob to beat us . . . we are the men who cleared the land upon which the town of Manning was built!"

And I remember the next day how a Lynch mob gathered around us. Yes, I remember the feeling of being closed in by a mob gone mad with hysteria, how much it feels like being cornered defenseless by a crowd of the criminally insane. And how the prosecuting attorney and the sheriff led the mob. How these men stood tall and white-faced, and looking so much like our common ancestor, a man called "Jesus."

And how they snarled, "We'll get you. Jew b—. We'll get you, dirty kike."

Oh, how many battles I could recall. Carbondale, Azle Maryhill, Minneapolis. But the scar you got in Ironwood was our badge of honor. Sometimes when you felt that bear smell your nose would glow like fire and I would say, "Our badge of honor in glowing on your face."

Yes, that was our ordeal, our baptism of fire that admitted us forever into the ranks of the working class.

Beloved warrior! Sometimes I would try to spare your health and I would snap at the people who came to you for help and used up your fading strength and you would say gently and without reproach, "Irene, be patient with them."

My buddy has fallen beside me in the thick of battle. I stumble on, blinded with tears. My heart is broken, but there is no time for that. The hill must be taken. Objective: progress. Objective: the brotherhood of man. Objective: a world where not a few, not the privileged, not the rich, but all the little people of this world can enjoy the warm rich bounty of their mother earth. I stumble on, repeating again and again the words we framed and hung upon our wall to guide our children:

"They are slaves who fear to speak
For the fallen and the weak
They are slaves who dare not choose
Hatred, scoffing and abuse.
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they need must think
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right . . .

And out of my eager youth come words of a poem I paraphrased as comfort in my maturity: "Empty and dark do I raise my lantern . . . but the people, the people shall fill it with oil, and they shall light it also."

By

Irene Paul

York, 18, N. Y. For the new summer FASHION book, 52 pages of style, sales and fashion news for every woman who reads, send as additional 25c.—Federated Form Patterns.
To Henry Paul

By Rabbi
William B. Silverman

The tribute paid Henry Paul, beloved
attorney, by Rabbi William B. Silver-
man at the funeral services on May 8
as been praised by those who were able
to attend. He was a man of deep and per-
sonal grief. There are some things were
never meant to be expressed, only felt and
experienced in the solitude of deep and
personal grief.

We think of the brevity of his life ... 44
years. The poet said that life is not
measured by years of a calendar, nor by
the ticking of a clock, but by heart throbs ...
and if we measure the life of Henry Paul
by heart throbs ... a heart that
opened in compassion to all, a heart that
beat in sympathy with the oppressed ... a
heart that clamored for justice ... then
Henry Paul experienced the fullness of a
long life. We say with Markham:
And when he fell in whirlwind, he
grew down
As when a kindly cedar, green with
corns,
Goes down with a great shout upon
the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against
the sky.

He fell in whirlwind, and he went down
as a kindly cedar fails. He died as he
lived: no hesitation, no indecision, no ling-
ering doubt, no protracted waiting. He
was a man of action, of ardent convic-
tions, but more than anything else, Henry
Paul was a free man. He could not toler-
ate slavery or any form ... political,
economic, social slavery ... and perhaps
that is why he loved the poetry of Russell
so dearly. It expresses the theme of his
life with poetic eloquence and truth:
They are slaves who fear to speak for
the fallen and the weak,
They are slaves who dare not choose
hatred, suffering and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink from
the truth they need must think.
They are slaves who dare not be in
the right with two or three.

We pay tribute to a free man, my
friends. No slave was he to bigotry, oppres-
sion or fear. He spoke forth bravely
The verse: “And these are the genera-
tions of man.” He loved all the people, rich
and poor, white and colored, the educated
and the uneducated. They were all honored
guests in his home. He loved all mankind
without discrimination, without
prejudice ... and his loving heart ac-
cepted every type, every creed, every na-
tionality, every religion, every color. God
who is merciful and loving and patient,
the God who lifts up the fallen, who
raises up those who are bowed down
must surely have rejoiced in the life of
Henry Paul.

He wouldn’t want you, his family and
his friends to weep for him. He would
want no monument of tears. He would ask
you to build for him a living monument.
Not to cry for him, but to work for the
ideals and objectives that motivated him
throughout his life. We can’t bring him
back to life, but we can bring his ideal
into reality.

Time will heal ... there will always be
a scar. Look upon that scar, not as a
mark of sorrow, but as the badge of glory.
Be proud of your husband; rejoice in
such a father; exalt in the privilege of
calling such a man your friend.

Subpoenaed by the Divine, he answered
the summons. Now perhaps he is in
another court room, and I can visualize
Henry Paul beseeching God and the
Heavenly hosts, not for himself, but for
others, imploring: “Be patient, God, with
the little people: O, ye Heavenly
hosts, be free. Be free O ye angels, for
they are slaves who fear to speak for
the fallen and the weak. He is free now in
death as he was in life. His body is at
rest, but his soul lives on, soaring forever
on the wings of justice. And wherever
men speak for justice and righteousness,
for truth ... Henry Paul will be with
them, aiding and encouraging them, say-
ing: They are slaves who fear to speak
for the fallen and the weak. May the
name of Henry Paul ever be a loving
benediction on our lips. Amen.”
THE UNDER SECRETARY OF STATE  
WASHINGTON  
May 1, 1947  

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:  

I have received your letter of April 14 transmitting a communication from Mr. Roger Paupe requesting information concerning the possibility of governmental assistance being furnished for the return to France of American aviators rescued in that country during the war.  

I regret that there are no funds available to the State Department for such use, nor do I know of any such program being contemplated.  

Informal inquiries made of the War Department reveal that no program of this nature is being considered by that Department.  

I am returning herewith Mr. Paupe's letter.  

Sincerely yours,  

[Signature]  
Under Secretary of State  

Enclosure:  
Letter  

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt  
Apartment Six A  
29 Washington Square West  
New York 11, New York
Madame

Je ne sais comment m'excuser de prendre la liberté de vous écrire, je l'aurais fait au Président si hélas il était encore là.

Voici Madame le motif de cette lettre:
Pendant la guerre j'étais dans la résistance et j'ai eu le plaisir d'héberger chez moi plusieurs de vos jeunes aviateurs dont nous avons gardé ma femme et moi un très bon souvenir et l'un d'eux est resté avec nous près de deux mois, le passage à la frontière Espagnole étant à ce moment très difficile et nous avons la grande satisfaction de correspondre avec lui car il ne nous à pas oublié et aussitôt rentré en Amérique lui et sa famille nous ont écrit pour nous prouver leur reconnaissance.

Malheureusement pour les autres, j'ai été arrêté par la gestapo et enfermé près de deux mois au fort Montluc à Lyon et ma femme par prudence avait brulé toutes les choses compromettantes y compris les noms des autres aviateurs.

Je viens donc vous demander Madame si votre gouvernement fera quelque chose pour aider ces jeunes gens à revoir la France? ma femme et moi serions si heureux de revoir celui que nous avons gardé si longtemps car je crainles que sa situation ne lui permette
pas de faire ce grand voyage avec sa jeune femme.

Je vous donne son nom et adresse et si vous pouvez quelque chose pour ce voyage sachez que vous rendriez très heureux un ménage de Français qui n'a que de très bons souvenirs et une grande sympathie pour toute cette belle jeunesse qui savait si bien risquer leur vie pour notre pays.

Merci Madame de tout cœur de ce que vous pourrez faire et je vous prie d'accepter avec mes hommages respectueux mes excuses pour la liberté que j'ai prise de vous écrire.

Voici l'adresse de cet aviateur:
Mr Willard FREEMAN
543 Palisade Avenue
Jersey-City.