Pau

PAULEY E.

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 occured in Los Angeles.

Very sincerely yours,

Pauley, E.

Dear Mr. Pauley:

Your letter of June 9th, [illegible] while the Jackson Day dinner might not be an appropriate occasion to [illegible] the President's doctrine, [illegible] ment had not been adopted by [illegible] mittee, but was simply sent [illegible] tion. 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.

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Very sincerely yours,

Enc.

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

EDWIN W. PAULEY
756 SOUTH BROADWAY
LOS ANGELES 14

June 9, 1947

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

Edwin W. Pauley.

Enc.

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

BE PATIENT!—Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt here to speak at Jackson Day Dinner so advises in dealing with Russia. She characterized Russian diplomacy as "most irritating."
—Los Angeles Examiner photo.

Mrs. Roosevelt Here, Says Russian Tactics Irritating

America's contribution to global security, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt said here yesterday, is "to make Russia realize she can't win the peace by obstruction and infiltration of our labor institutions."

Mrs. Roosevelt, who is chairman of the United Nations' Human Rights Commission, declared 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 Bowl.

James Roosevelt, she took a dim view of a third party's prospects "whether headed by Wallace or anyone else.

"We've had many third parties in the United States," she declared, "but all they ever accomplished was to weaken one of the other parties or both."

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

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 mottos 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.

[Paulist

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."

MINNESOTA LABOR
724 FOURTH AVENUE SOUTH
MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINNESOTA

OFFICIAL WEEKLY
PUBLICATION OF
MINNESOTA STATE
CIO COUNCIL

Library
Thank
sympathy in
your loss

1716 London Road
Duluth, Minn.

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 working people 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 too. If I only guessed how you felt, now I know.

My deep love to you and your family.

Irene Paull

Our Captain—Lives!

by
IRENE PAULL

• 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, jested 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 you 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!

A TRIBUTE TO

HENRY PAULL

OUR FRIEND AND COUNSELOR

•

He was devoted to the common man. He was no fair-weather friend of Labor's, but in our time of difficulty he devoted his energy and his brilliant mind to the protection of our rights and the advancement of our interests.

His broad humanity drew a circle that embraced all men in his understanding and sympathy. He gave generously of himself as though the well-spring of his physical and mental powers were inexhaustible. The ill health that ruled him did not make him spare himself.

To the Bar, he furnished evidence that the law could be the servant of men. He secured interpretation by the courts that gave dignity and protection to the humblest individual in Labor's ranks.

He valued the affection and trust of those thousands of men and women he served so well—more than the world's goods. He was generous to a fault.

Henry Paull was a credit to his race and to the community he loved and grew up in. He illustrated in his life those democratic ideals of our country he so ably sought to secure and to advance.

When we think of him tomorrow and in the years ahead, we shall take heart, remembering his ever-genial courage and his indomitable faith in the people of this country.

•

THE DULUTH INDUSTRIAL UNION COUNCIL, CIO

USA Local 1028

Paull's Name Linked With Building Union

By RONALD CARLSON
Recording Secretary

Duluth—The members of Local

job earnings, shorter grievance procedure for safety grievances, more reporting time, and etc.

The Local Union's baseball team

ing of employes ... their training, upgrading, promotion, trans-

... will not stand for a worker being discriminated against because he happens to be

... this means fighting for that will help make a better life for all.

Love,

—MOTHER.

...agit try this trick. ...ost them, damp, in a towel, then in wax paper. Put them in your refrigerator to cool thoroughly. You'll find them much more docile.

York 19, N. Y. For the new summer FASHION book, 52 pages of style, color and fashion news for every woman who sews, send an additional 25c.—Federated Press Pattern.

Farewell, Warrior—

By Irene Paull

• To My Husband, Henry Paull, Labor Attorney

The gulls are flying back home from the south. The ducks and the hell divers are sunning themselves on the great unsalted 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 scrub farms and faded offices everywhere throughout this wide good region of the Arrowhead.

If I could tell you how they mourned you, you would not believe me. Or you would weep with joy at the sweet and terrible majesty of a thing called "man". 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 barns and fields when 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 Negro woman who wept on your coffin and could not be comforted. 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 have I done that I should merit this? Oh 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 flayed you for your gentleness and tried to whip you into anger, you did not have it in you to hate the unjust, the ignorant, the vicious and the greedy. You hated vileness and fought it with relentless courage, but you could not hate the vile, made so by the circumstances of their lives.

Oh, how humble were your beginnings! A bedraggled newsboy, 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 Sisseton, 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, farms cut through by the pioneers. You were sick that day when you boarded the train. Your face was the color of ashes. 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 have seen those 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 turn to you today, farmers of Sisseton, 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 Munising, 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 Munising. You, Sam Davis and I, visited the wounded lying like injured dogs on the floor of strike headquarters. And how they asked me, "Why did they 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 infested ditch water and sleeping on hay with bedbugs and lice crawling over our bodies. Why did women and children join the mob to beat us . . . we are the men who cleared the land upon which the town of Munising 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 mean and puny around you as you 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, you dirty kike.

You're the one who defended Communists in this town four years ago. We didn't forget."

We stood there, waiting, the mob indecisive, clasping their iron pipes and clubs in white knuckled fists. I leaned over and picked up a puppy from the arms of a little boy who was part of the mob. I stroked its head and calmed my nerves by the comfort of the dog's eyes which were so much warmer, so much more compassionate than the eyes of these, my fellow men. And somehow my presence broke their spirit. They were not prepared to lynch a woman . . . so they said later. And, so you were spared.

I remember that terrible day in Ironwood when a crippled lumberjack hobbled into my hotel room to tell me, "Hank's been kidnapped" And the long centuries of waiting and suffering before I found you lying on a dirty bed in a cheap hotel in Hurley, your clothes torn and your face covered with blood. You told us then how you had defended yourself against your assailants . . . you with your giant strength, your powerful arms, your swift trained movements of an athlete. How they had dumped you, bleeding, in the dust of the highway.

Oh, how many battles I could recall! Crandon! Laona! Markham! Minneapolis!

But 'the scar you got in Ironwood was our badge of honor. Sometimes when you felt ill that scar across your nose would glow like fire and I would say, "Our badge of honor is 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 good 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 . . . with two, or three . . ."

And out of my eager youth come words of a poem I paraphrase to comfort me 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."

• • • To Henry Paull

By Rabbi
William B. Silverman

The tribute paid Henry Paull, beloved ...r attorney, by Rabbi William B. Silverman at the funeral services on May 6 ...as been praised by those who were able ...o crowd into the chapel in Duluth as a ...ue reflection of the character of the man ...those life was bound up with the labor and progressive movement.

Numerous requests have been made by those who could not hear the service and others for copies of Rabbi Silverman's eulogy. We publish it below in full. Additional copies can be obtained by writing to Minnesota labor.

* * *

We are assembled to pay homage to the memory of a beloved husband, an adored father, a loving relative, a devoted friend and fellow-worker.

Medicine has offered many miraculous and wonderful drugs—sulfa, penicilin ... but it has yet to offer a healing balm for the pain of separation and the anguish of grief. No surgery can mend or completely repair the jagged edges and the ravishes of a broken heart.

At this time, we turn to our faith to seek for comfort, and we are assured that our dear friend is at rest, "he sleeps peacefully in his resting place."

We want to protest and ask: Why? Why must this be? One so young, so dynamic, so useful . . . must pass from the world of the living. There is no answer to our protests, there is no answer to our question. For with all our vaunted intelligence and our power, there are so many things that we cannot understand. We are confused and humble before the mystery of the great unknown.

* * *

It is not for me to recount the story of the life of Henry Paull, nor to review the wealth of accomplishments that he stored up as treasures of righteousness. You know as well as I the inestimable loss our community has suffered. I have neither the gifts of speech nor the eloquence to fully express the feelings that we all experience this afternoon: the hurt that clamors for expression, the bewilderment and confusion of soul. 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 Paull experienced the fullness of a long life. We say with Markham:

And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar, green with bows,
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 kingly cedar falls. He died as he lived: no hesitation, no indecision, no lingering doubt, no protracted waiting. He was a man of action, of ardent convictions, but more than anything else, Henry Paull was a free man. He could not tolerate slavery in any form . . . political, economic, social slavery . . . and perhaps that is why he loved the poem by 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 needs 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, oppression or fear. He spoke forth bravely, courageously for the fallen and the weak. Rather than be wrong with the majority, he chose to be right with the minority, with two or three. Should that be criticized or lauded. Elisha left his plow to go forth to his prophetic mission. David was a working man. The sanctity of labor has been an intrinsic exalted ideal of the Jewish faith.

He was called a radical. If we interpret radical according to its generic term, meaning to get at the root of, then, yes, Henry Paull was a radical. He sought to get at the root of injustice, of bigotry, of exploitation. If he was a radical so was another counselor of law: Moses was a radical, too, as he set forth the revolutionary doctrine of world morality.

Amos was radical who had the courage to defy the priests at Beth-El saying: "Let justice roll as the waters and righteousness as a mighty stream."

A Jeremiah was a radical . . . physically assaulted, placed in a dungeon . . . as this man was assaulted in Ironwood, Michigan, as he spoke words of truth and prophetic protest.

Isaiah was a radical too, who cried out: Is this the fast that I have chosen, to put on sackcloth and ashes. Is this not the fast that I have chosen: to feed the hungry, to cloth the naked, and to release the prisoners from their cells.

Henry Paull spoke for the weak, the oppressed, the exploited, the homeless. And if that isn't being a religious man, then the prophet Micha wasn't religious either when he said: "What doth the Lord require of thee, O Man, but to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God."

He used to say to his wife: "Be patient with the little people." And he was patient. A Moses was known for his exceeding modesty. The greatest tribute paid to Hillel, a great Rabbi in Israel, was to call him the patient Hillel.

* * *

If Henry Paull could have selected his own funeral text, he might have selected the verse: "And these are the generations of man." He loved all the people, rich and poor, white and colored, the educated the unschooled. They were all honored guests in his home. He loved all mankind without discrimination, without prejudice . . . and his loving heart accepted every type, every creed, every nationality, every religion, every color. God who is merciful and loving and patient, the God who lifts up the fallen, who raiseth up those who are bowed down must surel have rejoiced in the life of Henry Paull.

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 Paull beseeching God and the Heavenly hosts, not for himself, but for others, imploring: Be patient, God, with the little people; And 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 Paull will be with them, aiding and encouraging them, saying: They are slaves who fear to speak for the fallen and the weak. May the name of Henry Paull ever be a loving benediction on our lips. Amen.

Sprucing Up Your Bathing Suit?

It's a

Eleanor Roosevelt To Speak In Duluth

Paupe

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,

Dean Acheson

Under Secretary of State

Write Kur to Mr. Paupe

Enclosure:
Letter

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

ORIGINAL RETIRED FOR PRESERVATION

ROGER PAUPE

Lyon le 13 Mars 1947

Madame Franklin ROOSEVELT
Washington

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 trés bon souvenir et l'un d'eux est resté avec nous prés de deux mois, le passage à la frontière Espagnole étant à ce moment trés difficile et nous avons la grande satisfaction de correspondre avec lui car il ne nous à pas oublié et aussitot 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 prés 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 revevoir celui que nous avons gardé si longtemps car je crainds que sa situation ne lui permette

85, AVENUE DE SAXE
LYON
TEL MONCEY 83 84

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 trés heureux un ménage de Français qui n'a que de trés 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 coeur de ce que vous pourrez faire et je vous prie d'accepter avec mes hommages respectueux mes excuses pour la liberté que j'ai pris de vous écrire.

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