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Franklin Delano Roosevelt
had no equal as a leader
and his passing brought more
sorrow throughout the world
than any man who ever
lived.

To me you have stood out
as one of our greatest women.
"If you ask me" has always
been my favorite in the
Ladies Home Journal.

Sincerely,

(Miss) Mary B. Pickett
111 1/2 St. Highland Ave,
St. E
Atlanta,
Ga

August 7, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Washington, D.C.
My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I do not believe
this country will ever have
another leader with as much
foresight as your husband.
Our people are a peace loving
people, but we will never
have peace unless the United
States is made the greatest
military force in the world,
not to fight but to bring fear
into the hearts of nations like
Russia. To send billions to
any other country to save
it from communism is just
wasting our money. It is better
to spend it to make this
country the greatest military
power. Then only will there
be peace

Pickett

2 East 129th Street
New York 35, New York
June 14th, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park
New York

In homage to your illustrious
husband and his work, and your own great
contribution to the Cause of Humanity
and Civilization-

Reginald Pierrepont
REGINALD PIERREPONT

Thoughts Inspired by a Visit to the Birthplace of Franklin Delano Roosevelt

from the

"BARBADOS OBSERVER", BRIDGETOWN, BARBADOS, B. W. I.



Last Sunday we made a long overdue pilgrimage to Hyde Park — the birthplace of one of America's immortals. Hyde Park is snugly tucked away among the hills of Dutchess County and overlooking the Hudson River. We had read much about it, seen it in pictures and news reels, but nothing, however graphic, will ever fully convey the scenic beauty, and tranquility of its surroundings.

It is now a shrine, run by the United States Department of the Interior, and a part of the National Parks Administration. It is open to the public every day except Monday. Hundreds of thousands of people from all over the United States and many foreign countries have visited it. Last Sunday we observed people of nearly all the races and nationalities there. Among them were many West Indians.

We first visited the grave. It is in the center of about a quarter of an acre square. Shrubbery, about ten feet tall surrounds the square. Its tranquility almost overwhelms us. The flowers that looked like violets and the blanket of green grass around the simple white marble memorial symbolize the peace for which Franklin Roosevelt fought and died.

No religious inscription appears on the memorial. Franklin Delano Roosevelt and his philosophy were themselves a religion, that could not be constricted to the comparative smallness of any sect or creed.

He was as broad as humanity itself, and his creed will last as long as the hills of Dutchess County.

We next lined up with several hundred people and waited our turn to enter the house. Groups of about twenty or twenty-five were permitted to go in. When our time came, we felt a resurgence of a religious spirit, that has not been often awakened since our boyhood days.

The Hyde Park house remains just as Franklin Delano Roosevelt left it. No attempt has been made to over-dramatize it. Except for the simple white cards describing the rooms, pictures, furnishings, etc., of the house in which the great man lived, nothing seemed artificial.

We have often wondered at the forces that brought Franklin Roosevelt—great humanitarian, from an invalid's bed in this cradle of his birth, to lead this great nation through one of its darkest periods.

We can understand Washington's motives, Lincoln's motives and the motives of a dozen other great Americans, but Roosevelt still remains an enigma. We have listened to many speculations, some cynical, some in adoration, as of a Christ,

others couched in the stark nakedness of political realities and expediences. Now we were in his house among his hills, actually staring at his bed, his bathrobe, his slippers, his books, and all the little things that had been his.

We read every little white card in the many rooms, saw the one on the door of the elevator that took him down to the lower floor of his house. Franklin Delano Roosevelt could not walk down the stairs we had climbed up. That elevator that took him up and down is perhaps the most remarkable indication of the greatness of the courage of that great man.

We came out of the house to find our friend, Stanley Lowe, a Jamaican by birth, and perhaps one of the most realistic men we have ever known. He had been there before and had driven us up from New York City. While we waited for our wives, who were fascinated by the bedrooms, he remarked at the spiritual uplift one gets from being so close to one so good and great. We agreed we were on sacred ground.

We next went into the library—a large building specially built to house his many gifts, mementos, trophies and other belongings. A large collection of miniature ships of many periods was among them. There was his birth certificate, his wedding certificate, many school records and all the things dear enough for him to preserve. Now they were ours. This great man had left them to us, we comparatively creeping, crawling things that contaminate the face of the planet.

As we left the library and walked out into the warm sunshine. A fierce resolve welled up within us. There flashed across our mind, many of the vicious and disparaging things we have recently read about him. Our resolve is to continue to be a good and humble private in the ranks of that mighty army of the common people that Franklin Roosevelt led and loved.

We had been a soldier, and had seen much of the World when we came into Roosevelt's country. Our adult mind had not been conditioned by tradition to accept the usual school book and classroom record of things American. We learned the results of our thinking by experience, and when we saw this Nation rise to the heights of its material greatness, pause, stagger and collapse economically to the extent that one third of its population was in want, we knew that somewhere the evolution of its social, political and economic growth had been sabotaged.

We could point to dozens of Americans in high places, whose ambitions were the possession of

enough wealth to buy their way back to curtsy and kneel before the forces Washington had liquidated from his country. We also knew that the American system was too resilient for the constantly worsening conditions that prevailed; but where was the leader to put this great Nation back on the tracks of Jefferson and Lincoln? It was then that this great man came out of the tranquility of these hills and thundered to the World his great humanitarian philosophy.

We saw the Nation and its people pick themselves up, under Roosevelt's leadership, from the degradation of poverty amidst untold wealth. We saw him make decisions of such mighty import, that we wondered if one with such power, could forego the human temptation to become the dictator of dictators, but when we heard his voice on the radio, our confidence remained unshaken to the end.

When the malignant forces of Fascism and Nazism, that the rest of the World's powers had built up to safeguard their decadent systems, backfired in a menace to themselves, we saw Franklin Delano Roosevelt bring such divergent characters as Joseph Stalin and Winston Churchill together to fight that menace.

From an invalid's wheel chair, he mobilized and directed the power and character of this great country, into the most staggering military and naval forces the world has ever known, and went out and again saved the rotting edifices of the corrupt systems that had naturally generated the Fascist menace.

With Victory in sight, the end came to all that was mortal in Franklin Delano Roosevelt. Humanity paused on the battlefields of the World, in factories and fields to look heavenwards for understanding of the tragic meaning of the loss of that great man; but there can be no end to the forces of light he generated in the darkest moments of those dark days.

The leaves had not yet fallen from Hyde Park trees, before we discovered his great need at San Francisco. The first Winter's snow had scarcely melted on his grave, when that blunderbuss—whom the British peoples, should have greased and hung on the wall, until humanity had gone again insane and he could again erect himself, upon a mountain of skulls in a sea of blood, — blared out the seeds of another war at Fulton, Missouri. The echo now resounds from a decadent throne in Greece.

By the end of the first Spring, the vultures were again swarming over Roosevelt's country and again thrusting their filthy talons into its vitals. Today we see the results of the blood transfusion we have given them and their conspiracy of evil in Trieste, in Palestine, in Indonesia, in China and in a dozen other places.

From Stuttgart comes a theme that Hitler himself might have concocted. From Tokio comes the thunder of a Mikado of Mikados, but along Lenox and ten thousand Avenues all over the World, the people are muttering. Woe betide the fools who play with the lives of the people to insure their privileges and profits.

It is at times like these that we miss the re-

assuring voice that began with "My Friends". That voice has gone, but it has set standards of Justice that can never die. And because of those standards, we asked our companions on the ride back from the shrine of Franklin Delano Roosevelt, what would we do if any power dared come into Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Columbia, the West Indies or any other place around us and tried to pressure us into doing their bidding? Their reply was naturally based on Roosevelt's standards of justice. But we are only the people.

The startling statement bellowed by a naval "Bull" that: "We go where we are damned pleased", and the carving of the name of that great humanitarian, on the blade of the very dagger we would thrust into the vitals of Peace in the Mediterranean, remain a threat to the dignity of the common people the World over.

Roosevelt is dead. We saw him dying in the torrents of rain that poured down on Seventh Avenue in Harlem, when he sought to show us that the information that the kept-women of privilege and profit, had blared from their front pages was untrue. Today the harlots of a so-called free press and radio, still continue to drown out the voices of reason, but the people have not forgotten. Thousands still wend their way to the Mecca at Hyde Park, to again quench their thirsty souls in that atmosphere of Peace and Tranquility where Franklin Delano Roosevelt rests.

We dare the forces of evil to disturb that Peace by another conflict. The wrath of the World's common people will obliterate them and theirs from the face of the planet.

Reginald Pierreponte

