

SMITH Eto H

Daytona Beach Seabreeze High School  
DAYTONA BEACH, FLORIDA

F. SMITH

Forward  
KK

OFFICE OF THE PRINCIPAL

JDR

January 13, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt  
4, Ladies Home Journal  
Curtis Publishing Co.,  
Independence Square  
Philadelphia 5, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I am enclosing an editorial which appeared in our local daily paper January 6. It was written by Herbert M. Davidson, editor.

I am just a teacher of high school journalism but, in my opinion, it is very well written and I felt certain you would enjoy reading it.

Cordially yours,

Frances D. Smith

Jan. 6, 1947

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**Daytona Beach Evening News**

NEWS-JOURNAL CORP., OWNER  
Julius Davidson, Publisher  
Herbert M. Davidson, Editor



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Morning and Sunday, 30 Cents  
Weekly, 1.30 monthly. All three combined, 45 Cents  
Weekly, 1.95 monthly. Longer periods, on same basis.

~~PAT ON THE BACK~~

~~To the Ministerial Association for their plea that we don't make Daytona Beach a honky-tonk town.~~

JOTTINGS FROM AN EDITOR'S DIARY

Jan. 6—The other night I saw a film at the Empire theater that showed excerpts from newsreels covering important events of the past 20 years.

And like the theme of a symphony, his face and his voice ran through it. There he was at his first inauguration; there he was meeting with Churchill in mid-Atlantic; at Yalta; addressing newsreel men. Once again that well-modulated voice, known in every household in the U. S. A., formed never-to-be-forgotten phrases, and one recalled "the only thing that we need fear is fear itself;" "the Rhine is our frontier;" "one third of the nation ill-fed, ill-clothed, and ill-housed;" "the South is our No. 1 Economic problem;" "they even attack my little dog, Fala."

The voice was always the same, but the face changed. The lines grew deeper and deeper as time went on. The familiar mole on the left cheek stood out more and more prominently. The fire still burned behind the eyes, but the pallor grew and under the eyes were the distinctive hollows that marked the approaching end.

It was like meeting a friend one has not seen for a long time. It was not like a restoration from the dead. It was just as though Warm Springs had never happened

though Warm Springs had never happened and we the people had our champion again.

It was good to know, in spite of the world's travail and the desperate need for him, that we live in a civilization in which he could have had leadership, in which he could have been four times elected President of the U.S.A.

It presages other such leadership in the future. It spells promise for progress in the direction of those things for which he stood, those much misunderstood and misinterpreted things which after all only mean that the law of commonsense and the rule of brotherly love shall replace the law of the jungle in the dealings of men with men.

I thought of the way he was misunderstood, misjudged, and abused during his lifetime. Of the stories they told about him in pullman smokers, in the locker rooms of country clubs, and in the marts of trade. Of the traveling salesmen who sought to curry favor with customers by showing them printed obscene verses about "that man in the White House," showing them in the same spirit in which returned travelers once were wont to exhibit obscene photographs bought in the alleys of Montmartre. Of the whispers that the President's crippled foot was not the result of infantile paralysis as generally believed, but of you know what — and for the same reason his brain was softening. Of the vile stories that sought to attack him by smearing his family and especially that noblest of American women, his wife; damnable lies about "subversive activities" and "Eleanor clubs" in which Negro housemaids banded together in a conspiracy to embarrass housewives.

Oh, those things are best forgot, perhaps, but they flashed through my mind as his face flashed on the screen. I know they will be forgotten completely as time goes on and that he will take his real position in history — that of the Second Emancipator; the man who sought to free men from economic bondage as a great predecessor in the White House had freed them

G. Smith

Thank  
February

5234 Mission Woods Rd.  
Kansas City, Kansas  
January 6, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt  
Hyde Park, New York

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

As it nears the time for the  
"March of Dimes", my thoughts again go to the  
one who gave the idea birth.

A short time before the death of  
Mr. Roosevelt, during our yearly epidemic of  
polio here in Kansas City, it occurred to me that  
he should be a great inspiration to those who  
realized they must face life with a handicap.  
I began a poem which was laid aside and not  
finished until shortly after his death.

I hesitated to send it to you,  
being familiar with the beautiful prose that you  
write, but feeling that you would appreciate the  
thought, I finally decided to pass it on to you.

May the New Year have many good things  
in store for you.

Sincerely,

Georgia Tucker Smith

### NO HANDICAP

It was but yesterday, my son,  
You ran and skipped and played,  
Built a fortress, fought and marched--  
A soldier on parade;  
Today your fortress is a bed--  
Your world is still and white,  
But patiently, courageously,  
You still must build and fight

Build a fortress that keeps doubt  
And fear outside your door,  
Knowing, though your wings are clipped,  
Your spirit still can soar,  
Fight to keep your dreams untouched  
By handicap or pain,  
Knowing there's no limit  
To the heights you can attain

For once a man who bravely fought  
This same persistent foe  
Attained the highest honor  
Any nation can bestow,  
A man whose spirit never leaned  
Upon a cane or crutch,  
Who calmly, simply, did great things  
Yet kept the common touch

A man who reached his kindly hand  
Across a war-tossed sea  
Whose understanding heart helped shape  
The whole world's destiny  
A man whose honored name will live  
In history for all times--  
A President whose timeless step  
Still leads the "March of Dimes".

Georgia Tucker Smith

5 Maryland Street,

Stratford,

London, E. 15.

ENGLAND.

30th March 1947.

To:- Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt,

Dear Lady,

Now that a sad anniversary is approaching, and I have been fortunate enough to form a poem that expresses tolerably something of what I feel, and perhaps that of many others, I feel it almost a duty to send it direct to you.

I am sure that millions of us ordinary people all over the world are aware that something of much more than an ordinary significance was being demonstrated for us, and for the benefit of future generations, in the partnership that prevailed in the White House during twelve difficult and dynamic years - that example will not fade whatever else may happen, and the true fruits of your joint labours on behalf of all humanity lie in the years ahead.

I consider it a wonderful privilege to think that I may have written something worthy, however slightly, of being forwarded to you - and that possibly it may reach you personally.

I Remain,

With deepest Respect,

Yours most Sincerely,

*Gilbert E. Smiths.*

Franklin Roosevelt.

---

We had not known the like of him before  
Whose presence could remind so of the sun  
Just glimpsed beyond a noble mountain-range  
Whence one might look to catch a ray sublime  
And when he spoke it seemed as if a wind  
Were lightly bearing down on sullen wastes  
Or rather like to high triumphant wave  
Surmounting every obstacle that's placed  
It's ways between by those who'd stem the sea.

A giant force drew breath from mortal frame  
When something in the heart made strange delight  
And warmed the spirits, as before a flame  
Of each who saw him once, or heard that voice  
Not knowing quite what wondrous arts  
Assisted his great task  
Or bade us lift our heads, and so rejoice -

The breeze now stilled, the sun withdrawn  
That wave shall break no more  
And we are left, to watch and mourn  
Upon this sullen shore.

.....

H. SMITH

March 9th.1947

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt  
Palace Hotel  
San Francisco California

Dear Madam:

I am inclosing you a " something " in which I have tried to express a thought concerning that great and noteworthy part your late distinguished partner and husband had in bringing to fruition the development of atomic force in the form of the A Bomb.

The writer has looked in vain for adequate recognition in print of those great services he has rendered to America and to the world which ended the "war" so to speak with a clap of thunder, and was the direct means of saving so many millions of lives both American and those of the enemy.

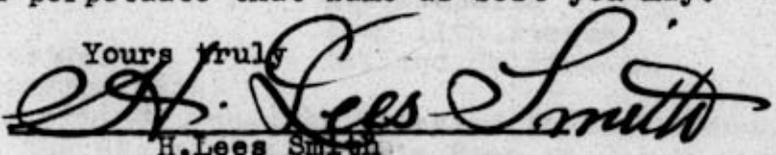
I have the honor therefor to dedicate this little <sup>unpublished</sup> /song-poem to Mr. Roosevelt, and present it to you-a humble and feeble memorial to that great man to do with as you may wish, trusting that should it ever be sung or recognized it may prove some small help in awakening the American public to the danger of permitting any or part of this great secret to fall into the hands of those who may some day prove unfriendly to the United States or inimical to its interests.

The credit of PUSHING TO COMPLETION the entire tremendous project is it appears to me justly due to your late illustrious husband: true he did not make the atom bomb but neither did Columbus who discovered America make the ship that carried him to its shores.

Some day let us hope there may be a Roosevelt Foundation or a Roosevelt Memorial commemorating this event and celebrating the greatest successful gamble of this or any other age ,that involved so much faith in God to undertake and entailed so much courage to complete.

I am sure that you believe in such a power <sup>of prayer</sup> /that it will cause the American people to regard the secrets of the atomic bomb as a sacred trust given by Almighty God to us in a time of our dire need:that you realize this and that the mantle of our great chief has fallen on our shoulders to keep that trust and perpetuate that name as best you may.

Yours truly



H. Lees Smith  
1549 11th. Avenue  
Oakland 6 California

AIL ON."

For the use of these inspired words of Columbus due credit must be given to the late Joaquin Miller who first immortalized them in verse.

(S)

ROOSEVELT'S PRAYER

1

"Soft golden sunsets paint our skies in flames of gilded light  
O'er mountain tops and wooded dell they kiss the star lit night:  
The morning breaks the roses bloom, I watch the rosy dawn  
Till borne upon the wings of prayer Columbus cries "sail on."

REFRAIN

"Sail on-sail on o'er land and air and wave,  
Sail on -sail on you bravest of the brave,  
For the earth that you are shaking is the history we are making  
And the hallelujah chorus of the Lord."

2

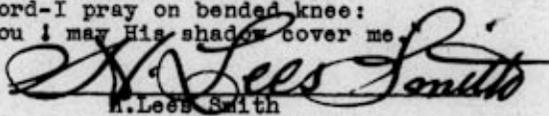
"Sail on sail on America for world peace to be won,  
For this I gambled billions and my name to build the bomb,  
It saved a million lives or more-- so use it for the Lord; (\*1)  
For peace on earth for those that hate-comes only through the sword (1)

3

"Sail on Sail on America the light of all the world,  
God give you love and mercy when the battle flags are furled,  
Till all the peoples of the world who suffer grief or wrong  
Will pray to share this "Promised Land" and cry "sail on sail on."

4

"Sail on sail on America and peace be your reward,  
Sail on sail on in mercy for the glory of the Lord,  
And grant Thy servants wisdom Lord-I pray on bended knee:  
With the peace of God I leave you I may His shadow cover me."

  
H. Lees Smith  
1549 11th Avenue  
Oakland, California

(\*1) Facts from the archives of the United States confirm this.

Former Secretary of War Stimson recently released through Harper's Magazine the fact that the use of the Atomic Bomb on Japan saved the lives of at least a million American soldiers in the planned invasion of that country with a force of 5,000,000, and undoubtedly a greater number of Japanese lives were spared by the immediate peace which the use of the Atomic Bomb brought about. It might be likened to a surgical operation that sacrifices a little to gain much.

The divinely inspired courage of Columbus who dared all cried "Sail on" and trusted God for the outcome has its analogy and counterpart 5 centuries later in the inspiration and faith of our great chief who brought to successful fruition (with the law of averages against him) the great atomic project which entailed such vast expense and produced such far reaching results.

Probably no nation except America would have either the means the courage or the man who with sublime faith in God sailed on like his predecessor, on an uncharted sea and succeeded. Roosevelt like Columbus is a man thrown upon the scene of the world's theatre with gaps of centuries between -to accomplish some great divine object, for it is reasonable to believe that in forty centuries nothing perhaps except the discovery of America by Columbus and its exploitation will exert so profound an influence on mankind and on the destiny of the world as the development of atomic or nuclear energy. Christopher Columbus sailed on and became immortal. Future generations may decide Franklin Delano Roosevelt has done more.

----- REQUIESCAT IN PACE.-----