"When Lilacs Last..."

F. D. R., April, 1945

O Time, bring not back your April days,
Nor hushed, their even-song;
No new refrain shall echo long upon our hearts,
But always your broken rhapsody alone.
Oh Heaven, did you think the gentle balm
Of spring soon summering
Would heal the loss we knew,
When you from our treasures took the most,
The great and noble, loved, revered, and hated here
With the deepest of our mortal passions spent?
And did you dream that we would soon forget?
Ah Heaven, love him well.

......

Why must it ever be that April nights
Are restless with portent unknown,
And discords wrung from dying hour
Of sullen haze, or black moonbeams shine
Relentless with a clarity
Not given other twilight times?
Then, as every April, moonlight hung
From a lonely brooding space,
Enveloping familiar haunts long loved,
Remembered landscapes with its secret doubt.
We slept. Why did you, Time, allow
The years and last of life away
Beyond our lightless eyes?
Ah, if ever, these last dark years were ours,
Wrought of defeat, agony, and many tears.
The perilous stormy Winter firmly ruled,
Now last reluctant to remain, renounced, his tyrant hold,
And Spring from her long retreat came forth.
It must surely be that Spring
Brought us there to the soft and mirthful hour
Where we dreamed of summer sun, and the sand
Beneignly golden, flowing at our feet.
We dreamed of a golden era too,
Brought courage to dream by the swift approach
Of Ruin in the West—
Of Liberation to the long oppressed.
Our brothers struggled; each with our prayers,
For this, the long and sunlit summertime;
Our brothers fell, and were mourned,
Each in the ways of men,
And now on a foreign strand are joined
With our common loss.

We were long but obedient young,
New to the feel of Spring,
In lassitude those first days bound us fast,
After the battles of wintering—
Time, in our youth, we never bore
The myriad griefs, fears, doubts, rebuffs,
Which he, our leader knew,
And never felt the ashen days descend,
--Not as he knew them--for all of us.
Out from our shores with Freedom's light
He sped to many an arduous hour, tough laws,
And many a rendezvous in flight;
His was a course for Destiny to chart,
While we, with the eager lips of children,
Fraised awhile, and turned again and rose.
To quiet thought. Inaction--vulture heard
When his bright sword was swinging in the field
To bring our brothers home--our tremulous faith;
And some, with the sudden whims of youth,
Spoke out in the petulant tongues of youth
Against him. O remember well,
For 't was ever thus:--echo back
Ever the valiant, did he scorn
The petty lashing spite and malice born
Of those who greatness see and would deny.
Time, in our sudden maturity,
Let us strive forth for our fallen dead,
The cares of a Nation wore our autumn days;
Upon him as the seas, as and roses blend,
Ever churning on the coast, as descend
And slowly etched their way.
He was the lover of the sea, or flung
Who, in days of respite, fêtes,
From the land sought peace of shield
In the turmoil of waters, joined bring the dark;
From the currents of the earth, yield
-- On the placid shimmering inland bays adrift,
Briefly the cares of statehood lulled. 
Back from the shiny glaze of Time,
We recall the lessening memories
Of laughter there on the White-House lawn,
The murmur beneath the porticos
There by the Hudson's shore,
While up from the garden, summer-loud,
Mingled the fragrance of lilac and rose.
We then in our childhood rapture heard
The silver tone in light or somber depths,
Which had before restored our tremulous faith.
Later we heard the weary and the pleading voice resound
Against Tyranny, and call for aid
To stem its giant tide,
Now flashing a vibrant echo back
Of years, no longer young.

Time, in our sudden maturity,
Let us strive forth for our fallen dead,
Achieving small grace for our autumn days,
The fragrance of lilac and roses blend,
While ever the timeless waves descend
Over the sea he loved.
He loved more bright laughter flung
Up at blue unthreatened skies,
And with valor welded the shield
Against the ones who strove to bring the dark;
He the one who never sought to yield
Upon the ground of Liberty.
His it was, compassionate heart,
Which ever beat toward sunlit years
For our posterity,
Ever winging from steel-braced pain,
From its mortality...
To the sun which even now concludes
Another span of endless hegira
Out of the April night.

begun July, 1945
and dedicated with affection to F.D.R. by one
of his admirers. We do not forget.

Jane Rathbun

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,
You have always done such wonderful work yourself in many fields, and you have many admirers all over the world, although in this country upon you probably spoken more from the “bathroom” than the facts.
Good luck to you always

From one of them,
Jane Rathbun
College Student
Christian Augustus Rauschenberg  
Atlanta, Georgia

Sept 24 1945

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I have wanted to write you a note of sympathy many times since April (being unknown to you, except for a passing moment when I met you with Mrs. Fiske at the Jewish Institute at ranger) I have hesitated, so at this late date I especially offer my sympathy, and those of others, I feel impelled to write you for goodness and charity toward such persons. I am enclosing a column written by one of our mutual friends, Ralph McGill, Atlanta Constitution. He was a great admirer of our late President, your husband. So was I.

I hope that you will soon hear safely home and that there will be a happy reunion. I, too, am looking forward to that great day.

Sincerely,

C.Rauschenberg

P.S. My carpenter just came in to tell you that I had no time to write you. She asked, 'please tell Mr. Roosevelt my best regards.' The too, heard you at the Jewish Institute twice. You are going to come...
Unpleasant Facts, Unsatisfactory Answers

Select service figures, public health figures, and our own county statistics show that Atlanta and Fulton have the highest incidence of venereal disease in the United States.

There is no way to escape the odium of that fact; no way to explain it away.

There it is.

The fact that the highest incidence is among Negroes explains only that the highest rate is among Negroes. It is not, as some seek to say, a Negro problem. There are thousands of others.

It is no good trying to excuse it. It is uncomfortable, but it is true.

It is no good, either, saying that it is not, largely, the result of professional prostitutes. Of course there are no more "districts." There has been any for a good many years. But it is wrong to look upon the modern professional prostitute as an "amateur." Ask the boys who have been trimmed by them whether they are amateurish or not. The modern professional has become professional in finding places in residential sections, in working hotels, trains, bus stations, railway stations, the cheaper eating and drinking joints, and so on. She is much more professional than her Detroit of those or four decades ago.

The fact that almost 150 professional prostitutes were tried in Atlanta's police courts this month, representing but a small fraction of those so engaged, is significant. The fact they were found in hotels, in rooming houses, and in bus stations, railway stations and so on, indicates the wide range of their professional activity.

Atlanta could benefit by a frank campaign such as Birmingham recently tried—and found successful.

Atlanta, and Fulton county, both showing the worst record in the nation, must do something.

So, Mr. Dewey Knew About the Code

It now is revealed that, among others, Thomas Dewey, Republican candidate for president, knew our intelligence had broken the Japanese code.

It seems we knew they would attack at about the time they did. This knowledge was shared by all our military leaders.

They did not think Japan would attack at Hawaii because of its great distance from the Japanese homeland.

We guessed wrong.

But, fate, which has a way of taking care of us, stepped in. Had we gone out to meet the Jap attack all agree the result would have been worse than Pearl Harbor.

The Republicans strain at goats. Somehow, in a sorrowful sort of way, they feel they ought to get back at that fellow Roosevelt. So they make themselves ridiculous.

Mr. Dewey knew about it. Mr. Dewey kept the secret.

Will someone give the Republicans another kick for another ride on the merry-go-round?

Don't Give Up About Your New Car

Detroit's labor trouble refuses to get bad.

Disturbing as it is, it has none of the revolutionary bitterness, none of the fierce bitterness which led in 1919-20 to killings, to a bomb explosion on Wall street, to two General strikes.

The United Automobile Workers, with small, independent factions able to thumb

dent of the UAW, is a candidate for mayor of Chicago and has an excellent chance to win. His chances will grow less if his own union demonstrates instability and lack of discipline.

Add to this the fact the men themselves were psychological de

THE ATLANTA CONSTITUTION . . . EDITORIAL PAGES
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1945
Ralph Mcgill, Editor
Ralph T. Jones, Associate Editor
Jack Tarver, Associate Editor

Ralph Mcgill
My text for today is from the book of John: "He that hateth..." Walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whether he goeth, because that darkness (of hatred) has blinded his eyes.

You think of that as you witness the bankruptcy of ideas and issues in the Republican party, and in those whose frustrated nostrils of Franklin D. Roosevelt seeks to go beyond the grave to injure him. Absolutely are they in darkness and knoweth not where they go. Obviously they are bankrupt of issues and of judgment.

The attack on Roosevelt's name and record reminds me of an illustration in one of Van Long's books—I think his "Japanese." He was trying to create something for the imagination to take hold to so that no one would be afraid to use the name Roosevelt. He said that the giant of that mountain of grime and that its achievements will last from generation to generation. It is just possible that when the histories are written in the centuries ahead that one or two of these carrion crows may be good for a footnote at the bottom of the page.

Tom Dewey Early in the war it became known that we had broken the Japanese code. It enabled us to win the battle of Midway. It is revealing to know the Japanese were planning in attack at all the time they did. Our entire staff knew it. They thought it would be a useful administrative attack.

That the Japanese would conceive the daring attack on faraway Hawaii was not imagined. That they would make the initial attack on the Philippines was not once entertained. Franklin Roosevelt was right by surprise there even after the attack at Pearl Harbor.

The facts are, according to the military staff, that God in his infinite wisdom let us get caught. Had we gone out against what was, at the time, the most powerful task force ever assembled in seafaring, we would have lost everything. They would have been in tow.

As it was our two carriers were saved and we were able to save other ships and to raise and rescue men and find them in anchor. But now comes the most curious, and yet revealing, illustration of Republican thinking yet presented—Mr. Dewey. Somewhere they still can't get over the four sound teachings they took from Franklin Roosevelt. Somehow they must get back at him.

So, they reveal that Tom Dewey knew we had broken the Japanese code and could have used it in the campaign in, they say, great advantage.

In the name of God, are they trying to say, what Dewey has not said, that Dewey deserves credit of all the secrets of his nation? Are they trying to try to deserve credit for not telling the Japanese what we knew, and thereby enabling them to change the code and thereby be better able to take American lives?

What kind of people is it that argues in this fashion? They would try to make it appear that because Roosevelt, as president, was commander in chief, he alone knew the secret. These are the same people who tried to get—and finally got from Douglas MacArthur and Dwight Eisenhower—a statement like President of the United States was not making decisions but was leaving the decisions up to them.

Now, they seek to say he should have known—the whole staff could not have guessed—that Pearl Harbor would be attacked.

The whole concept was of a ship and submarine attack. The daring task force attack by air, on far-distant Hawaii, simply was not considered.

But, somehow, they keep trying to find something with which to discredit the dead president.

But, to try and say that Dewey was a hero for keeping one of his country's secrets when he reveals that Dewey, by telling the American public, is the most twisted, tortured thinking ever revealed.

A great many people know about atomic energy plans and the progress being made on the atomic bomb. They did not tell. Cannot they find some Republican who knew of it? Undoubtedly, there must be several.

Why not then praise him for not telling the plans? Was not Roosevelt at fault somewhere? Cannot we determine he should have started work on the bomb ready by December 1, 1943.

They would not give him the navy he asked, nor the planes he asked, nor the army he asked. We saved selective service by one long vote a few days before all one of the pages.

That is the best illustration of the state of mind of Republican opposition—that it, give the reasoning of abolishing selective service a few days before Pearl Harbor.

It is an illustration of the state of mind of the public, assuredly we all were asleep.
Colored Division
Democratic National Committee of Maryland

Headquarters: YORK HOTEL, 1200 Madison Avenue
Baltimore 10, Maryland
1001 East Arlington Avenue
Wilson Park, Govans,
April 14, 1945

Dear Mrs. F.D. Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, N.Y.

The passing of President Roosevelt is our loss too. Individuals and groups of Wilson Park to whom he sent greetings last fall on our 27th anniversary, join the World in a vain attempt to console you at this hour.

It has been a long journey since the early courtship days of you and Mr. Roosevelt to the responsibilities of the First Lady of the United States of America; and possibly the most difficult part of the trip was from the campaign days of 1932 to the Thrift Club meeting April 12th, 1945.

But you have been a good mother, an understanding companion, and a fit representative woman and loyal wife to the finest man of all times.

God is mindful of the Herculean effort you have made, and will continue to sustain you with physical and spiritual strength.

Sincerely and cordially yours

Joseph E. S. Ray
(Rev. Joseph Eugene Solomon Ray,
Leader of Ward 27th
Organizer-executive director, Joseph’s Chapel
Wilson Park Community Church-Center-Clinic Project
1001 East Arlington Avenue, Wilson Park
Govans, Baltimore, 12, Md.)
The Speaker's Rooms
House of Representatives U.S.
Washington, D.C.

September 24, 1945

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Your letter of September 9th has not been answered as I have been trying to do something about the Chandor portrait of your husband, Premier Stalin and Mr. Churchill.

Mr. and Mrs. Chandor have talked to me many times about the conversation with Mr. Roosevelt in which he showed great interest in having these three leaders in portrait. I tried to work this out while Mr. Truman was at Potsdam but he sent back word that the time was so short that he could not get with Mr. Churchill and Mr. Stalin.

I quite agree that this portrait should be painted and should be preserved. If we can get the consent of Mr. Stalin and Mr. Churchill, we will see that the matter is financed.

With very best wishes to you personally,

I am

Sincerely yours,

[Handwritten signature]

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt
Hyde Park
Dutchess County, New York
September 9, 1946

Dear Mr. Rayburn:

I have talked with Mr. Douglas Chandor and with Harry Hopkins about the picture which my husband was most anxious to have Mr. Chandor paint of Premier Stalin, Mr. Churchill and himself. My husband had talked with Mr. Chandor about it and felt it should be placed in the Capitol,

Mr. Hopkins thinks that now it would necessitate a letter from President Truman to Premier Stalin and to Mr. Churchill to get them both to allow Mr. Chandor to paint this picture. He also thinks that Congress, or at your instigation a popular subscription sponsored by Congress, should pay for the painting since it will be expensive for Mr. Chandor to go over.

I know my husband would have felt that historically this was a very important thing for the future and that the fact that he had already written to Mr. Averell Harriman to try to get Premier Stalin's acquiescence showed his interest. Now Harry Hopkins thinks that Premier Stalin would only be swayed by a request from President Truman himself.
It is true that Mr. Harriman has perhaps not been very persuasive as Harry Hopkins tells us he has a number of artists in whom he is interested and probably feels that a painting of this kind were done, it should be done by one of his proteges.

I feel, however, that my husband appreciated the particular kind of gift which Mr. Harriman has and felt he would do this better than anyone else. I hope you can persuade President Truman to send these letters and can get Congress to appreciate the historical value for the Capitol, and either make the appropriation, or sponsor a public subscription.

Very cordially yours,