

Roosevelt, Belle  
(Mrs. Kermit)  
1945-52

9 Sutton Place

Mrs. Kermit Roosevelt  
at 1915

Wednesday, May 9th

*lovely letter from a neighbor  
I am glad you read a  
letter of Bill at  
the house*

Darling Eleanor,

To those who loved Franklin victory, for which he was so responsible - and for which he gave his life - brings sorrow - as well as joy - - -. Hearts are heavy everywhere because he is not here to take part in the rejoicing - and heavy with dread of a future without him - - -.

I know ~~that~~ death is sad only for us who are left behind - - - not for those we love - - - and that we must have faith - - believe in - - that future for which Franklin worked - - but as time passes I find it no easier to accept Franklin's death - and I cannot believe it - - - - The world cannot do without him - - - It cannot be true - - - though I cannot yet take in the full and awful significance - - the sense of personal loss increases. The pain grows more acute ~~and~~ without warning stabs through the numbness - - in the middle of a sentence - - or while listening to a story, as I find myself thinking - remember that ~~that~~ it will amuse Franklin - - - - -

I am undone by poignant memories of his goodness to me - - and of his thoughtfulness in little ways - - for instance he invariably brought Kermit's name into any conversation we had together - - by an incident - - in an anecdote - - in some casual phrase - - or by asking suddenly: "Do you remember how Kerm used to say - - -" ? It moved me unspeakably always, that he never failed, indirectly, thus to let me know he loved Kermit and had not forgotten him.

There is so much I'd like to tell you - of things that happen each day - - How one afternoon when stopped by traffic in front of the ~~Kerry~~ Parke-Bernet Galleries, one of the colored porters jumped on the running board of my station wagon, crying: "Oh, Mrs. Kermit - Mrs. Kermit, please stop, I've just got to talk to someone who knew the President" - - and then held up traffic while tears ran down his face - - talking of Franklin and you - - and your goodness - - - - - How, wherever I go, I'm asked about you both. How a neighbor, previously reactionary and very anti-administration, called me as I was passing her front door and said: "We, who were against F. D. R. now realize what the world has lost. We know now how wrong we were" - - and then, on the street, she broke into sobs - - How, last Sunday, Jack Potter (the new head of Hobart College) cancelling the appointments for which he came to New York, spent the whole morning with me talking of you and Franklin - - - of the qualities and goodness in yourselves - - - your true and

just ways of thinking and living - which made possible achievements, the ultimate results of which cannot be envisaged fully by contemporary man - - - - -

I could go on and on saying what countless others are saying to you, but I remember Tommy's "heavy clothes baskets"!

Please don't answer this letter. It's a comfort to write - - - and it's really only to tell you that I am thinking of you - - - and that I love you dearly - - - and long to see you - - - - -

Also, that you will never know what it meant to me to be with you and the children those last days in Washington.

Bea

I will telephone Tommy when you are next in New York to ask if I can go to see you.

*Mrs. Kenneth Roosevelt*