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Pat. Sullivan
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359 Davenport Road,

Appt 5,

Toronto,

Ontario, Canada,

31. 10. 45.

My Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I am going to tell you an extraordinary story. But before doing so, I wish to convince you that I am not a spiritualist, or a religious fanatic. Quite the reverse: I am a theoretical Communist; and I reject every belief that accepts, or asserts the supernatural. I was born in Ireland. My dear mother was a Druidess, my father, a Roman Catholic. I attended both services during my early boyhood. At the age of 18, I rejected the doctrine of the Roman Catholic Church. The ritual and dogma of this Church appeared to me to be a feeble imitation of the Druids Deism - worship of the sun. At the age of 24, I rejected the doctrine of the Druids. "A god, to be worshipped, must be knowable", I thought. "That is, he must be a part of phenomena. And the worship of a phenomenon is utter nonsense".

After the 1914-18 war, I turned to Dialectical Materialism. I found this method scientific and objective (the belief in the supernatural is purely subjective). It merely reproduces the process of development of an object.

The Bible tells us - "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he". The heart is only a blood-pump. It is not the organ of thought. The truth is - As a man interprets the images of the external world, which appear in his mind (on the basis of language, the mother of thought), so is he. Therefore, the ideas or thoughts of Mrs. Roosevelt and I were diametrically opposed: He (Mrs. Roosevelt) was, (a) the chief Executive of American Imperialism; (b) he believed in the supernatural, and was a member of the Knight Templars 72; (c) he was a flesh eater. I am; on the other hand, (a) a theoretical Communist; (b) anti-religious; (c) a strict vegetarian

(ethical and hygienic basis).

It was difficult to make me believe that I am in some mysterious way in touch with Mr. Roosevelt (outside of being members of the same branch of the Caucasian Race). I will admit, though, that I had a great liking for Mr. Roosevelt, despite all his faults. And I am still convinced that he was a lover of Liberty, and a believer in human equality. And if he were free from the shackles of American Imperialism, he would, I believe, have written The Proclamation of Industrial Freedom for the Workers of the American Continent. It is true, of course, that the American masses, who are only concerned in satisfying their primitive needs, are not yet ready (intellectually) for such a Proclamation. Minds befogged with superstition cannot analyze, classify, and draw conclusions.

Now for the part of the story that may interest you: I get extraordinary dreams, or visions, during my sleeping hours. I live, to a great extent, with the "dead", during said hours. I have been with your husband five times since he "died". I have had long conversations with him. I was amazed at his youth, health, and energy. And he always seemed so happy. The last time I met him, about three weeks ago, he said to me, "All clear, who is holidaying close to where you live, that I am well, and happy". I said to him, "Franklin, you are dead". He laughed loud and long at me. I never met a "dead" person yet, in my dreams or visions, who did not believe I was crazy when I told him (or her) - "you are dead". The dead, evidently, do not know that they are "dead".

Since my last meeting (visions, during sleep) with Mr. Roosevelt, I think of him many, many times during the day. Some unseen force seems to whisper in my ear - "Patrick, you have not given that message to Mrs. Roosevelt yet". And my reply has been - "What can I have in common with a man whose ideas and way of life are diametrically opposed to mine?"

I then visited an old Irish Druid, a great psychologist. I explained my visions, re Mr. Roosevelt, to him. He asked me - "Did any person ever tell you, Patrick, that you look very much like Mr. Roosevelt?" Yes, quite a few, I replied. "But we are miles apart, ideologically". "Not quite as far as

you believe", he answered.

Then the old man said - "Death is a product of life. Life, more abundant life is the result of death. Without death, development would have been impossible. Absolute death is impossible. The dead are not dead. They are more alive than you and I. When a person dies, he, or she, is immediately reformed on the basis of the electrical structure, and continue living" -

"In a spiritual world?" I interrupted.

"No, in a material world. There is no spiritual world", he answered. "We live, when we die, under different material or electrical conditions. We come and go, through birth and death."

"A theosophist!" I exclaimed.

"Theosophists like all supernaturalists, personify energy, and place it in control of the Infinite Universe. Evolution will, in the distant future, produce an order of man far higher than can be now conceived. It is all a natural process."

To make a long story short, he told me, "you are one of the few who can enter the land of the dead, owing to the fact that, (a) the chemical and molecular motion of your mind is in tune with the Infinite Universe; (b) you are a strict vegetarian, who loves all living things. You met Mr. Roosevelt. He gave you a message to take to a loved one. Send it to her forthwith."

"But Mr. Roosevelt does not ^{know} she is dead."

"He is right. He is not dead", the old man answered.

I am not giving you now, a full description of my meetings with your husband. But I am sure you will be glad to know that he is young, healthy, happy, and full of energy. He seems to enjoy standing upon a bridge, watching the flowing waters underneath. I met ^{him} upon that bridge three times.

I hate to bother you with this story, but I am compelled to do ^{so} in order to relieve my own mind of a great messiness.

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On the night of the 6th December, 1941, I saw the Japs preparing for their attack on Pearl Harbour; and I saw the actual attack on the American fleet. I informed Miss Small, sister of the Toronto millionaire, A. J. Small, who disappeared in 1919. She, knowing that my visions are very accurate, requested me to send a telegram forthwith to President Roosevelt (It was then 7.30 A.M., 7th) warning him about the pending attack. I replied - "No. If the attack did not take place, Mr. Roosevelt would simply say, 'another crazy man'. If the attack is carried out, the President may condemn me as a Japanese spy". About 9 hours after I informed Miss Small, the news about the Pearl Harbour attack was on the radio.

Miss Small had a sister called Lytude. I warned the latter, "be careful, Miss Lytude, of the water. I have been at your funeral. You were drowned". Three months later she was drowned. I attended her funeral.

Scan up on and on. Hundreds of similar cases. I do not like those visions. But I can't do anything about it.

The intrigues, plots, secret facts, etc, in the world are sickening. Oh, for the day when the human race, in sufficient numbers, will become civilized. Then exploitation and bloody war will be no more. We will create a society befitting our awakened perceptions, and man will have no regrets for the past, and no fear of the future.

The system of capitalism and its handmaiden, supernaturalism, are crowding the world with nervous, sub-morose, half-wits, quarter wits, and pre-destined criminals. Man can only rid himself of these degenerates through education, on a scientific basis, and a social system that will give economic security to all.

Communism is the only system, as far as I can see, through which we can get a world union of peoples, with the fundamental

principle of fairness to all, and the utilization of the resources of this planet⁵ for the benefit of all.

The white man's philosophy of superiority is unadulterated ignorance. Colour and superiority are not inversely related. The white philosophers of colour and atomic bombs should remember that Communism will destroy slavery, serfdom, and wage-slavery. Then we will get a world-union of peoples, minus racial and class distinctions. This is the key to the Brotherhood of Man; and it's as predictable as daylight. The beautifully punctuated agreements between Communism and capitalism are only of a temporary nature. Man will not become a social or a biological success until the cause of all Man's troubles, capitalism and supernaturalism, disappears from the face of the earth.

Your fight for the coloured people of the United States, Mrs. Roosevelt, indicates that you are a noble lady.

Old Mother ^{Nature,} the good Mother of all, will (figuratively speaking) inevitably separate the tares from the wheat with a merciless efficiency. Her lack of retribution is now singing its song of triumph in the capitalist world. But that song is only the beginning.

Served 4½ years in the 1914-18 war, 3 years in the first line trenches. I directed my men. But I never fired a shot at the "enemy". The thought that I never killed or wounded my fellowman, fills me with great joy.

I request you to make no reply to this letter, because a reply may intensify my visions. I do not like those visions. They disturb my peace and rest.

Excuse my pencil writing. I cannot use a pen, owing to the fact that my right arm was injured during 1914-18 war. I now write with my left hand.

Yours very respectfully,
Patrick Sullivan



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MADE IN CANADA

CORRESPONDENCE

ADDRESS

Your Respectfully
Patrick Sullivan

In reply refer to
PR 811.0011 Roosevelt Family/3-1248

June 4, 1945

My dear Miss Thompson:

I am enclosing herewith a copy of a despatch dated March 12, 1945 from the American Embassy at Moscow transmitting a book on the Russian legend of Prince Igor which Mr. N. Krasavchenko, First Secretary of the Young Communist League of Moscow, desires to present to Mrs. Roosevelt.

The American Embassy at Moscow has been requested to convey to Mr. Krasavchenko an appropriate expression of Mrs. Roosevelt's thanks for the gift.

Sincerely yours,

George T. Summerlin
Chief of Protocol

Enclosures:

From Embassy, Moscow,
no. 1551, March 12, 1945,
with enclosure.

Miss Malvina G. Thompson,
Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, New York.

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Краваченко.

Subject: Mr. Summerlin D. Roosevelt from
Mo. 1941

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РОССОМ' МУЛЧ ИС' ТОВР
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
EMBASSY OF THE

(COEX:BB:EB)

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June 16, 1945

ear Mr. Summerlin

Your letter of June 4th was received and given to Mrs. Roosevelt. She asks me to thank you and to ask you if you know of some one who could translate the text of the book on the Russian legend of Prince Igor.

I am enclosing a letter to Mr. Krasavchenko, which Mrs. Roosevelt hopes you will transmit. Mrs. Roosevelt met Mr. Krasavchenko when he was here for the International Student Assembly in 1942.

We seem very far away from all of old associates, so if anything brings you in our vicinity, I hope you will let us know.

Very sincerely yours,

Patricia SUMMERS

5640 Doliver
Houston, Texas

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I would like very
much to have your autograph.

I am in the autograph
club at Sinkaid school.

Your autograph
will be the first one I've
gotten this year.

Sincerely yours,
Patricia Summers