

Johnson: E-6.

1214 West Hillon Street,  
Philadelphia 40, Pa.

also  
Box 155, New Hope, Pa.

December 18, 1946.

Thank  
affrec

Library

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

Do not consider me presumptuous  
in taking any of your very busy time to  
read this; but I just felt I wished you  
to have the enclosed two poems.

My sister (Mrs. Bertha J. Becker) was  
inspired to write both last summer, as  
we waited for the dedication exercises  
honoring President Roosevelt. She sent  
one, I do not know which, by letter to  
you, addressed to Welshpool; but we  
felt you never received it in the rush  
of that week — not that that mattered  
much, but you thus missed a tiny  
note of how much so many people  
loved and missed and mourned  
one so close to you.

Human beings are alike; hence,  
even those in your exalted station and  
labor, must also get comfort for a great

Johnson, E.

loss and emptiness, in knowing that  
in many a heart that loss and emptiness  
is felt and shared.

It is even more presumptuous to en-  
close the three snaps; but it somehow  
helps to explain how Bertha came to feel  
so moved. We three (elderly teachers here  
in Philadelphia, I now 72 and retired) sought  
rest and peace up in Campobello, and  
found it in the beauty, the sea-winds, the  
kindly simple folk, the primitive life.

We, too, know something of "living together,"  
as, for over thirty five years, have run our  
funds together, adopted and brought up two  
small boys, bought and shared our two  
homes, our work our vacations. (The boys are  
now men with families) They shared with  
us, until married and on their own. In fact,  
the New Hope place was bought largely for  
their week-ends out of city.

We are not wealthy — simply ordinary  
training-teachers with fair salaries; but  
what we've had and enjoyed by cooperation  
(not always smooth and easy) is perhaps proof  
of what good could come to the World if

nations will learn of the advantages  
of cooperation and friendly good will.

At the August 1st dedication, we  
could have patted Fala, (I see the newspapers  
spell it thus) and touched your arm; but  
we were not the big dignitaries of New-Brunswick  
or the United States, nor even of Campobello;  
so we listened and watched from the  
sidewalk, sad and proud, both of the  
name and fame of our great country,  
and the "leader" whose wisdom and  
labor made it stand first as an  
example to the world, but at the cost  
of his own life.

Most sincerely

Edith E. Johnson

P.S. Apropos of unlike peoples managing to  
get along together — our own little trial at  
it, is made up of <sup>3</sup> very unlike persons: —

Miss Elaine E. Wolfrom — Fr. & Ger. extraction (60)

" Edith E. Johnson — Eng. " (72)

Mrs. Bertha J. Becker — Eng. & Irish " 60 — a half  
(widow) sister

(our boys, brothers, but no relation to us)

(The growing cataract on one eye is the ailment  
referred to in longer poem)

MIDSUMMER REVERIE

Inwardly grateful sit I, midst my cares  
Over such ailments as afflict mankind  
When old, or weary, or unfortunate -  
That in the count, the loss of one poor eye  
Has left the better, to still see this Isle -  
This little world of sea and sky and air,  
Of hilly pasture, caraway, and rose.

To sit here calm, and gaze across the vale,  
And up to where the wind-break spruces range;  
To watch the children running in delight,  
Sure-footed, over fields to stony beach.

To sit and listen to the fog horns blow,  
And list'ning, hear the symphony of sound,  
Now near, now far, - the horns of Grand Manan,  
And Maine, and our own bell at Island's Head.

To feel a peace, as when the sun breaks through  
The gray mists, bringing back the late lost scene  
With knowledge that, likewise, through fogs of doubt  
All things at last come clear and brightly new.

So here, the President once as a boy,  
Carefree, unworldly, played his fishing gear.  
Still everywhere, I hear the family name  
Spoken familiarly, and without thought  
To evoke critics, or to favor win.  
Just native comment on their residence here  
When his mother shared simplicity,  
And won respect, regard, and lasting love.—

The words of one who served his father once,  
Or one, the President when he returned,  
After Fame wrought its aura around his head -  
Vacation land for him - too burdened then  
To find peace, even in this peaceful isle.

What did he think, as he stepped that last time  
Upon the old wharf on familiar soil ?  
How did his inward eye the landscape scan,  
Who many times had cast his fishing net  
Over a native boat to play at work ?

Did he find solace in remembered days  
Of tramps with simple people over hills ?  
Did he remember bluebells on the road,  
And berries blue along the Herring Cove ?  
And did the fragrance of his early life  
Sweeten the bitterness of power and fame ?

I like to think such men, who loved him not,  
Could here, find answers to his hold on men -  
Were they to feel what sea-winds bred him brave,  
And debonnaire, and careless of the storm.

Here, they could, juster, measure all his worth,  
Who left behind in parents and in self,  
A living monument of happy days -  
When freedom made a freedom-loving boy;  
Where salt airs gave a tang to tongue and mind;  
Where sunshine made that smile we can't forget,  
Embracing other lands, and all Mankind.

July 26, 1946

- Bertha Johnson Becker

( Written while she was a summer resident in Wilson's Beach,  
Campobello, N.B., as she sat thinking of the coming dedi-  
cation of the monument in Welshpool to Franklin Delano  
Roosevelt, on August 1, 1946. )

TO FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT - AUGUST 1, 1946

The tide is out ! Bleak lie the beaches now;  
For boatmen cannot reach the harbor side !  
Oh, for the flooding waters to abide -  
Sad is the ebbing tide.

But with the wash of seas, out goes the waste  
Of weary workers; and around the world  
Fresh sea waves waft to shore  
New seeds of life.

So solace me, ye barren beaches now,  
That "flow" still follows "ebb", and once again  
His seeds of growth will flood a nation's heart,  
When the "slack" ceases, and the tide comes in.

- Bertha Johnson Becker

July 25, 1946

Our Cove & front yard



Bertina & our Dog, Mungal

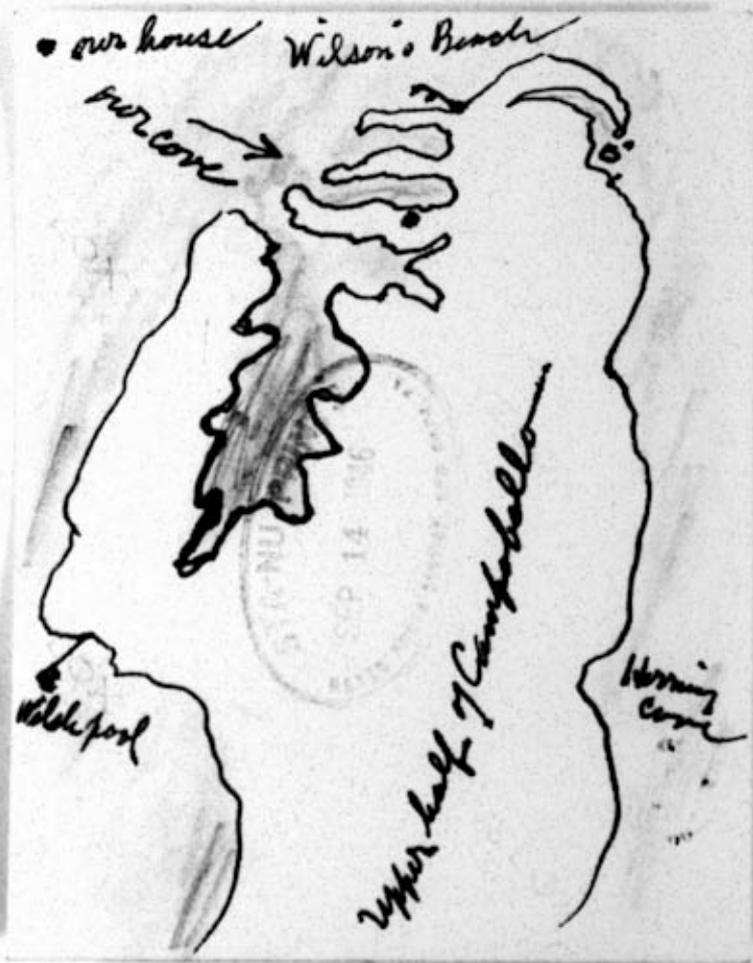


OUT COVE & our summer-painted house

"The tide is out."



map on back



Dear Edwice Johnson . . .

I have a letter from  
Miss Joan Wagner Brown  
— she tells me she writes  
you fully about her  
father's Case. He is a

Miss Joan Wagner Brown, E.

Father, I wonder if  
you have looked into  
this case & can advise  
me how to do.

Wm. H. Thompson, E.

46  
December '44

*Y. Wash. / Barad.*  
*Robert Anderson -*  
*Y. Wash. -*  
*Y. Wash. -*  
*Ted has the picture*  
*last birthday*  
*brother of [unclear]*  
*sent me [unclear]*  
*card*  
Johnson, E.  
~~Smith~~

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

For a very long time (at least that's what these 4 years have seemed like) I have wanted to write you in regard to an ex-soldier who happens to be my brother and who would be much better today had he been shot down in the front lines.

As his sister, I have witnessed one of the most brutal dis-integrations of a human being brought about by superior officers. I admit I know nothing about army procedure, but when I see what happened to a boy who before he went into the army was a well adjusted idealist with a comfortable mixture of common sense, come out of the army a complete mess, I can only conclude that the army and certain ramifications of his particular post had something to do with it. That particular post was (should say division) the Signal Corps Photographic Center, in Astoria, Long Island and Beverly Hills, respectively. Herewith is a record of his service:

- September '39 - March '40      Enlisted USNR. Was Medically discharged (due to eyes) upon recall to active duty.
- February '42 - November '42      Inducted into Army. Served as EM Medical Corps.
- November '42 - February '43      Attended and graduated OCS, Fort Monmouth, Red Bank, New Jersey.
- February '43 - March '43      Staff and Faculty OCS, Fort Monmouth Red Bank, New Jersey.
- March '43 - May '43      Attended and graduated from Officers Administration & Supply School Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey.
- May '43 - November '43      Assigned duty Signal Corps Photographic Center, Long Island City, New York.
- November '43 - May '44      Assigned Duty with Signal Corps Photographic Center, Western Division, Beverly Hills, California
- May '44 - November '44      Assigned Duty with Signal Corps Photographic Center, Long Island City, New York. Entered Mason General Hospital June '44 returned to duty September '44.
- November '44 - December '44      Assigned to Ft. Monmouth, New Jersey to undergo Reclassification.

December '44

Assigned Separation Center, Ft. Sheridan  
Illinois. Released from active duty.

February '45

Discharged from Commission.

The Signal Corps Photographic Divisions in Long Island City and Beverly Hills carry questionable connotations. I live in the vicinity of Beverly Hills and have worked in the motion picture industry for three years. I have worked under some of the ex-Photographic Division boys. I have met and talked with a number of girls who worked as secretaries at the Beverly Hills Post. It was a loose one, badly managed, wastefully managed, and seething with ~~xxxxxxxx~~ with motion picture men, whose war activities amounted only to the physical effort involved in donning a uniform and an officers insignia.

A great many good things came out of this division, but at these two particular posts, the rottenness seemed in the fore-ground. Bob, a second Lt. may have made a mistake when he pointed out things that weren't according to "Hoyle" to his superiors, but can you wreck a man's life, simply because he passes judgement on a situation. At least his right of free speech should protect him. He created fear on the part of his superior officers and finally an investigation of the Beverly Hills post was made. It was a complete farce and in complete discord with army procedure. The higher ups managed to fix it, so as not to get themselves into trouble. Immediately after the investigation, there was a quiet shifting of personnell in the Long Island and Beverly Hills Posts. Bob's superior officer, who was sleeping with a married woman whose husband was over seas was shipped overseas. ~~THIS MAN SHOULD HAVE BEEN COURT-MARTIALED~~ COURT-MARTIALED. (I have a picture of this man in bed with the woman).

Bob got a Blue discharge. In other words, the guilty people got off scott free, while Bob, who was sticking up for the right things, was given the stigma attached to a Blue discharge.

For 4 years, ~~xxxxxxx~~ I have seen Bob being bogged down more and more by the ramifications of this stigma. He's lost courage, he's turned into a psychopathic ~~xxxx~~ lyer, he's losing his character and integrity, in short, he's nerotic but not to the point of it effecting the basic qualities of his mind.

Herewith is a letter (one among many) to Senator Edwin Johnson of California. I'm sure that after reading it you will agree that an intelligent mind wrote this letter.

see next page

Dated February 25, 1946

"The intention of The Congress to investigate the circumstances surrounding the separation of members of the armed forces by virtue of the "Blue" discharge or "Discharge without Honor" is a highly commendable one.

Although many of the discharges of that nature given out were undoubtedly justified, there also must be many cases where that type of discharge was not justified. The damage to the lives of the persons who fall into the latter class by virtue of the social stigma that such a discharge places on them is untold. For those of us who hold the conviction that we unjustifiably received discharges of the above-mentioned nature, The Congress' intention comes as a new ray of hope. We need a group of people, free of natural prejudices, to pass judgement on us. More, we do not and cannot within the limits of reasonableness, ask.

The war is over now and it is time that the soldier and the veteran have returned to him his individual rights. I say that because in certain instances my rights as an individual were violated because wartime pressure and tension made it necessary for individuals to subordinate their individual purposes to the purposes of an entire group. On the other hand I don't believe that a person, be he soldier or civilian, be it wartime or peacetime, be denied the right have a fair hearing when he truly feels that his rights were violated beyond the limits of human decency.

I can't fully condemn the type of discharge I received but I earnestly condemn the inconsideration and abusive treatment which paved the way and made it possible for the Army to give me such a discharge. The case that the Army has on file against me was conceived by use of Perjured testimony, false statements, ignorance of Army regulations, gross abuse of accepted administrative procedures and the allowance of personal prejudices to manifest themselves as official reflections. These are not just rationalizations. I am prepared and willing to present graphic evidence to bear those statements out. I cannot do so unless I am given the opportunity. The army has indicated that it is not willing to give me that opportunity.

I should like to qualify the statement I made above regarding the Army's apparent apathy to my situation. I exercised my right of appeal under Public Law 301. Prior to that I requested from The Adjutant General's Department certain official copies of records to which I was and am entitled (Reclassification Board Report). The Adjutant General replied that these records were not available to me, which fosters the idea that possibly these records are an indictment against the persons who conceived them. Without these records I had no basis from which to draft my appeal, so I resorted to the next best thing. I challenged the integrity or purpose of an investigation ordered to investigate certain charges and accusations I made while in the Service. I could ask for no better witness to sustain that challenge than the officer who conducted that investigation and who had admitted to me that he was under duress, that he was already prejudiced prior to the investigation and that he was prevented by his superior officer from making a complete investigation. The Board of Review apparently doesn't believe it important as to whether or not the investigation was carried out to the best interests of all concerned. No mention was made of that investigation during the processes which separated me from Service.

I have discussed my case with an officer who has had forty years of experience in the army. He is familiar with the principals in my case and also with the circumstances and he feels that the Army gave me a pretty "rotten" deal. I mention that merely to give added weight to what I have already stated.

I don't want to appear a "rabble-rouser" or a "mal content" but I would like a chance to be heard. I would like to come to Washington if I am encouraged and which I have been advised to do and attempt to settle the issue as to whether or not a small group of people can indict the integrity and character of a young officer merely to prevent their own inadequacies from coming to the attention of higher authority.

I sincerely request that my predicament be given the gravest consideration. To me it is important, to others it might not be and possibly I might be able to help others too. I would also greatly appreciate acknowledgement of the receipt of this communication and the confirmation of any or no action that will be taken upon it.

Very sincerely,

Robert Wagner Brown

(Robert Wagner Brown, )-1641588, 2nd Lt., Sig C, AUS.

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The honorable Senator didn't even have the courtesey to answer this. He could have at least sent a penny postcard.

Mrs. Roosevelt, I appeal to you for any advice you might give me or anything that you might see fit to do.

This boy, as you can see from the letter, is intelligent. Thank God, his mind hasn't been affected.

I just can't sit by and see a guy who could make a contribution to live, be stopped on all sides. He has developed a serious persecution complex. He can't get a job. He is shackled by the stigma that has come with this mess.

I have always had a great deal of respect for you as a woman and a leader. You were one of the women in the white House "who did things," regardless of public opinions. (That sounds like the tag end of radio quiz entries wherein the entrant praises the product), but believe me, I am sincere.

Very Sincerely,

*Joan Wagner Brown*  
Joan Wagner Brown

9860 Pice Blvd.  
Apt. 1  
Los Angeles, 35, California

file

1800 Seventh Avenue  
apt #60  
N.Y.C.

Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt,  
Washington 25, D.C.

FRED JOHNSON

Dear Mrs Roosevelt,

Sorry to ask you to do this for a person  
who, think, is that he deserve a break in life,  
I had paid suffered since Sept., 23, 1949  
and I've tried so hard to get my discharge  
honorable, but I wasn't lucky enough to get  
it straight. From January 28, 1943 until Dec 8, 1945  
I received an honorable discharge. The  
greatest reason in which I wish to obtain  
this discharge, I am qualified to try my best  
to become the first major League impie, so  
since you have been a real great help for  
all of the minority races, I do hope that I could  
only be lucky enough for you would help one  
who, is an underdog and is trying hard to become  
some things for the youth of America, as did  
Joe Di Maggio, Joe Louis, Jackie Robinson (over)

And after leading stairs, I was told by  
Mr. A. B. Chandler when he was the Base Ball  
Commissioner,

I also would like to become married, but  
a man with a strike against him, he cannot get  
marriage under these conditions,

My reason to get this ~~368~~ discharge was  
because I got with the wrong group and I asked  
for this discharge, so I could leave that and  
people had the greatest desire to remain using these  
drugs. "Honest to God Mrs Roosevelt I don't see  
or even think of any thing of that nature!"

So we permitted to check my references since I've  
been out of the Army. I've been attending schools  
trying to secure my self. I've fixed the trade of  
being a "Dental mechanic" and is studying to  
become and Operator, I'mis now,

So Thanks for any consideration that can  
be shown by you Mrs Roosevelt. So Good  
Bye Upon a speedy reply. Sincerely yours

RA32 540 732 Fred E. Johnson

File

JOHNSON

Gayle Ann Johnston  
Box 38  
Bell City, Louisiana

Dear Mr. Roosevelt,

Every sense I can remember I have wanted a horse. My Daddy won't get me one because I am the only child and he is afraid I will get hurt & know how to ride well because I ride on my friends horse. We live on a ranch and have cattle. And when I drive cattle I need a horse. I need a horse as a pet. He buys me all kind of cowboy outfits and no horse. Don't you think I need a horse, that is the only thing that will make me happy. Please try to convince him that I need a horse. I am 13 years old. Will you answer my question and put it in the Call magazine. Your Friend,  
Gayle