

KOF - Kooi

Thank

Harriet
MRS. CHARLES J. KOOCK
OREGON, MISSOURI
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Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

Thank you for your lovely note,
I wrote for another copy and I'm
mailing it to you to keep. It is
truly a beautiful tribute. He
deserves all they said -

My one and only grandson is a
marine - in Capt. King's company -
And what the tribute said about
your husband being a real marine
I appealed to me.

Let me congratulate you on
your talk - None of the rest could
have done -

Your column tells the world
how their troubles should be
settled -

Wish Mrs. Ruth Bryan Rhoads
was serving with you, another
brilliant woman -

With all good wishes, I am,
yours very sincerely,
Harriet Koock

FRANKLIN
DELANO
ROOSEVELT

*Compendium of
Harriet Wood*

*A Tribute
of
The Catholic Hour*

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Franklin Delano Roosevelt

Thirty-first President
of the
United States

Born 1882 — Died 1945

On Sunday, April 15, 1945, the Catholic Hour joined in sorrowful tribute to Franklin Delano Roosevelt, thirty-first President of the United States, who died on Thursday, April 12, 1945.

On the following pages are reproduced the eulogies pronounced on that occasion by Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan and Reverend Timothy J. Mulvey, O.M.I.

A LOVER OF SOCIAL JUSTICE

Announcer: Thirty-nine years ago a young American priest wrote a book entitled "A Living Wage." In it he urged that Government had the responsibility not merely of suppressing crime and civil strife, but of intervening actively in the social arena; that it had the responsibility of assuring justice to the underprivileged and the oppressed. Twenty-seven years later he saw this principle embraced by a great President of the United States. His feeling for that great man—his admiration, his affection—has grown with the years. On the occasion of the late President's second inauguration and again last January on the occasion of his fourth inauguration, this Priest, born on a Minnesota farm, was privileged to give the benediction. Now in his seventy-sixth year, he is here in the studio to pronounce the last final farewell to his departed friend. I present Right Reverend Monsignor John A. Ryan, Director of the Social Action Department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Monsignor Ryan: In this broadcast, the Catholic Hour offers a sorrowful and affectionate tribute to the memory of a supremely great American, a

supremely great President, a supremely sincere lover of his fellow men. Many of the comments that have appeared since his untimely death emphasize his interest in the "common man," in the lowly, the weak, and the oppressed. All this may be summed up as a deep and abiding concern with social justice. Let us glance at a few illustrations.

At the very beginning of his first administration, he induced Congress to pass a law for the insurance of bank deposits, up to five thousand dollars. For upwards of twelve years now, persons of modest means have not feared to entrust their money to the banks. So accustomed have the American people become to this protection that they have mostly forgotten the dreadful years of the early 1930's, when thousands of banks failed and tens of thousands of depositors suffered grave losses. Other Roosevelt legislation vastly improved the condition of the farmers and provided means by which farm tenants could become farm owners. Through the W.P.A. and the P.W.A. millions of the unemployed were enabled to support themselves at self-respecting labor, instead of being condemned to live on doles and inadequate relief. To be sure, these measures did not completely abolish unemployment. Neither Congress nor public opinion would have sanctioned adequate public spending. Our political and business leaders were misled by antiquated and false economic theories.

Let us pray God to give them enlightenment before they are confronted with ten or twelve million service men demanding jobs after the war.

Finally, I would mention the three most effective pieces of legislation for social justice enacted during the Roosevelt administrations. These are the National Labor Relations Act, which has made real the right of labor to organize and to bargain collectively; the Fair Labor Standards Act, which has abolished the starvation wages formerly paid to thousands upon thousands of American workers; and the Social Security Act, which has provided some measure of insurance against unemployment and old age. I have no hesitation in asserting that these three laws have done more to promote social justice than all the other Federal legislation enacted since the adoption of the Constitution.

Social justice has international as well as national aspects. To this international social justice President Roosevelt made a far-reaching contribution. Long before the majority of his countrymen he realized that the philosophy and designs of Nazism constituted a dire threat, not only to the United States but to all the countries that have been touched by Christian civilization. Today the vast majority of the American people are convinced that he was right, that Nazism must be destroyed and that we must have an interna-

tional organization to preserve peace and establish social justice in the relations between states. In defense of these aims Franklin D. Roosevelt laid down his life.

He was a great idealist, but he was also a genuine realist. In a letter written a little less than a year ago on my seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, he said:

"The things for which you have fought ceaselessly for two score years will not be easy to achieve. Much, however, has been accomplished. Much remains to be accomplished. We must not be discouraged. The workers grow old—the work is never done; but the future is big with promise of better things."

Our beloved President has gone from this troubled world, but his place in history is secure. I confidently believe that his place in eternity is likewise secure; but it can be hastened by our prayers. All who accept the biblical declaration that, "It is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins," ought to petition God for the repose of the soul of Franklin D. Roosevelt. If he could do so, I am sure that he would address us in the dying words of King Arthur to Sir Bedivere: "Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer than this world dreams of."

LINES TO A DEPARTED PRESIDENT

Announcer: During the month of April the Catholic Hour has been presenting a series of plays written by the gifted radio dramatist, Reverend Timothy J. Mulvey, O.M.I. Father Mulvey has written for this occasion, "Lines to a Departed President." Father Mulvey:

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT:

It is indeed strange that we, who never had the privilege of speaking to you face to face in this life, should address you, directly, now. For while it is the high intent that a Chief Executive should be intimate with the citizenry, it is the unfortunate necessity that he should be removed from the citizens.

We are not removed from you, now, Mr. President. When your heart stopped beating; when you relaxed to that level which is the inevitable inheritance of pauper and prince, peasant and president—in that sad and historic moment, you were a child once again, stricken to that helplessness which is the sign of our mutual frailty, and the badge of our common humanity.

So, you are dead.

But, we can speak to you, now.

We can speak to you, Mr. President, by the three convictions of Faith, Hope, and Charity. By Faith, because it is our belief that your soul, even as the souls of all men, is immortal; by Hope, because it is our common prayer that you have attained that final end for which you, and all men, were created; and by Charity, because love is the Law and the Prophets, binding us to you as brother to brother, in life and in death.

Dear Mr. President, it will be no exaggeration to say, now, that few men of this or any other age have realized better than you how turbulent are the tides of this life. It will be no exaggeration to say that there have been few men of this or any other age, who have been called upon to guide the Ship of State through more perilous waters. It is significant, now, that you loved the sea and ships. We have a strong recollection of you, leaning on a rail, looking out over the waters with the sun and wind in your face. You were a Sailor at heart.

Dear Mr. President, it is in the nature of things that a man, entrusted with a national responsibility, should be willing not only to attack but to suffer counter-attack in this arena we call political government. For it is both the process and the privilege of democracy to agree or disagree. You have been agreed with, heartily. You have been dis-

agreed with, violently. This was not surprising, for a glorious predecessor of yours said, once:

"If I tried to read, much less answer all the criticisms made of me, and all the attacks leveled against me, this office would have to be closed for all other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can. I mean to keep on doing this to the very end."

That was the way Abraham Lincoln expressed it. That was the way you lived it, Mr. President. And you were not afraid. For when the last shot was fired, all America knew in its heart and soul that you had "stuck to your guns" to the very end. You were, also, a Soldier at heart.

Dear Mr. President, and we say this now with the sympathy and affection of friends, the physical space your body required could have been circumscribed by the dimensions of a single wheel-chair. The flesh was weak. But your heart, Mr. President, was ranging solicitously not only from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboards, not only from the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli, but to every lake and island and hill—wherever despotism raised its ugly head, and wherever the crying of oppressed humanity lifted its voice to ears that wanted to hear. You heard. You were, also, a Marine at heart.

But, dear Mr. President, this is what we really want to say to you, now that a new twilight is hanging over the Hudson that you so dearly loved,

and beside which your spent body is resting for the first time, tonight.

They escorted you all the way from Warm Springs, Georgia. The escort is only a casual incident for the page of some future historian.

They allowed you to rest for a few hours in the East Room of the White House. This is the remembered detail of a journalist.

But, Mr. President, between the coming and going, a monument grew so large and spontaneous in the hearts of the people as to challenge the best efforts of a grateful posterity. They prayed and sang for you at the way-stations. They wept unashamed all the way North. And above the hoof beats of the white horses, and the rumbling of the caisson that carried you up Pennsylvania Avenue, thousands of men and women called out "God bless him."

That is what we want to say.

"God bless you."

For you did speak of God, Mr. President.

And you believed in God, Mr. President.

And the last magnificent effort of your life was dedicated to the principle that men—all men—should be free and equal under God.

This is the precious ideal you left us. We won't forget it. We will work for it. We will fight for it.

But, in the meantime, "God bless you, and keep you eternally, Franklin Delano Roosevelt."

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