

May 9, 1942
Radio Broadcast - WSM

On this the day set aside as Mother's Day we can be exultant and glad over the great naval victory in the Coral Sea. And yet, gladness from even so heartening news as this is fleeting. There can be no real lasting gladness and joy, because ere the gladness had taken seat in our hearts the appalling picture, the death and destruction of the sons of the world's mothers undermines it and drives it out. What of the mothers of the sons who went down with Corregidor? And then, while we are exulting over the sinking of the Japanese vessels let us pause for a moment and think how strange it is that we derive so much joy at hearing that so many Japanese, or so many Italians, or so many Germans were killed.

Kill them we must for victory. True it is they are our enemies, but why should they be. The mothers of these brown enemies love them just as all mothers love their sons. Isn't it a terrible thing that a few men like Hitler, and Mussolini, and the Japanese ~~subside~~ should so seize control of the people in those countries as to hurl them at us, declaring our destruction as their mission.

Of course, there is no choice for us. There is no alternative--- we must fight. Yes, I guess we must be joyful in the slaughter of our enemies. Gruesome as it is, awful as it is, it is they or we.

Washington was saddened throughout the week by the loss of Corregidor. But when upon top of that over our brilliant victory off

the coast of Australia joy was unbounded. Officials in Washington, even the President himself, are affected by the least loss, or the least victory. Spirits are picked up and subdued according to the news of the day and this is true in spite of the fact that even though the news may be bad today those in charge can see further down the road when it will be better. A man is a man and no matter how lowly or how high his station.

SPRING IN TENNESSEE

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The more one sees, or reads, or hears, of ugliness—the handiwork of desperate and wicked men at scattered points on this, God's footstool—the more one appreciates beauty in its home atmosphere of comparative quietude, the original and divine handiwork. It stabilizes the mind and spirit, unsettled by brooding care. It revives hope and faith in the ultimate destiny of right. It declares the eternal and unchanging purpose toward which we move, despite the stress and turmoil that has beset every age.

What is this home atmosphere? It is Tennessee in springtime—the season, and the setting of incomparable beauty. It is the mountains, the parks and resorts, the gardens. It is the streams, the lakes, the roadsides of green carpet and multicolored bouquet. It is the gentle awakening from a season of somber shades to one of light and life and promise. It unfolds slowly—this miracle of transition, and suddenly it is here.

"The State Parks were never more beautiful," reports a friend in the Forestry Division. And so are the surrounding vistas of Tennessee that lead to them.

More will see them this year—just as more will enjoy the beauty of home wherever it presents itself. The door to this vast art gallery ever stands ajar, and Nature's welcome mat is out.

PAY SOLDIER BOYS MORE

There is an undeniable sentiment throughout the country in favor of a substantial increase in pay to the men.

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forces have destroyed so many of the enemy ships in the South and our main fleet is still far north off Hawaii, it presumably is in position to strike at Japanese lines and bases nearer home.

MOTHER'S DAY—1942

REAMS have been written once a year about Mother's Day—conventional reams many of them, full of the platitudes of calmer times. This year Mother's Day carries a much deeper significance. So, let this be a tribute to the mothers whose sons are in the war. (News story on Page 5.)

To the mothers whose needles are flying under chins that are up. To the mothers whose eyes are dry tho the tears seek exit; who struggle so gamely against undue retrospection, against overmuch indulgence in memory of cradles and lullabies and carefree laughter. To the mothers who, instead, hold their faces forward to the instant need of things in that tragic but vital business in which their sons are now engaged.

To the mothers who try not to wonder "where is my boy tonight" but who nevertheless cannot refrain from chanting in their souls that line from the old song—"My heart overflows, for I love him he knows."

For a mother is a mother in peacetime or in conflict, and the story is constant, yesterday, today and forever, ~~the now it's~~ distilled in the test tube of war. But, as always, it's the same:

"If I were drowned in the deepest sea,
Mother o' Mine, O Mother o' Mine,
I know whose tears would come down to me,
Mother o' Mine, O Mother o' Mine."

BARRIER BREAKING

THE war may rid us of the evils of interstate trade barriers, for the duration at least.

State officials, gathered here to canvass the situation, have been told the problem is so serious in wartime that the Federal



By ELEANOR ROOSEVELT

FRIDAY—Yesterday air port to meet the President in wartime, certain honors. They reached the The President of Peru's as a student, met him. of the party.

Our new ambassador to Professor Hayes, joined us. Pleasant as we sat the troubles of the world away for a short time soon centered on the had to do to win able to return ment in the

4. Thoughts of Mother and Home
warm the hearts of many
a boy in uniform ~~today~~ who
today is far away.

insert in 5. of <sup>sweet
baby</sup> coos and carefree
laughter, of stumped toes
and boyish adventure.

6/ and now, that is
all from Washington, except
to my dear Mother I
want to say, "Hello Mama."