PRESIDENT'S PERSONAL FILE

PPF 9
Gifts F
Jan.-June 1940

PPF900256

FEGAN, J.C.,
Col. U.S. Marine Corps,
Navy Dept.,
Wash., D.C.
Jan. 22, 1940. (F. 6-3-40.)

Sends President a package of tea, which was handed to him by the Number 1 Tea Merchant in Shanghai, with the request that it reach the President. Hopes to be able to pay his respects to the President when the calendar is not so rushed.

Presidential memo 1-23-40 to Gen. Watson, "Will you write Joe Fegan thanking him for the delicious tea which he sent me and give him an appointment."

Penciled notation, "Never arranged - was filed 5-28-40."

See P.P.F.5722

P.P.F. 9-7

br

KENNEDY, Hon. Joseph P.
Palm Beach, Fla.
filed 1-5-40

Sent the President a fishing rod. - The President sent a letter of thanks to Ambassador Kennedy on Jan. 3, 1940.

See P.P.F. 207

act

P.P.F.
9-7

HOWE, Mrs. Louis McHenry
Fall River, Mass.
filed 1-6-40

Sent the President a little flyer. - The President sent a letter of thanks to Mrs. Howe on Jan. 2, 1940.

See P.P.F. 2095

act

P.P.F.
9-7

BRUCE, Edward,
Wash., D.C.
Jan. 5, 1940

Sends President a box of California fruit. (Personally acknowledged by President.)

See P.P.F.2577

P P.7
9-7

br

January 24, 1940

pp.7
9-7

My dear Mr. Farmer:

It was most thoughtful of you to send the President that inscribed copy of you book of poems. He much appreciates your courtesy and asks me to convey his very best wishes to you.

x616

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Ray C. Farmer, Esq.,
Educational Director, CCC,
507 North First Avenue,
Upland,
California.

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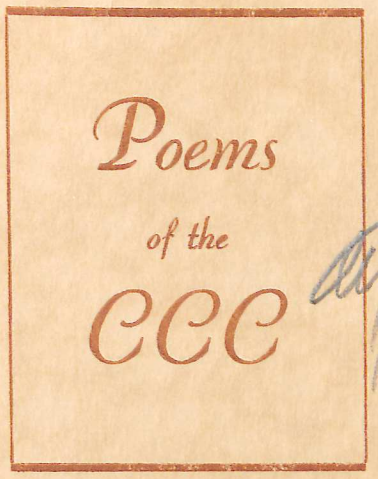

RAY C. FARMER

Major Arthur L. Fletcher,
Army & Navy Club,
Washington, D. C.

tmb

1/16/40

To Our Beloved
President, Franklin D. Roosevelt,
whom we love and honor for
his unselfish and untiring efforts
in behalf of all the people.
Gratefully,
Ray C. Farmer

Poems of the CCC

☆

Ray C. Farmer
Educational Director
CCC Co.
Upland, California

☆

THE BIBLE MEDITATION LEAGUE
Publishers
42 E. Gay St. Columbus, Ohio

An Introductory Ode

In cool of dewy morn this radiant day,
I beauty see in flow'r and verdant tree;
Hear warblers singing songs, so thrilling, gay,
Outside my upper chamber, filling me
With sense of rev'rence, feel that God is near,
Since He through Nature is expressing love,
Till eyes see sightless things and ears do hear
The voiceless Voice of Infinite above;
Then humbly bowed, I seek His pleasure, will
Invoke His benediction over all
His children longing for deliv'rance, till
Salvation theirs from error's stifling thrall.

* * * * * * * *

Dear Reader, ope, peruse this book; may be—
Forget the scribe, but not the Truth you see.

The Author

God

A Hymn

Oh spirit God whose glory fills creation,
Whose power Infinite has formed the star,
Set lights in heaven, laid the earth's foundation,
Made man Thy image perfect none can mar;
Long-suff'ring hast Thou been toward mortals sinning,
Whose eyes, bedimmed by falsehood's outward claim,
Sad desolation, woe, succeed in bringing,
Forgetting Thee, Thy goodness, love and aim.

Then Christmas came with angel voices singing
The praise to Thee, our Father God above;
Thy Peace on earth to men their message bringing
With Christ to teach them of a God of love.
At Jordan, Spirit Thine like dove descending,
Announcing, "This beloved Son is mine";
At Jacob's well with woman Christ contending,
True worship God as Spirit, Love divine.

As Jesus doing good, the sick redeeming,
Restoring sight and healing deaf and dumb;
As He destroyed the sinful evil-seeming,
Till sons of God His children, men become.
So we in turn will carry on the healing,
Will demonstrate perfection ev'rywhere,
Through perfect God and perfect man revealing
Our Life in God sustaining Love to care.

A CCC Boy's Prayer

Dear God, I'm just a boy who needs Thy aid
To be a sport in thought and deed;
I want to learn the player's Creed,
The Rules the Captain of our souls has made.

Dear God, forgive mistakes, the wrong I've done,
And hold not them against me more;
Then wash me clean till I'll abhor
The things that harm, all waywardness to shun.

Dear God, without Thy help I'd sadly fail;
I'd feel so weak, and helpless be;
But with Thy strength how strong and free
To tackle any job Thou wouldst detail.

Dear God, let greater tasks and harder tests
Be mine, when lesser ones I've done,
And Thou art pleased when I have won
The sporting way, approval Thou attests.

Dear God, give me desire to read the Book
Of Rules, to follow ev'ry play.
The Master Player in His day
Used it to foil the tactics of the "crook."

Dear God, help me to help my team-mates too,
To be as competent as I;
To make a team that will defy
Opponents till they're overcome, are through.

Dear God, teach me to know humility,
That what I do, I do through You.
For e'en the Master couldn't do
His job without Thine own Divinity.

Dear God, may ever I be on the square,
No matter if my buddies fail.
With Thee at hand I will prevail,
Till, seeing my good work, they'll seek to share.

Dear God, may I too learn the art of love,
In kindness shown toward ev'ry one:
In camp, at work, at leisure fun,
Forgive my enemies with Love above.

Dear God, when feel I final summons near,
Though I am old, do suffer pain;
Help me to never once complain,
To know I've fought the fight in fairness here:

To hear our Captain's gracious words, "Well done,
Eternal Crown of Vict'ry thou hast won."

The C.C.C. Crusaders

Note—Dedicated to the "Bible Meditation League," an organization for the free distribution and promotion of daily reading of God's Word. The League has its headquarters in Columbus, Ohio.

To arms, Enrollees, heed the battle cry of liberty,
And join your comrades marching 'gainst the foe
Of noble manhood, who through diabolic subtlety
Entices, then destroys or bringeth woe!
Four hundred thousand boys are bearing flaming scimitars
Of Spirit, Truth symbolic of the Word;
With holy zeal are urging you to join the regulars
In living daily what you've read and heard.

New Testaments the Bible Meditation League has giv'n you
Without a single cost or gainful price;
Its fondest hope, its fervent wish desire that you will do
The godly things you learn, eschewing vice.
To serve you further, you who seek divine celestial heights,
The League's directors, with its President,
With loving purpose freely give the Knowledge that enlights,
Through lessons, making you more competent.

No blood is shed, no anguish, pain, inflicted bombs released
To blow to pieces cities, human life;
No passions brutal stirred to frenzy like ferocious beast,
Till ev'rywhere throughout the earth is strife.
But thy crusading, one to slay the evil thoughts within,
Drive out the enemies of righteous good,
Till Peace on earth, Good Will to men, helps you to conquer sin,
To do your duty taught and understood.

In mortal strife among the warring legions of the earth,
The loss of limb, of life, of worldly things,
Is terrible, is ghastly, silencing all happy mirth,
The voice once audible, the throat that sings.
How different! How wonderful! Campaign of your brigade
Whose numbers grow and grow with scarce a loss!
You fight to save yourselves, then bless humanity to aid
Your fellowmen to live and bear their cross.

So let enrollees ev'rywhere, in ev'ry C.C. Camp,
Enlist for service, live as Christly men,
To save, conserve all good, out evil only stamp;
And seek but peaceful freedom, none condemn.
Read daily chapter, practice goodly deeds New Testament
Reveals that Jesus did. Show gratitude
To kindly donors, living lives the League sincerely meant,
Performing lowly tasks as Jesus would.

Enlistment for the Cause of Righteousness, and lasting Peace
Eventually will sound the fun'ral knell
Of Satan's machinations, till malicious strife will cease,
No more the nations suff'ring Satan's hell.
What Glory yours, Eternal as the Infinite above,
To wage the greatest battle of the age
Against the hosts of hatred 'neath the Flag of Christian Love,
Till many ills in life will you assuage!

Enrollee's Thanksgiving Prayer

Oh Lord, please ope mine eyes that I might see
My need of gratitude for things enjoyed,
For chance in Camp to make a man of me,
Where will is disciplined and mind employed.
May I remember Thou hast given food,
And clothed my nakedness and kept me warm;
A bed on which to sleep, though attitude
Has been inside of me oft one of storm,
Forgetting those of fam'ly needing aid,
Responsibilities of manhood near—
That life is not for pleasure merely made,
But something I must make the best of here.
So help me do my duty, not to whine,
Be grateful for Thy good to me and mine.

The Singer

A year or more has come and gone
Since first I heard your glorious voice,
Sweet, strong and clear in sacred song,
Its message made each heart rejoice.
Thou art a channel through which Life
Is brought to those who're sore in need,
And many bound by care and strife,
Your strains of Truth have freed indeed.

How oft a bit of melody,
That's but an echo from above,
Forever clings in harmony
To new-awakened child of Love.
What then a blessed gift is thine,
That thou endowed with Christly grace
Each week imparts the Truth divine
In sacred song, in hallowed place.

Our hearts were thrilled not long ago—
You sang the Glory of that Day
When Christ was victor o'er the foe,
And death was vanquished in the fray;
You told how Mary Magdalene
Sped quickly to the sepulchre;
With sorrowing heart she wept unseen
Till Christ appeared to comfort her.

Throughout the weeks and months and years,
You'll help the sad and wearied soul:
The Peace of God destroys the fears
As Christ helps each to reach the goal.
A jeweled crown is waiting you,
Bedecked with gems of righteousness,
For in your labors you've been true,
And God rewards one's faithfulness.

"Am I My Brother's Keeper?"

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Cain replied,
With arrogance and hatred in his tone,
When God demanded, seeing him alone:
"What hath thou done?" the voice of blood hath cried:
"The blood of Abel crieth from the ground:
Thou guilty one art cursed where thou art found."

"Am I my brother's keeper?" one inquires,
Whose avarice has taken from the poor,
Through falsehood, clothed in garb of bright allure,
Their scanty all, unmoved when breath expires:
But God who watches o'er affairs of men
Doth hold him guilty, and will him condemn.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" wealth did ask;
"The wretched poor are no concern of mine,
I have no use for those who beg and whine;
Let Government assume this duty, task:"
So State did heed the call, though fell the axe
On those who gnashed their teeth o'er heavy tax.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" despots shout,
When they do persecute, debase and slay
A helpless race, belongings take away;
For gain, blood purge; so drive a people out.
Now such intol'rance, Nemesis of past,
Does spur resistance in a world aghast.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" question those
Who lure the innocent to life of shame,
Or urge them drink the liquids that inflame,
Till theirs, the scaffold or degrading woes,
While carnal mind that plots another's fall
Is slain, forgiveness waits the prodigal.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" conscience speaks
To inner self of ev'ry one of us,
And brings to mind the One, solicitous,
The Good Samaritan, the Christ who seeks
To help the needy, comfort, heal the ill,
Till, loving others, we, in Christ fulfill.

"Am I my brother's keeper?" is the test:
The law of being, Love to God and man,
Is proven true when love in action can
Do good, show mercy, kindness, manifest
To ev'ry one, our own, our neighbor near,
To those in other clime or hemisphere.

"What Is Man That Thou Art Mindful of Him?"

David King of Israel

Carnal man, the Psalmist said,
  Lives today as grass of field,
Then tomorrow withered, dead,
  Soon forgotten, tombed and sealed.
His a life of fear and doubt,
Wond'ring what it's all about,
Blund'ring, suff'ring all the while,
Selfish pride and greed his style.
He a man who seeks his joy,
Pleasure thrill in things decoy,
Till he's caught in treach'rous sands,
Overwhelmed by lying strands,
Or is like a garment soiled,
Cast aside as worthless, spoiled.

Hearken man to what is true:
  Thou wast made for nobler things,
Not a creature sad and blue,
  Not of flesh with woe it brings,
But a child of perfect mold,
Fashioned pure as molten gold;
Giv'n dominion, power, mind,
Over earth to curb and bind.
Error lies till truths prevail,
Stifling heartaches, bitter wail
Filling homes with joy and song,

Teaching, guarding 'gainst the wrong
That besets the human race,
Till this world becomes a place
Free of selfish aim and will,
Free of sickness, bane and ill,
Full of sunshine, peace and love
Coming down from God above;
Where the brotherhood of man
Will all warfare, killing ban,
Where the nations of the earth
Will not fight for creed or birth,
But will join for common weal;
Then from belfry sounds the peal,
Joyful tones from Freedom's bell;
Then from throats enraptured swell,
"Glory, praise to Him on high,
Everlasting bliss is nigh!"

The Glory of the Resurrection

Three crosses on a lonely hill,
  Three men had died to pay a debt;
Now on Golgotha all is still,
  The ebbing night grows black as jet.
The soldier band left hours ago,
  The mob, lust-filled, had slunk away;
The smirking priest, Christ's bitter foe
  Had sought the Temple there to pray.

How far unbalanced justice this,
  That Christ should suffer as a thief!
His word, His touch gave healing bliss;
  To this sick world he brought relief.
But cruel, mocking Pharisee,
  And those too fickle to be just,
Had gloated with malicious glee
  That Christ was dead and only dust.

How dark it is before the dawn!
  Amidst the darkest hour of gloom—
Heart-broken, sad, with faces drawn,
  A few placed Christ within the tomb.
The Sabbath Day had slowly passed
  For those who wept in black despair;
From out the multitude so vast,
  Three sought the tomb to worship there.

Three women brave who loved the Christ
  Did trudge o'er dark and rugged roads,
It mattered not nor could suffice
  That ruffians near had their abodes.
Their faith in God, their pure desire
  Brought them His care and peace of mind;
'Tis ever so with hearts on fire
  With holy zeal, with faith sublime.

A guard was placed about the tomb;
  The Roman seal was on the rock;
Disciples none would dare presume
  The Emperor's soldiers here to mock,
By coming here at dead of night
  To roll aside the heavy stone,
To whisk the body 'way from sight,
  To say He'd risen all alone.

Then suddenly a blaze of light!
  An earthquake shakes the guarded cave!
The soldiers trembling, pale from fright,
  Away pell mell their lives to save.
Bright visitants remove the door,
  Comes forth the Christ from prison cell;
He proved henceforth forevermore
  How deathless Life in God we dwell.

What glorious vict'ry had been won
  On this first Resurrection Morn!
What lasting triumph of Mary's Son
  O'er death and sorrow, sin and scorn!
His love was greater than the cross,
  "Forgive, they know not what they do;"
Cruel hate proves naught but worthless dross,
  And wrong harms not the good and true.

Despite the death wounds He received,
Came back this Jesus from the grave;
The tell-tale scars that all perceived
Revived their faith—the faith to save,
He proved His body had not changed,
Yet could appear behind doors closed;
That God made man, and e'er arranged
To win when man's to death exposed.

So death's not true; it's lack of life,
As darkness flees before the light.
The Book declares, "God is our Life,"
Unreal is death as is the night.
The foe to be last overcome
Is false belief that we shall die;
Men wicked, thought they killed God's Son,
But God is Life, their thought a lie.

Said Christ before He reached the cross,
"I'll give my life, take it again;"
But disobeying God is loss,
This would have been the bane of men.
Had Jesus seized the easy way,
How dark the night of dire despair!
Removed from sight last hopeful ray,
E'en God had failed us then and there.

Thanks be to God this Easter Day,
The glorious Resurrection Hour
When won the Christ this mortal fray,
And God gave Him the Crown of Power.
His triumph-vict'ry ours to claim,
No longer need we death e'er fear;
His cross is ours, our aim the same,
We cannot fail, God's always near.

Bridging the Chasm

A weary traveler near close of day
Was lost upon a mountain wild;
He feared the night and then to his dismay,
A storm broke through the stillness mild.
He ran for shelter toward a tow'ring rock,
But suddenly, was halted at the brink;
A fearful chasm, a deep terrestial sink
Confronted him derisively to mock.

No human hands nor pow'r could help him now;
Unable to retrace his step,
He must cross the yawning gap, but how,
While wind along the mountain swept?
In fear he dropped to earth to flee the gale.
The lightning, downpour, with their deaf'ning roar
Led him to raise his thought, to Heav'n implore;
He knew Omnipotence would never fail.

A cedar, slanting out o'er precipice,
Had stood the test a hundred years;
Its verdant top now swayed o'er black abyss,
With roots at last aroused to fears;
Then violent tempest like some Hercules
Did break the tendons of this ancient tree;
With mighty arm, the wind did lift with ease
And drop across the gorge, a bridge to be.

The trav'ler saw how Nature intervened;
He hurried to the fallen giant
That bridged the yawning chasm o'er which it leaned,
Whose rocky depth was once defiant.
He slowly crept across the giddy space,
Tenaciously he clutched at sturdy prong
Whene'er the wind would lash at him; then strong
And blinding rain would pelt his pallid face.

At last he crawled through fragrant cedar green,
And dragged his shaking limbs to rest
Beneath the shelt'ring rock, his heart serene,
For he had stood the gruelling test.
The storm did end, and he beheld a light
That sent its rays from mountain hut, not far;
A rift above, and when he saw a star,
He thanked his God for His protective might!

Significant this tale should be to those
Who too, must bridge the chasms of life;
For such are depths of all the human woes
Within this troubled world of strife.
The sightless eyes, or ears that cannot hear,
The severed limbs that nevermore can walk,
The voiceless tongue that vainly tries to talk:
Such handicaps are chasms that fill with fear.

But sadder still the loss of faith and hope,
Of peace content and happiness,
Of pow'r that could be made to really cope
With ev'ry sort of human stress.

The loss of aim that was the pride of men,
Of health that throbbed with energetic "go."
God's image marred by evil, passion, woe:
These are the chasms that must be bridged again.

To bridge the chasm that separates from good,
One needs to know there's hope for all;
That Love Supreme, when truly understood,
Is God who sees the sparrow fall,
Who cares for least among His creatures made,
With tender yearning, He awaits return
Of those who would His love and mercy spurn
For trifling things that only rust and fade.

It matters not what thou hast done afore,
Or what a failure thou hast been;
How tightly closed to thee doth seem the door,
How wretched thou because of sin—
Forgotten wilt thy past forever be,
If thou wilt humble self and start anew
To build the character bridge of you,
Thyself wilt link with all Eternity.

The Master Builder saw beyond the strife;
He spanned the void twixt earth and sky;
With love He bridged the gulf of death with life
And proved that man would never die.
He failed to win the fame and pelf of time,
But rather trod an ignominious path;
Yet you and I doth know how much He hath
Subdued the earth and made men's lives sublime.

What Can I Do?

"What can I do? I am so small,"
Said the little cloud high in the sky;
Then came a day when thunder call
Marshaled all the clouds to beautify
With copious rain, the earth below,
Which, in turn did make the flowers bloom,
The trees to leaf, the grain to grow,
Then the clouds, sunbeams, in hues illume.

"What can I do?" the acorn moans,
"Cramped in darkness of my prison shell?
I hear strange sounds and soothing tones
As I seem to sway in cell I dwell."
One day the acorn dropped to earth;
Sun and rain did cut the Gordian tie,
Then something happened: 'twas a birth—
Tiny oak to grow till winds defy!

"What can I do?" silk worm thus grieves;
"I am just an ugly creeping thing,
So hungry, eat and eat the leaves
Of the mulberry to which I cling."

It fell asleep, the sleep of dead,
In a casket, it had woven round
Its body, made of silken thread,
To adorn a lady's ev'ning gown.

"What can I do encased so tight?"
Said the budding rose on thorny stem;
But sun and rain to her delight,
Loosed the petals red as ruby gem;
A lover plucked the lovely rose
With its fragant beauty born above,
He gave it to the girl he chose—
Just a rose, yet quickened maiden love.

"What can I do?" her child does ask;
"In this world so big it frightens me,
If I were grown, whate'er the task,
I could do the things required of me."
"Have patience, child," the mother said:
"Try each day to reach tomorrow's aim,"
So child obedient, loving, led
With a faith if we would Heaven claim.

An Ancient King's Folly

Based on Eccl. 2

Hear ye me—earth's greatest fool!
I, Solomon, considered wise,
My wisdom lost believing lies,
And myself did most befool:
For me-thought, "I'll prove with mirth,
With pleasure, wine and drunken laughter,"
Beholding not the folly after,
What is life from day of birth?

Great works built I and houses made,
I planted vineyards, orchards, trees
That gave me fruit and gave me shade,
Cool pools of water also made,
To water wood that groweth trees,
Whose vistas luring, ever please.

I got me servants, maidens too,
Had servants born in royal house,
Possessions great that grew and grew,
How rich was I, I never knew;
To lavish lux'ry on my spouse,
To revel nightly and carouse.

I gathered me more silver, gold,
Than all the kingdoms of the earth,
And none was there who dared withhold
Their homage, or defiant bold,
Arouse my wrath, nor was there dearth
Of singers, music, sensual mirth.

So I was great, none great as I;
And whatsoever eyes desired
Kept not from them, and not a sigh
Escaped my lips; withheld not I
A single thing mine heart aspired,
In splendor lived as king attired.

Then I did look on all the things
My hands had wrought, what they had done,
And all was vanity that brings
Vexatious spirit with its stings:
In vain the glory I had won,
There was no profit 'neath the sun.

Then saw I, Wisdom far excelled
Presumptuous folly as the light
Excelleth darkness it expelled:
Rebellious sinner is compelled
To give up folly, live aright,
Till virtue giveth joy, delight.

To all the people yet unborn,
I, Solomon, would thee advise—
Yea, more than this, I thee would warn:
Against the things that like a thorn
Will bruise thy heart, thy soul chastise,
Till Understanding maketh wise.

What Makes a Gentleman?

What is it makes a gentleman?
  Do you suppose it's fashion clothes,
  A silken hat, lapel with rose,
A swinging cane, these make a man?

What is it makes a gentleman?
  Is it the lucre, gained and used
  To buy society to diffuse
Ancestral kin, a nobleman?

What is it makes a gentleman?
  A pedigree, blue blood decree,
  The haughty mien of some grandee,
These put together make a man?

What is it makes a gentleman?
  Dictator's fright, Napoleon's might,
  An upstart taking 'way the right
Of racial freedom, this to ban?

What is it makes a gentleman?
  The glory, fame, applauded name,
  A sort of tin-god fools acclaim—
Till thinks himself a superman?

What is it makes a gentleman?
  Abe Lincoln wore a garb homespun,
  His person, awkward, yet he won
  The hearts of millions to extent,
  Became the Nation's President.

What is it makes a gentleman?
  Will Rogers, poor, a chap unknown,
  With nothing else to call his own,
  But virtues real of cattle-hand,
  Today revered throughout the land.

What is it makes a gentleman?
  'Tis inner self imbued with grace,
  Of kindness, love for all the race,
The Christ-like good in ev'ry man:
'Tis these that make a gentleman.

A Christmas Eulogy

'Twas early morn, and all was still
When lowly shepherds woke from sleep;
The shade of night o'er hill and rill
Enveloped them and drowsy sheep:
Then lo! the still of passing night
Was broken by celestial throng;
Bright angels robed in dazzling light
Held them enraptured by their song.

Not far away, in manger, lay
The Child who would the Savior be;
'Twas He who'd teach each one to pray
To God as Love, a prophecy:
Sent God His Son to show the way—
The Way of Life, of Truth, of Love;
Each day He taught how each one may
Exchange the false for real above.

From stall to throne; between—the cross,
His business was in doing good;
The things that count, He labeled dross,
Upset old orders, understood:
All doctrines false did He discard,
Amazing Man of Galilee!
From lips and deeds all error barred,
Man perfect saw this made him free.

When did the work God's will to do.
He showed the twelve the way to theirs;
The things He did He taught them too—
To sift the wheat from noxious tares:

The bane of sin, of ill, of death,
Was slain by inspiration Power;
The Truth that gives man Spir'tual breath
Is Life in God, our Refuge Tower.

To seek the high-byways of earth,
Here Truth to teach, heal sickness there;
Is God's command to test our worth
And be prepared for answered prayer:
A few have heeded these commands,
And you, my friend, these years have been
A faithful guide who understands
The law that heals both sickness, sin.

When trouble came, I sought your aid;
You always helped me in my need;
"Let Love control, be not afraid."
Is Wisdom's Voice that I must heed:
You taught the ills of bane belief
Were phantoms, dark and nothing real,
That life's eternal, time but brief;
What is immortal, one must feel.

How patient you when in distress,
They come to you with tales of woe;
They tell their troubles, seek redress,
Such errors, these, man's bitter foe:
When mortal mind uprears its head,
A serpent with its poison sting,
You slay the lie till it is dead,
And, healing to its victims bring.

Day after day, e'en late at night,
  Untiringly the Master's work;
You walk with God the path of Right—
  Your duty never once to shirk:
How calm your poise, how sweet your smile,
  Your very presence blesses one;
Wise words as these to us worth while,
  " 'Tis God's own will that must be done."

Your sons revere and honor you,
  A privilege which they enjoy;
They love their mother, one who's true;
  Each one to you is still a boy:
This tender love of motherhood
  Helps you to know the love of God,
Who blesses all with lasting good,
  E'en when He wields His chast'ning rod.

'Tis yours to say, "I've won the fight;
  I've truly striven to keep the faith;
In God I'll dwell in glorious light,
  Eternal, real, no mortal wraith:"
I, too, can see your glist'ning Crown—
  A Diadem of stars that gleam;
I see on you, Perfection Gown
  Of virtuous Truth, of Love Supreme.

Shining Lights

When dawns the light of welcomed day,
  And dark'ning shadows flee away
    And all the earth is filled with love,
    The flow'rs, the trees and skies above,
  The mountains tow'ring to the blue,
  The sea, the brooks and glist'ning dew,
  All Nature garbed in garments new,
    God's voice, from out chaotic night
    Reverberates, "Let there be light!"

God is our Life, the Light of men;
In darkness shines but darkness then
  Is only naught for, where there's light,
  There cannot be the dark of night;
Came Light of Truth to troubled earth,
The Light that shone at Jesus' birth,
The Light that brought both joy and mirth;
  But darkened minds can never see
  The Light of Truth that makes them free.

Christ's mandate was, "Let your light shine
Before all men, and you will find
  When they, your works so good and true
  Do see, they too will gladly do,
Will honor God who reigns supreme,
Join hands with you the world redeem:"
Then from your face will nobly gleam
  The light of Heav'n, like martyrs when
  They braved death in the lion's den.

What shining lights the world has known!
Since those sad days when, all alone,
  Christ bore His cross up skull-named hill,

Where heartless men there sought to kill
The kindest man who ever breathed;
In darkened minds, black hatred seethed;
Him, crucified with those who thieved—
Yet glorified from out the tomb,
For all away He chased the gloom.

"The Light of earth," Christ claimed to be,
That entered hearts and made them free;
So they in turn would shine for God,
Far nobler than a senseless clod,
Reflecting God in word and deed
And helping those who were in need;
Dispensing smiles—their living creed:
They are like stars which shine above,
They tell of God and of His love.

The light that shines is often seen
In mother love whose eyes do gleam
Such tenderness as Christ would show
To little ones—and she doth sow
The seeds of Truth in their young minds,
Till, by and by, fruition finds
In noble lives the Love that binds
Creation, all in sweet accord
And God of Heav'n acknowledged Lord.

It matters not what is thy place
In life's brief span, or what thy race;
You can let shine your light 'fore men;
Make life to count, and try to mend
The broken heart, the hopeless one,
The derelict—mistakes you've done,
Self, sacrifice, and evil, shun:
Like prophets old, Saint John and Paul
You'll see God's love shine through it all.

The Eloquence of Silence

There is the eloquence of silent tongue
If we will listen to its voice,
To cause us greatly to rejoice;
Though strains of music may be mutely sung,
Our inner selves doth hear
As well as though by ear:
We catch the rhythm Nature brings
With hearts attuned when Nature sings.

The scented flowers bloom in garden spots
On yonder hill, in thicket glen,
In jungle deep, on heathered fen,
In desert places bare, on terraced tops,
'Tis ev'rywhere they speak
So eloquent and meek!
Their fragile beauty lifts our eyes
To see afar beyond the skies.

The brilliant sunlight floods the earth with hues
Till ev'rything has shape and tint;
And where was black, there's now no hint—
For varied colors paint the landscape views;
Enraptured do we hear
The "music of the sphere."
The rainbow harp with prism strings,
When struck, is like a bell that rings.

The heavens nightly dot the sky with light;
The Psalmist said was ample proof
That God did speak was not aloof—
But watches over all and shows His might!
The telescope has brought
The glory God has wrought!
Yet Love is greater'n mighty arm
And feeds and clothes and keeps from harm.

The mountain ranges meeting azure height—
A language speak that all can know,
Their lofty peaks with sunlit glow
Are snowclad summits, glist'ning in the light:
Cathedral spires that tell
Of Heav'n where all may dwell,
A state of mind serene, secure,
Harmonious and ever pure.

The landscape picture, we so often see
A charming lake that's fringed with trees;
Its water clear and yon the leas,
Or gorgeous sunset will forever be
A wordless theme that holds
The solemn truth that molds
Our thought, our hope, our aim, our life,
And upward, lifts 'bove human strife.

The sacred archives tell of godly men
Who heard the voice of Love divine,
Their hearts were pure, their hopes sublime;
They prayed to God and He would answer them
By sudden thought, in sleep—
Or meditation deep:
As Enoch walked and talked with God,
So holy prophets later trod.

The Spirit language meant for us to learn,
Is ours to know by sacrifice,
By holy zeal it won't suffice,
To go to church, or wickedness to spurn:
But selfish will denied,
And love and truth applied,
Will wonders work—for we shall hear
The voice of God devoid of fear.

In turn, the deed that 'tis our lot to do—
The kindness shown, the healing prayer,
The mercy giv'n, the love we share,
Our gracious smiles that make you happy, too,
Are silent voices heard,
More potent than the word
From angel tongue or gifted one;
For you would do as we have done.

To An Injured Friend

Unbearable this world would be,
If it were not for earthly friends;
How much a word of sympathy—
A heart forlorn this kindness mends!
When all is dark, depressing, drear,
The sun no longer seems to shine;
Then comes a friend, dispels our fear,
Such graciousness to us divine.

A friend like this you've been to me,
When I had need in my distress;
Your goodness then helped me to see
The love of God sent here to bless:
An instrument, a means for good,
To one another must impart
The blessed acts of brotherhood,
Till love supreme links ev'ry heart.

But now, you lie on cot of pain
And wonder why such things befall;
Yet from this trial may you regain—
Despite the seeming gloom and pall:
"Be not afraid, I am with thee;
Be not dismayed, I am thy God!"
These soothing words will make you free;
'Twas such a way the Master trod.

Each one a cross must duly bear;
No one should grieve nor should complain;
We, too, must pray the Garden prayer—
Though way may be the way of pain:

"Thy will, not mine, be ever done,"
Prayed Christ, and sweat great drops of blood:
Then angels came, upheld the Son
Who saves from sin's engulfing flood.

My friend, how grateful, I, to you;
Though silver, gold to give—I've none,
Like Peter, John, am praying, too,
That God will heal you through His Son!
I'm sure He's heard my earnest plea,
He never fails to heed our cry;
If we'll contrite and humble be—
What blessings pour from out the sky!

Behind the cloud is shining Light
Of Love and Goodness for us all;
For ev'ry wrong there is a right,
For ears that hear Redemption's call:
'Tis God who makes the fools of earth
Confound the haughty, worldly wise;
The weak, the poor, of lowly birth,
With might of God, the proud defies.

If you in this most trying hour
Will turn to Him who reigns above,
Make Him thy only healing power,
Know God loves you, for God is love:
Then, you will rise above the bane,
Defeat the foe that threatens you,
Emerging happily again
From shades of death restored anew.

To a Little Child

When old enough you grow to read
  Of Jesus in the Holy Book,
May you love Him and feel the need
  Of Christly care and watchful look.

He took the children in His arms,
  And said a child should lead us all;
That whosoever any harms,
  On him would retribution fall.

'Less one becomes a little child,
  Be sweet and innocent as they,
He's still a sinner, still defiled,
  Must humble self and humbly pray:

"Forgive me, God, and make me pure,
  As little children Thou doth love;
Be Thou the Rock where I, secure,
  Am free and happy as a dove."

Thinking Twice Ere Speaking Once

A sudden irritation
  O'er a trifle;
A thoughtless brusque expression,
  One should stifle;
Some heart is bruised, nigh broken,
Not e'en a loving token
Quite heals the words, outspoken,
  Though a trifle!

A sweeter realization,
  Pausing briefly,
Results, when meditation
  Guides us chiefly,
In action and in speaking;
Finds harmony in seeking,
Brings peace and joy, ere speaking—
  Praying briefly.

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January 3, 1940.

MISS LE HAND

Box of Apples

From - Major Fletcher---?

Sent to Mrs. Nesbit

Has not been acknowledged

PP 7;
9-7

ry 9, 1940

The President has asked me to thank you ever so much for the box of apples you sent him. They are perfectly delicious and he appreciates your thought of him.

This carries to you the President's best wishes for the New Year.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

Major Arthur L. Fletcher,
Army & Navy Club,
Washington, D. C.

tmb

PP; 7;
9-7

January 9, 1940

Dear Major Fletcher:

The President has asked me to thank you ever so much for the box of apples you sent him. They are perfectly delicious and he appreciates your thought of him.

This carries to you the President's best wishes for the New Year.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHAND
Private Secretary

Major Arthur L. Fletcher,
Army & Navy Club,
Washington, D. C.

tmb

Major Arthur L. Fletcher
Wage and Hour Division
Department of Labor.

Home address:
Army & Navy Club

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Season's
Greetings

Happy New Year

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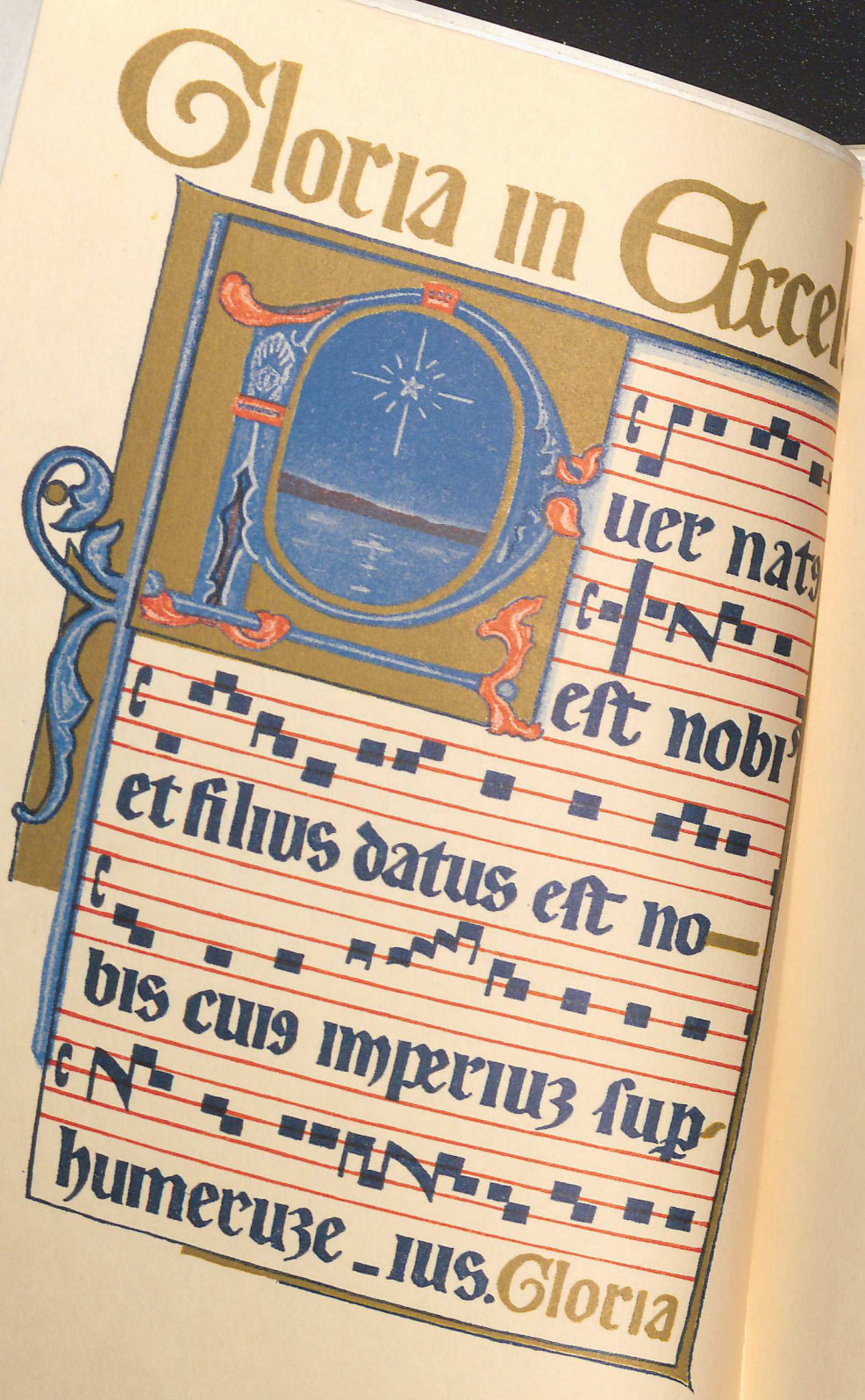


With
Every Good Wish
for Christmas
and
The New Year

From

Major A. L. Fletcher

January 1 — 1940.

/ Cigarette case to Miss Le Hand 7

/ Miss Le Hand 7

Doctors

P.P.F. 7
9-7

January 15, 1940

My dear Mrs. Freund:

Permit me, please, to thank you in the President's behalf for your friendly birthday greetings and to assure you that he will appreciate the spirit which prompted you to send him the gift which you mention in your letter of January tenth.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

× P.P.F. 3,0-7

× P.P.F. 9-9

Mrs. Renatha Freund,
Tipler,
Wisconsin.

es

Cigarette Case to Missile Hoard 7

ahsd
1-15-40 ES

Tipler, Wis.
Jan. 10. 1940.

President Roosevelt
Washington D.C.
Maryland.

Dear President Roosevelt.

A! President Garner:
Coming to you through a pair of garters, for your birthday, and the most "Heartiest" congradulation to President Franklin D. Roosevelt for three more terms to come as "President" of the United States; "Beautiful" America. Wishing you "Good Luck," and "Three Cheers".

P.P.7.
9-7

P.P.7.
3-10-Contribution
Foeder - 7"

es

I, remain,
A true Friend,
Mrs Renatha Freund,
P.S. From Lake of Dreams.

Cigarette Case to Grissle Hood 7

P.P.7.
9-7

P.P.7.
3 10-Contribution
Foeder — 7"

Cigarette case in Middle Hand 7

January 18, 1940

My dear Mr. Florman:

Your letter of January sixteenth has been received and the President thanks you ever so much for the cigarette case. He asks me to express his appreciation of the friendly thought which prompted you to send it to him.

The book of dimes which you enclosed has been turned over to the Infantile Paralysis Fund and I want to assure you that your contribution is most gratefully received.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Irving Florman, Esq.,
2 West 46th Street,
New York, N.Y.

es

Book of dimes sent to Mr Allen

cigarette case given to Miss S. Hand for the President

LONGACRE 5-2896-7

CABLE ADDRESS, CLEEVCORP, NEW YORK

IRVING FLORMAN
2 WEST 46TH STREET
NEW YORK, N. Y.

accepted 1-18-40.

January 16, 1940

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
White House
Washington, D.C.

Dear Mr. President:

Please find enclosed book of dimes.

Am also enclosing a Truly Yours envelope cigarette case, which please accept with my compliments.

Sincerely yours,

Irving Florman

Irving Florman

IF:EE

PPF 9-F

Pres Study

7
Ma Norris

January 26, 1940

My dear Dr. Foster:

Please accept the President's thanks for the copy of the book which you were good enough to send him. He wants you to know how much he appreciates your friendly thoughtfulness.

× PPF 9-B

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Dr. George Sanford Foster,
Lucy Hastings Hospital,
Manchester,
New Hampshire.

es

GEORGE SANFORD FOSTER, M. D.
Lucy Hastings Hospital,
Manchester, New Hampshire.

A. 7

PPF
9-7

January 31, 1940

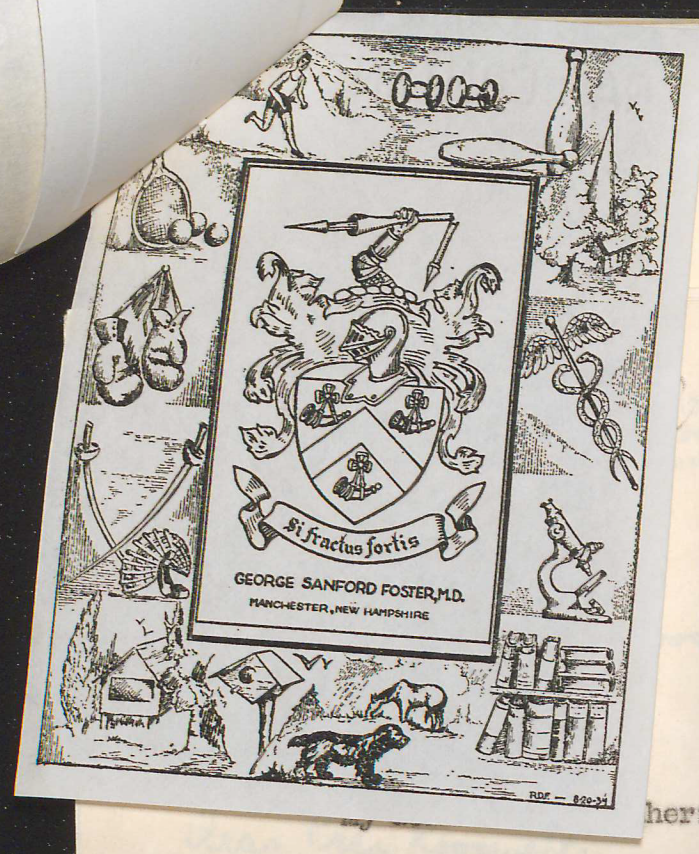
nice of you to send
to the President. He
wants you to know that he more than appreciates
your kind thought of him as well as your greet-
ings, and has asked me to convey his very best
wishes to you and to the members of your family.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. Julius Fleischer,
217 Mt. Grove Street,
Bridgeport,
Connecticut.

es



A- 7

PPF 9-7

January 31, 1940

her:

It was indeed nice of you to send that fine birthday cake to the President. He wants you to know that he more than appreciates your kind thought of him as well as your greetings, and has asked me to convey his very best wishes to you and to the members of your family.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. Julius Fleischer,
217 Mt. Grove Street,
Bridgeport,
Connecticut.

es

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PPF 7
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T.A. 7

January 31, 1940

PPF
9-7

My dear Mrs. Fleischer:

It was indeed nice of you to send that fine birthday cake to the President. He wants you to know that he more than appreciates your kind thought of him as well as your greetings, and has asked me to convey his very best wishes to you and to the members of your family.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. Julius Fleischer,
217 Mt. Grove Street,
Bridgeport,
Connecticut.

es

P.7
1

MRS. JULIUS FLEISCHER
217 Mt. Grove Street
Bridgeport, Connecticut

ackgd
1/31/40

Jan. 29, 1940

President Franklin D. Roosevelt
White House,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Pres. Roosevelt:

First of all I want to congratulate you on your birthday and to wish that you will live to enjoy many more years in health and happiness with your wife and family.

In my family, it has been a custom for many years to make a birthday cake with as many layers as the number of years each member of the family is celebrating. I thought that you would enjoy having such a cake for your birthday, and only regret that I

11

P.P.7
9-2

Enclosure.

Patent for a combination lamp-flower holder.

(P.7 1)

MRS. JULIUS FLEISCHER
217 Mt. Grove Street
Bridgeport, Connecticut

was unable to make one layer for each year you have lived. I don't think I would have found a box deep enough to ship it in. So I compromised on 25 layers.

President Roosevelt, I am the mother of six children, and you and Mrs. Roosevelt are parents not only of your own children but of the children all over the world. And I pray to God that He bestow his blessings on you for your goodness. May you continue in good health to guide us.

In closing, I just want to say that I would be very proud, if after you have eaten of my birthday cake, you would ask me to make another one for you.

Sincerely,
Mrs. Julius Fleischer

(P.7 9-2)

Enclosure.

Patent for a combination lamp-flower holder.

P.7
1

President Franklin D. Roosevelt

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With Best wishes

Mrs Julius Fleischer
217 Hut Grove St
Bridgeport. Conn

x P.7
9-2

Enclosure.

Patent for a combination lamp-flower holder.

P.P.F.
9-7

February 9, 1940

My dear Mrs. Fletcher:

Following your call at the White House, a few days ago, I looked up your file of correspondence as requested.

The patent which you forwarded to the President was with the file. I have been asked to return it to you and to explain that although your courtesy in sending this gift is greatly appreciated, the patent was retained at the White House by mistake, as the President, since assuming his present Office, has adhered strictly to a policy of asking to be excused from accepting gifts of this nature.

May I advise, further, that your inquiry regarding employment for your husband has been referred for the consideration of the Employment Division, Federal Security Administration.

Very sincerely yours,

P. L. Shannon
Secretary to MR. EARLY

Mrs. Nellie P. Fletcher, ×
Apartment 703, The Woodley,
1851 Columbia Road, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

× P.P.F.
9-2

Enclosure.

Patent for a combination lamp-flower holder.

January 29, 1940

My dear Mrs. Fletcher:

Your letter of January eighteenth has been received and I want to thank you, in the President's behalf, for your kind thought in sending him the patent for his birthday and also for the contribution to the Infantile Paralysis Fund.

What you say regarding employment for your husband has been noted, and I am indeed sorry that I do not know of any position to which he could be appointed. Nearly all positions in the Government Service are subject to the civil service rules and regulations and appointments thereto are made only after examination and certification by the Civil Service Commission. I suggest, under the circumstances, that he get in touch with the Commission here in Washington with a view to securing application blanks and information concerning examinations.

With the thought that he may be able to make a further helpful suggestion, I am forwarding your communication for the consideration of the Federal Security Administrator, who has direction and supervision over the Bureau of Employment Security.

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Secretary to the President

B

Mrs. Nellie P. Fletcher,
Apartment 703, The Woodley,
1851 Columbia Road, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

FSA (BU OF EMP SEC) - Re employment for her husband.

edb

IN REPLY REFER TO
FILE No. 19:I

SOCIAL SECURITY BOARD
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Office of the Executive Director

February 7, 1940

Mr. C. E. Ingling,
The White House,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr. Ingling:

In accordance with your telephone request, we are returning to you the copy of patent No. 2,060,005, which was submitted by Mrs. Nellie P. Fletcher, 1851 Columbia Road, N. W., Washington, D. C., with her letter of January 18, 1940.

Sincerely,

Oscar M. Powell

Oscar M. Powell,
Executive Director

Enclosure

NEPRUD, Mr. Carl, Comm.,
Chinese Maritime Customs,
Wash., D.C.
Feb. 5, 1940.

Sends President 4 stamps "In commemoration of the 150th anniversary of the founding of the American Republic" and a comination-cane and fishing rod. Copy of letter attached.

Referred to State Dept. 2-12-40.

See P.P.F.37-N

br

PPF
9-7

Engins Room 7

O.F.7.
9-7

February 17, 1940

My dear Leander:

Permit me, please, in the absence of the President, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of February third and to thank you, in his behalf, for your kind thought in sending your painting to him. I know he will much appreciate your good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Leander Fornas,
R. F. D., Box 205,
Gardner,
Massachusetts.

avb

Feb. 3, 1940
R. F. D. Box 205
off West St.
Gardner, Mass.

Hang in Engine Room

Dear President:

I am sending you a painting of Viipuri Castle which I have painted.

Probably this castle is in ruins now. I'm (14) fourteen years old and attending freshman class in high school.

I have Finnish-born parents.

Because you have sympathized with Finland, I will send you this painting of "Viipurin Linna" as a remembrance of Finland.

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I hope you will have
healthy life continued.

yours truly

Leander Fornas

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T. A. 7

PPF 9-7

February 19, 1940

My dear Mrs. France:

Your nice letter has been received and the President wants you to know how much he appreciates your kind thought in writing and sending the hand crocheted doilies to him. He asks me to extend to you his very best wishes for your welfare and happiness.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. M. M. France,
10 South Chester Street,
Baltimore,
Maryland.

avb

To President of United States of America!

Dear President and Mrs Roosevelt.

Please except this little token from and Old. Lady who is (82) Years old. I made this set. with ~~my~~ own hand. I Think you will enjoy it on Your Lunch Tray. I feel like you are so kind and good to every one. I listen to your Radio Addresses and enjoy them very much. while I was crocheting them I felt if I only could do more for unselfishness in doing good for every one. I hope you will live 50 years to come

Good wishes for your Birth day

7

Mrs Roos

PPF
9-7

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Mr Kovis

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9-7

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CRETARY

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From Mrs M. M. France
10. S. Chester st.
Baltimore Md.

Miss LeHand 7

T.A.- 7

Mr Rowe

P.P.F.
9-7

February 19, 1940

My dear Mr. Fallon:

It was kind of you to send the President that nice box of candy for his birthday. You may be sure that he much appreciates your friendly thoughtfulness.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Joe Fallon, Esq.,
95 Barrow Street,
New York, N. Y.

avb

Davies LeRoane 7

T n 7

museum 7

P.S. 7.
9-7

President I wish you
the best of luck on
your Birthday
Joe Fallon
Coach
Huron Baseball Club
of Greenwich Village

February 20, 1940

My dear Carolyn:

Your nice little letter of birthday greetings pleased the President ever so much. He appreciates your friendly thought in sending the pitcher to him and is indeed sorry that he has none to send to you.

Very sincerely yours,

M.A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Carolyn Fox,
915 Court Street,
Fulton,
Missouri.

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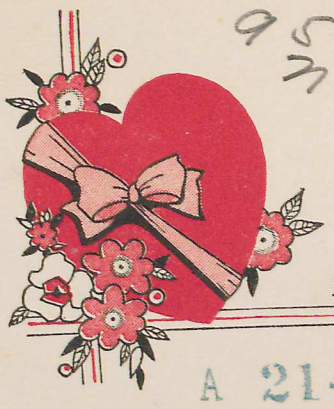

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February 20, 1940

My dear Carolyn:

Your nice little letter of birthday greetings pleased the President ever so much. He appreciates your friendly thought in sending the pitcher to him and is indeed sorry that he has none to send to you.

Very sincerely yours,

M.A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Carolyn Fox,
915 Court Street,
Fulton,
Missouri.

es

February 20, 1940

P.P.F.
9-7

My dear Carolyn:

Your nice little letter of birthday greetings pleased the President ever so much. He appreciates your friendly thought in sending the pitcher to him and is indeed sorry that he has none to send to you.

Very sincerely yours,

M.A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Carolyn Fox,
915 Court Street,
Fulton,
Missouri.

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Fulton, Missouri
Jan 30, your Birthday

Dear Mr Roosevelt

I am sending you a "Pitcher" for your collection. It was made from clay from the "Ozarks" of Missouri.

I am a little girl, and I also am collecting "Pitchers". Maybe sometime you will send me one. I have about 65 "little Pitchers" now from all over the country.

Thank you Mr Roosevelt, Hope you had a Happy Birthday.

Little
"Carolyn Fox"
Fulton, Missouri
915 "Court St

Rare 7

T. A 7

Mr. Harris

February 19, 1940

PPF 9.7

My dear Charlotte:

The sketch which you were kind enough to send the President has been received. He asks me to thank you for your thought of him and to extend his very best wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Charlotte Furrow,
408 Anderson Street,
Danville,
Illinois.

avb

Miss LeHand 7

P.P. 7
9-7

February 19, 1940

My dear Miss Froderstrom:

The painting which you were kind enough to send the President has been received and he has asked me to convey his sincere thanks to you. He wants you to know that your contribution to the Infantile Paralysis Fund is very much appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Miss Alma W. Froderstrom,
330 West Seventy-seventh Street,
New York, N. Y.

avb

x P.P. 7
310 - Contributors
" 7

W.T.
drawing
Guerin to M.A.R.
Feb 17-40

ALMA W. FRODERSTROM
~~23 W. 76TH ST.~~
NEW YORK, N. Y.

330 W. 77.

acknd
2/19/40
O.B.

My dear Miss Le Hand,

Yesterday I sent off, — by mistake by parcel-post, — a little water color for the President, enclosing note and dimes for The Infantile — Paralysis - Fund. It should have been sent 1st class. I couldn't think of any other way of making it up, than by mailing the enclosed $, which I hope will cover the lacking postage. If by any chance anything is left over, please add it to my Inf. P. contribution, and kindly pardon my bothering you

Sincerely,
Alma W. Froderstrom.

330 W. 77. New York. N.Y.

Jan. 1940.

Mr. President,

With all good wishes!

in deep respect and admiration,

Sincerely Yours,

Alma Weitzel Rodenbrough

330 W. 77. New York. N.Y.

Pres Study 7

P.P. 7
9-7

February 19, 1940

My dear Mrs. Fullenkamp:

Thank you in the President's behalf for the copy of your book to which you refer in your letter of February fifth. I want to assure you that he is grateful indeed for the friendly interest and good will which prompted you to send the volume to him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Mrs. Fred J. Fullenkamp,
311 North Second Street,
Decatur,
Indiana.

esr

ack.

Mrs. Fred J. Fullenkamp
311 N. Second Street
Decatur, Indiana

ack
2/9/40
for

Feb 5th 1940

Mr Franklin D. Roosevelt,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Mr President:

It is a delightful day here in Indiana.....
Snow is falling in huge drops.....
And I'm embarrassed.....
That I am late in sending to you,
A little Birthday Gift, under separate cover.
A book, recently published by me,
Entitled...."JOY IN LIVING"
On the fly leaf, I have written a little
Poem to you.....hope you like it.

Very Respectfully,

Esther C. Fullenkamp

es

P.P.F.
9-7

Press Study 7

Mr Howes

March 14, 1940

Gentlemen:

Please accept the President's thanks for the copy of the book which you were good enough to send him. He asks me to express his appreciation of your courtesy.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. Leliand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Frederick A. Stokes Company, Inc.,
443-449 Fourth Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

es

x P.P.F.
9-B

Mrs. Morris Pres Study 1

pp. 7.
9. 7

March 20, 1940

My dear Dr. Friedenwald:

Many thanks in the President's behalf to you and to Mrs. Friedenwald for the copy of your book "Science and Social Ethics". He is glad to have the volume and your courtesy in sending it is indeed appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

X

Dr. Herbert Friedenwald,
Wardman Park Hotel,
Washington, D. C.

es

With the Compliments of

DR. AND MRS. HERBERT FRIEDENWALD

WASHINGTON, D. C.

asked 3/20/40 ES

Mrs Stuby

7

PP 7
9-7

March 20, 1940

My dear Dr. Foster:

The President asks me to thank you ever so much for the copy of your book which you were good enough to send him. He deeply appreciates your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Dr. George S. Foster,
Lucy Hastings Hospital,
Manchester,
New Hampshire.

es

Mr. Louis. Pres Study

7

PP 7
9-7

March 20, 1940

My dear Dr. Foster:

The President asks me to thank you ever so much for the copy of your book which you were good enough to send him. He deeply appreciates your friendly thought.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Dr. George S. Foster,
Lucy Hastings Hospital,
Manchester,
New Hampshire.

es

T. A. 7

March 21, 1940

P.P.7.
9-7

My dear Mr. Finamore:

It was nice indeed of you to send the President that framed copy of your poem to which you refer in your letter of March sixteenth. He wants you to know that he is deeply grateful for your friendly thought of him and for your good wishes.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Frank Paul Finamore, Esq.,
45 Sheridan Avenue,
Paterson,
New Jersey.

es

T A

7

Paterson N. J.
March 16. 1940

Honerable. Franklin D. Roosevelt.
President Of The United States.
of America

Dear President.

Enclosed you will find a Framed Poem. that I have written. and I hope that you will be pleased with it. and that you will find a place for it. and may it bring you Good Lucks. Good Health. and Happiness.
Hoping this finds you in good health. Best Regards to You. and your Family. God Bless You All.

I Remain
Sincerly Yours
Frank Paul Finamore
45 Sheridan Ave
Paterson
New Jersey

P.P.F
9-7

T-A

7

March 20, 1940

+ P.P.F 9-8

My dear Ferrucio:

It was nice indeed of you to send your sketches to the President and Mrs. Roosevelt. They thank you ever so much and have asked me to convey their very best wishes to you.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Ferrucio Perantoni,
52 First Avenue,
Raritan,
New Jersey.

es

T. A. 7

Mr Norris Press Study 7

P.P.F. 9-7

March 26, 1940

My dear Miss Fielding:

The President asks me to send you this little note to thank you ever so much for your kindness in sending him that book of poems. He appreciates your friendly thought of him.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Miss Anna M. Fielding,
1314 Fourth Avenue,
New Hyde Park,
Long Island,
New York.

oh

HULL, Mrs. Cordell,
Wash., D.C.
March 28, 1940. (Ack.)

Sent some flowers to the President.
(Personally acknowledged by President.)

See P.P.F.335

br

P.P.F.
9-7

T.A. 7

FILE MEMO
April 11, 1940.

On April 10th, Mr. Summerlin forwarded to this office a wooden plate and a letter sent to the President by V. Francesco of Lausanne, Switzerland. This gift was recently brought to the United States by Hartwell Johnson, of the American Foreign Service, at the request of the American Minister to Switzerland.

(Correspondence and plate sent to the White House Museum.)

P.P 7
9-7.

br

Mr Forbes — T. A. 7

April 24, 1940

P.P.F. 9-7

My dear Mr. Forbes:

In the absence of the President I want to thank you for the beautiful calendar to which you refer in your letter of April eighteenth. I know that the President will be glad to have it and that he will be deeply grateful for your kind thoughtfulness in sending it to him.

+ P.P.F. 9-c

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

W. S. Forbes, Esq.,
The Forbes Lithograph Mfg. Co.,
Boston,
Massachusetts.

es

...and welded and

The Forbes Lithograph Mfg Co.
Boston.

(gave away)

ack'd 4/24/40 EB

April 18, 1940

The President
White House
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Amid a world-wide desert of war and hatred, America stands as a verdant oasis of peace and personal freedom.

Rumors are rampant, however, that, in addition to other "isms" a spirit of defeatism pervades American thinking today. This being so, it is your job, and mine, and industry's in general, to find the lever that will start the wheels of progress spinning again with a heart-warming whir that betokens America moving forward.

How better, then, to approach the problem than by reverting to the fundamentals of our American system as exemplified by that noble document of ours, the Constitution of the United States.

As our contribution, we are sending you and other industrial leaders our 1940-41 calendar. On the face is a reproduction of a portion of the mural by Barry Faulkner.....completed in 1935 and located in The National Archives, Washington, D.C..... depicting James Madison presenting the Constitution to George Washington and the Constitutional Convention. A separate sheet with the calendar carries the complete Constitution, with all the Amendments thereto.

The Constitution of the United States, needless to say, is not something that was thrown together overnight. It is the product of the meeting of minds of men schooled in the art of assessing questions of Government. The Convention deliberated behind closed doors for months.

An immortal document was molded by cold, sober thought and study, coupled with the telling force of quiet elopuence; and welded and

tempered by the white heat of passionate appeals prompted by zealous patriotism born of the recent fight for freedom.

> "And so a generation was schooled for the making of a nation and the framing of constitutions: a generation bred to the debate of polities and the acute discrimination of principles of government; bred also to the severest and most analytical forms of discussion, and to the statement of political reasoning in words which told upon the mind like a demonstration."

We can thank Woodrow Wilson, historian and former President of the United States, for the above classification of those who were responsible for The Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution, in his five-volume HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

He also touched upon an episode wherein Washington, standing in the midst of a group of the convention delegates, during the anxious first days at Philadelphia, cried, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair. The event is in the hand of God."

That such a standard WAS raised is attested to by America's dominant place in world affairs, arrived at in so short a span of history. Let's see that we, our neighbors and our friends, do all that is humanly possible to insure the American way of living, predicated upon the humanitarian ideal of justice.

Sincerely yours,

W.S. Forbes

W.S.Forbes:rm

President

Miss LeHand

PPF 1
9.7

April 24, 1940

Ma Norris

My dear Mr. Frye:

Thank you, in the President's behalf for the gifts which you sent to him recently. You may be assured that your friendly thought is much appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

E. J. Frye, Esq.,
1216 Rivermet,
Ft. Wayne,
Indiana.

es

Washington, D. C.

mgs

(Mr. Robert E. Friend, Pres., Nordberg Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis. presented the 2 stamp magnifiers)

Mr. Norris has record of mrs. having rec'd.

402 West Lincolnway

Miss LeHand 7

Mr Norris

P.P.F. 9-7

April 25, 1940

My dear Mr. Secretary:

General Watson has handed to me your note of April eighteenth as well as the stamp magnifier which is a gift for the President with the compliments of Mr. Robert E. Friend.

X P.P.F. 9-8

X 13

X P.P.F. 37

A little note of appreciation is being sent to Mr. Friend and I want to thank you also for your courtesy.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

X 25

Honorable Louis Johnson,
The Assistant Secretary of War,
Washington, D. C.

mgs

(Mr. Robert E. Friend, Pres., Nordberg Mfg. Co., Milwaukee, Wis. presented the 2 stamp magnifiers)

402 West Lincolnway

ach sf
4/25/40
mgp

April 23, 1940.

Thank Mr. Robert E. Friend; also write Mr. Johnson that we have done so.

Both letters for M.A.L. signature.

P.T.L.

(Stamp magnifier given to Miss Le Hand for the President)
April 23, 1940

4o2 West Lincolnway

THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF WAR
WASHINGTON

Acknd
4/25/40

April 18, 1940.

Dear Pa,

The Nordberg Manufacturing Company of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, are the builders of marine Diesel engines.

Mr. Robert E. Friend, the President of this company, has sent me two of his stamp magnifiers and has asked that I send one over to the President with his compliments. It really is a "cute" and serviceable instrument.

Sincerely yours,

Louis Johnson

General E. M. Watson
Secretary to the President
The White House

O.F.
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Peace
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hence this

bes

Mr. Norris has no record of mss having been rec'd.

4o2 West Lincolnway
Jefferson, Iowa
March 24 1940.

7 5/1/40

P.P.F. 9-7

EASTER GREETINGS

President Franklin D. Roosevelt,
White House,
Washington D.C.

Dear President;-

If your Excellency, will be so kind, to pardon a little presumption on behalf of the writer, I take the liberty to advise, that within a few days, I shall have completed my new story entitled the NEW UTOPIA, chiefly grounded on World Conditions of today, generally, with a special outlook for permanent Peace in Europe.

XP.P.F. 9-m

This New Utopia, features the Pan American Democracies, cooperating in the establishing and sponsoring a United States of Europe.

With in the next week, I shall have prepared excrepts from my manuscripts, and forward same to The White House, hoping that you may be able to devote some 3o minuets of your valuable time in its study and consideration .

I know I have somthing worth while as a permanet Peace Program-world-wide-in case the proposition can be "put across".

"Time being the essence" of Warring Situation,- hence this Rush.

With Friendly Greetings,
Most truly yours,

James Madison Forbes

James Madison Forbes

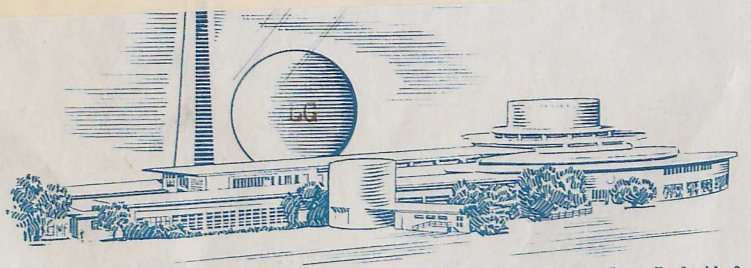
PARIS, Ben M.,
Seattle, Wash.
April 24, 1940.

Sends President copy of "Fishing", Guide of the Northwest.

See 108

br

P.P.F.
9-17



Will A. Foster

Please thank
H. sincerely

SEE BORDEN'S "DAIRY WORLD OF TOMORROW" AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Sent to House 7

P.P.F. 9-7

May 8, 1940

My dear Mr. Foster:

Thank you very much for that box of assorted cheese. It was most thoughtful of you to send it and I want to assure you that your courtesy is appreciated by the President.

Very sincerely yours,

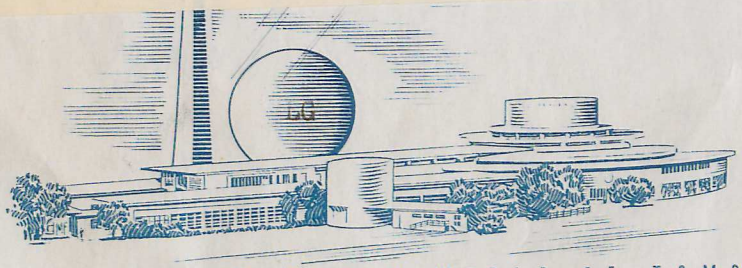
M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

Will A. Foster, Esq.,
The Borden Building,
350 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y.

es

Will A. Foster

Please thank
H. Truebitt



SEE BORDEN'S "DAIRY WORLD OF TOMORROW" AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

Borden's

ESTABLISHED 1857

GAIL BORDEN EAGLE BRAND TRADE MARK

ackgd 5/8/40 sb

The Borden Building
350 Madison Avenue

New York, April 18, 1940.

Please mark reply for attention

of_____

Mrs. Henrietta Nesbitt
Executive Housekeeper
The White House
Washington, D. C.

My dear Mrs. Nesbitt:

A box of assorted cheeses is on its way to you as I promised when talking with you on April 9th.

cheese for the President

The Camembert is for your personal enjoyment and the other flavors for your enjoyment and information.

The 2½ lb. loaf of Vera Sharp is not a processed cheese. It has a delightful aged tang and is soft. It must be kept cold to prevent spoiling.

The Chateau melts quickly without becoming stringy and blends well in any cooked dish.

The grated cheese in shaker top canisters may be a convenience to you. They should be kept dry and never in a refrigerator.

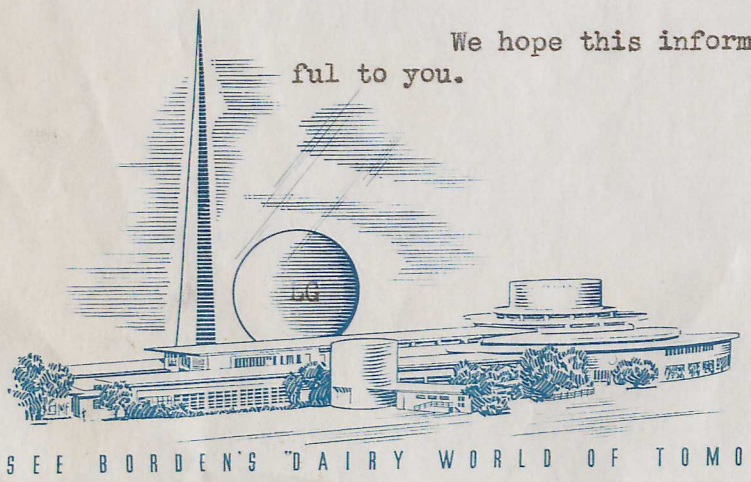
Should any of these items help you solve your cheese problems, Mr. M. E. Horton can obtain them from Good Brothers at Brentwood, from whom he now obtains Hellman's Mayonnaise for you. Good Brothers are distributors for our cheeses in the Washington area.

We hope this information and the cheeses prove helpful to you.

Respectfully yours,

Will A. Foster
Will A. Foster

Please thank
H. Nesbitt for President



SEE BORDEN'S "DAIRY WORLD OF TOMORROW" AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR

T. A 7

9

May 17, 1940

P.P.F. 9-7

My dear Mr. Forman:

The President has been much interested in reading your letter of May sixteenth and has asked me to thank you for sending him the picture which you enclosed. He wants you to know that your friendly thought in writing is much appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Secretary to the President

A. C. Forman, Esq.,
419 Cuyler Avenue,
Trenton,
New Jersey.

edb

ACF:O

A. C. Forman

TA

Rec'd 6/17/40 EWB

419 Cuyler Avenue
Trenton, New Jersey

May 16, 1940

Honorable Franklin Delano Roosevelt
President of the United States of America
Washington, D. C.

Dear President Roosevelt:

As one of your many million admirers I take the liberty of writing you these few lines and also enclose herewith a picture prepared by me in 1936 in which I attempted to show the improvement in a needy mother and her children when taken off relief and given W.P.A. employment.

I have hesitated sending this to you for the reason that I felt that perhaps it wasn't complete enough and only I could appreciate it due to my experience and actual contact with the W.P.A. workers I had in mind when I prepared the picture.

In 1935 and 1936 I was employed by W.P.A. as Project Planner in which capacity I was required to secure worthwhile projects of Professional or Service nature.

During this time I wrote over a hundred projects covering a variety of activities giving employment to many different professions and skills. When the projects were approved and ready for operation I had the pleasure of starting them off and supervising them. This afforded me the opportunity of observing the improvement in persons taken off relief and given a W.P.A. job. Especially was this so with women employed on the Sewing Projects.

Therefore through actual observance and contact with the W.P.A. worker I was able to see the improvement in their body, mind, and spirit, which I have attempted to portray in this picture.

With best wishes for your health and strength to carry on the cause for True Democracy. I am

Respectfully yours,

A. C. Forman

ACF:O

T. A 7

May 23, 1940

PP.7
9-7

My dear William:

The drawing which you sent the President has been received. I am sorry that this office cannot express an opinion as to the merits of the many art and musical compositions received, but I do want you to know that your friendly thought of the President is appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

William Ramon Flaherty,
855 Fremont Street,
St. Paul,
Minnesota.

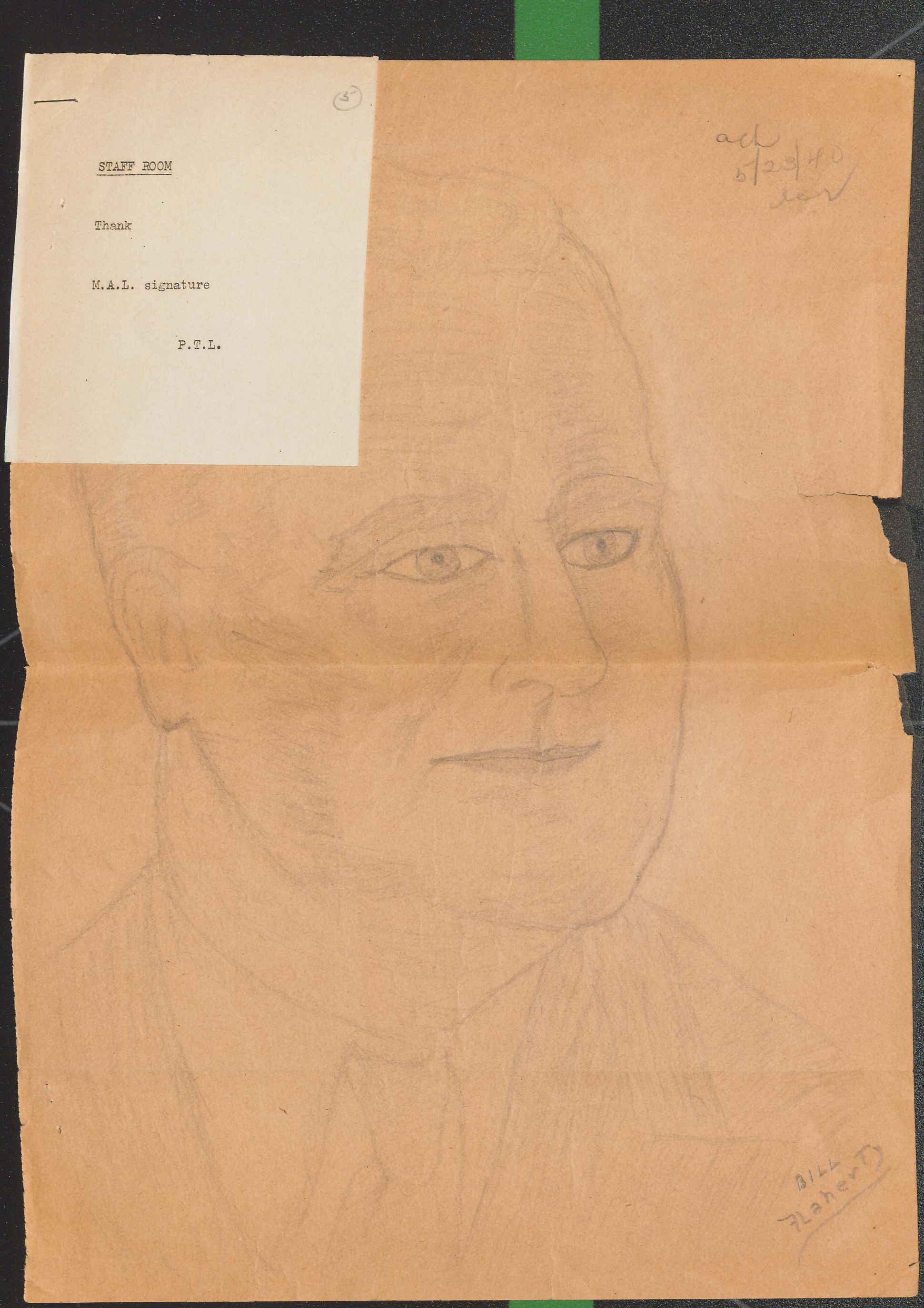
esr

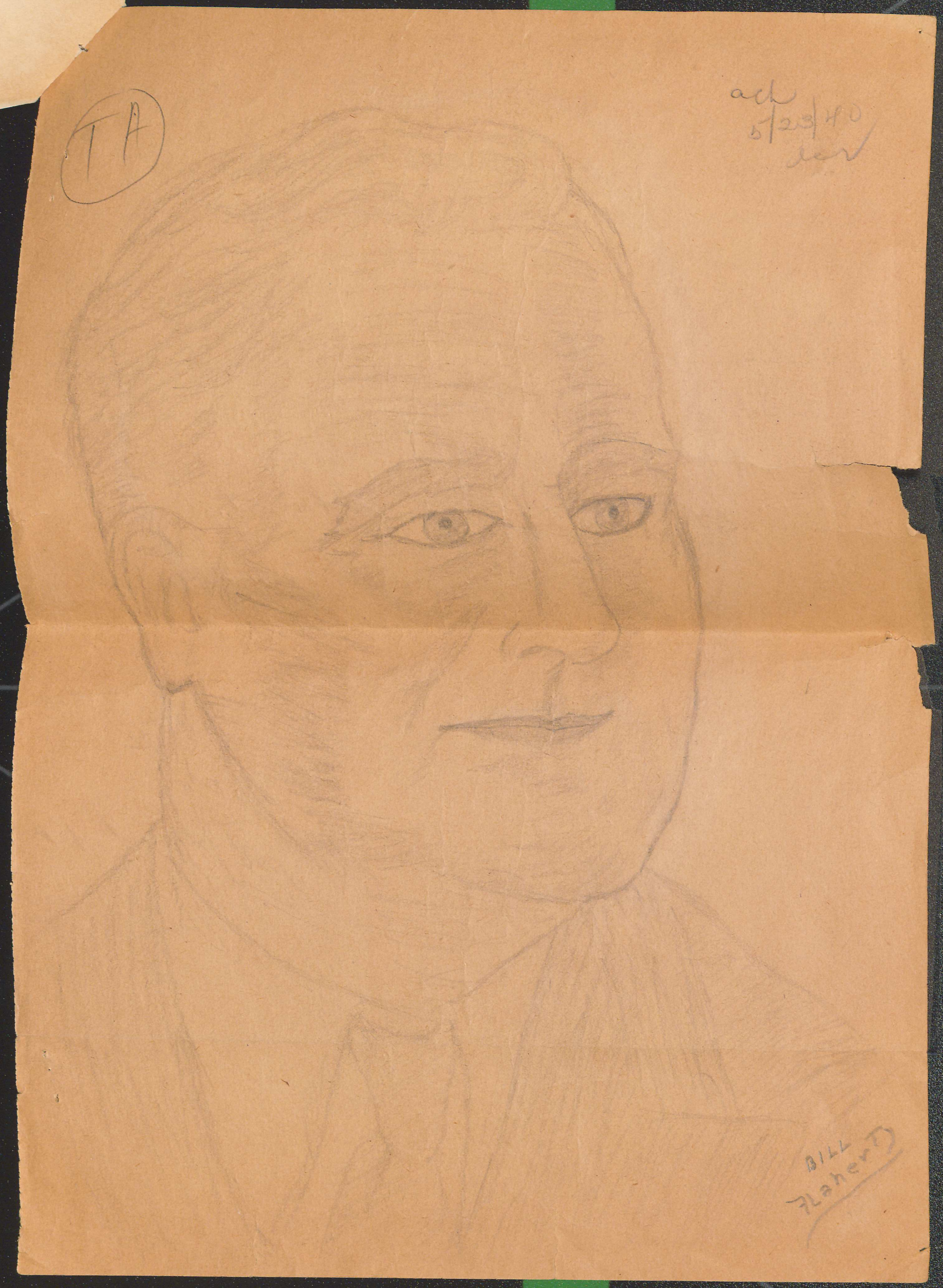
STAFF ROOM

Thank

M.A.L. signature

P.T.L.




TA
ach
5/23/40
BILL
Flaherty

Dear President Roosevelt.

As I respect and admire you very much
I hope you will accept this picture of yourself
that I have drawn. I am only 12 years old
& won 1st prize in our Hobby show in
St Paul 2nd Ward of M. E. H. over 600 merked
children. Would be very thrilled if you
would let me know what you think of
this picture I would be very happy to
draw more if you like it.

Yours respectfully
Master William Lamon
Flaherty
age 12 yrs.
855 Fairmont Ave
St Paul
Minnesota

T.A. 7

May 28, 1940

P.P.F. 9-7

My dear Mr. Friedmann:

Many thanks in the President's behalf for your nice letter of May twenty-fifth, which will be made available to him. I can assure you that he will appreciate your generous word of approval as well as the friendly thought which prompted you to send him the enclosed token.

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Secretary to the President

Joseph Harold Friedmann, Esq.,
P. O. Box 2070,
Hollywood,
California.

es

HEmpstead 7278

P. O. Box 2070

Hollywood
SPECIALTY COMPANY
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

ackgd 5/28/40 88

May 25th, 1940

Hon.Franklyn D. Roosevelt
President, United States of America
Washington, D . C .

Dear Mr. President :

It is indeed both a pleasure and honor to present yow with the enclosure , an exact facsimile of your own license plate as well as a key ring .

It is also with extreme delight that I inform you that now, more than ever before, you have won the confidence of all your people...we're with you 100 % ; in short we really need a man like you and we're mighty fortunate we have you.

Looking forward to another of your most intelligent and enlightening firside chats to-morrow night, I re - main ,

A mighty grateful American ,
Joseph Harold Friedmann
Joseph Harold Friedmann

FOLLMER, Harry R.,
Pershing Memorial Commission,
Lincoln, Nebr.
May 29, 1940.

Sends the President the facsimile of the painting, "A Great American",.

VMB -

BYRD, Rear Admiral Richard E.
Boston, Mass.,
May 29,1940

Writes to Miss LeHand that he is sending by special messenger a Guanaco fur for the President and a picture of the old "BEAR" (ship). Asks her to see that the President gets these together with note attached. In letter to President, the Admiral says this fur was brought from the southernmost city in the world from a very young animal and they (their fur) makes fine bed-spreads. The picture of the "BEAR" framed in greenheart whicl was cut from her engine foundation was made possible by kindness of George Colley, a marine constructor. -- June 1, the President replied thanking for the unusual and most attractive bedstpread. Says he is also delighted to have picture of the BEAR as it is a read addition to his collection. Also received the covers from Pitcairn and Rapa Islands and is grateful for them. (This refers to stamps which the Admiral sent the President from stops along the way of the Antarctic Expedition).

SEE - P.P.F. 201

P. P. F.
9-7

FOLLMER, Harry R.,
Pershing Memorial Commission,
Lincoln, Nebr.
May 29, 1940.

Sends the President the facsimile of the painting, "A Great American",
of Gen. John J. Pershing.

See P.P.F.1179

br

P.P.F.
9-7

P.P.F.
9-7

Pres Study 7

May 29, 1940.

The Norris

My dear Mr. Fitzpatrick:

The President has asked me to acknowledge and thank you for your letter of May twenty-third and for your courtesy in sending him an inscribed copy of your book, "Conscription and America". Your expression of approval of the President's national defense address last Sunday evening is indeed heartening to him.

I regret to advise, however, that a long established White House policy prevents the President from commenting in any way on the many books, manuscripts, poems, etc. which come to him with every mail. I am sure, upon reflection, you will understand why the President cannot make an exception and will excuse him.

Very sincerely yours,

STEPHEN EARLY
Secretary to the President

Mr. Edward A. Fitzpatrick,
President, Mount Mary College,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

dj

x P.P.F. 9-B

Mount Mary College
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

OFFICE OF PRESIDENT

May 23, 1940

My dear President Roosevelt:

I have asked a friend of mine from the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, Mr. Cornell, to give to your Secretary an autographed copy of a book which I have just written on conscription in America.

I read with heartening interest your address to the Congress on the defense of the nation.

I wish it were possible for you to take time to read this book. Of course, if you could give me your impression of it, it would be very much appreciated.

Very cordially yours,

Edward A. Fitzpatrick

EDWARD A. FITZPATRICK
President

His Excellency, Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt
President of the United States
Whitehouse, Washington, D.C.

EAF:MW

PR 7.
9-7

Miss LeHand 7

June 19, 1940

My dear Mr. Flournoy:

Permit me, please, to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of June eleventh and to assure you that your courtesy in sending the brush to which you refer is appreciated.

Very sincerely yours,

M. A. LeHand
PRIVATE SECRETARY

A. H. Flournoy, Esq.,
P. O. Box 3602,
Washington, D. C.

es

GAN 2816

ack
MA to H

Ackgl
6-19-40

ROTOR BRUSH COMPANY

WASHINGTON, D. C.

P. O. BOX 3602

June 11,1940.

His Excellency,
The President of the United States.

My Dear Mr. Roosevelt:

Believing that you are interested in new ideas and developments,I am enclosing herewith some samples of the first production of my revolving tooth brush which I am now undertaking to place upon the market. This device has been tested and approved by Col.Skelton,in charge of the dental clinic at Walter Reed Hospital,Commander Ewen,Chief of the dental Clinic for the Navy,18th & Constitution Ave.and Major Epperly,Chief of the Army Clinic,18th & Constitution Ave.

The ordinary tooth brush was originally designed for what is known as "cross brushing" using a horizontal stroke accross the teeth. This method has been universally condemned by the dentists due to the injury to the gums and soft tissues,the wearing away or erosion of the enamel and frequently the introduction of diseases to the injured tissues.

Many different methods have been proposed for using the ordinary tooth brush in such ways as to avoid the injurious cross brushing. All of these methods are difficult and some are decidedly injurious.It seemed to me that a better way would be to redesign the tooth brush to make it more adapted to the requirements of the dentists for correct cleaning of the teeth.

Please note that the brush should be held in one hand and be turned with the finger and thumb of the hand that holds the brush.

Respectfully,
Rotor Brush Co.

A.H.Fleurnoy

GUFFEY, Hon. Joseph F.,
U.S. Senate,
Wash., D.C.
June 18, 1940. (Ack.)

Sends gift of some trout to the President. (fish)

(personally acknowledged by President.)

See P.P.F.451

P.P.F.
9-7

br

MEMORANDUM
June 19, 1940.

Memorandum from Mrs. Dennison to Gen. Watson that Congressman Guy L. Moser of Pennsylvania wants to present an animated flag to the President, and also to talk about the Postage Bill.

See Moser, Guy L.

br

PP.7.
9-7