

ANDERSON No-
ANDERSON-W

1232 W 37th St.

Los Angeles, Calif.

March 4, 1947

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I hardly know where to begin or what to say. As busy as you are, my request seems rather selfish, but I hope, pardonable.

Not so long ago I sent a copy of a poem which I wrote, to Drew Pearson, who in turn, suggested that I send it to you, that you might like to have it.

Because of doubt I was undecided, and instead tried to interest some magazine in publishing it along with a few others, to no avail. You see, I had sent you a copy of the enclosed, immediately after writing it, but never knew if you received it or not. Perhaps it became lost in the mails. I'd certainly like to know your opinion of it - and do keep this poem if you like to. It's yours.

Sincerely,

Ruth E. Anderson

P.S. - for obvious reasons - Ruthie Andi.

ack -
will put in
library - no
page of
outgoing value

In Memoriam to Franklin D. Roosevelt.

We all know he was a man who could take it on the chin, and grin,
And many's the time he was kicked around, that didn't bother him,
The first to yell were the first in line to ask a favor of him.
He knew all this, yet was indiscriminating, doing for all,
Not for one moment was he ever afraid, whomever might call.
And why should he be? For a man such as he we're proud to
But now the time has come when a greater force has called ^{call our own -}
He tried his best to do the right for his country and his fellow man,
His life he lived not for himself, but helping others whomever he can,
With all that was within him, in which he thoroughly believed ^{and more}
For he listened to what others believed, and stood for trials sore,
He did what many a man couldn't, wouldn't do, without giving in
But in truth there is strength, and strength and truth come only from ^{within}
God is the guidance of each and ev'ry life, and the only judge
In Him, our President, had placed his faith and trust
May God grant now, he may rest in peace, knowing that ^{never to budge}
And finish the fight of faith, and a glorious Victory is won!
True, his life is gone, but his memory will forever live on.

Ruthe Audi

1232 W. 37th St.
Los Angeles 7, Calif

W. H. ANDERSON
ATTORNEY AT LAW
SMITH-BIRD-BRAND-BUILDING
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
MUTUAL 1241

855 Westchester Place,
Los Angeles 5.

August 6th, 1947.

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,
Hyde Park,
New York.

My Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I thought you might like the enclosed from the INDEPENDENT RE-
VIEW, a dyed-in-the-wool, staunch little/Democratic publication of our angelic City.
of some thirty years standing, to which, for my own personal gratification,
I have been columnizing for about half of its life.

My dearly beloved Boss (Mrs. Anderson) and I were "born and raised" as
Democrats, and you and your wonderful husband, of whom you were the most
worthy of mates, have even bettered our borning and raising in that
behalf.

Personally, I am afraid that our want of physical contact ~~xxxxx~~ with
the frightfulness of our two frightful World Wars has dulled the senses
of our American people to what a third war might - in fact, would - mean;
and, therefore, we have let the hate mongers sway our public mind more
than the peace lovers and hoppers.

Mrs. Anderson joins me in affectionate regards.

Very Sincerely Yours,

W. H. Anderson

Anderson

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M.C. EISENBERG

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... THE NEWS ...

RANDOM RAMBLINGS (W. H. ANDERSON)

MY PRECIOUS

Some days are bettered by the gifts they bring.
My life's much better by each gift than brought.
With all my soul a poem I mean sing.
For me, with which my heart of life is fraught.
I know she came, that gift, from Heaven's portal.
It sped to let her through one July day.
And never sought blessed any other mortal.
As I was blessed when she came down to stay.
She sheds her sweetness every where around her.
She leaves an Eden where her foot has trod.
So God be thanked, are deeply thanked, I found her—
That my whole life she's blessed, I thank our God.

Have, Make and All Uncharitable. WHY?

The TIMES of L. A., which all unwittingly frequently furnishes me with ideas, and often tends to crystallize and confirm some of my half-thoughted ones, contained, in a recent issue, two matters which were seemingly as far apart as the poles, but which impressed me as being somehow curiously related.

The first was on that page of the old raticahoeer devoted to the "Juniata"—a term which my boss says I use because of my Southern birth and "raison". It is a statement of some of two men watching a third broadcasting with violent gesticulations, and reads: "He's got an incentive pay arrangement with his sponsor—he gets a bonus on all the news he can work into a world picture." This impressed me as being more aptly probable than funny.

The other was this closing statement by Walter Lippman in one of his highly intelligent and (usually) well-considered articles:

... that great majority of the people and of their representatives in both parties who want—most of them they want any other thing from public life—a peace which proves that this war was not fought in vain and that it does not have to be fought all over again." (The emphasis is mine.)

I purposely put that "usually" in parenthesis, as I have extreme doubts that this statement was well-considered. If the "great majority of the people and of their representatives in both parties gave sufficient thought to it as a matter genuinely personal to themselves when they might be eagerly and earnestly desirous of such a peace—that is, of peace; but do they mean that great or any majority of them, or even any considerable number of them—give any but the most cursory and superficial thought to the matter, seriously serious as it is? I doubt it, and why do they permit our national press and our radio commentators (with a few notable exceptions) to work up a great mass of our news?

"INTO A WORLD CRISIS"

It is all very well to talk about "freedom of speech" and "freedom of the press"; but it is as certain as death and taxes that Congress directly subsidized the contrary, as is often the case politically, more's the pity! both the radio and the press give to the public what they at least think "the great majority of the people" want. So, I must believe as the night the day (I thank you, Mr. Shakespeare), that "the great majority of the people," or even a considerable minority, rose up and vigorously protested the obvious war-mongering, name-calling and half-brained statements of our purveyors and interpreters (often deliberate misinterpreters) of our foreign news, such deliberate anti-peace tactics would cease overnight.

I was distinctly surprised and

RANDOM RAMBLINGS (W. H. ANDERSON)

PERFUME OF PEACE

The loud breath of War Dogs
I must give way
To the sweet perfume of a world
at peace.
A lovely odor that should never
cease.
But should pervade our earth
through night and day.
From a rare, richly flowered bouquet
Of flowers gathered from ancient
and late—
From all earth's corners,—not a
weed to mar
its perfect sweetness and its soothing
ing way.
Then from the stream of Lethe
we may drink,
Forgetting all of human fray and
war
strife,
As in a wholen of happiness we
sink,
And pleasure in the fairest things
of life.
Perfume of Peace, with gently
through the air,
Respiring War's foul breathings
everywhere!

Appendix:

That may be prating and prattling
It may be peating and peating;
But I'm sure that peace flowers
small better
Than the foul exhalations of hate.

disappointed when earnestly attend-
ing a great meeting of earnest men
and women, devoted, and I believe
earnestly devoted, to helping in
bringing about world-wide "Peace
is
able, earnest and eloquent speak-
ers make the slightest reference to
this careens anti-peace war-mong-
ering, name-calling and half-
breeding, which is eating into and

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stroying the very heart core of
their well-meant efforts.
I cannot understand such blind-
ness.
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December 31st

1866

1946

A New Start

I am eighty years young,
If my legs are not so;
And some language I've sprung
When the darned things wont go.

Though my back sorter aches
When I stand up too much,
I've got what it takes,
And I don't need a crutch.

And my head and my heart
Are as sound as can be;
So I'll take a fresh start
On another score - see?

W. H. Anderson