

Barloja, F.X.
(B.II)
1946-47, 51

F. X. BAILEY
222 GREENWOOD
TOPEKA, KANSAS

1-28-47

My dear First Lady:

Ever shall it be so that
the worthy mate of My Chief
shall eternally bear such a
title and if I cannot get answers
as I was honored to from the
greatest statesman we have
ever had, at least I can write
to you ~~and~~ sometime perhaps you
will favor me with a reply.

This should reach your
estate about the anniversary of
our beloved Chief who now
rules in a better world than this.

Bailey

[Bailey, F.]

**Fala's Mash Notes Go
To Roosevelt Library**

HYDE PARK, N. Y., Feb. 8
(AP).—Fala, the little black
Scottie that was Franklin D.
Roosevelt's inseparable com-
panion, has contributed to the
Roosevelt Library the "Fala
Papers," a whimsical collection
of letters, Christmas cards and
gifts sent to the dog while his
address was the White House.

It consists mostly of letters
written by adults in the name
of their dogs. A typical letter is
one from Long Beach, Calif.,
signed "Topsy," with an en-
closed picture of the "writer."
Topsy offered to share a flower
bed full of bones.

Fala is now with Mrs. Roose-
velt.

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Bailey

2/21/47

Mrs. F. D. Roosevelt.
Hyde Park ^{N.Y.}

Dear Madam

In keeping with the enclosed clipping
from a recent issue of the New York Sun - I
would like to submit a copy of three poems
I wrote on "Fate" (they are self explanatory as to
source of inspiration), to be added to his collection.

I am taking the liberty to enclose an
extra copy & would ask your kindness to initial
same, it would be greatly appreciated by
ours very truly

Fred. A. J. Bailey

67 Prospect Terrace
East Rutherford
N.J.

FALA TALKS

There are moments when a dog should be alone,
This does not refer to when I have a bone,
But when I spend a week-end
With a very dear girl friend,
And go out to view the trees around her home.

It's so seldom that we are alone together
Where we can frisk FALA TALKS in the heather,
It's so grand and stimulating
Not forgetting - thoughts of mating,
Which come to us regardless of the weather.

by

I don't recall the last time I was free
Now we're alone together, he and me,
All these Fred A. J. Bailey, Spruce,
Seem to tempt me like the deuce
But I'm a gentleman wherever I may be.

For many years I've led a humdrum life
And have listened to all rumors that were rife
But at last it came to me
So I said to Franklin D. -
"I'm going out to take unto myself a wife".

But little did I think what it would mean
The publicity in papers, on the screen,
Just because for years I've carried
Now decided to get married
Proves a dog's life is not all that it would seem.

By
Fred A. J. Bailey.

Fred A. J. Bailey

67 Prospect Terrace
East Rutherford
NJ

FALA TALKS

I languish here in solitude and in solitude,
There are moments when a dog should be alone,
This does not refer to when I have a bone,
But when I spend a week-end
With a very dear girl friend,
And go out to view the trees around her home.

It's so seldom that we are alone together
Where we can frisk and frolic in the heather,
It's so grand and stimulating,
Not forgetting - thoughts of mating,
Which come to us regardless of the weather.

I don't recall the last time I was free
Now we're alone together, her and me,
All these trees, Elm, Hemlock, Spruce,
Seem to tempt me like the dauce
But I'm a gentlemen wherever I may be.

For many years I've led a humdrum life
And have listened to all rumors that were rife
But at last it came to me
So I said to Franklin D. -
"I'm going out to take unto myself a wife".

But little did I think what it would mean
The publicity in papers, on the screen,
Just because for years I've tarried
Now decided to get married
Proves a dog's life is not all that it would seem.

By
Fred A. J. Bailey.

Fred A. J. Bailey

*67 Prospect Terrace
East Rutherford
NJ*

FALA MEDITATES

I languish here in silence and in solitude,
Reflecting on my actions, both present and the past.
The consolation that I get, is, she was very crude
Which proves I made my mind up much too fast.

What puzzles me how after all these years,
During which I've led a very quite life
That I could be so weak, despite my fears,
As to what might happen if I took a wife.

I must admit the outlook seemed alluring
To live a life of long connubial bliss
Her manner was so glib and reassuring,
I never dreamed that it would end like this.

I've analyzed my actions on that eventful day,
I did nothing that could possibly commit me
Everything was done in my most gentlemanly way,
I can't conceive a reason why she bit me.

If it's the way they have of showing their affection
From now on I don't trust them, no matter how inviting.
If I'm not right I am open to correction
For, I never heard of love expressed by biting.

By Fred A. J. Bailey.
Fred A. J. Bailey.

Fred A. J. Bailey

*67. Prospect Terrace
East Rutherford N.J.*

"FALA" at the Quebec Conference

These conferences are boring, though I have to be along,
It's interesting to hear the way they talk,
In their endeavor to right a weary World gone wrong,
They sometimes forget to take me for a walk.

What happened to me this morning, upset my dignity,
In the middle of a most important session,
I felt a bite behind my ear - You're right! - It was a flea!
How it got there, is beyond my comprehension.

I looked pleadingly at F.D.R., he was powerless to help me,
Then I flashed an S.O.S. to Winnie Churchill,
He had other matters on his mind, more important than my flea,
Meanwhile, that brute was working with a will.

Finally, I caught him without causing much attention,
For a while, though, he had things his own way,
The language that I used, I make no attempt to mention,
Thank Goodness! It is over, and we are going home today.

By
Fred A. J. Bailey.



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East Rutherford
NJ