IN MEMORIAM.....F.D.R.

(Dedicated to Eleanor Roosevelt)

Oh weep, poor World,
Have you not lost
Your kindest Friend?
His heartbeat stilled,
His Love for all Humanity
Is but a Memory.

The Poor Man's Friend,
He ever was
A bitter Foe of Bigotry;
And though benighted Prejudice
Is rampant as of yore,
We all must carry on the Fight
As bravely as before.

A Man has died,
A Man with Friends
A Billion more than enemies;
A Statesman Great
One honored everywhere;
A Benefactor of Humanity,
A Champion of the Rights
Of the Oppressed
He was acclaimed
But still despised,
Belittled, ridiculed,
Lampooned and vilified
By his detractors;
For though a Human be as great as He,
There'll still be some,
Who, wrapped in utter selfishness,
Will doubt his magnanimity.

Let's hope and pray
The day will come
When all Humanity
Will be as One
In loving Brotherhood
And heartfelt Sympathy.....

de Ford Marquis

Copyright '47
537 Carson St.,
Harristown, Pa.
Jan. 21, 1947.

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

There is no greater love for music than mine and of those who feel the way I do. I would rather sing or listen to music and hear other people sing than eat. So, therefore, about (2) two months ago I had started on impulse to write songs. I have been writing songs since and have approximately songs which are well liked and are being types by my attorney for copyright with the Library of Congress in Washington, D.C. — With this letter I enclose a song for the “memory” of the late President of the United States. May he rest in peace.

And I wish you to read it and accept it. First, before I have it copyrighted, I would like to hear from you as to whether or not you like it. If you should and would like to have it printed in any way you would wish, you may...
and you may have it to distribute among your good friends and it may also help "The March of Dimes" campaign.

I am waiting to hear from you, Mrs. Roosevelt, to know if you accept this as a help towards this Campaign or for your personal keepsake. I sincerely wish to be helpful to a drive for March of Dimes, which your beloved husband had founded. May we unite our minds to more and more thoughts toward this Campaign.

Thanking you Sincerely

Yours Truly

James H. Francesco
March of Dimes

Our President, who rests in peace
up in Heaven above;
Loved by all—over the world
He bore all people's love

He gave his thoughts to crippled ones
And little children, dear
The "March of Dimes," for those, to heal
Have given him their cheer

Don't forget those boxes, folks
"That collect your dimes"
Remember Franklin Roosevelt
The man of modern times

We'll all remember, that we gave
Our dimes, we just don't miss
For a cause, that is so great
A drive you can't resist

Words by: James De Francesco
537 Carson St.,
Norristown, Pa.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I wish to thank you for accepting my "Song" Lyrics in which I have dedicated to your Beloved Husband. And also, for sending it to the Library at Hyde Park.

I do wish for the whole world to read it as they too may remember that it was your husband who "Founded The March of Time" and also written a "Song-Lyrics" to his Everlasting Memory. But, "Remember"
In Memory of:
Franklin Delano Roosevelt,
The Late, President of the United States of America.

By: James A. De Francesco
In Memory,
Of A Man So True.
Who Served Both Flag &
Country, Too.

In Memory Of The Life he
Gave.
We pray each Day, By his
Grave.

In Memory
Of A Victim, Of 'Polio,
When Young.
For No Other Phrases,
Above Him, Will be Sung.

All these Thoughts of Crippled
Children
Are Memories, In Their Hearts.
What Greater Grievedness, Is There
When Death, Tears Friends
Apart.

By: James H. De Francesco
I have decided to change this and not make a song of it, except for a “Poem.”

I wish too for the world to read it because they have all loved him and still grieve for him in their hearts. Again, Thank you, and advise me as to whether or not you think I should go on writing “Poetry” as I am only beginning to write and have written approx. forty. I am now waiting to hear from my Song Writer.
for the results, as to whether
or not a song I have
written will be "published"
This song is titled
"Don't Say You're Sorry"
My best wishes that
you like this enclosed "Poem"
"In Memory"
of Your Husband.

Thanking you for
myself and One-Hundred
Thirty Million Americans
For Your Faith An:
March 7th Times
Sincerely Yours
James De Francesco.
537 Carson St.,
Harrietown, Pa.
Feb. 20, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I do wish you don't think me of imposing on you but I just can't seem to put an end to my writing "Poetry". It's more than that, I, myself, thought the world of your husband. Now, I am showing it to you by writing "Poetry" as I have been sending you. I am thinking of paying a visit to New York in the spring and would like very much to pay a visit to you. Please accept these "Poems" of dedications, which I send you.

We've had fair

How

had
And I sincerely wish I was able to write one for each of the members of your family.

I am concentrating on starting a "Book" on:

The late President's worst enemy: "Infantile Paralysis"

I know very little about this enemy of good health. But I will learn more about it as I write the Book.

Thank you for your kindness in accepting this enclosed "Fala"

Sincerely yours,

James De Francesse
“Fala”

Your Master’s Gone
To Heaven, Above
No More to be near
To Show you his Love

No Roar of the Motor
No “Whistle” you hear
But your Master’s Spirits,
Are Always Near

Fala, you loved him
A Pet, he loved you
On tours far and wide
You were there by his side

The World, knows you miss him
For they miss him too,
But God up in Heaven
Loves your master, too.

We wish we could tell you
Fala, we would
How much love your Master
Had gathered on earth