Did- Dil

85 Beechmont Drive
New Rochelle, N. Y.
January 28, 1947

Dieffenbacher

Mrs. Franklin Delano Roosevelt
29 Washington Square
New York, N. Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

You will doubtless remember that you, Mrs. Lash and I had lunch together two or three years ago at the Algonquin, at which time we discussed the activities of the Protestant Council of the city of New York and the problems of Wiltwick School. You may also remember that at that time I told you about a novel which I was writing and which I felt would be highly acceptable to the American public.

I talked to Mrs. Lash recently about this endeavor and she said that she remembered our discussion. She suggested that I write to you and remind you of this conversation. She said that she would talk to you about the request which I am about to make.

Crowell-Collier has indicated an interest in publishing this book in whole or in part as soon as it is completed. They have read several chapters of the book and feel that it will sell because it touches upon some very real problems in our society. However, I am in need of obtaining the services of the best possible agent to market this book. George Bye has been suggested to me as the best agent in the business and Mrs. Lash said that she was sure that you would be willing to put in a good word for me to obtain the services of Mr. Bye as my agent. I realize that this is my first novel and that marketing any first novel is done on a gamble. However, I shall leave up to you the saleability of the book and send you a copy of the manuscript within the next few weeks.

If you have any further questions to ask, I shall be glad to answer them either directly or through Mrs. Lash, as you may desire.

Sincerely yours,

Robert L. Dieffenbacher

R. L. Dieffenbacher

vvc

Send [illegible] Dwt. Bye [illegible] is good he will be the judge. I will write him [illegible] Dotto

Oakland Calif.
March 10, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:-

In 1938 if you remember, your bridal photo was in the "Lady's Home Journal". At that time I wrote a poem for you which I am enclosing.
I hope you will enjoy it.
I sent a poem of respect to your late husband but don't know if he ever received it.
I am most anxious to hear your talk to-morrow night, and if it is at all possible I shall be there.
I cannot express my sincere admiration for you, and the wonderful things you achieve
May I have the pleasure of taking your hand?

Most sincerely,

Irma Jones Diehl

2557- Grove St.
Oakland Calif

President Roosevelt.

The highest honor a man can claim.
The greatest acheivment, the grandest of fame.
Responsability known by no other,
A comradely attitude, love like a brother.
A willingness too, to share joy and sorrow,
Work ever work for a brighter to-morrow.
Long hours of toil, but few hours of play,
Always a smile and a kind word to say.
Receiving the press with a jovial air,
Rushing to speak at a gathering somewhere,
Issuing orders to our boys in the lines,
Quelling our fears in these perilous times,
Sponsoring benefits for help for the needy,
Saying a prayer for the hurt and the bleedy,
Never to busy to give a glad hand,
Ever so ready to understand,
These are but few of the gifts you possess.
Is America proud of you?
The answer is yes.

Irene Jones Diehl

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Of brides photo's I've seen many.
But none of them so fair,
As the one in April's Journal
What a lovely gown to wear.
Let me say your sweet expression
Has not lost its lovely charm,
For its quite as catching really
As the flowers on your arm
And the never ending tasks you do,
You never seem to tire,
Your sweet courageous manner's
Something most of us admire.
So with respect and admiration
Let me say I think your fine.
And I'm sure there are many others
Who will follow right in line.

DIEHN

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am a little girl ten years old and I have been collecting something from important people and I would like to have something from you.

Sincerely Yours
Marion Diehn
3212 Delor
St. Louis, 11, Mo.

MISS HELEN E. DILLER 616 LUCAS ST. ROCK HILL, S. C.

Thanks very much for your letter

June 27. 1947

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I venture to send you some lines suggested by my little wire-haired terrier, Barnabas, (my consolation) successor to well-loved Boswell who was for thirteen years a valued house-mate.

By their faithfulness, these small friends have much to teach us.

Loyally yours

Helen E. Diller

(House-bound at 81, but quite cheerful, from the neck up.)

On the same cushion as the Chief of State.

FALA TODAY

My Master does not come. I wait and watch
Hoping to hear the tapping of his cane,
Hoping to see his wheel chair at the door,
Hoping to feel his hand upon my head.
But days go by--morning and noon and night--
And still he does not come. My longing grows,
Remembering all the daily joys we shared;
For one-man dogs have many memories;
Good food, warm bed and healthy exercise;
The way my master fondly pulled my ears,
And ran his hand along my neck and back;
The word of comradeship, the few rebukes;
Sometimes to hear him say "Fala, good dog";
And all the simple pleasures that I knew.
But best of all was sitting at his feet
Inhaling all the well-known household smells.
What curious odors foreign shoes brought in!
Most of those others in their way were kind;
Gave me a pat in passing, but I knew
My place was not in the wide world of men,
But just to be content with Master near.
How good he was! Some great occasions came--
The trips we took together, he and I,
For he had but to call and I to start.
"Let Fala come", said he, and by his side,
As safely rolled the car through crowded ways,
Proudly a little dog named Fala sat
On the same cushion as the Chief of State.

Eyes brightened. Hands were raised in quick salute
As Master, chin up, showed by his glad smile
His neighborly good-will to all the world.
Those days are gone. I wait. He does not come.
The same routine goes on--eat, sleep, and walk--
And what is left now I am getting old?.
The spring is here, a season that he loved;
The household that I shared is scattered far.
They're kind to me because I was his dog,
But no one takes my master's place with me.
Some day I'll see a great big white house door,
Hear that beloved voice say "Fala, come."

Helen E. Diller
Rock Hill. S.C.

May 12, 1947