JAMES; A-2

Sevilla Home for Children
765 Manida Street
New York 59, N.Y.
April 12, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I just listened over the radio to your words at the Memorial Service of your great husband.

Truly you are the only person in the world who could have been the real mate to Franklin D. Roosevelt. It is my belief that you will stand together in history as one of the greatest marriage partnerships the world has known. I love life and

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humanity, so I love both of you, forces and quickeners in the uplift of earth's groping inhabitants. Thank you for all you have done and are doing, and will do.

President Truman's tribute to our deceased President was dignified and grand, proving that he has true depth of feeling. After recovering from the shock of President Roosevelt's passing, and almost fear of the responsibility into which he was precipitated, President Truman has taken a place worthy of a man that his predecessor believed in. I am grateful that the Democratic Party is not suffering in his

hands, as so many thought it would. He may yet stand with Jefferson, Wilson and Roosevelt.

One day on a Fifth Avenue bus I talked to one who I thought was you, but could not be certain, as you did not tell me whether I was right or not. At the time I was interested in what you (if it was you) had to say, but after leaving the bus your image rose before me as Eleanor Roosevelt. Was it you? This may be a silly question, as you talk to so many, but you may remember an elderly woman who did not agree with you in thinking the world is notably better, but said she believed that Mrs. Roosevelt was helping to make it better. I'd love to know if I really talked to you that day. Once when the President and you were going through New York City I was close to your car, so close I might have touched you, and the lady on the bus was very like the lady in the car.

With every good wish for you, your success and happiness, I am

Most sincerely,

(Miss) Ahlee James

De Quincy, Louisiana
February 28, 1947

Dear mrs. Roosevelt,

I am just a poor old colored man - Sixty three years old and a victim of paralysis for fourteen years.

I have read and heard of the many good traits and deeds of your late lamented husband and I decided in my own ignorant, humble way to add my bit in verse.

I hope and trust that this will not annoy or embarass you and I hope you will accept it as my humble efforts.

I am trying to create enough poems to publish a book of poems and if I succeed, with your permission I will send you one of the books.

I hope that you will at least use a few minutes of your valuable time in reading the three poems inclosed and acknowledge receipt of this letter.

May God bless you.

Sincerely yours,
Monroe James
Genl. Delivery, De Quincy, La.

Tribute To F. D. Roosvelt

Franklin D. Roosvelt was a valiant man:
He was recognized in every land.
He was brave, Coraguous, kindhearted and true,
Men of his talent there were only a few.

2

When a true man was needed it seemed that he was sent
To the United State as its president:
The wisdom he showed can't be denied,
He did his work well up until he died.

3

His burdens were heavy his trials were great,
In trying to steer this old ship of state.
God was with him in his strenuous fight,
He Counseled him both day and night.

4

Although he was ill and stricken in health
His brain was fertile and full of wealth:
His duties were many: His labors were hard
He knew in due time he would recieve his reward.

5

He seemed to never grow weary or tired,
His indomitable spirit the world admired:
His enemies were many: opposition was rife,
He was always Confronted with envy and strife.

TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR JAMES MONROE BY

6

He was always mindful of the humble and poor
He knew their sufferings were hard and galore.
He did all he could to relieve the distressed,
and lift the burden of those who were oppressed.

7

He shouldered his burden for twelve ~~thousand~~ years,
and did all he could to banish all fears.
oft times he approached you with a ~~winning~~ smile
as humble and cheerful as a little child.

8

He was not alone when days looked drear
a loving wife was always near
his burdens ~~and troubles~~ she would help him bear
All of his troubles she would share

9

Mrs. Roosevelt was his bosom friend.
She followed him through thick and thin.
Ever ready to share his distaful fate
In guiding this ~~stately~~ old ship of state

10

May he rest in peace in that heavenly home
In yonders courts where his soul will roam
Where God will wipe away all tears
and banish all worry, all trouble and fears.

TRIBUTE TO DOCTOR GEORGE WASHINGTON CARVER
BY MONROE JAMES - DE QUINCY, LOUISIANA

Carver lived a modest life,
Free of envy, free of strife.
Free of hatred, free of wrath,
Striving to construct a path.

2

He began his work while yet a lad;
Then gave to the world all that he had,
Unmindful of what he had to give;
He gave his life that others might live.

3

He conquered the soil and obtained his needs,
Gathered flowers and roots and [illegible]
Unmindful of danger, he roamed in the woods,
To supply the world with needful goods.

4

He gave his money, his talent and times,
and never once uttered that these things are mine;
He knew God was rich in heaven and land:
and would furnish the needs of a useful man.

5

He spent his life as a tale that is told,
He has gone to the land where we never grow old.
Farewell Dr. Carver, we bid you adieu,
O men of your worth, we know there are few.

over

2

6

He numbered his friends among men of wealth,
He [redacted] in sickness, he [redacted] in health
He had friends among rich and friends among poor,
Can mortal man ever ask for more.

7

Farewell Dr. Carver we bid you good bye,
your soul is resting where souls never die
We long to meet Thee in Heaven above
Where there is peace and happiness and always love.

To the forty eight states of the U.S.A
This is what we have to say
When we entered into that Cruel war
We knew we'd be fighting near and far

2

When we enlisted we took our place
Fighting against a murderous race
We knew the fighting would be long and hard
For the Japanese soldiers we had little regard

3

When the Japs boomed Pearl Harbor in 41
Uncle Sam's army hadn't fired a gun
President Roosevelt declared with an uplifted hand
He'll get our revenge on that murderous band

4

He ordered our ships from everywhere
He'll need them all with none to spare
With tears in his eyes and a trembling voice
He'll whip those rascals and we'll all rejoice

5

He will ask no quarter and we will give none
We'll continue to fight until victory is won
Our brave soldiers will not give any ground
To destroy the Japs they were duty bound

over

We hail Dorrie Miller as a worthy son
He hastened on deck and manned a gun
He knew there was danger lurking near
He defended the ship he loved so dear

7

Our armies fought in a foreign land
always ready to make a stand
They fought a good fight with work well done
They never quit fighting until the victory was won