You do not need my permission. I wonder if I am allowed your song.
Richmond, Virginia
Jan. 13, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I wrote to you at Hyde Park some time ago. I believe it was before the November Election but as yet I have not heard from you. Do you recall getting a letter from me? I don't believe you did or I would of received an answer under the circumstances.

Mrs. Roosevelt, I wrote you concerning a song I composed in Memory and Honor of your husband Franklin D. Roosevelt, and I would like your permission to have it published. I will now try to explain what happened.

When your husband passed away I was at my daughter's who lives about a mile from my home, and we heard over the radio of your husband passing away. And when I started home soon after the song came to my mind, I was walking along slowly...
with the tears streaming down my face as I was really hurt as I started rhythmically and singing this song to the tune of "On Jordan's Stormy Bank I Stand." I came home and just picked up a pencil and tablet and out lined it with no thought in mind of ever having anything done with it, as I wrote it just seemed to ease my suffering and sorrow that was in my heart, as I laid it away in a drawer, until just before election in November I had such an urge to put it in the hands of a music composer I could not sleep nights as then I decided to try and have it published as once it will soon be ready to go to the publishers and Mrs. Roosevelt it is beautiful. I will send you a copy if you would like to have it.

I am a little worried as I saw in the newspaper as I buy it every day to read your column every day, where a music composer is being sued who is accused of putting out a song someone else composed and I know you are the only one who can fully stop anyone from taking this from me, I guarantee.
nothing in it to hurt you. it is all in his honor and I want to get it out as the good laws he passed won't be done away with. I want to do something to help the Democrats win the '48 election and I stand a chance of getting something out of it which I could use very nicely at my only support is a son which don't get to work much as he can't stand the strain, as he has impaired hearing and we got broke up you might pay in the Hoover administration as my husband had a stroke and is not able to do any thing, but honest, Mrs. Roosevelt, the money I might receive is not the reason for this song, I want to get it out in his memory and you know people will try to imitate it and perhaps someone make jokes and mine make which would not be right and what I want is for no one else be allowed to publish a song for I honestly believe this was sent to me from God as I never write a song in my life and now I will soon have it out.

Yours Truly,

Ada Mae Johnson
Buck 86
Allegany Co. Richman, Pa.
Overland Park, Mo.
Feb. 5, 1947

Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt:
Hyde Park
N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

As an admirer of the late President and a reader of your column in the Post-Dispatch, I am sending you this clipping.

Yours Truly,

Robert E. Johnson
He Thought of Roosevelt

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

As Franklin D. Roosevelt's birthday drew near, I realized more and more how much we owe him. I stood in line at the teller's window as an old man cashed his social security retirement check, happy in the knowledge that one just like it would be sent him every remaining month of his life . . . and I thought of Franklin Roosevelt.

I talked with a young widow with a brood of five small children, thankful as she received assurance of a monthly income until each child reached the age of 18 . . . and I thought of Franklin Roosevelt.

I watched a foreign-born woman of 55 going back to work as a pecan sheller after a seasonal lay-off of three months, grateful for the unemployment compensation checks she had received when another job for a woman of her age and qualifications was practically nonexistent . . . and I thought of Franklin Roosevelt.

I saw a newsreel showing the United Nations in session. I heard the deliberations of a world of nations discarding the old theory of isolationism and national self-sufficiency and accepting the responsibility to work together . . . and I gave thanks for Franklin Roosevelt.

I heard the stirring rendition of the national anthem, and as tears pricked at my eyes I turned instinctively to salute the picture of Franklin Roosevelt; for as surely as George Washington was the father of his country, Franklin Delano Roosevelt was its finished product.

THANKFUL.
Eleanor Roosevelt:
Hyde Park, New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

A few years ago when you resided in Washington, I sent you my poem "Stand, Ye President," that was respected when ever it was known.

For some time it has been set to music, and I have been trying to get it published by some nationally music Patterson and me, would be happy if you would assist us. Would be happy to give beyond the existence to some of Roosevelt's charities.

Of course it was my desire to send you a copy with this accomplishment.

Thank you and wishing you health and progress.

Your truly,

[Signature]
REMEMBER FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

TAKEN FROM THE POEM
Stand by the President
By Thomas Johnson

MUSIC BY
E. LUCILLE PATTERSON

PUBLISHED BY
E.B. S. WHISHER
REMEMBER FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.

MEMBER OUR NOBLE CHIEF,

HE WAS A MAN OF FREE-DOM BELIEF.

MEMBER OUR PRESIDENT
REMEMBER OUR BAN-MER-WEST

SINCE LEAVING Us, WE'VE HAD TO BE STRONG
HE WAS A MAN OF FREE-DOM BELIEF

MEMBER THIS ROOSEVELT, KEEP HIS SPIRIT IN A TIME LIKE

Copyright 1945 - Thomas Johnson
MUSIC BY:

E. Lucille Patterson

OUR PRESIDENT
OUR BAND-HEPHEST

ON BELIEVE HE HAS
HERE SLAVERS DID

FOUNTAIN,
-ICA,

TIME LIKE

THIS, WHEN NATIONS STILL HAVE A STORM, NO MIST ALL HAIL TO THIS GREAT A

MER-I CAN, HIS SOUL IS LIKE A MER-ICA AND ONWARD WE MUST

GO TO TRIUMPH OVER EVERY FOE.

VEIL STILL IN VICTORY

Taken from the poem "Stand by the President" by Thomas Johnson