JOHNSON
[M-Z]

You do not need
my permission altho
you can not say I
have approved your
song

Wichman, Penna.
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 ~~poop~~ passed away I was at my daughter's who lives about a mile from my home and we heard over the radio of your husbands passing away and when I started home soon after the song poem came to my mind, I was walking along slowly

Johnson

with the tears streaming down my face as I was really hurt so I started rythuming and singing this song to the tune of "On Jordans Stormy Banks I Stand". I came on 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 writing it just seemed to ease the suffering and sorrow that was in my heart, so I laid it away in a drawer, untill just be fore Election in November I had such an urge to put it in the hands of a music Composer I could not sleep nights so then I decided to try and have it published as now 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 Press paper 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 any one from taking this from me, I guarantee

nothing is in it to hurt you it is all in his Honor and I want to get it out as the good laws he passed wont be done away with. I want to do something to help the Democrats in the 48 election and I stand a chance of getting something out of it which I could use very nicely as my only support is a son which dont get to work much as he cant stand the exam. as he has impaired hearing and we got broke up you might say 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 some one make jokes and wise crake 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 wrote a song in my life and now I will soon have it out.

Yours truly,
Nora Mae Johnson
Box 86
Allegh Co. Wickman, Pa.

Overland 14, 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.

2-5-47.

ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH

Founded by JOSEPH PULITZER
December 12, 1878
Published by
The Pulitzer Publishing Co.
Telephone *Address*
MAin 1111 — 1111 Olive St. (1)

THE POST-DISPATCH PLATFORM

I know that my retirement will make no difference in its cardinal principles; that it will always fight for progress and reform, never tolerate injustice or corruption, always fight demagogues of all parties, never belong to any party, always oppose privileged classes and public plunderers, never lack sympathy with the poor, always remain devoted to the public welfare; never be satisfied with merely printing news; always be drastically independent; never be afraid to attack wrong, whether by predatory plutocracy or predatory poverty.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

April 10, 1907.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

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.

[Johnson]

Check Library

October 28, 1947
P.O. Box 4504
Philadelphia 31, Penna

Eleanor Roosevelt:
Hyde Park, New York.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:
A few years ago when you resided in Washington I sent you my poem "~~Stand~~ Stand By The President," that won respect when ever it was known.
For some time it has been set to music, and I have been trying to get it publish by some nationally music but so far claim still trying. Mrs Lucille Patterson and me, would be happy, if you would assist us. Would be happy to give beyong the expence to some of Mr. Roosevelt's charities.
Of course it was my desire to send you a copy with this accomplish.
Thanking you and wishing you health and progress,

~~Yours truly~~
~~Thomas Johnson~~

P.S. I think it would be nice for Mr Roosevelt's birth day

REMEMBER FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

TAKEN FROM THE POEM

Stand by the President

By Thomas Johnson

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MUSIC BY

E. LUCILLE PATTERSON

PUBLISHED BY

E. B. SWISHER

WORDS BY
THOMAS JOHNSON

REMEMBER FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT.

MUSIC BY
E. LUCILLE PATTERSON

RE MEM-BER OUR PRES-I DENT RE
RE MEM-BER OUR BAN-NER WAV

MEM-BER OUR NO-BLE CHIEF,
BRAVING THE FOUL FOUL BREEZE,
HE WAS A MAN OF FREE-DOM BE-LIEF, HE HAS
O'ER SCAR RED PLAINS AND TREES WHERE SLAVES DID

BROUGHTUS OV- ER A MOUN-TAIN, WE'RE NOW MADE IN-TO A HU-MAN FOUN-TAIN,
WEEP ON BE-N- DED KNEES, HERD YOUR STREN-GTH NOW FOR A MER-i- CA,

RE MEM-BER THIS ROOS-E-VELT, KEEP HIS SPIR-IT IN A TIME LIKE

Copyright 1945 - Thomas Johnson

THIS,

MER-i

GO

VELT STILL

Taken from the p

T. MUSIC-BY-
E. LUCILLE PATTERSON

OUR PRESIDENT RE
OUR BAN-NER WHEN

OM BE-LIEF, HE HAS
HERE SLAVES DID

FOUN-TAIN,
-I- CA,

TIME LIKE

THIS, WHEN NA-TIONS STILL HAVE A STORM AND MIST ALL HAIL TO THIS GREAT A

MER-I CAN, HIS SOUL IS LIKE A MER-I-CA AND ON-WARD WE MUST

GO TO TRI-UMPH OV-ER EV-ERY FOE. KEEP ROOS

VELT STILL IN VIC-TORY RE

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