September 8, 1947

Dear Mr. Jones:

I think I must have been a little careless or perhaps I took it too much for granted that anyone reading my column on the Taft-Hartley Bill would have read my previous columns on this subject. In those I made my position very clear as to the need for labor to clean house, the AFL to get rid of its racketeers, the CIO to get rid of its communist leaders.

I do not want communists heading our labor unions and the majority of the labor people do not want them either but that to my mind, does not justify setting labor apart as a group that must give certain assurances. From my point of view that is not the American way of doing things. We should all have to do it, or we should not expect any particular group to do it.

I do not know whether I am naive or not and I do not quite understand what you mean. As to my influence, I doubt whether it will counteract even one of the people like Fulton Lewis or Mr. Pegler, so I do not think you need
be concerned.

You will have one boy, you say, in the Army if we have to fight Russia. I would probably have four again, or at least three and probably grandsons, but it is not the individuals that worry me. If we have another war we have begun the annihilation of the whole human race.

Very sincerely yours,
My dear Mrs Roosevelt:

If I read correctly your column on the Taft-Hartley Act, you appear to believe that it is nobody's business whether a labor leader is a Communist.

May I say that if I were a member of a union I would certainly consider it my business. Moreover, I consider it my business as a citizen inasmuch as Communism is something more than a religious belief or a political belief.

I cannot bring myself to believe that you are so naive as to fail to understand the reason for this part of the Act, or to have missed the fact that "labor union people" have been "set apart" now for a considerable time. Unquestionably the Act will need amending after its faults are brought out through its operation.

You say that as a citizen you resent certain things in the Act. Permit me to say that as a citizen I resent your using your considerable influence against the Act now that it has become a law, and particularly with reference to the Communist phase. Should we be so unfortunate as to engage in a war with Russia I will have a boy in the Army. I should like to think of the full weight of the labor unions behind him in the event of war. You are realistic enough to know that this could not happen in any union that is Communist dominated, and you know also that several important unions are either so dominated or are split and weakened by Communist influence.

Very truly yours,

Nard Jones

2 Horatio Street
New York City 14
Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am sure you rec. such letters every day but I have really wanted to write you ever since President Roosevelt died but knew you had so many letters you probably wouldn’t even read it.

To me some one in my immediate family died. I idolized him. He really was a great man. To me the best this old earth ever had or ever will have. We relied on him too much that is the reason God took him in a way I couldn’t think of anything but him for a week after he died.

John T.
I never had such a shock in all 17 my 33 yrs. he was the first man I ever voted for & am proud I voted for him & always will be.

A few minority (mostly ignorant people he helped most were against him, & I strictly would tell them he pulled them out of soup kitchen, that was one man I would fight anyone over if necessary, however don't get me wrong & I am not the low fighting type. He was such a small guy you couldn't keep from loving him, & feeling as tho you knew him personally
I just hope they don't forget about him in Washington. One of the nobdest, greatest they might as well quit entering anyone.

Just close, I would love to have a personal note from you when you have time. Then I would know you read my letter & cord.

Sincerely yours,

Mrs. Thelma L. Jones
2295, Norman Ave.
Myles Seabrook

Will meet Woodruff very soon.

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He Is Just Away
I cannot say and I will not say
That he is dead,—He is just away!
With a cheery smile and a wave of the hand,
He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair.
It needs must be, since he lingers there.
And you—Oh you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,
Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of Here as the love of There;
Think of him, still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—He is just away!

James Whitcomb Riley

SHELMAR Jones,