

Moun-Moz

1864 7th Street Road
New Kensington
Penna.
Feb'y 25th 1947

Dear Mr^s Roosevelt

Perhaps you will say a word
in season for the unfortunates whom
an adverse economic situation has and
is causing deep concern -

From the copy letter to Governor Duff
of this state you will glean an
understanding to what I refer.

I seek help in such matters.

from those I know I can trust
and I trust you - Thanks.

Yours very sincerely
Oliver Moyes.

1864 Seventh Street Road
New Kensington, Pennsylvania

Copy
Govn. The Hon. Jas. H. Duff
State Capitol
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania

Hon. Sir:

In the clamor for more and still more revenue to run the state and federal governments, new sources are being eagerly sought.

There is only one source from which revenue can come. No matter what scheme is devised every penny must come from labor. However, vast amounts of profit arise from what is known as unearned increment, but I am not aware of any general revenue having been collected from this abundance.

Now I am done with labor and am trying to eke out my remaining days as best I can on piteously low retiral allowances.

I guess a very large number of people are trying to do that same thing and the number is being added to monthly.

Throughout our years of gainful employment we did our share in production, now we are no longer useful in the production field.

When we were so employed, we paid what was demanded of us, to obtain the small retiral allowance we get, while we also paid and have to continue paying a premium on coal for the other fellow's benefit.

Now this is my point--A sales tax is being forcefully pushed in order to raise the extra revenue declared to be urgently needed.

The retiral allowance we receive being already inadequate to give more than the bare necessities of living, a sales tax on top will leave these retired veterans of labor "between the devil and the deep blue sea".

Yes sir, place a sales tax or any further tax on these veterans of labor and you pronounce their death sentence by the starvation route.

A sales tax is a wicked tax because of the so many ways it can go astray, because it hits drastically at the widow's mite, just how much the individual does pay or whether its accumulation ever gets to the post to start on the job it was created for.

No, Governor Duff, if you want money for state needs, go after it in another way, show your love and kindly concern for your honorary poor brethren.

copy

I made reference to unearned increments as a source of revenue, well you know how agricultural land is scooped up by the eagle eyed where ever building improvements are foreseen, gobbled up at a fairly good agricultural valuation and that overnight the same land takes on a greatly inflated value as building sites.

A profit is justified on the turn over but not the huge profits that flaunt before the public today.

These are absolutely unearned increments and ripe for tax revenue.

I know many dandy fellows who will have to beg if the sales tax should become a law in our prosperous state.

Bobby Burns wrote

Look not alone on youthful prime
Or manhood's active might
Man then is useful to his kine
Supported is his right
But see him on the edge of life
With cares and sorry worn
Then age and want, oh ill matched pair
Makes countless thousands mourn.

Let me know soon sir, that you will give kindly consideration to my earnest cry and prayer on behalf of the aged and underprivileged.

Yours sincerely,

Oliver Moyes

Oliver Moyes

1864 7th Street Road
New Kensington
Penna.

Feb'y 25th 1947

Dear Mr. Roosevelt

Will you be pleased to accept
the enclosed copy of my humble
poetic effort in remembrance of a
"Really Great Man"

I am a citizen and a one
time Scot, close to seventy.
Good luck to you. I never
miss your column in the Pittsburgh
Press.

Yours Very Sincerely
Oliver M. Coyes.

Verse: Pause and consider if your right,
 Before you ever speak or write,
 About your fellow man;

 Your tongue unruly and so sharp,
 May pierce his innards like a dart;
 Recall--You never can.

 Of Roosevelt much has been said,
 Much more set down in writing,
 In vicious mein;

 Just what this man had in his heart,
 Who never lived unto himself--apart,
 But for all the human race;

 The load too heavy, the trail too long,
 He looked skywards as if to sing a song,
 And asked God's grace.

 And strength to carry on the work so well begun,
 To bring a lasting peace to every Mother's son,
 Over every land

 Dispel all fear and slay the tyrant hate,
 Establish love of one another and cooperate,
 Forging a band

Of love, as if of steel, for everlasting peace,
Outlawing war, so freedom nevermore will cease,
Then loving hearts can bring

Prosperity to every land, joy to all mankind,
Wiping out suspicious thoughts from everyone's mind,
Tuning their hearts to sing.

Prose:

In recent months the shadows had been gathering.
The veteran statesman was growing weary physically
but the mental alertness was as marked as ever--
Clear eyes looked into the future and a world of
memories rose out of the past--

The many people will remember him as the architect
of victory, the saviour of our financial credit
and other measures for social betterment.

There had been controversy, bitter controversy, but
there has been solid achievements and these remain,
The controversy is ended and he has made his exit
from the stage.

Yes, what Samuel Johnson said of Oliver Goldsmith
may well be said of our late President, Franklin
D. Roosevelt

"Let not his faults be remembered"

"He was a very great man".

Verse: Our greatest President ere he breathed
 His tender last farewell,
 Communed with God on white mountain top
 He had a tale to tell;

 He prayed, God give me strength to carry on
 That I may complete the course,
 But, your will be done, not mine, Dear Lord,
 Yours must not suffer loss.

 So mote it be

 Oliver Moyes