February 28, 1947

My dear Mr. Norman;

Upon receipt of your letter of February 1st, I wrote to the Director of the Franklin D. Roosevelt Library at Hyde Park for information on the painting.

This is the reply I received:

"I am returning a copy of the letter of February 1st to Mrs. Roosevelt from Alfred J. Norman in which he asks about a painting of F.D.R. by an Italian artist. We have not been able to locate the painting but if Mr. Norman will tell us the name of the artist and describe the picture a little further, we might be able to identify it for him."

Very sincerely yours,
February 26, 1947

Miss Malvina C. Thompson  
Apartment 15-A  
29 Washington Square, West  
New York 11, N. Y.

Dear Miss Thompson:

I am returning to George N. Willis the scrapbook of which you wrote in your letter of February 20. I thought it would save both time and work if I did it this way. I am returning Mr. Willis' letter and a copy of my letter to him.

I am also returning a copy of the letter of February 1 to Mrs. Roosevelt from Alfred J. Norman in which he asks about a painting of FDR by an Italian artist. We have not been able to locate the painting but if Mr. Norman will tell us the name of the artist and describe the picture a little further, we might be able to identify it for him.

Sincerely,

Fred W. Shipman
Director

FWS:nn
Encls.
February 26, 1947

Mr. George N. Willis
1-H Blair Apts.
Clairton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Willis:

I am returning today, under separate cover, the scrapbook which you so kindly sent to Mrs. Roosevelt for her inspection.

Sincerely,

Fred W. Shipman
Director

FWS:nn
My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am sending you a large scrapbook of clippings and pictures of our dear beloved late President Franklin Delano Roosevelt. To me, he is one of the greatest men I have known who had guided and helped all of us here in the United States and abroad.

At the time of his death, I was working in
Tell me if it meets your approval.

Then I was called to the service of my country October 12, 1945. This was not my first call. On February 5, 1945, I was called, but was turned down. This made me feel hurt, because all of the other fellows whom I had known and brought up with, were called also. November 4, 1946, I was discharged at Fort George G. Meade, Maryland.

Washington, D.C. It was a shock to the whole world, but I was deeply hurt down inside and wanted something that I could look back into and bring memories of his past.

It had taken me several months to complete it and I hoped that it meets your approval. I wanted to get all the data and lots of news that I could find. I want you to look through it and...
During my stay in the Army, I had tried to be a good soldier and made rather fast progress and became Staff Sergeant. All my life I have wanted to be a houseman. You see, I know how to do domestic work. It would make me feel happy if you could see to it that I may find a place for myself. I have worked for a lot of households and can give a list of references.

I read your column in the paper and magazine and like the courage and admiration that you show toward the people of all races in this great country and abroad. You are a great and prominent lady, who has helped the late President to carry on the struggle to keep this America in shape. This county would not have been in the shape that it is today, if he were
living. We can only hope and pray for the best to come.

I would like you to return this book after you have finished, cause it's my prize possession. It would make me more than happy to hear from you.

Sincerely,

George H. Willis
5th Light Infantry
Negro age 24 Single
My dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am writing to you on behalf of a memorable occasion. During the month of April, 1945, I had fulfilled a great wish and honor to send to you a hand painting of our beloved late President and your dear husband. It was sent from Eritrea on the Abyssinian border where I was stationed with the U.S. army. I had great hopes then of hearing from you whether or not it was received. I still am hoping that you have received this picture painted by an Italian artist.
I do hope to have a reply from you in the near future as this will mean something of great importance to me. It is my wish that the photo will be utilized as the artist has written me from India as to its results. My greatest pleasure in writing to you, remain democratically yours.

Alfred J. Norman
162 Magnolia St.
Hartford, Conn.
Dear Miss Harris,

Mrs. Hasting has sent me a copy of your poem written as a tribute to my husband. I am deeply appreciative and will put it in the library with the other tribute to his memory. Thank you.
are ill. I think you are too strong for your poor spirit. I am also sorry you
received no word of the booklet you sent at Christmas
time 1947. For months after my husband's death,
I received so much mail it was not

Is, especially acknowledge
My dear Mrs. Ridder:

Whether or not to write this letter is indeed a question, but I shall feel better if I do - especially if you agree with me that this case is very unusual and deserving of your attention.

The attached poem was published in a little booklet "My Heart Serenades" by Miss Ethel Norris of 1816 London Road, Duluth, and was the subject of an editorial in one of the Duluth papers when Mr. Jim Stewart was editorial writer. Miss Norris is a Duluth woman, about 60 years of age, member of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, and was a business woman in the city. While her mind is very keen, she is a hopeless cripple, from encephalitis, I have heard - her body pitifully twisted (twisted hands and feet) - unable to move AT ALL without help, unable to even wipe away a tear, never leaving her room from year to year. Her brother who cared for her just passed away, and she now has a nurse.

I tell you this in detail so that you may know at what cost the attached tribute was written - each thought waiting for some kind person to come in and write it down for her.

She sent me the booklet for Christmas 1945. I told her I happened to like this poem best and she said she had sent it to Mrs. Roosevelt but had received no acknowledgment and was certain it never reached her. I feel that Mrs. Roosevelt, being the gracious lady that she is, especially in view of these unusual circumstances, will acknowledge this poem of tribute if she sees it, thereby
bringing much joy to one who does not have anything to look forward to but can still contribute poems of this character to the world.

I know Mrs. Roosevelt's stay in Duluth will be very full, but perhaps after investigation if you wish, you will kindly see that this poem is sent to her or given her.

Thank you very much, Mrs. Ridder.

Very sincerely yours,

(Mrs) Beryl Ridder Rottingen
Amid the verdure of the new born spring
You wandered down a dogwood bordered lane.
Your eyes are sad and yet your heart could sing
For you are going home again.

Our Country claimed you as her son
For you inspired our hopes, dispelled our fears,
But now your voice is mute, your work is done.
The world stands awed before a nation’s tears,

You hated pomp and those who ruled by sword
And yet yours was the clarion cry
Sent out to check the onward rushing hordes
That mocked the freedom for which men fight and die.

In war’s dark hours and deep despair
You bravely talked of peace to end all future strife;
Yours was the vision, yours the dream, the prayer
And now the sacrifice supreme, your life.

Your spirit left us in the new born spring
To keep a rendezvous upon a sunlit lane;
You touched the violet carpet and your heart
began to sing
For then you knew that you were home again.

Written by Ethel E. Norris
1316 London Road
Duluth, Minnesota

Published in "My Heart Serenades"
NATIONAL ST. LAWRENCE ASSOCIATION

MURRAY LINCOLN
Burlington, Vt.

CHARLES H. MALLO
Springfield, Mass.

EDWARD J. NOBLE
New York, N.Y.

F. A. SEEBERLING
Akron, Ohio

GEORGE F. SHAPIER
Berwick, N. D.

GEORGE SAILEY
New York, N.Y.

S. J. SMITH
Chicago, Ill.

I. DAVID STEEN

W. A. STINCHCOMB
Cleveland, Ohio

M. E. STRICKERT
New York, N.Y.

W. D. VAN WAGNER
Detroit, Mich.

O. J. WARDEN
Great Falls, Mont.

BERNARD I. WASHBONE
New York, N.Y.

JAMES B. WEBBER, JR.
Detroit, Mich.

WILLIAM L. WHITE
Springfield, Mass.

JOSEPH WINTERBOTTOM
Burlington, Vt.

MRS. LOURE L. WRIGHT
Chicago, Ill.

FRED M. YOUNG
Eoston, Wis.

Washington Office
N. R. DANIELIAN, Vice Pres.
1830 Eye St., N.W.
Washington 6, D. C.
Executive 5230

Mr. Arthur P. Barnes
507 Lonsdale Building
Duluth 2, Minnesota.

My dear Arthur:

Will you please deliver this letter to Bernard Ridder who is entertaining Mrs. Roosevelt next Wednesday afternoon preceding her Duluth lecture. Ask him to express my compliments to Mrs. Roosevelt and that I regret being called away before her appearance, but that she may welcome my reminder that Duluth is the farthest inland western point on deep water navigation and her own judgment, as well as President Roosevelt's often expressed approval, will indicate how important this is to the great arable area of our midwest and Canada.

It would be very gracious if she would tell her audience of her membership in the Association, her approval of it, and she will forgive my reminder that Duluth is my home town.

Sincerely,

Julius H. Barnes
Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt

Washington Square
New York City, N.Y.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

As the enclosed reprint from the current Reader's Digest shows, we recently completed a summer tour of the United States, Canada and Mexico at a cost of 34 cents per day. This summer we plan a similar tour of the United States and Alaska. Higher costs, our statistical division estimates, will bring our expenses much higher—possibly to 39 cents per day.

At a recent meeting of our Foundation Board, it was decided to appeal to philanthropic and socially-minded Americans to help defray the cost of this benevolent, scientific expedition. At the same meeting the Foundation elected you a member of the Advance Sponsor Board.

Such trusteeships will be entered on our books for $10. May we hope for your check in the next mail?

Sincerely,

NATA3CADIAL FOUNDATION BOARD

By: Dick Jahnke

P. S. Life trusteeships have been set at $100,000; perpetual trusteeships at $250,000, and eternal trusteeships at $1,000,000 each. When and if our Board elects you to one of these posts, we will notify you—as gently as possible.
Enterprise, plus mechanical know-how, helped these high school boys to tour the country in their homemade Pullman

How to See America on 34 Cents a Day

If you wince at the high cost of vacations, take a look at three enterprising high school boys: Dick Jahnke, Morris Parker and Wolf Drewes, of Sloatsburg, N. Y. Last summer this trio rebuilt an old Ford panel truck into a two-story hotel on wheels and made a 13,350-mile tour that included 30 states, Mexico and Canada. They had $90 when they started; $14 when they got back. Out of pocket net, 34 cents per day per boy.

The expedition was financed by odd jobs done along the way—carpentering, polishing cars, painting houses, fences, furniture. They slept in their truck and did much of their own cooking. Altogether, they earned $585, and worked only 24 of the 74 days of their trip.

From the time the boys had been old enough to work, their parents had encouraged them to dig up their own spending money. Dick and Wolf chose helpers' jobs in a garage, Morris clerked in a chain store. During summer vacations the three would bat off on trips together—a bicycle tour through New England, week-ends in the Adirondacks, fishing in the Catskills.

Several years ago Dick's father bought an old truck to teach Dick and Wolf how to tear down and reassemble it. Soon the youngsters were earning money by putting old cars in shape and reselling them. Early in 1946 they picked up a wrecked Lincoln Zephyr for $125, repaired it at a cost of $175, and drove it to Miami during Easter vacation. There a dealer...
bought it for $800 and they hitch-hiked home, each with $350 net in his pockets.

All during high school Dick and Wolf burned with a desire to cross America. Finally they bought a second-hand panel truck for $75. For months they slaved after school, grinding the valves, making lockers, and building a "second story" of wood covered with canvas, which provided sleeping space.

Then they installed a paint spray gun driven by the motor, and 20 gallons of paint; tools for carpentry and car repairs. Their kitchen held a gasoline stove, a large ham, canned goods, and enough corn flakes to supply a small grocery store. As a final flourish, the boys added an electric fan, a radio, and five horns.

On July 5, radio blaring and five horns tooting, Dick, Wolf and Morris, whom they had invited along, headed toward New Orleans with $90 in cash. As the 1932 Ford purred over the Great Smokies, the trio fell into an easy routine—driving in shifts, living largely on milk, watermelon, cantaloupes and fruit bought from farmers.

A coke-drinking round of New Orleans night clubs made their money melt quickly. One drugstore dinner—malted milks, minute steaks, and the nine strawberry sundaes their teen-age appetites demanded—set them back $5.15. Soon their funds were down to $30.

Next morning, they set out to find work. Driving along a boulevard the boys noticed three women admiring the slogans scribbled on the truck—especially one that read: "Don't laugh, lady—your daughter may be in here!" Instantly all five horns went into action, and, waving paintbrushes, the boys bellowed their qualifications and need for jobs.

Within an hour Wolf was setting flagstones in a courtyard and trimming trees, while Dick and Morris had three sets of lawn furniture to spray. These jobs consumed three days and netted $70.

Confidently the adventurers pushed on to Corpus Christi with letters of recommendation they had thoughtfully accumulated. There an amusement park owner offered them sweepers' jobs. Soon the three had taken over a coin-tossing and wheel-of-chance concession, and averaged $10 to $15 a night in commissions. By painting signs and a garage front in the daytime they picked up $60 more in a few days and moved on.

After a side trip to Monterrey, Mexico, to see a bull fight, the boys headed for Carlsbad, N. M. There they encountered the deepest financial abyss of the trip. Souvenirs bought in Monterrey had cut deep into their cash reserve, and a trip through the Carlsbad Caverns ate up their last cent. An art-store proprietor admitted he had a roof that needed staining and a shed he wanted pulled down, if—and he looked dubious—the boys were old enough to do the work. They laid down a selling barrage which left the proprietor dazed. They even extracted a $1 advance—75 cents of
which went for gasoline, 12 cents for an ice cream soda and three straws, ten cents for a double coke and three more straws, and the remaining three cents for candy. When they departed from town they had $50-$10 from the art-store owner, $30 from a car-painting job.

After visiting the Painted Desert and Grand Canyon, they arrived in Los Angeles with 50 cents and in need of baths. Invading the YMCA, they discovered that the electric locking device on a door to the swimming pool was out of commission. Within an hour they had the lock operating again—and were rewarded by free baths during the three weeks they spent in the city.

Between lazy swims in the Pacific and sight-seeing, the junior Mr. Fixits looked for work. A Warner Brothers publicity man who had them photographed with several of his starlets said he would pay $140 to have the exterior of his house painted, and furnish the paint. They did the job. His wife, impressed by their expertness, said she owned a house she wanted painted inside and out. The trio said they would do it for $240 if they would be allowed to live in the house meanwhile.

The house would have to be finished in six days if they were to complete their itinerary and reach home in time for school. So the boys commenced a decorating marathon. All day brushes slapped against the outside. With darkness, the boys ate a hearty supper and attacked the interior. About dawn they would knock off and sleep for three hours.

Six days later the boys triumphantly led an inspection tour through the glistening house. Their muscles ached, but they pulled out of Los Angeles with more than $300.

Descending from Glacier Point in Yosemite one night, they broke a rear axle. A passing garage owner told them a new axle could not be installed except in a machine shop. He offered a $25 cut-rate price to send a tow car up and do the job. Instead, Dick and Wolf hitchhiked to a town 30 miles away, bought an axle in a junk yard for $1 and hitchhiked back by noon. Within three hours they had the new axle in place and were under way.

All in one week the boys inspected San Francisco, visited Crater Lake, fished in Oregon’s Rogue River, and went up to Vancouver. Here at last they headed toward home. Along the way they shot ducks and pheasant which they browned succulently on slowly turning spits. In Yellowstone, they caught trout; in Wyoming, they shot quail.

On September 14 the boys began a day-and-night trek from Denver to Skoatsburg. Three days later—and with each boy 12 pounds heavier than when he left in July—they were home with $14 to spare. Certainly Dick, Wolf and Morris’s happy-go-lucky, transcontinental earn-as-you-go Odyssey proved that American youth still can make ingenuity pay off in a way that not only educates but also provides a rip-roaring good time.
Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt
Apartment 15A
29 Washington Square West
New York 11, New York

My dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I am enclosing herewith a copy of the talk made by Dr. Graham on Virginia Dare Day on the occasion of the 360th anniversary of the birth of Virginia Dare and the 10th anniversary of President Roosevelt's dedication of this historic shrine at Manteo, North Carolina. In view of references to the late President, who continues to be an enduring source of inspiration to Dr. Graham, I am sending this copy to you.

Sincerely yours,

[Signature]
Secretary
As we look about us amid what was recently the ruins of a sudden fire, we are reminded by the indomitable faith of the members of this cast and of the people of this island that out of dread disasters of fire and flood have come great victories of the mind and spirit. The unconquerable spirit of Roanoke has risen from the ashes as it has risen many times from the devastation of the winds and waters of these seas and sounds. It is the will of the people of our commonwealth that The Lost Colony, as sung and enacted once, these original shores, shall not only never die but shall become nobler with the years. This faith is resourced in the heroic heritage and resilient impulse of the human spirit.

When ancient Athens was overrun by the Persian hosts and her finest temples burned to the ground, the spirit of the people arose in re-creative power to build the Parthenon and to give to the world the imperishable glories of the age of Pericles. When the Great Fire almost destroyed London, in 1666, there arose from the spirit of the people and the mind of Sir Christopher Wren a more magnificent London crowned with the noble dome of Saint Paul's Cathedral. Upon the ruins of Richmond, burned by Benedict Arnold in the winter of 1781, there arose the greater city now dramatized by Paul Green as forever Thomas Jefferson's Capital of The Common Glory of free men.

From the ruins of the Chicago fire arose a city more resplendent in power and hope at the southern end of Lake Michigan where meet the railroads and skylines of this vast continent. From the ashes and debris of the story are overtours of legend, mystery, tragedy and the deep silence of the forest unknown wave by the syllables upon a tree. The Lost Colony will be
San Francisco was rebuilt our western metropolis where opens the Golden Gate upon the new world of the old Pacific.

The University of North Carolina, the first university of the people to open its doors in the new world, abandoned to the weeds for six years in the aftermath of war and in the desolation of reconstruction, rebounded with the spirit of the Old North State as a forward part of a risen people to become through the consolidation of State College, the Woman's College, and the University at Chapel Hill, the threefold University of North Carolina, today training 15,000 students and serving the needs of almost four million people of the State and beyond. The South, defeated and in ruins in 1865 and long since a colonial economic dependency of the financial industrial Empire reaching from Boston to Chicago, is now coming into its own in the risen commonwealth, reaching from the Chesapeake Bay to the Gulf of México, giving a new promise to this great democracy whose standard of hope was first raised in the new world by the English colonists lost on these historic shores.

In the story of The Lost Colony, as beautifully told in the immortal lines of Paul Green, are great figures and historic events, high and low struggles toward democracy and the pioneering aspiration for freedom; common men and simple episodes, seamen, soldiers, farmers, mechanics and the mothers of men, the stuff of whom empires are made. In this American drama are the Indians, their folkways and dealings with English, as the beginning of the vast wilderness influence which was to cut its rough frontier lines deep into the history, character and ways of the American people. Running through the story are overtones of legend, mystery, tragedy and the deep silence of the forest unbroken save by the syllables upon a tree. The Lost Colony will be
forever unique because of its authentic primacy in time and its deep-moving enactment on these identical original shores.

High above them all we would remember him who with his personal fortune founded the colony on Roanoke Island, Sir Walter Raleigh; and him, who, 350 years later, in 1937, with the W.P.A. and the C.C.C., in cooperation with the State, the Roanoke Island Historical Association, the people of the Island the University, and the Rockefeller Foundation, founded this theatre on Roanoke Island, Franklin D. Roosevelt. Back of it all we see in England, towering across the seas and centuries, the majestic figure of Sir Walter Raleigh, courtier, statesman, historian, poet, soldier, seaman, who was not to see the promised land but was to become the founder of English America. He sank a personal fortune in his American failures but his unbroken courage and unfailing faith caught the imagination of the English people and stirred their corporate will to build the overseas dominions. The failure and lessons of Fort Raleigh made straighter the way to Jamestown and Plymouth Rock.

Roanoke Island upon which Raleigh stumbled became Britain's stepping stone to empire. In the first colony planted here were the seeds of the old empire and the new republic. The men, women and children lost on Roanoke Island rose from the dead all the way from Maine to Florida. Facing West to the wilderness with axes, muskets, Bibles and chartered liberty in their hands and history, they crossed mountains, rivers, prairies, plains, deserts and mountains again to another sea. They cleared the forests, tilled the earth, exploited its mines and resources, built churches, schools, roads, canals, railways, factories, libraries, hospitals, cities and states, making America
to the pattern of their haphazard but relentless will. Looking toward some such time as this in his unconscious immortality, Sir Walter Raleigh, in the midst of his failures and some years before there was to fall upon his neck the axe, which, he jested, was a sharp medicine that would cure all diseases, said simply, "I shall live to see it an English nation."

The axe which cut off the head of Sir Walter Raleigh could not kill his spirit which for over three centuries has moved mightily among the people to build free nations and dominions overseas, one of the greatest of which in the example of the American Revolution yesterday, August 15, 1947, became free for 400 million Indians in the new Dominions of Hindustan and Pakistan. The paralysis which struck down Franklin D. Roosevelt could not keep him down. His faith and courage, in the midst of the great depression, moved mightily among the people to make a nation in which there can be work and play, dreams and prayers for homes, decency and happiness for all the people. Roosevelt himself, undaunted by uncharted seas, a dreamer and voyager toward a new world, after stormy years of peace and war, brought us ashore in victory to the frontiers of an international wilderness. For social and peaceful mastery of our lawless world, new pioneers blaze intellectual and spiritual trails toward the new world of their dreams, dreams as old as Roanoke and as young as youth in the schools and colleges who now bring fresh hope to our stricken earth.

Above the sudden fire and recent ruins of this theatre, above all the tumult and despair of a broken world, we hear the voices of Roanoke and The Lost Colony out of whose struggles and hopes came Jamestown, Plymouth Rock,
and the long moving western frontier, all now The Common Glory of this Republic; the voice of Virginia Dare, in whose swaddling clothes were wrapped the fears and hopes of the first colony, that first child, conceived in England and born in America, symbol of the old homes in Europe and of the uncounted generation to come in the new homes in America; the voice of Sir Walter Raleigh and the unconquerable aspiration of the human spirit to project a dream beyond the frontier of the hour; and the voice of Roosevelt, who himself August 18, 1937, ten years ago, dedicated this shrine of American patriotism. In his own indomitable courage and victory over personal calamity and national depression, he will ever give fresh vigor to the hopes and dreams with which came 360 years ago the men and mothers of Roanoke to build a new and fairer world.