

Scott

Jan 22-1947

Julian Scott

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

I have always wanted to write you my sentiments about your husband, and yourself included but have always thought your mail was more than you could handle, but today, I was going thru some of my papers, and want you to know I saved all the papers on the date of your husband's death, and here is one. I wondered if you have read, so if you haven't I want you to read it. ~~with~~

always prayed for him when
he was living that he would
always be a great man which
he always was. I really would
get so angry when anyone spoke
ill of him, and I couldn't see the
reason why. I always wanted
to write you what a wonderful
woman you are, you know for a
woman that had so many
children, and could see other
peoples problems and not only
their own, you are the tops.

How do you do it. So many
people can see no further than
their own families, So I am
going to pray for you too, not
that you need it, because I
loved you both.

Wachemo Klugler
#11 Tuscarora Pk
Clayton Mo

Mrs H. Klugler

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

He Does Not Die

To the Editor of the Post-Dispatch:

Our President has died—but is not dead, for his spirit and work will live for many generations if not forever.

He died as he lived, with his boots on and fighting for his highest ideals. A man of wealth, but always fighting for the common man. Fighting for a common world, a world of brotherhood and fellowship, the dream of dreams of poets of all ages. "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" and the Sermon on the Mount.

Now we who are left to carry on the fight should strive and struggle and fight with every ounce of strength in our body and soul to fulfill the dream of dreams, for all who dare to dream.

A little less greed, a little less hate, a little less fear—a little less selfishness in each of us would go a long way to make his death far greater than his life in making this a far better world.

JULIAN P. SCOTT.

Norma Scott
Rt 5, Box 548,
Vancouver, Wash.
Aug. 23, 47.

*Thank
Very interesting*

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

Our family has long enjoyed your column in our Vancouver Sun and we particularly like the sincere, frankness of your political viewpoints. We also like the gentle way in which you speak of your late husband, our president, and we delight with you in your pleasures with your own family.

There is something so very fine in your column today that it prompts me to write in spite of the fact that it may never reach you. The words which appealed to me are these: "...there always seems to be a certain stability about farming. And when the world is in an uncertain condition, as it is today, we cling to the things which seem more stable."

I was a nurses' aid during the war at Barnes Army Hospital and it was there, while nursing wounded soldiers, that I learned this truth about people needing to cling to that which is stable. Soldiers who had been raised on farms seemed to rally quicker and to readjust themselves faster because of that feeling of stability that comes to those who have worked the land.

I remember one boy in particular who had been in a foxhole in France during the winter snows and his company had been under such constant fire so long that it had been impossible to bring up replacements. Most of his buddies had gone berserk and finally ran out onto the fields and were killed. This boy told me that he lost reckoning of time and he was be~~x~~rest of nearly all reason. He thought our country had collapsed and that the war was going on into eternity. He thought his father and mother had grown old and died and that his bride had ceased to

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care and had remarried. The only thought he had to cling to was this: somewhere back in Nevada in a quiet pasture by a stream, his own Jersey cow, a wedding gift from his father, stood quietly chewing her cud. And he knew definitely that back there everything was alright and in the spring she would have her calf. He felt that someday he would be there again and all would be well.

I thought this little story would please you. I heard from the Nevada boy at Christmas time and all is well with him again back on the farm.

Very respectfully,

Norma Scott

(Mrs) C.A.Scott