

SUB - SUM

13-B Country Club Apts.
Columbus, Georgia

January 27, 1947.

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

H. Sullivan

As the birthday of our beloved late President approached, I would like for you to know that many of our hearts and minds will be with you at that time, "In Remembrance" of him. Your loss and the world's loss are still one; for he continued dear to those of us who loved and admired him so much during his lifetime.

God was good to let him, you, and your family, serve our country and the world during such crucial years. And you served so valiantly, for which I and others shall continue to be grateful and proud. You were truly a magnificent "First Family".

Perhaps, at some future date,

Sullivan

I may be able to share with other admirers, the Franklin D. Roosevelt Scrapbook which in the past year or two, has been a very dear hobby of mine; a feeble, but thoroughly thrilling attempt, on my part, to paint our late President's colorful and magnetic personality through the medium of current pictures and articles. It is my personal tribute to a great man and his wonderful family!

In closing, may I also say that many of us appreciate and thank you for your recent efforts in behalf of world peace?

Sincerely,

Mrs. H. Grady Sullivan.

Sullivan County Democrat

Callicoon, N. Y., Thursday January 30, 1947

Restaurant
Men

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

1882 — 1945

By Nellie C. Stabbert

He was to the manor born, and yet
Within him burned a keen desire
To set the world aright for common man
And raise the lowest from degrading mire.

In youth he saw injustice in the fact
That through his wealth he could demand so much
While his companions from the poorer homes
Could never know the comfort or the joy of such.

Yet, did he learn, at that young hour,
The hopelessness of free-lance giving,
Sustenance without effort was not sound
A man must work to earn his living.

Thus did he grow to manhood, stalwart, strong,
And donned the Navy Blue, keen to serve
A nation. Purpose for the common man still in his heart
Nor from that dedication did he swerve:

Still in young manhood sickness cut him down,
Destroyed his strength and left him prone. *Callicoon*
But in him beat a heart with will to do
And so, began one of the greatest battles ever known.

Hours, days, weeks, months and years,
Moved on apace. And still went on the fight
Until at last, strapped in a torturing brace
The brave young man, once more, could stand upright!

His home state called on him to serve.
They saw great promise in this man
Who would not bow to sickness but fought on.
And thus the road to Washington began.

Within the capitol turmoil knew its day.
He saw the need. He answered the appeal.
He turned the Ship of State about
And kept his steady hand upon the wheel.

New laws flowed from his sturdy pen
"Old age," he said, "from care must know relief."
Security for the common working man
Became in him a firm belief.

The powerful became his enemies
Because he would not bow their ways to please
But, Oh, the ones who loved this man of men
By far out-numbered all of these.

He saw the war clouds gathering from afar.
He tried to tell the statesmen to prepare.
They scoffed at suggestions such as these

Marks, C
D

ct
gt
te
ew
pp
tl
et
th
or
ll
ne
w
it
he
na
tr
ur
it
th
to
te
F
th
th
th
G
y
ir
d
I
f
/

Alban County Del

Callicoon, N. Y., Thursday January 30, 1947

Franklin Delano Roosevelt

1882 — 1945

By Nellie G. Stabbert

He was to the manor born, and yet
Within him burned a keen desire
To set the world aright for common man
And raise the lowest from degrading mire
In youth he saw injustice in the fact
That through his wealth he could demand as much
While his companions from the poorer homes
Could never know the comfort or the joy of such
Yet did he learn, at that young hour,
The hopelessness of free-lance giving,
Sustenance without effort was not sound
A man must work to earn his living
Thus did he grow to manhood, always strong,
And donned the Navy Blue, keen to serve
A nation. Purpose for the common man still in his heart
Nor from that dedication did he swerve
Still in young manhood sickness laid him down,
Destroyed his strength, but left his promise
But in him beat a heart with will to do,
And so, began one of the greatest battles ever known,
Hours, days, weeks, months and years,
Moved on apace. And still went on the fight
Until at last, strapped in a torturing brace,
The brave young man, once more, could stand upright
His democratic belief in man to man
They saw great promise in his manly form
Who would not bow to sickness but fought on,
And thus the road to Washington began.

Within the capitol turmoil, and within the
He saw the need. He answered the appeal
He turned the Ship of State about
And kept his steady hand upon the wheel.

New laws flowed from his sturdy pen
"Old age," he said, "from care must know relief."
Security for the common, working man
Became in him a firm belief
The powerful became his enemies, those who sought to
Because he would not bow to their ways, to please
But, Oh, the ones who loved this man of men,
By far outnumbered all of these.

He saw the war clouds gathering from afar
He tried to tell the statesmen in preparation
They scoffed at suggestions such as these
And so, the first guns caught us unaware.

But staunch he stood, a leader, chaffed at
Nor did he spare himself in any way
Planning for the victory that must come
Seeing great things done from day to day
And then he bowed to life's all-conquering foe.

Just when the great war's victory was in sight
His great heart stopped, a sudden morbid
For him who fought with deers and for the fight,
They took him home to rest beneath the trees
Upon the hills that rise majestically
To overlook the Hudson's broad expanse
Where'th' rolls on, forever to the sea, the waves