My Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

I am going to tell you an extraordinary story. But before doing so, I wish to convince you that I am not a Spiritualist, or a religious
fanatic. Quite the reverse: I am a theoretical Communist; and I reject every belief
that accepts, or asserts the supernatural. I was born in Ireland. My dear
mother was a Druidess, my father, a Roman Catholic. I attended both services
during my early boyhood. At the age of 16, I rejected the doctrine of the Roman
Catholic Church. The ritual and dogma of this Church appeared to me to be
a futile imitation of the Druidic Delirium - worship of the Sun. At the age
of 21, I rejected the doctrine of the Druids. "A god to be worshipped, must be
honorable," I thought. "That is, he must be a part of humanity. And, the
worship of a phenomenon is utter nonsense."

After the 1914-18 war, I turned to dialectical materialism.

I found this method scientific and objective (the belief in the supernatural is purely
subjective). It merely reproduces the process of development of my spirit.

The Bible tells us: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is
he". The heart is only a blood-pump. It is not the organ of thought. The
truth is - As a man interprets the images of the external world which appear
in his mind (on the basis of language, the mother of thought), so is he.

Therefore, the ideas of thought of Mr. Roosevelt and I were diametrically
opposed: He (Mr. Roosevelt) was; (a) the chief Executive of American Imperial-
ism; (b) he believed in the supernatural, and was a member of the
Knights Templar/7); (c) he was a flesh eater. I am; on the other hand,
(a) a theoretical Communist; (b) anti-religious; (c) a strict vegetarian.
(Ethical and hygienic basis).

It was difficult to make me believe that I am in some mysterious way in touch with Mr. Roosevelt (outside of being members of the same branch of the Caucasian race). I will admit, though, that I had a great liking for Mr. Roosevelt, despite all his faults. And I am still convinced that he was a lover of liberty, and a believer in human equality. And if he were still from the shadow of American Imperialism, he would, I believe, have written The Proclamation of Industrial Freedom for the Workers of the American Continent. It is true, of course, that the American masses, who are only concerned in satisfying their primitive needs, are not yet ready (intellectually) for such a Proclamation. Minds befogged with superstitious cannot analyze, classify, and draw conclusions.

Now for the part of the story that may interest you: I get extraordinary dreams, or visions, during my sleeping hours. I have, to a great extent, with the "dead," during said hours. I have been with your husband, since he died. We have had long conversations with him. We were a few times since he died. He always seemed so happy, strong at his youth, health, and energy. And he always seemed so happy. On the last time I met him, about three weeks ago, he said to me, "Tell Mr. Roosevelt to meet him," "Franklin, you are dead." He laughed loud and long at me, "Must meet him," "Franklin, you are dead." He always seemed so happy.

Since my last meeting (visions, during sleep) with Mr. Roosevelt, I think of him many, many times during the day. Some mean person seems to whisper in my ear — "Patrick, you have not given that message to Mrs. Roosevelt yet?" And my reply has been — "What can I have in common with a man whose ideas and way of life are diametrically opposed to mine?"

I then visited an old Irish friend, a great psychologist. He explained my visions, re Mr. Roosevelt to him. He asked me — "Did any person ever tell you, Patrick, that you look very much like Mr. Roosevelt?" "Yes, quite a few," I replied. "But we are miles apart, ideologically." "Not quite as far as
you believe," he answered.

Then the old man said - "Death is a product of life. Life, more abundant life is the resultant of death. Without death, development would have been impossible. Absolute death is impossible. We bleed are not dead. They are merely shut down, and on the basis of the electrical structure, continue living" -

"Yes, in a spiritual world?" interrupted.

"No, in a material world. There is no spiritual world," he answered. "We live, when we die, under different material or electrical conditions. We come and go, through birth and death."

"A third thought!" I exclaimed.

"This spirit-like all supernaturalists, possesses energy, and place it in control of the Infinite Universe. Evolution will, in the distant future, produce an order of man far higher than can be now conceived. It is all a natural process."

To make a long story short, he told me, "You are one of the few who can enter the land of the dead, owing to the fact that (a) the chemical and molecular motion of your mind is in tune with the Infinite Universe; (b) you are a strict vegetarian who loves all living things. You met Mrs. Roosevelt. He gave you a message to take to a level one. Send it to her forthwith."

"But Mrs. Roosevelt does not have a death," I said.

"It is right. She is not dead," the old man answered.

I am not giving you now a full description of my meeting with your husband. But I am sure you will be glad to know that he is young, healthy, happy, and full of energy. He seems to enjoy standing upon a bridge, watching the flying waters underneath. I met him on that bridge three times.

I hate to bother you with this story, but I am compelled to do so in order to relieve my own mind of a great messiness."
On the night of the 6th December, 1941, I saw the Japs preparing for their attack on Pearl Harbour; and I saw the actual attack on the American fleet. I informed Miss Small, sister of the famous millionaire, A. J. Small, who disappered in 1919. She, knowing that my visions were very accurate, requested me to send a telegram forthwith to President Roosevelt (it was then 1:30 a.m. 19) to warn him about the pending attack. I replied — No. If the attack did not take place, Mr. Roosevelt would simply say, 'another crazy man'. If the attack is carried out, the President may condemn me as a 'Japanese spy'. About 9 hours after I informed Miss Small, the news about the Pearl Harbour attack was on the radio.

Miss Small had a sister called Leopakade. She asked me later, 'Be careful, Miss Leopakade, if the water. I have been at your funeral. You were drowned.'

Three months later she was drowned. I attended her funeral.

I see up on and on. Hundreds of similar cases. I do not like these visions, but I can't do anything about it.

The intrigues, plots, secret posts, etc., in the world are sickening. Oh, for the day when the human race, in sufficient numbers, will become civilized. Then exploitation and bloody war will be no more. We will create a society befitting our wrenched perceptions, and man will have no regrets for the past, and no fear of the future.

The system of capitalism and its handmaiden, colonialism, are poisoning the world with murders, sub-morons, half-wits, quarter-wits, and pre-determined criminals. Man can only rid himself of these degenerates through education, on a scientific basis, and a social system that will give economic security to all.

Communism is the only system, as far as I can see, through which we can get a world union of peoples, with the fundamental
Principle of fairness to all, and the utilization of the resources of this planet for the benefit of all.

The white man's philosophy of superiority is unadulterated ignorance. Colour and superiority are not inversely related. The white philosophers of colour and atomic bombs should remember that Communism will destroy slavery, poverty, and war—slavery. Then we will get a world—union of peoples, nations, races, and classes. This is the key to the Brotherhood of Man, and it is predictable as daylight. The beautifully punctuated agreements between Communism and capitalism are only a temporary nature. Man will not become a social or a biological success until the cause of all Man's troubles, capitalism and superstition, disappears from the face of the earth.

Your fight for the coloured people of the United States, Mrs. Roosevelt, indicates that you are a noble lady.

Old mother is the good mother of all, well (generally speaking) infinitely separate the tales from the truth with a marvelous efficiency. Her lack of retribution is now singing its song of triumph in the capitalist world. But that song is only the beginning.

Served 4 1/2 years in the 1944-45 war, 2 years in the first line trenches. I directed my men. But I never fired a shot at the enemy. The thought that I never killed or wounded my fellow men, fills me with great joy.

I request you to make me reply to this letter, because a reply may intensify my visions. I do not like these visions. They disturb my peace and rest.

Excuse my pencil writing. I cannot use a pen, owing to the fact that my right arm was injured during 1914-14 war. I now write with my left hand.

Yours respectfully,

[Signature]

Sister Sullivan...
Your Sincerely,

Patrick Johnson
My dear Miss Thompson:

I am enclosing herewith a copy of a despatch dated March 12, 1945 from the American Embassy at Moscow transmitting a book on the Russian legend of Prince Igor which Mr. N. Krasavchenko, First Secretary of the Young Communist League of Moscow, desires to present to Mrs. Roosevelt.

The American Embassy at Moscow has been requested to convey to Mr. Krasavchenko an appropriate expression of Mrs. Roosevelt's thanks for the gift.

Sincerely yours,

Enclosures:

From Embassy, Moscow, no. 1551 March 12, 1945, with enclosure.

Miss Malvina C. Thompson,
Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt,
Hyde Park, New York,
In reply refer to
FR 811.0011 Roosevelt Family/J-1245

June 4, 1945

My dear Miss Thompson:

I am enclosing herewith a copy of a despatch dated March 12, 1945 from the American Embassy at Moscow transmitting a book on the Russian legend of Prince Igor which Mr. N. Krasavechenko, First Secretary of the Young Communist League of Moscow, desires to present to Mrs. Roosevelt.

The American Embassy at Moscow has been requested to convey to Mr. Krasavechenko an appropriate expression of Mrs. Roosevelt's thanks for the gift.

Sincerely yours,

George T. Sumner
Chief of Protocol

Enclosures:

From Embassy, Moscow,
No. 1681, March 12, 1945,
with enclosure.

Miss Malvina G. Thompson,
Secretary to Mrs. Roosevelt,

Hyde Park, New York.
EMBASSY OF THE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

Moscow, March 12, 1945

UNRESTRICTED

No. 1551

Subject: Transmitting Russian legend of Prince Igor for Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt from Mr. N. Krasavchenko.

The Ambassador has the honor to enclose a book on the Russian legend of Prince Igor which was given to Mr. Edward J. Flynn during his visit to Moscow by Mr. N. Krasavchenko, First Secretary of the Young Communist League of Moscow, for transmission to Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mr. Flynn would greatly appreciate it if the Department could arrange to have the book sent to Mrs. Roosevelt.

Enclosure:

Book, as stated.
June 16, 1945

Dear Mr. Summerlin,

Your letter of June 4th was received and given to Mrs. Roosevelt. She asks me to thank you and to ask you if you know of some one who could translate the text of the book on the Russian legend of Prince Igor.

I am enclosing a letter to Mr. Frasavchenko, which Mrs. Roosevelt hopes you will transmit. Mrs. Roosevelt asked Mr. Frasavchenko when he was here for the International Student Assembly in 1942.

We seem very far away from all of our old associates, so if anything brings you in our vicinity, I hope you will let us know.

Very sincerely yours,
5640 Doliner
Houston, Texas

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I would like very much to have your autograph. I am in the autograph club at Kinkaid School. Your autograph will be the first one I've gotten this year.

Sincerely yours,
Patricia Summers