

COLLEGE COLLECT

Houston, Texas
Sept 13, 1946

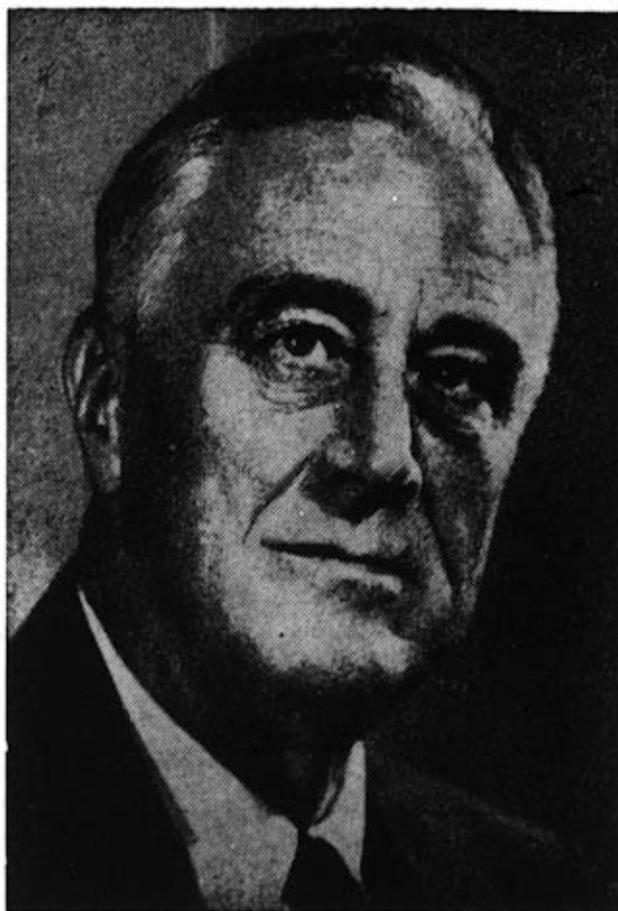
Mrs Eleanor Roosevelt

I am writing you about a
book I have written. This
book hasn't yet been
published Mrs Roosevelt will
you read this book carefully
and see don't you think its
good enough to be published
will you try to have it
published for me I written
this book all by myself
I just thank and write
will this about all for you
please write and tell me what
you think about it write
Mrs Mrs Hill & Leonard Coleman
1905 St Elmo St Houston Texas

*Patriotic
Poems*



*by
Mae Dell Coleman*



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
"The Greatest Man I Have Ever Known."
—MAE DELL COLEMAN

**The Greatest Man I Knew . . .
Franklin Delano Roosevelt**

I wish Franklin Delano Roosevelt had lived
To enjoy this Victory they have given.
He gave his whole life for this fight,
So we could have another right.
He was so kind, and understanding
In the War, he was always handy.

He had a whole America on his brain
No wonder the poor man didn't look the same.
They elected him when times were tight,
He helped lots of poor people to have a bite.
He closed down banks in lots of places,
That's something lots of folks had to face it.

Then he opened the WPA
All of us remember that day.
He fed the white also the colored
Money was money in those days when we
All had to pray.
Let us tell our children's children what he has
done,
So they won't forget it in years to come.

'Cause he died so we might live
To enjoy this victory he helped to give,
He helped so many crippled children to
Run and play throughout the day,
Franklin Delano Roosevelt was all America's
friend.
We cheered him and praised him 'til the end.
We couldn't believe our President had died
So many of us had to cry.

Of course I loved him like the rest,
But we all know God loved him best.
I hope he's at a place of rest where
He won't have to sit at any old desk,
Thinking and worrying the whole night long,
For the speech he'll make when it is dawn.
Let us tell our children's children about this
great man,
How he lived throughout the land.
Let us not forget him in years to come
For the great things that he has done.

We'll Never Forget The Germans

We'll never, never forget this day,
The day the Germans surrendered,
It was in the month of May.
I wish you and I could have been in Berlin to see,
What Hitler has done, it was cruel, it was mean.
He had thousands of people starved and killed.
Hitler didn't have any heart, but he had a stone
instead.
He is one man I don't want to see,
I know his face is bitter, cruel and mean.

Hitler didn't care about killing women and
children,
He never stopped to think it was his nation he
was ruining.
He should have known that he couldn't win,
'Cause his heart was not right,
It was full of sin.
If it hadn't been for Hitler
So many mothers' sons would be living.
Then mothers wouldn't have to sit and cry,
It's a sin, it's a pity.
'Cause Hitler didn't care,
He was trying to destroy this city.

Let us American people not forget what Hitler
has done.
Let us teach our children as the years roll on.
Let us not forget this war as soon as some did
before,
'Cause if we do our young sons will have to go,
Fight and die as their fathers did before,
We'll never forget the Germans, we have fought
and we have died
So our younger generations will yet be alive.

We will always remember the Americans they killed,
It may be your next door neighbor or your son
instead,
Or it could have been your husband or your
daughter, who knows,
Or it could have been that boy who used to play
around your doors.
But it is one thing we will never forget,
They all were Americans who died in that war,
So this would be a free America for you and me,
If we let them by, they will do it again,
They will keep this world full of evil and killing
men.

We will never look over one little error they do,
'Cause if we do, it will be too late.

They will be organizing an Army crew
Who won't even look over a German baby
When his hair is full of curls,
'Cause he will grow up to be a man,
Then he will try to rule the world.
So you see, all you Americans, we can't make
not one mistake,
'Cause we all want this free world to live in
And we all love the United States.
Of course, we are all glad that they have this
charter,
Let us pray to God, there won't be any more
wars in the years to follow.

MRS. MAE DELL COLEMAN
Houston, Texas



A Day To Remember

A rattle-snake will warn you before he strikes,
But the Japs didn't, they were lower than that.
They bombed Pearl Harbor without a warning,
And killing men that they didn't know they were
going to.
The Japs had a bomb named Whistling Willie,
They used this bomb to destroy different cities.
When this bomb started falling from the sky,
When it started whistling, men would cry,
"Oh God save me, don't let me die."

So before we accept the Jap's plea for peace,
Our minds run back to Pearl Harbor you see.
For when the Japs bombed Pearl Harbor, De-
cember 7, 1941,
Mother's sons were screaming, dying and bombed,
It was so pitiful and sad to see,
How men were killed without a warning, with-
out a plea.
Of course, everything has changed from '41 to '45,
'Cause our atomic bomb is by our sides.

'Cause the Japs know just what this bomb can do.
It speaks death and sweeps on through.
They never saw one bomb have so much power,
That kills men by the thousand.
There was a young American about eighteen,
He was there fighting the Japs you see.
Of course, this American didn't want to fight,

'Cause he was a Christian and he didn't want to kill.

One day this American was in the woods all alone,

When a Jap had a knife and was close upon him,
The Jap stabbed at this American boy and missed,
Then this American grabbed the Jap's wrist
And twisted the knife out of the Jap's hand,
Then the Jap began to beg, "Please, don't kill me, let me live,"

So then the Christian boy looked down,
"I will not kill you for any amount. I'll carry you to the front," he said,

"I will not kill you, so you won't have to beg."
On the way to the front the American stumbled and fell,

And the next thing I knew, the Jap had the gun and shell.

Of course, the American pled for his life but the Jap didn't care,

He killed him in spite.

Then the Jap started on to see what else he could find,

He ran upon another American who was tougher than iron,

When the Jap saw the American, he ran and got under some leaves,

And when the American would pass there he would recede,

Of course, the American had seen the leaves shake,

And something inside told him to wait.

Then he stopped and took out his knife and started walking towards the leaves, quietly

The Jap jumped up and stabbed and missed,
But the American had stabbed him through his heart and wrist.

This Jap laid there dead with his eyes wide open,
When about a hundred more Japs started to approach him

And this American turned around with a machine gun in his hand,

And started killing Japs in the sand.

I imagine he killed about sixty or seventy Japs,
When the others gave up and held up a white wrap.

Then they put down their guns and were walking in front holding up both arms

Until they came to a prisoner barn.

When he turned these men over to General MacArthur,

He knew he was a hero before they told him so.
When President Truman announced the Japs surrender,

Some danced and paraded up and down Times Square,

'Cause they knew that peace was in the air.

And some went to church and bowed on their knees

And gave thanks to God for this day of peace.
Everybody was enjoying this victory one way or the other.

Of course, me, I was standing there looking at the mothers.

Some mothers were just standing looking with fear in their eyes,

And wondering and praying and looking at the wives,

They all got together and picked up their packs,
'Cause they knew that their husbands and sons weren't coming back.

I felt so sorry for these mothers and wives,
'Cause their husbands and sons had given their lives.

Of course, we realize some had to die,
God in Heaven was by their side.

'Cause they died so we may live,

To enjoy this victory they helped to give,
But now the Japs are at our feet, begging for mercy and pleading for peace,

Now just think of Hirohito, he goes riding a white horse up and down the road,

But he didn't know what we had in store.

Soon, after a while, he began to find out,
When the atomic bomb began to shout,
Falling and whirling and raising all mounds of sand,

Cause Hirohito was in the land.

MRS. MAE DELL COLEMAN
Houston, Texas

People Talk

If you look this way, people talk.
If you look that way, people talk.
If you wear fine clothes, people talk.

If you treat them cold, people talk,
Or try to save your soul, people talk.
If you treat your neighbors right, people talk.
Or if you have a fight, people talk.

If you work hard and make an honest living,
people talk.
If you stay at home and have men, and know
that's a sin, people talk.
If your husband is in the Army or Navy, people
talk.
You had better not laugh or talk with another
man, people talk.

They act just like you ought to stay at home,
Sit and worry until half of your mind is gone,
It is one thing true, all the talkers should do,
Tend to their business then they won't have time
to see what the other fellows do.

Let us love one another and give our friends a
hug,
So we can enter the Heaven above.
Let us stop judging people, that is God's affair,
And giving them so much they can hardly bear.

The Bible says, "Do unto others as you wish to
be done,"
It didn't say talk about them 'till they wished
they were hung,
When Judgment Day comes there won't be any
talking then,
The talkers will be running from rocks and tin.

These talkers will sit around to see what you
have to say
Then they will go and change it in a thousand
different ways,
Adding all sorts of lies you haven't thought about
saying,
When they ought to be on their knees praying.

Everybody that laughs in your face isn't your
friend,
They are dirty, deceitful and full of sin.

You will never find God's women running from
door to door
Talking about people until it is time to go.

They stay at home and tend to their children,
'Till it is time to cook their husband's dinner.
But the devil-women talk till a quarter to twelve,
And go home and give their husbands Hell.

When they have been sitting down all the morn-
ing,
And the poor man has worked until he is
haunted,
Ain't no use him asking, "How come you haven't
cooked?"
That is, if he don't want to get hooked.

But when God calls you there isn't any use talk-
ing then,
Just go to Hell and give account of yourselves.
Of course, if I were you, I would stop talking
before it is time to go,
Stand before God and give account of your soul.

MRS. MAE DELL COLEMAN
Houston, Texas

Fathers of America

You are blessed to sit here this day this way.
To enjoy another "Father's Day."
So many fathers dead and gone, and left their
children still at home.

Mother, she does the best she can,
But I wish the fathers were still on hand.
There are so many fathers overseas
Fighting for this war to cease.
Fighting for all American wives,
Fighting to save American lives.
Last Father's Day in '44
So many fathers had to go
Standing before an examination test
Wondering and praying who will be next.
Year before last it was sad to see
Boys and girls were on their knees

Screaming and crying the whole night long,
'Cause the father they had had been drafted and
gone.

I have two little boys, you see
Their father was drafted in '43.
Of course I couldn't help from crying, some,
For the burden my heart had on.
I was not thinking of myself,
It was our two sons he had left.
'Cause I know in raising them to be a man
They would need a father to help them under-
stand,
The danger and bad things of life
Even when they choose a wife.

My father is such a sweet old man,
He's so kind, good and understands.
My father always taught us the right thing
How to treat people in this land.

Let us pray to God on this Father's Day
That maybe next Father's Day in '46
All the wars will be over and fixed,
And all the fathers will be home
Not on a furlough, or just a week-end,
But home forever.

Let us not let them down, Let us buy War Bonds
in this town,
'Cause I know now sooner or later
All the fathers will be on their way home,
To enjoy the victory they have won.

As I end this poem this day
I end it with a prayer, I pray,
Oh, God Bless all fathers on this Father's Day
No matter where they may be I say.
In Church or on the shore, or on land or on sea,
Help them to realize and understand that
You're the Father in this Land.

MRS. MAE DELL COLEMAN
Houston, Tex., To her Father
Mr. Will Christon

Some of These Mothers

Too much meanness in these mothers
In the colored and the white.
And it's hard to find a mother these days
That is living right.
You may find a few old mothers
Living good and they are scarce.
And the Mothers under sixty are
About all fell from grace.

You may find a few more mothers
And they may be living right.
But if you tell them about their children
Then you are in for a fight.

It means a whole lot to be a mother.
It means holding up your name
So you can look your friends in the face
And don't make your children ashamed.

Now I have a sweet old mother
She's so nice and so true.
She has always taught me the nice things to do
I would not say this about my mother
If it was not really true.
'Cause lying wouldn't save her soul
Or get her in those heaven doors.

I knew a mother back in my home town.
Her age was 79.
I was passing by a place named Tie and
Could hardly believe my eyes
For this old mother was drinking
Beer and getting all sorts of cheer.

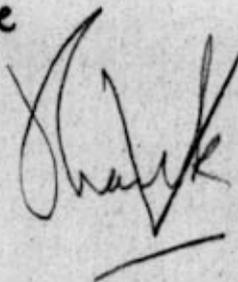
She staggered out the door to go.
I said to her, "Oh, my dear,
Now is this really you."
Because this is something I thought you wouldn't
do."
She pushed me aside and said, "Go ahead, all I
need is one more drink
Then I'll be ready to go home."
She staggered on across the street in three seconds
a car knocked her down.
She was too late to wear the starry crown.

I ran to her and put her head in my arms.
She looked up at me and said, "Oh Child, it is so
hard for me to die for

I know now I am just too late to enter in those
pearly gates."
So I stopped and thought that I'd tell you
So you could make another view.
Mothers stop drinking before it is too late
So you can enter those pearly gates.

From The Hon^{ble} Gilbert Coleridge

Coleridge



July 1st
1946-

Dear Madam,

Some time ago, I think it was last year I sent you a copy of the enclosed photograph of a wax relief I executed recently of the head of the late President, but as I received no acknowledgment of its receipt, I naturally conclude that it went astray in the post.

I now send you another in the hope that you may receive it in safety. The modelling of the head has been a labour of love, as I admired the President as Ben Dawson would say "this side idolatry", but it was difficult, as good photos of him were hard to come by in this country. It is, as the photo shows,



in plaster, & over life size, & though it
is not easy to get a likeness of one whom
one has never seen, an American friend,
who had seen the President, says that it is
like him, & I shall be overjoyed if you
agree. I am

Faithfully yours

Gilbert Coleidge.

To Mrs Franklin D Roosevelt
Hyde Park
New York
U S A

To Mr Franklin D Roosevelt
High Park
New York
U.S.A

is not clear, & even like says, & thought it
in the end, & I shall be engaged if you
one has come to get a witness of one whom
like had seen the President, says that it is
like him, & I shall be engaged if you
agree.

