

Low - Lov

1204 Fairmount Ave.
Elizabeth, N.J.
8/19/46

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt,

I am enclosing a poem I wrote
when "Our President" passed away.
I thought I am only an amateur. Believe
me it comes from my heart.

Am sorry but must write it long hand
as I have no typewriter at present.

Hoping it will convey the sympathy
we felt for you & yours.

Sincerely yours
Florence Loudon.

[LOUDON

God needed a new star in Heaven

Way up in Heaven's height, God has added
a new star tonight;

God needed a new star and you answered his
call,

And left an empty ache in the hearts of us
all;

You gave of yourself endlessly to those in
need,

With never a question of their color or creed;

You toiled tirelessly towards a new lasting
peace,

With a prayer in your heart for all strife to
cease.

In remembrance comes your fireside chats -
the twinkle in your eye,

As with grief laden hearts we bid you
goodbye;

Laughter on lips stilled in a sorrow
shared -

(over)

^{Library}
When news of your passing to the world
was bared;

Your name will be revered - not only as
the 32nd. president of the United States,
But as a "Friend" of the people - no matter
their faith.

In Heaven your star will shine brighter
when victory is won,
As tho' with elation for a work well done;
Franklin D. Roosevelt - you were one of the
best.

Sleep peacefully forever in your eternal
rest.

Florence Louder.

P. Lovett

PAUL LOVETT
415 Central Park West
NEW YORK 23, N. Y.

Sept. 27, 1946.

Dear Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt,

The note you sent me about the sketch, "The Living Memorial"- both my wife and I shall always treasure it. When you mentioned it in your column, it made my family very proud, but my appreciation of your words that day made me feel very humble.

My sincere thanks,

Very truly yours,

Paul Lovett

GL

2000 Lower W. 4th St.
St. Louis, Mo. 63103
BYE T. BYE

L. Lovett

Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-8775

Cable Address: Byanbye

GEORGE T. BYE
AND COMPANY
535 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

September 24, 1946.
September 24, 1946.

Dear Mr. Lovett:

Dear Tommy: Mrs. Roosevelt has turned over to us a copy of your manuscript, "THE LIVING MEMORIAL."

If you think that our letter to Paul Lovett, 415 Central Park West, New York 25, N. Y., is adequate, please forward it in the addressed envelope herewith.

Faithfully yours,

G. T. Bye that I would like to see you

Miss Malvina C. Thompson,
Val-Kill Cottages,
Hyde Park, Dutchess Co., N. Y.

Best wishes.

*Mr. Y. Don't think I would like to see you
just said today.
G. T. Bye*

Paul Lovett, Esq.,
415 Central Park West,
New York 25, N. Y.

Dear Geo-

I am not sending your letter to Mr. Lovett as he did not expect me to do anything about the news. Mrs. R. thought you would like to read it. Many thanks,

PLATE BY THE DISCOVERY CO. N. Y.
LIT-KING COFFEE
MRS. METCALE C. THOMPSON

J. I. [Signature]

Please forward it to the address envelope returned.
The Central Bank, New York 22, N. Y. is advised.
It has been put on letter to Mrs. Lovett.

Dear Johnny:

September 24, 1934.

NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
233 BROAD AVENUE

GEORGE J. BLE

NEW YORK 17, N. Y. 10011-10012

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Address: Murray Hill 2-8773

Geo

Telephone: MUrray Hill 2-8775

Cable Address: Byanbye

GEORGE T. BYE

AND COMPANY

535 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

September 24, 1946.

Dear Mr. Lovett:

Mrs. Roosevelt has turned over to us a copy of your manuscript, "THE LIVING MEMORIAL."

This is an authors' agency and she wanted us to see if there is anything that might be done with it.

There is a possibility that the Samuel French office might want to include this in one of their little booklets of sketches and cantatas. It is nicely done and has just about the right amount of emotion back of it.

We are trying to take a little of the heavy load off of Mrs. Roosevelt's shoulders and would be willing to show it to Samuel French for you, charging nothing for our services, but we think that the chances are slim.

Best wishes.

Faithfully yours,

Paul Lovett, Esq.,
415 Central Park West,
New York 25, N. Y.

THE LIVING MEMORIAL

1.

NARRATOR When American servicemen in the armed forces, serving round the world, first heard of the presidents death, they would hardly believe it; they did not want to. Could it be a false rumor? Men who were so often next door neighbors to death, themselves, refused to think their Commander in Chief had died. Somehow they felt he was there. They strongly realized that he had always been with them. They visualized him clearly, face and eyes, reassuring and determined..... But it was true. Sparks flew, lines hummed, messages were forwarded, and through our world-wide communications system, official notification was given that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt had died at Warm Springs, Georgia, 1635 EWT, April 12, 1945.....

One small group though, just to the rear of a division moving up towards Berlin, learned of the sad news even before a bulletin came from headquarters. It was at a field hospital where the front line medical corps men, carry the wounded with the idea of 'bring 'em back alive.' They had brought in a rifleman, Pvt. Jimmie Blake pretty well banged up. It was mortar fire that got him. With the axim, 'plasma before prayers,' they went to work on him, using penicillen, and sulfa drugs. Delirious, the kid raved between life and death. From his lips this is the amazing story they pieced together before any news had.....

Music
JIMMIE

Where am I? My body looks like a crushed tomatoe. I heard the shell coming. I hit the ~~xxxxx~~ ground. But it blew up right in my face. Don't feel nothin'. Can it be? Gee, here comes St. Peter! I guess this is it.

St. PETER No my boy, you are still alive. You don't feel anything

St. PETER.....

because of the drugs and sedatives the medics administered. But
 But I must admit you are far gone, because you are now sitting
 in the ante room before the pearly gates of heaven. A sort
 of Red Cross hut where you can rest before final judgement is
 passed whether life has released you. The Army Medical Corps.
 has been doing such wonderful work of late, reclaiming
 impossible cases, that we must be doubly sure, not to make
 the mistake of permitting mortals to pass through the gates.

JIMMIE

Imagine going home and telling the folks that I had visited
 Paradise! I'd be terrific. If I could only take back a
 travelogue. Millions of people seeing for the first time
 on any screen the wonders of heaven. What a boom you'd have
 St. Peter. They'd sure flock here.

St. PETER*People all know it is wonderful here Jimmie. But they lose
 themselves; then can't find the way. Make yourself comfortable
 in a worldly fashion, sad to say, I am very busy. All those
 that perish in the cause of the United Nations have carte ~~blanche~~
 blanche access to heaven. Still I can't complain, I am not
 at all as busy as Satan is with your enemies. Won't you
 help yourself, Jimmie, to some fresh coffee and cigarettes?

JIMMIE

Thanks, St. Peter. You're awfully nice to me. You know I
 am almost tempted to cinch the deal of going through the
 pearly gates by 'kicking the bucket.' But then I'd feel
 mighty sad about leaving my pals, my family, and the
 things I love back home.....

MUSIC

NARRATOR Now the boys back at the field hospital weren't going to
 let Jimmie 'kick the bucket,'-not by a long shot.
 They themselves knew darn well how much a G.I. wants to get

NARRATOR.....

BACK HOME to the things he loves. After all, isn't the pet GI heaven, called Heaven, USA? The Medics carefully cut away Jimmie's clothes- stopped the blood flow- made him more comfortable as they listened to his continuous ramblings.....

MUSIC _____ MUSIC _____

JIMMIE The war is in full swing. St. Peter is checking in soldiers, sailors, marines, and coastguard in ranks. Here comes some nurses and Wacs. Gee, pretty too, like my girl, Eileen, back home... I don't see any civilians though. There's a lull now, I'll find out why. Excuse me, St. Peter,- how come no civilians? Don't they go to heaven anymore?

St. Peter-Oh, yes, they do. Their procession has never stopped. But in order to accommodate the military traffic, we have set aside certain hours for civilians. Even for the military we have allocated definite hours for each country, so their buddies can come to the gate to greet them in a general reunion.

JIMMIE That's a swell band I hear playing inside. The biggest and best I've heard yet. Everybody seems to be at parade formation -just like for a visiting general.

ST. PETER*Yes, Jimmie. The highest ranking one too. Your Commander in Chief, Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

Jimmie The President! Impossible. Why, he was just reelected. Besides he is badly needed. Can't he wait here in the ante room too. Maybe we can both go back to earth together?

St. PETER*No, Jimmie, his credentials are stamped- honorable discharge from service through death. With his head high he is now walking straight towards us, unaided, except by the strength of his convictions. No regrets, Jimmie- Didn't he say,-

St. PETER.....

'What better way for me to die, than in service of my country!' I must go now to greet the President.

MUSIC _____ MUSIC _____

NARRATOR The Medics were stunned by the story pieced together from Jimmie's rantings. They knew men lingering near death always spoke the truth. The word passed quickly around the makeshift dressing station. There was a hollowed hush over the place. Suffering faded before sorrow. They listened intently to Jimmie as he quietly spoke with reverence, in slow breathes.....

Music _____ MUSIC _____

JIMMIE Here comes the President—walking straight up to St. Peter, his eyes, clear and clean-like a rain swept sky- his smile-bright like the sun shining on a field of wheat- his hair-combed soft as angels' wings. What does he say? Greetings, from the President of the U.S. They both laugh. St. Peter embraces The Chief and leads him through the pearly gates.....

MUSIC _____ MUSIC _____

JIMMIE Gee, but it is quiet in heaven. A vast formation of more than a hundred thousand stretches far into paradise. Even the band stands awed and still. Our Chief looks around, deeply touched. He clears his throat, then starts talking, that same fire side chat-way. (Jimmie repeats slowly)
'My friends-' I hear him well--'my friends-' --Smiles are on all the faces--'this is one of the happiest moments I have ever experienced--to be amongst my fellow countrymen who have given so nobly in supreme sacrifice, in service of their nation and humanity. ' He says- ' Here I am no longer your president. I am just one of you, and if you would

JIMMIE.....

LIKE TO MAKE me happy, please, let's not have military formation. Informally, in heavenly communion and rejoicing, let me meet you all, individually.!. Everyone likes that-- 'affairs of state in the past have not permitted me this pleasure- Eternity shall allow this to me now.

PAUSE OF SILENCE

MUSIC JUBILEE***** MUSIC

JIMMIE Jubilee--Joys of heaven-- now I understand-- such great celebration--singing, dancing, backslapping, and handshaking. There is Colin Kelly-- Butch O'Hare-- They're all here.-- from every branch of the service. Gee, but I sure am proud of these famous figures. ~~They're~~ The Chief is shaking hands with all of them.-- Oh, St. Peter, St. Peter!

ST. PETER*Yes, Jimmie, what is it?

Jimmie Can I get a pass to go into heaven- just inside the gates? So I could do a little handshaking myself-- some fine fellows in there-- I wonder what they are saying to the Chief?

St. PETER*It is impossible to let you in, Jimmie. I really feel that you will be going back soon. Must close the gates. But while you are here, you might as well put on these headsets. I'll plug the jack into this television set so you can see, and listen to the Jubilee, without disturbing the routine around here. It is time to check the civilian records, but I will be back soon.

JIMMIE Thanks, St. Peter. He is one swell Saint. Wonder who the President is talking to now? Somehow, I can't keep from calling FDR, the President. Who's he with? Ain't no hero? Not the kind that is recognized by medals. Looks more like Henry, the Moore boy,-- two miles up the road from

JIMMIE.....

OUR FARM. Ho, Ho,-- He's telling the Chief,-there's no reason for gripes here--no KP, no K rations, no foxholes, no mud-- Ha, Ha, just kept himself from cussin'- no cussin' in heaven. --definitely no axis fanatics here. The Chief's shaking the boy's hand. What's he telling him? --These headsets are good.-- 'No one saw what you did -- no one knows where you are buried-- just blown up--Brave even though scared--real courage-- But seeing you here so sound and fine looking, I know clearly what you did. It is good to be with you. The Chief always understood. --Someone is giving the President a Cigarette holder--he sure likes it-- plenty of cigarettes and havana cigars up here.----- All over heaven they must have heard FDR checked in, for they are all flockin' to greet him. It's a roll call of nations. British, Russian, Chinese, French, Poles--All of them-- I never saw the President smile so happily-----

MUSIC CHORUS AND ORGAN MUSIC*

JIMMIE CHORUS AND organ music roll out Jubilee time!-----

Sound Bugle call- long drawn out single note--

JIMMIE What's that bugle call? Everything's stopped. You can hear a winged feather drop-- it's gotten so quiet..... Holy Light.....The Almighty is blessing them all.

MUSIC MUSIC

NARRATOR A small trail of ambulances crept up to the dressing station, bringing more medical supplies and blood plasma. The first driver blurted out the news---'Did you hear about the President?'.....Yes, they knew..... How did they find out? The driver could not understand.---- Those Medics just had to save Jimmie now. Prayers played

NARRATOR

ON LIPS between grunts. More blood plasma was injected. Never were wounds more carefully dressed and bandages more deftly applied. Prayers turned to soft whistling. Jimmie was really coming out of his coma. There was no doubt that he would live. He would definitely be sent back from that Red Cross hut at the pearly gates of that he had been raving about.

MUSIC

MUSIC

ST. PETER* Jimmie, my boy, I have been notified that you are to go back to earth. Those Medics wouldn't let you 'kick the bucket' as you say. You seem to be in a trance--what is it? A ren't you happy to go back to your friends?

JIMMIE Oh yes, oh yes, it's just tha t I can't get over seeing Roosevelt among his eternal friends. That picture will never leave me.

ST. PETER*By the way, he saw you on the way in, and inquired after your welfare. I told him that modern army medical care was taking you back to life. He was glad to hear that, and vowed he would help all he could from heaven too.

JIMMIE Just like the Chief. Gonna tell all my pals and the folks at home about that.

~~ST. PETER*~~

ST. PETER* Jimmie---he asked if you would do him a favor.

JIMMIE A favor? Sure, anything. What is it?

ST PETER* Well it is this matter of a memorial.

JIMMIE Oh, there'll be many. Beautiful statues and buildings, and-

ST PETER* That's the point, Jimmie. He ~~said~~ said, he would be greatly honored by all that. But down deep, it is not some pyramid or monument towering in the sky, that he wants

ST PETER.....

the most, but rather, a living memorial. One that would live in the hearts of all Americans. A light of ... understanding of the ideals for which he lived and died. One that must be eternally cared for and cherished by each and every American.

Jimmie Gee, that means that everybody would have a share in making this memorial, not only the grownups, but our kids too, and their kids--

ST PETER* Yes, Jimmie, and it will last as long as Man shall live.

JIMMIE A living memorial.....Not just something to look at, It means a job for every one of us-- to keep that light burning. Well, you tell the President we always did love a good job, and he can depend that We'll handle this one right.

~~XXXXXXXXXX~~
ST PETER* That would make him very happy. All the world ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ will admire that memorial. By its light all people will understand and love you better too. Well I must be getting back. It has been nice knowing you.

JIMMIE Same here, St.Peter. Thanks. You say those Medics are bringing me back?

ST. PETER* I'll say goodbye now. Good life, until we meet again.

MUSIC _____ MUSIC _____

NARRATOR The flame in a GI gas lamp flickered across his face then, and rose high when Jimmie opened his eyes and smiled at the Medics quietly grouped about him. That he would get well, he was certain, for he had a real reason to live. The men did n't want to disturb him, but Jimmie could see that they were all aching to hear more about the President. So he started to tell them in slow short sentences. They begged him to

NARRATOR.....

REST BUT ACTUALLY HE FOUND IT EASY AND COMFORTING TO TALK.

That light—he felt it and it warmed his heart.....

As Jimmie talked the Medics busied themselves about their work, working harder than ever, till sweat poured....

Would you say- THAT MEN WERE SOFT WHOSE TEARS FLOWED FREELY THROUGH THEIR PORES*****After applying a tourniquet, one of them raised his back and remarked-- Wasn't it odd that the

President had asked a favor that in the end really made their own lives richer? ~~But they~~ But they understood....

It was just like the Chief. All the men agreed in their GI way...Franklin Delano Roosevelt-- HE WAS ONE REGULAR GUY.

Paul Lovett

PAUL LOVETT
415 Central Park West
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R1. 9-0053.